

# **CLEAVER-1**

## **By Lordgrth**

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### **CHAPTER-01**

“Now stick your tongue out as far as it will go slave boy,” I growled.

He whispered “Yes Mistress”, and he quickly obeyed.

I was sitting in a chair my knees spread. My short skirt was scrunched up around my waist. I had purposefully avoided panties that morning. He could well see my pussy. It was already moist. He was kneeling on the floor in front of me, very close to me. He was naked. His hands were securely tied behind his back. His tongue was out as I had commanded. With my hand I grabbed a handful of his curly brown hair. I gently pulled his head forward towards my hot center. He did not resist in any way. I stopped when his tongue was about an inch from my pubic hair. His tongue was still stuck out as I had commanded. With his head at this angle I could no longer see his face. I felt his warm breath along my thighs and of course along my open slit.

“Now lick me slave boy,” I growled.

He whispered “Yes Mistress”, and he obeyed.

So far it had been a very good day.

While he is pleasing me I will bring you up to date. I have a few names that you need to know about. First I will tell you that I was born and raised as “Margaret Curley” but that is not what most people call me. On my birth certificate it says that I was born in Kankakee, Illinois, so one of my foster sisters once nicked me as “Kankakee” which quickly got shortened to “Kanks”. It is quite common amongst kids growing up in foster homes to have nicknames, and I sort of liked

“Kanks” so it hung on. From then on I was “Margaret” whenever I had to do anything official or fill out paper work, but I was “Kanks” any time else.

As a foster I grew up around the Chicago area so when I qualified for a scholarship to the University of Nevada I jumped at the chance to get the hell out of Illinois. I worked hard and got through school fairly easily. At the tender age of 22, and with a liberal arts degree under my belt I made my way to Los Angeles to seek fame and fortune. I have a pretty good sense of humor so my goal was to become a writer on a sit-com. Of course you don’t just walk up to a television studio and ask for a job, you have to write a few things and put together a portfolio to show them.

I had saved just barely enough money to rent a small apartment in a huge building in a marginal neighborhood, and then I maxed out two credit cards buying just a little furniture and a used computer.

I got myself a job working the ticket window of a movie theater in the “adult” section of town but it paid almost twice minimum wage. I had to work from noon till about ten at night five days a week with Monday and Tuesday off. Sounds horrible, but it was a hell of a lot better than flipping burgers, which I had done all the way through college. Besides, it gave me every morning to work on my computer, and it kept me busy on weekends so I wasn’t tempted to spend much of my money on entertainment. Of course I had no social life at all.

One Monday morning, which was the beginning of my weekend, I was on the computer and I wandered into a BDSM chat room that was for dominant females and submissive males. I needed a screen-name for that and I picked “Mistress Xara” which is another of my many names. It was my first time in a BDSM chat room, and I just picked it out. I had no idea what “dominant” or “submissive” really meant to these people, but it sure was fun watching the women order the men around and have the men respond with terms like “Yes Mistress” or “Yes M’Lady” or “Yes my Queen.” Of course it was just cyber. I mean you couldn’t see them playing, you could just read the words of their conversations. They were pretty hot though.

In real life I was far from a prude. I had lost my virginity at 15, and had perhaps a dozen partners. No real serious relationships. All of my sex had been pretty vanilla. By that I mean I had done regular fucking and just a little oral sex. I had been willing to suck cock whenever it came up, but I just didn’t seem to be very good at it. One guy had volunteered to eat my pussy when I was 17. I let him. I loved it. Nobody else ever volunteered, so that was it. Well, until I met the worm kneeling on the ground between my knees.

Anyway, here I was for the first time pretending to be a dominant woman in a chat room where submissive men served dominant women. I just sat and read the messages going back and forth for a while and then started chatting with anyone

who wanted to chat. I had been in there chatting for almost two hours when I was approached by a “slave\_steven.” He asked if there was anything he could do to serve me and without thinking about it I told him to “lick my cunt.” I spent the next hour typing with my left hand while my right hand worked on my clit and eventually had my very first cyber-orgasm. It was wonderful. I was hooked. Slave\_steven and I chatted for several hours that Monday and made a date for Tuesday at noon.

It took several conversations before slave\_steven would agree to meet me in real life. He kept insisting on protecting my safety. Since we both lived in the LA area he finally agreed to meet me at a public restaurant but only if he could bring a friend along with him. All along he wanted to drag it out and I wanted to see if his tongue was anywhere near as good as it appeared on-line.

When he showed up he was exactly the way he had described himself. He was perhaps five years older than me. Size and weight pretty average. He had wonderful curly brown hair. Nice green eyes. Nice smile. Wearing all black with a blue carnation pinned to his shirt. That is how I was to recognize him. I also was dressed in all black with a blue carnation. Pretty hokey I know but at least it was easy to pick each other out of a crowd.

He introduced himself as “Steven” and the person he brought with him was a submissive female called “Twig.” I introduced myself as “Kanks” but he preferred to call me Mistress Xara. We had a wonderful lunch that he paid for and all along we talked about safety and preferences.

For safety he explained what he called “Safe Words”. Basically, it is quite common in BDSM to tie people up or restrain them other ways, and it is also quite common to have the submissive fight back a little or resist. A safe word is a way for the submissive to tell the dominant that something really is wrong and the scene must stop. For instance, if we were playing and slave\_steven shouted out “Ouch that hurts, please don’t hit me any more” it meant he was enjoying it but adding a little drama to the scene, but, if we were playing and slave\_steven said “Yellow” I needed to slow down or ease up on what I was doing. If he said “Red” the play stopped immediately and I released him.

He also talked quite a bit about honoring limits. I told him I did not have limits and he just laughed a little then he told me that his limits were that he did not have sex with children or animals, he did not do scat, he did not play with electricity, he did not have sex with other men, he could take only small dildos up his ass not large ones, and he did not do blood play. If anyone wanted to play with him they had to agree to honor those limits or he just didn’t play. I agreed with him that I did indeed have limits and I too would not do most of the stuff on his list.

Preferences went a different way. He had a checklist. It was basically a spreadsheet with three columns. The first column had a list of everything you

could possibly think of for BDSM play such as; floggers, canes, paddles, leather cuffs, steel cuffs, geni-torture, breast-torture, horse training, suspension, play-piercing, on and on and on. In the other two columns you put a number from 1 to 9 with 1 meaning “I will not do that under any circumstances” and 9 meaning “I love that and cum just thinking about it.” The second column was for having the thing done to you, and the third column was for you doing it to someone else. For instance, slave\_steven was a submissive so he put a nine next to bare hand spanking for it being done to him and a 1 for him doing it to others. I on the other hand put a 7 for doing it to others but a 3 for having it done to me. Well I am a dominant, but I am also a little curious. There were many things on the list that I just did not understand at all. Whenever I got to one of these items I would ask Twig and she would giggle, and give me a very plain explanation of the item. There were five pages to this checklist so it took us a while to fill them out.

Slave\_steven filled one out and gave it to me and I filled one out and gave it to him. Then he took out his wallet and let me check his ID, and I did the same for him. I did not memorize his address or anything but I recognized it as a nice exclusive neighborhood.

The next thing we talked about was “Safe calls.” The way safe calls work is the first couple of times two people play together they each call a friend every hour and tell the friend they are O.K. If the call does not get made on time the friend calls the cops. Well, I had nobody that I was close enough to use as a safe call so Twig volunteered to be a safety for me but she did ask if I would do it for her. Of course I said, “Yes” and we exchanged phone numbers.

He also told me that it was paramount that we could trust each other about sexually transmitted diseases. He had all the paperwork ready for us each to take an “Anonymous” blood test. We filled in the paperwork and then we would each go to a clinic. They would take a little blood and in three days our results would be posted on a web page. They would use a code number not our names, and he made sure that I had the code numbers to both my test and his. He, of course, had both numbers too.

Well I was sure hoping we would go back to my place but we talked a bunch and then slave\_steven told me that he never plays on a first visit. With that slave\_steven and Twig got up and left. I met him the next day in our chat room and he agreed to come to my place for sex the following Monday, since it was my day off.

Well that was a week ago. He showed up, and I had him strip naked right after he walked through the door. He never refused a command that first day and he was very good sexually. I really was new at being a dominant and he tried to help me as much as he could, but, it is a little awkward when he had to say things

like “I should kneel here because you would never allow a slave to sit on your furniture would you Mistress?”

We each made our safe calls. I called Twig. I do not know whom he called. Tuesday morning he dressed and just before he left he handed me a couple of books about being a dominant. I promised to try to be better next time.

We met in cyber every morning until Sunday when I again invited him to join me for my weekend. He agreed, he just arrived about fifteen minutes ago, and right now he is kneeling between my knees licking me into a frenzy, and you are all caught up to date.

I had spent this past week working and chatting and reading my domination textbooks, and now I was ready to reap the benefits of having a slave. He had been inside my apartment less than a minute when I had commanded him to strip, and he had not yet been there a full fifteen minutes and already he was in bondage and I was having a real orgasm. One was not going to be enough.

I did not command him to stop licking.

He did not stop licking.

My second orgasm came in mere seconds.

I progressed a lot as a dominant that day. First of all I had a surprise for my little slave boy. As soon as he gave me my second orgasm I pushed him away from me and tossed a wrapped present out on the floor. Since his hands were still tied behind his back I made him open it by tearing at the paper with his teeth. When he found the black leather dog collar with fake diamonds all around it in the package I made him bring the collar to me and I fastened it around his neck. Not tight, plenty loose. It buckled closed but did not have a lock. Never the less I commanded Steven to leave it on his throat until I, myself, removed it.

Steven told me he had brought me a present too. He crawled on his knees over to where he had left his suitcase, and working with his hands behind his back he managed to get the suitcase open. He brought me a beautifully wrapped package. The wrapping alone must have cost more than I spent in total on his present. I opened the package and in it I found a matched set of floggers.

Each had a ten-inch handle and the tails were about sixteen inches long. They were made out of a very soft doeskin that had been dyed a dark green. The leather was braided tightly around the handle and fell into twelve tails that were each about an inch wide. There was a beautifully wrapped knot at the top that I later found out was called a “Turks Head Knot.” They were balanced perfectly. They weighed way less than they looked like they should. I could not wait to try them out on my slave boy.

He actually had to instruct me a little. I felt very uncoordinated trying to use them. I untied slave\_steven and he showed me how to hold them and swing them

easily. I even had Steven swing them gently and hit me on the ass with them. He did not put any where near his full strength into it. It stung just a little and after two or three swats it actually felt really good like a good strong massage or something.

Monday and Tuesday went by quickly with slave\_steven always naked and me always happy. We played lots of fun games that all started with him getting some sort of swats with my new floggers and ended up with me having long hard orgasms. I even allowed slave\_steven an orgasm or two. I was so new at being a Mistress that I didn't even know that many dominants use orgasm denial as a method of slave control. We never left my apartment during those two days. We both made our safe calls.

Tuesday afternoon I phoned up to have a pizza delivered. I threatened slave\_steven with having him answer the door nude for the delivery driver, and I am sure he would have obeyed, but when the doorbell rang I chickened out and commanded Steven to go to my kitchen and I got the pizza myself.

About half way through Tuesday I started talking about getting together during the week and what to do the next weekend. Slave\_steven requested that he would like to have me over to his house to entertain me on the following weekend. I was thrilled at the idea.

I worked every day that week but could never get my head cleared of fantasies of what I had coming up with slave\_steven. We chatted on the computer every morning. I had millions of questions about what to wear, what to bring with me. Steven requested that I wear casual comfortable clothes but that I pack a nice dress in case we went out to dinner. He told me he would have a nice home cooked lunch ready for me and he requested that I allow Twig to pick me up and drive me to his house. The only thing he asked me to bring in the way of toys was the nice pair of floggers he had given me. I made him cyber-beg for it, and he did, well.

## **CHAPTER-02**

I was nervous as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. Twig was driving, it was a pleasant day, and I could not concentrate on what she was saying.

Eventually we turned into a driveway. I had not memorized slave\_steven's address but I did know what neighborhood to expect. We were right where I had anticipated but still I was very nervous. We stepped out of the car. I picked up my suitcase but Twig gently took it from me saying "Let me carry that for you Mistress".

I let her. I was dressed in nice jeans and a comfortable old tank top. I had purposefully not worn anything under these clothes.

Before I was able to ring the doorbell slave\_steven answered the door. He was wearing the collar I had given him and a smile, and that was all he was wearing.

I stepped through the door into the home of my slave boy and Twig followed carrying my suitcase. She obviously had been there before because she didn't even say a word to slave\_steven and took my bag off to some other room to put it away. Slave\_steven was still showing me around the front room when Twig returned and she returned wearing a matching slave collar and also a matching smile and not another stitch. Slave\_steven told me that was my first surprise of the weekend. Slave Twig would be there to serve me as well as him. For instance he and I would sit down for lunch, which he had cooked and Twig would serve us like a waitress does.

Everything smelled wonderful and they led me into a large nicely appointed dining room with a nice big table that was set with one place at the head of the table and another at the right hand of the head of the table. There was a nice big fireplace with some fake fire going in it. It looked lovely but you rarely need a fire in Los Angeles.

They swarmed all around me getting me seated at the head of the table and then my wonderful slave sat at my right hand. Our cute naked little waitress went to fetch the first course. She brought out a wonderful looking tossed salad in a large wooden bowl. She placed it on the table and insisted on filling our salad bowls herself. She scurried back into the kitchen and returned with a bottle of wine. To this day I do not know what that wine was called but it smelled delicious and looked a very nice shade of red.

Twig poured us each a generous glass full and then put just a few drops of the wine in a third glass. Slave\_steven stood up and proposed a toast to a long and fruitful, fun filled relationship between us and all three of us raised our glasses and drank. Following their lead I tossed my glass into the fire hearing it break as theirs had.

Twig filled other glasses for us and we sat back down to devour the wonderful salad. It was all so dreamy. It was all like floating on clouds. It was fantasy in real life. It was wonderful. The wine made me just a little dizzy, and I was getting a little sleepy from working so hard all week. I remember giving just one more command; I said "Twig, fetch me more wine." I remember her saying "Yes Mistress."

### **CHAPTER-03**

It was dark. I tried to wake up. I felt cramped. I wanted to stretch. I tried to stretch. For some reason I could not. I had the feeling I was moving, but how could I be, I was asleep, or was I? I tried to wake up. I fell back to sleep.

It was dark. I tried to wake up. I felt cramped. I wanted to stretch. I tried to stretch. For some reason I could not. This time I forced myself to wake up. When my eyes were closed it was completely dark. When they were open it was dark but not completely dark. It hurt to open my eyes but I forced myself to do so. There seemed to be a lot of noise that I could not identify. There was still some sensation of movement.

I forced myself to keep my eyes open allowing them to grow accustomed to the darkness so that I could better see. I knew I had to think, so I tried to think. My head hurt like a hangover. I was lying on my side, my right side. My hands both seemed to be behind me. I tried to pull them around in front of me but could not. It slowly dawned on me that my hands were tied behind my back and that really scared me. I was almost fully awake by now and better able to process thoughts. I forced myself to calm down so that I could think.

First I wanted to collect all the data I could.

I still could not see too well so I decided to do an inventory of what I could feel. First I could feel that I was laying down on my right side. I appeared to be lying on a hard surface. I could feel my arms behind my back and they felt like they were tied in place with rope. I tried to free them just briefly. I could not. I felt my legs bent up behind me. They too appeared to be bound in rope that I could not easily remove. I felt warm, and moist as if I were sweating. I also felt naked. I tried to look and my vision was slowly adjusting to the light so that I could just barely make out my chest and stomach. They appeared naked to me. My hands being where they were I felt along the curves of my ass. It felt bare to me.

I could still feel the movement and it was just a little irregular. I put this together with the constant din of sounds. It sounded like wind constantly blowing hard and a rumbling sound. As soon as I started thinking this I realized I was in a truck. This too scared me. I started breathing hard and had to force myself to not panic. It occurred to me that I should try my voice. I spoke and was able to hear myself. I heard a distant rumbling of other vehicles on the road. I felt us slowly go around a bend or curve. I got the impression that we were traveling quite fast like on a highway rather than on city streets. It was hard to say for sure because it seemed we were going backward, or rather like my head was pointed towards the rear of the truck.

I considered calling out for help but before I did I realized that the first person I would alarm would be my own driver, and he already knew where and what I was.



I decided to concentrate on my vision. Staying on my right side I moved my head around to see what I might be able to see. I could see something overhead that appeared the lightest spot in the truck. I thought at the time it was probably some sort of air hole in the top of the truck and this proved later to be true. Swiveling my head back around I saw just inches from my face what looked to be a chain link fence. I moved my face forward until I could touch it with my lips and cheek. It did appear to be common fencing. By looking more closely and swiveling my head round a lot I determined that I was in a small cage.

I was lying on the floor of the cage. One side was very close to me, but the other was a little farther away. The ceiling was of the same fencing material and appeared to be less than a foot above my head. There was fencing at either end. The frame seemed to be made of steel poles. I did not have a tape measure but I estimated that I was in a cage that measured about 24 inches high, 24 inches wide, and about 40 inches long.

I was naked and bound and in a cage and on a truck that was moving. I did not know who my captors were but I expected they were probably the people I had known as slave\_steven and Twig. I did not know how long I had been asleep, so I did not know how long I had been traveling. I did not know which direction we were headed or how much longer we would travel. I expected it was probably Monday night and nobody would even expect to hear from me until Wednesday afternoon when I was due at work. Once again I started to panic and had to force myself to stay coherent.

My vision continued to improve. I looked beyond my cage. I could see that there were a few feet from the end of my cage to the end of the truck bed. The truck bed itself appeared to be made of metal. I could see strong doors at the tail end of the truck. I had no doubt that those doors were locked shut. Locked from the outside.

I looked straight out, which, because of how I was lying, meant that I was looking to the left of my cage. There, just an inch or so away appeared another cage. In it there was a nude bound boy of perhaps 20 years old. He appeared to be bound similar to the way I was bound. He was sound asleep but laying on his left side so that he was facing me. Even in the dark I could see that he was a boy. Soft, and dangling down was the biggest penis I had ever seen. It was not thick, but it was longer in its flaccid state than any erect penis I had ever seen. Of course, I hadn't seen that many in my life.

I had to scoot and roll, scoot and roll several times but struggling I finally made it onto my belly and then onto my left side so that I could look out the other side of my cage. There was another cage on this side. It also had a nude bound captive. She was lying on her belly and her head was turned away from me so I could not tell much about her but she appeared quite small, at least smaller than I.

The only reason I thought her a female was the length of her hair. Her hair looked dark in color, but that was probably just the lack of proper light in the truck bed.

I looked beyond her cage and saw yet another. This cage also had an occupant but I could not well see her. I thought of her also as female because she was whimpering and she sounded female. I called out softly to her but she did not respond in any way to my voice. Either she could not hear me, or she was too afraid to answer me.

I looked beyond her cage and saw the wall of the truck. So now I knew that there were four cages lined up in one row, each with one captive human; three women, one man. The three I could see were all naked. I had no doubt that the fourth, the one whimpering, was also naked, I just could not see her to verify it.

I turned around a little more. I wanted to see two more things. It had occurred to me that there might easily have been a row of cages stacked on top of my row. There were not. I also checked behind my cage, which would have been towards the front of the truck because there could have been more cages there as well. There appeared some boxes, but no more cages. I had no idea what was in the boxes but was pretty confident that the human cargo counted exactly four.

I was tired. I was hot. I was thirsty. I was hungry. I was uncomfortable. I had a headache. I had cramps in my legs. My right shoulder hurt. I could not well see. I was naked. I was captured. I was secured. I was being transported as human cargo, to where and to what I could only imagine. I had to pee. I realized a little later that I was crying.

I tried to remember how I had gotten here. I could clearly remember being at slave Steven's house. I could remember the wine. I could remember the first few bites of the delicious salad. I could remember ordering Twig to fetch me more wine. I do not remember if I got it or not. I just could not remember anything past that point until I woke up finding myself where I was.

I closed my eyes, and I believe I fell asleep for a time, in fact I am almost positive that I did.

I was startled awake. Jostled is probably a better word for it. I was still bound naked in the cage in the truck but the truck was now going over a rough and bumpy road rather than the smooth highway. There was a good deal more light now coming into the truck from the air hole in the roof. I expected it was morning. I had the sensation of leaning forward and realized that this probably meant that the truck was climbing a hill.

I tested my arms and legs. They were still perfectly secured. I looked around. I could see the other three captives. They all appeared to still be asleep. I wondered if any of them had woken up during the trip and looked upon me while I was sleeping. The boy was still on his side facing me, his big dick just a few inches from me but protected from me by both my cage and his own. He appeared to be

sleeping peacefully. Turning over was not as hard this time. I looked at my other two fellow captives. The one closest to me was on her side facing away from me. She was indeed small and her dark hair now appeared to be more reddish. It was curly and there was plenty of it. I could still not see well into the final cage. I could make out what appeared to be a girl lying on her belly, nude, and bound as I was. Her hair was also quite long and appeared to be almost black in color, but again the light, although better than before was far from perfect. She was still whimpering.

I spoke out to my fellow captives. I tried to keep my voice low enough that the driver would not hear me but also tried to make it loud enough that the people bound in the cages could hear me. It was sort of like shouting in whispers. I tried for a few minutes but all I got in return was a few snores from the girl to my side and a few whimpers from the girl beyond her.

The truck did not seem to be going very fast now. It was bumping about over the rough road and making many turns back and forth. This went on for perhaps an hour, but I reminded myself that I had slept so I really did not know how long we had been traveling. My head still hurt but not as much now.

I considered going back to sleep but before I could nod off the truck left the rough rugged road and turned onto something smooth and flat. We were only on this smooth road a minute or two and the truck came to a full stop. I really began to worry.

## **CHAPTER-04**

There was a little noise of voices then a metal on metal screech and all of a sudden the truck was bathed in light so bright that I was temporarily blinded. Two men climbed up into the truck bed and immediately went to work. I heard the girl next to me stir and try to speak. I heard the whiner next to her cry out in alarm. One of the men used a kind voice but told us to remain silent.

The man who had spoken worked loose a strap that had been holding our cages in place. As soon as he did the two of them grabbed the cage to my left, the one with the naked male captive in it, and shoved it towards the open end of the truck bed. I quickly noticed that his cage was on wheels, and I saw it disappear into the bright sunlight at the end of the truck.

The two men next went to my cage and shoved it hard towards the door. I felt a rush of movement and I was overwhelmed with panic. My cage made it to the end of the truck bed and was going so fast that it wheeled right off the truck into thin air.

Long before my cage had a chance to fall to the ground it was caught by two big burly men who were dressed in gray work clothes. They gently lowered me in my cage to the ground. I was on a big driveway in front of a huge mansion. One of

the men put his foot on the top of my cage and shoved me flying across the driveway. I came to rest 15 feet or so from the truck right next to the cage of the young man.

Within a few seconds the other two cages appeared next to me and we were lined up pretty much as we had been on the truck. All four of us were now awake, very awake. None of us had yet spoken a word. The one girl was still whimpering but now it sounded a lot more like a full-fledged crying. There were several people in this area. Most were dressed in the gray work clothes. Some of them were men; some were women. All appeared busy but in a routine way as if unloading human cargo was something they had done so often that it was now a mundane work task rather than an adventure. This worried me.

There was one woman that seemed to be in charge. She was dressed similar to the others in work clothes but hers were a drab blue rather than the gray the others wore. This woman had a clipboard in her hand and she was constantly referring to it and making little marks on it.

The naked boy in the cage next to me called out “Where are we? Who are you?”

Immediately there were four or five people surrounding his cage beating on it with leather whips and crops commanding him to silence. One of them swung his crop hard and hit my cage. It did not hurt me but it did scare me. I remained silent.

The blue clad woman gave instructions that the others carried out. We were more or less forgotten as they unloaded the other cargo from the truck. It all appeared to be food type supplies. The boxes were loaded directly onto a little wagon like thing that was pulled by one of those little golf-cart type vehicles. The blue clad woman checked every single box and made some sort of notation on her clipboard. As she spoke I noticed that her voice was quite squeaky so I started thinking of her as the squeaky one.

I watched as about a dozen empty cages, identical to the one I was in, were loaded into the empty truck.

Eventually, the squeaky one approached us and several of the gray clad workers joined her. I took a quick look at my cage and could not find a door. I did not know how the cage opened but I soon found out.

A worker stood on each side of the boy’s cage. They bent over in unison and unhooked the cage from the base and the entire cage simply lifted off. The nude boy was carried about ten feet away, off the driveway, onto the grass. His arms and legs were untied. He was naked he was surrounded by workers with whips and crops. He did not try to flee. He remained silent. He was told to stand. Painfully he stood. Someone turned a hose on him and he was sprayed with water. The hose went off and two female workers approached him. Each had a bucket of soapy

water and a soft brush. Quickly, efficiently, they scrubbed him down. The two scrubbers retreated and the hose went on him to rinse him.

Clean but dripping wet he was led over to the squeaky one. He was not told to kneel before her, rather the gray clad workers simply forced his body into a kneeling position. A worker with a big spool of chain ran the chain around the boy's throat and cut it to the appropriate length. Some other worker produced a small lock and the collar was locked on his throat. The collar was adjusted so that the lock was behind his head. The original worker with the spool of chain took a handful of metal tags out of his pocket, found the right one, and with a pair of pliers bent wire around attaching the tag to the front of the boy's collar. The worker then said to the squeaky one "Ferrell". The squeaky one looked at the boy and told him that his name was now Ferrell. She told him to say, "I am Ferrell." He hesitated just slightly and two workers struck his back at the same time with their whips.

Quickly the boy shouted, "I am Ferrell." Thus a slave's name was changed.

The squeaky one herself grabbed his collar and pulled him over to the back of another golf cart. There she picked up a leash that was already attached to the cart and clipped it onto his collar. She was done with Ferrell for now. It was my turn.

I got the exact same treatment. The same two opened my cage as had opened Ferrell's cage. I was hosed and scrubbed and rinsed in exactly the same way Ferrell had been. I was knelt before the squeaky one. A collar was affixed around my throat by the same worker using the same spool of chain. My tag was attached and he reported to my squeaky captor that I was "Isidora." When she told me to say, "I am Isidora" I did so without hesitation. I still felt the same two lashes but they were not as hard as Ferrell had received. I suppose this is because I had not hesitated. So now you have another name to know me by; "Isidora." But let's be clear, it is a name that was forced upon me as a slave name. It was their choice, not mine.

I was leashed to the same cart Ferrell was leashed too. I was commanded to kneel, remain silent, and to not move. I knelt. I remained silent. I did not move. Ferrell, kneeling next to me, also remained kneeling and silent.

The tiny girl was next. She was indeed a red head. She was beautiful but tiny. They named her "Islandia." She was not as tiny as I had first thought. Unbound, her limbs unfolded, she was nearly as tall as I.

Finally it was time to deal with the whimperer. She struggled just a little getting out of the cage and she was beaten with whips for it. She was whimpering way too much so she was commanded to silence. She was not silent so she was beaten with whips for it. I did not know how much she could take. The stupid little thing better learn to control her sounds or they would beat the skin from her.

During her shower she complained that the water was too cold and she was beaten with whips for it, then she was given a shower perhaps twice as long as the rest of us.

The whimperer was knelt in front of the squeaky one. She was chain collared, she was tagged, she was named "Ivonia," she was leashed. All the while the squeaky one continued working her clipboard.

I took the opportunity to look around a little. We appeared to be on a large isolated estate. There was a very large brick building that looked like it could have been quite elegant if it wasn't quite so institutional looking. It appeared almost military in a way. The driveway was well scrubbed. The lawn was meticulously trimmed. The driveway gave way to a long winding gravel road that seemed to wind its way down as if we were atop a mountain. The few trees were evergreen. The temperature was comfortable. There were a few clouds in the sky. It seemed like it was morning. All around there were workers. Mostly in the drab gray outfits but some in the drab blue. There were four or five of the golf cart looking vehicles and a couple of really nice looking luxury cars in the driveway. There were trimmed hedges along the front of the building except near the door. The air smelled clean, much cleaner and fresher than I was use to in L.A.

The four of us captives knelt quite and naked all leashed to the back of a golf cart. None of us spoke a word but I could see as many questions in their eyes as they must have seen in mine. The whimperer was still crying but silently. The boy's long dick hung down flaccid.

Our squeaky little leader got in the driver's seat of the golf cart and one of the blue clad workers got in with her. Without so much as a word to us the cart took off. We could follow by jogging along or we could be dragged along by our necks. All of us decided to jog.

The cart led us along the front of the big building and turned to go behind it when we came to its end. The driveway disappeared here but the cart was on a dirt path that was quite smooth as if it were very well traveled. It was easy for the cart to traverse and not too bad to jog on. I do not know if it was compassion on the part of the squeaky one or a limit of the speed of the cart, but we were traveling at a speed that made us jog but it was an easy pace to keep.

As we passed the back of the big building I saw a huge space that had been cleared. The building gave way to a lawn, and the lawn had the biggest picnic table I had ever seen. There were also about a dozen or so smaller picnic tables randomly scattered in this area and several sand pits which I am sure I will explain more fully later.

The lawn yielded to a big field that seemed to go on for several hundred yards. There were many small buildings on it. Again they looked military or industrial. Most were those buildings that appear prefabricated like they were a

huge barrel laid on its side and half buried in the earth so that there is no side wall, just a big curve from one side to the other. There were people all about working in what seemed to be a village. People pushing carts, people carrying packages, people working in gardens, etc. Some of these people were gray clads, some were blue clads, but many were also just as naked as we were. Anywhere I saw naked workers I also saw the gray clad guards instructing them with whips and occasionally another clipboard carrying blue clad.

There did not seem to be any particular pattern to the little buildings, sort of like they just built one where they needed it rather than planning out the whole village at the same time. There were a few larger square type buildings. One was almost certainly a stable. I did not see any animals about that might live there.

We passed a couple of different open spaces where there were a group of perhaps thirty naked people lined up in formation doing exercises. They were, of course guarded by the gray clads and lead by a blue clad.

We passed what I can only guess was a punishment area. It was a rather large area with sand rather than grass. It was scattered with punishment frames. There were several different wooden A-frame type structures with a naked person hanging from them. One of these actually was being whipped while we jogged by. There were also the old fashioned types of stocks where the person had to put their head and hands in wooden frames that held them in place except that before when I had seen a device like this the victim would be standing up and bending over slightly. With these here they were built closer to the ground so that the victim would have to kneel on the ground to be put in them. Another thing we saw were several cages. They were small but could probably hold a human. These cages were all suspended by chains, so that they could swing around in the wind. The various punishment devices were approximately half utilized and half empty. The thought "Plenty of room for more" crept into my scared mind.

## **CHAPTER-05**

Eventually our cart swung around in front of a large white square building. We slaves, all four of us, were breathing quite hard. The squeaky one shouted out "Slaves kneel." All four of us knelt. None of us seemed to question her choice of the word "slaves." My head was now clear. I was certain that I had been drugged to get me to sleep, but whatever the drug it had since worn off. I could think clearly. I could see clearly. I could hear clearly. My other senses worked as well. The air smelled very clear and crisp. Not dirty and polluted as I was use to.

I took a few moments to consider my situation. Here I was, obviously miles from home, naked, leashed, captive, under the control of some cult that dressed in blue tunics or gray work uniforms. I had gathered that the blue clads had a little

more power than the gray clad workers, but they both had much more power than myself. I was tethered with three other naked slaves who were new to this place and probably acquired about the same time I was. I did not know where I was or who these people were. In fact I was not even sure what day it was but I expected it was Tuesday morning. I had not yet thought a means of escape. I was afraid of the gray clad guards and their whips. I was afraid of my blue clad squeaky little leader. It would be at least thirty-six hours before anyone even knew I was not where I was supposed to be and that was my boss at the dirty movie theater. He might not even act on that information for days or weeks. He might not ever act upon it. I was considering myself now on my own. I did not expect rescue. The workers around me were obviously experienced at handling new slaves. They had done it many times in the past. I felt that I was not likely to find a method of escape easily. I was now theirs to do with as they wished. I was now their slave. I was afraid of their whips. I would do what ever it took to avoid being struck by their whips. I would submit fully. I was their slave, at least until I figured out something else

The squeaky one approached us. She stood near us but not directly in front of us. She addressed us.

“Slaves” she uttered, not loudly.

She patiently waited for us to turn to face her. We would do this on her terms not ours. She had the power. The whimperer, Ivonia, was for once quiet. I thought that was probably good for her.

We all looked at the squeaky one, she standing, all of us still kneeling on the ground. Each of us slaves naked and still tethered to her golf cart. She faced us, standing, clothed, untethered, clipboard in hand. There was a guard with a whip on each side of her. She had all of the power. We had nothing. We were her slaves.

She told us that her name was Prism, but that we could call her either Mistress or Mistress Prism. She told us that she was our boss but that for now we should call every clothed person Boss. We could do that, or we could call them either Master or Mistress depending on their gender. As we learned their names we could add that as in Mistress Prism.

Islandia raised her hand timidly as if to ask a question and Prism waved her off with “No questions now slave, there will be time for questions later.”

Mistress Prism told us just a little about what to expect in the next few hours. She started by warning us that anything less than obeying any instructions fully and immediately would be dealt with by whipping us. She made it clear that one of two things would happen; either we would obey perfectly or we would feel much pain. She told us that we were at what she called a “resort and slave training center” known as Cleaver. She did not go into much detail here about Cleaver, just gave us the name. Then she told us that we had a lot of work to do because we all had to be “Groomed and Processed” so that we would be ready to “Serve” at the



party that night. Of course I had about a ton of questions now but I remembered the warning we had received so I kept my mouth shut.

I was hoping things would go well for my fellow captives but I saw Islandia's hand stretch up to ask a question again. I saw a very stern look on Mistress Prism's face as she sneered "What is it slave?" at Islandia.

Islandia, respectfully, barely audible, slowly, with her eyes down as if looking at the ground a foot in front of Mistress Prism's feet said "I am sorry to be a bother Mistress but I have to go to the bathroom."

A smile broke across Mistress Prism's face and she motioned that Islandia should crawl closer to her. Islandia got down on all fours and crawled over to the Mistress stopped by the tether just inches from Mistress Prism's feet.

"Go ahead dear" Mistress Prism said.

In a shocked voice Islandia answered, "You mean right here Mistress?"

The two guards struck her at once, two vicious strokes across her back. Islandia screamed out in pain but did not break position.

"Spread your knees wide slave!" Mistress Prism shouted out.

The slave girl obeyed her.

"Piss slave!" Mistress sneered.

I watched in awe as the scared whimpering Islandia struggled and wiggled and eventually let loose a stream of golden liquid. Most of it hit the ground between her legs but some ran down each thigh.

Mistress Prism looked at us other three slaves. "I suppose all of you need a bathroom break," she said as if we were in some type of classroom and she was the teacher.

One at a time she had us crawl to her like a dog and pee on the grass. Even the boy slave Ferrell was made to pee for the Mistress in this manner. I had not even noticed needing to go, but when it was my turn I easily let go with a long jet of warm liquid.

The bathroom break was over. We were marched (walking not crawling) into the white building. It was very industrial looking and had the smell of a medical building like a doctors office or something. Each of us was handed off to a team of three professional looking people in white coveralls. Separately we were led down various halls and into different rooms. It was more or less a medical building as I soon found out. I was measured and probed and questioned about childhood diseases and inoculated and inspected and more or less given a very thorough physical exam that included the drawing of several small vials of my blood. All of this time I was completely nude and treated like an animal. When they wanted me to stand on a scale so that they could weigh me they simply commanded me to stand on the scale. When they wanted to look up my ass with

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