

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Leah's Punishment

Aran Ashe

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About the Book

Leah - a petite, brave and comely slave - innocently attracts the covetous attentions of the jealous steersman on her master's boat and precipitates a chain of predicaments over which she has no control. Following a night of erotic retribution by her obsessive mentor, she is abandoned to the appetites of strangers at the mysterious Tithe Retreat. But her attempted escape serves only to propel her even deeper into the bizarre and exacting realms of intemperate sexuality.

Also by Aran Ashe

THE HANDMAIDENS
LOVE-CHATTEL OF TORMUNIL
SLAVE MINES OF TORMUNIL
THE SLAVE OF LIDIR
THE DUNGEONS OF LIDIR
THE FOREST OF BONDAGE
PLEASURE ISLAND
CHOOSING LOVERS FOR JUSTINE
CITADEL OF SERVITUDE

LEAH'S PUNISHMENT

Aran Ashe



1

Girl on a Boat

OF THE MANY narrow boats navigating the mountain waterway in the early warmth of that day, one was special. Its line was sleeker, finer than the rest; it sliced smoothly through the water; the horse towing it – powerful and proud – held his head high. Any watcher on the banks would have noticed these things first. Then he would have seen the girl.

She sat astride the prow, dwarfed by the carved wooden boss that crowned it. Her naked legs dangled in innocent shamelessness and her toes flirted with the warm wisps of breeze. She wore a broad straw hat and an open shirt – too large for her and tied loosely at her belly. Her countenance was angelic, yet her blue-eyed gaze seemed open and knowing. Her delicate fingers clung to the wooden boss in front of her; at intervals her cheek or her lips would brush across its surface as if she were daydreaming and echoes of intimacy were caressing her mind.

But when she stretched her back, the watcher might have glimpsed below her shirt the tell-tale fresh red marks across her small nude buttock cheeks. Then idle contemplation might next have drifted to that other, most nude of places – between those tender open thighs, so lithe and limp in their present pose and yet so surely trained to adept gripping. Hidden from view there nestled segments of a beautiful blue-jewelled chain that once linked those pierced pink inner lips, now plundered by repeated male wanting.

The watcher would not know this. Nor would he know how keenly the laying of those fresh marks of caring sexual punishment across her bottom had stirred female erection at the front; nor how her master had placed her in so aroused a state in this present pose, deliberately astride the prow, separating the two segments of her chain and pressing her female openness down; nor how he had spent productive time refining the positioning of her thighs, then caressing the sensitive hollow nudity at the base of her spine, whilst kissing her lips, yet at the same time searching out her keen erection, that special place, tip-touching it, softly pressing it back inside its lovely shell until her belly repeatedly tightened and her lips faltered against his kisses and softly but forlornly begged him for release.

Leah sat very still now, clinging to the prow, her breasts forced outwards by the polished wooden boss as she relived that deliciously prolonged touching. Merek had told her that he wanted her 'at one with the boat, fused to it almost'. Every slight movement, every swell in the water, lifted her belly on the sturdy waxed wood of the prow. The irresistible pressure between her legs slowly surged then swiftly dropped, imposing the beat of pleasure, slower than a heartbeat but fuller and more telling. The heavy tow-rope was anchored to a short mast some way behind her; as the rope tautened then slackened, a sweet forward pulse melded with the up and down.

Leah's breasts were smaller than those of most slaves that her master used: she was very conscious of this. But of late the surrounds of her nipples were becoming steadily more swollen. Merek had commented on this. He would stand Leah sideways and pull her open shirt back, up under her arms, exposing her even in the presence of other men, and he would run his hands upwards under her breasts and the newly swollen surrounds of her nipples would stand out, puffed-up and hard. And he would gently pull and twist

them and tell her he was pleased that they were getting fuller, with the fullness restricted to the surrounds of the nipples. Often, these other men would be watching and Leah's nipple-surrounds would puff up even harder because of this.

When her master had male guests at his table they would openly and frankly discuss her as they watched. Merek would sometimes offer her to favoured or important guests. Leah could never be sure which man, or which men, her body might be required to please – such was the duty of a Tormunite slave. The men always seemed to want to bundle her in their arms and carry her. When a man – her temporary master – did this with her he would usually already be in hard erection and Leah – if her hand was free – would try to feel this part of him through his garments, in part to judge in advance its girth and shape. It became her signal of assent to the sexual actions he might wish to take. If the acting master would permit, she would play with his flesh at length while it was naked: she enjoyed this, taking pleasure from imposing pleasure and taking brief control, provoking arousal but delaying spillage.

As Leah daydreamed, she put her lips to the wooden boss and gripped her thighs about its column until the soles of her feet pressed tightly together. Her open sex rode the softly surging prow as the tow-rope rose and dipped; she felt it, tugging the sluggish weight of the boat, tugging deliciously and remorselessly against the ball of arousal buried deep within her belly.

Then Leah heard her master's footfalls approaching. She tensed with anticipation but knew not to turn around. She clung in that same position, her feet pressed together. Merek had stopped short in order to look at her from behind. She knew he was studying her bottom and the marks that his guest of last night had put there. Then Leah looked up and saw a bridge ahead. There were men on it.

They turned to stare at her. She so wanted to avert her eyes but knew she must not.

‘Good girl,’ Merek whispered. ‘Keep looking at them. They want to see those generous eyes and those beautiful puffy nipples bared to the sun.’

Leah shivered self-consciously. Already she could hear the hungry murmurings, stirring sickly fear into the sweet arousal in her belly. As Merek crept up behind her, her upward gaze unfocused gently and her lips parted. The tips of his fingers touched the naked small of her back. ‘Let go now – with your hands,’ he said. Shuddering softly, Leah rode the surging swell of submission. ‘Let your arms hang back – relax.’ He cradled her by her shoulders. The sun’s warmth bathed her quaking belly. Her thighs were still around the wooden column. The avid faces of the men on the bridge drew swiftly closer, with Leah now so sexually exposed. Merek deftly freed the knot fastening her shirt, which fell completely open. Her fingertips touched the decking. Her swollen nipples felt tight, her naked labia soft. In the pit of her belly was a nauseous desire – too sweet and cloying a burden for all her taunted longing. Her broken sexual chain had become so moistened that its segments lay enfolded within the limp flesh. She wanted Merek to put his hand between her legs and grasp her gently, or just press his fingertips against her knob as if to push it up inside her again.

The men were shouting and whistling. The bridge was almost overhead, coming nearer, faster. ‘Make kisses to them,’ Merek whispered. And when Leah did, he touched her, attempted softly to open her sex more completely, and she came, briefly but so pleurably, from the stretching and the lewd kisses she was making at the men.

Merek drew her upright with her legs still round the prow and her hat fell to the deck. The underside of the bridge raced over her head. ‘Forward now . . . Lean right over.’ She leant round one side of the boss and he drew her

shirt all the way up her back, exposing her from her shoulder-blades to her bottom. The boat emerged from under the bridge. The whistling and the shouts continued, for the men had run to the other side.

‘Lean further,’ Merek ordered Leah. ‘I want them to see everything.’ Her face and neck congested as she hung, head down, clinging to the prow by one arm, her shirt now over her head. The swirling water directly below made her giddy. Reaching under her from behind, Merek slowly unravelled the oily segments of her labial chain and stretched her sex fully open with them, stimulating pulsings that her body could not prevent. ‘Beautiful . . .,’ Merek murmured as the whistling grew ever louder. ‘The shafts of sunshine even reach inside you. Evidently my guest opened you well last night.’ Leah shuddered sexually at the memory. Merek took one hand away and cupped her small breasts. He felt for the nipple surrounds and found them very swollen and hard. And he kept her in that exposed position until all the shouts and whistles had receded. Then he lifted her down and stood her unsteadily on the deck. She went light-headed and started to swoon. Merek held her gently upright. He did not pick her up nor let her sit but cradled her giddy head against his chest, her puffy nipples pressed against his taut belly. Leah tried to touch it. She snuggled closer – for her master was her lover and provider, not just her taunter and punisher – but Merek gently, firmly drew her arms away.

He looked down at her, searching her eyes. ‘Did the pleasure come – when I spread you open?’

‘Oh, master – yes . . .,’ she murmured. Again her fingers came up to caress his torso but he would not allow it.

‘Put your arms behind you!’

When she did this, her breasts pressed deeper against his belly and her nipples stood harder. Momentarily Merek closed his eyes and, to Leah, that small signal was itself beautiful. She pressed her puffed-up nipples against him.

She wanted them to pierce the cloth of his shirt and the points to puncture his skin and burrow beneath it like little goads that would blister within him and from which he would never be free. Her open lips touched his chest and she felt a shudder move through him. She was excited that she had made this happen.

‘Let me look at you,’ he said more gently. Once again he stood her sideways to assess her breasts by hand for weight and girth. ‘They’re definitely getting more swollen around the nipples. It must be the good living – plenty of fruit and plenty of admirers.’ He kissed her fully on the lips while his fingertips lightly grazed the undersides of her nipple-surrounds, setting erect every skin-hair down her back. He rolled her sleeves up. Then from behind he drew her shirt-tails tightly up underneath her arms and tied them in a knot above her breasts. The downward pressure made her breasts more swollen and left her whole body naked from her shoulders down. The rolling up and tying of the cloth made goose-pimples spread over her exposed skin.

‘Turn around.’ He wanted to look at the new marks that had been put across her bottom the previous night.

Whenever Merek examined Leah’s marks, he would hold her in this special way, one hand between her thighs at the front while the other rubbed and pinched her reddened buttock cheeks. ‘Stand up straight,’ he ordered, for her knees were sagging under this fresh stimulation. Merek would never permit the excesses of whipping to lead to perforation of her skin but the marks were always long-lasting. His fingers swiftly found the most punished part of the cheeks and worked them. Fiery needles stung that skin. In the flesh beneath, a dull ache stirred, as if the warm firm fingers had plunged into the cheek itself, burrowing through the very flesh, making her anus tighten guiltily, triggering a strange sensation in the back of her throat. And at the front, where he was holding her lips and now

gently milking and teasing her knob, there was a much more direct pleasure. Her legs began to tremble and her knees again went weak. The two segments of her labial chain slipped down and dangled free; her sexual lips were swelling. She wanted him to bend her over his lap and finish her. Moist sounds were coming from her front. 'Oh, it feels so warm and good,' he murmured. 'Open it.' He suddenly held the lips fully back and made her push until she felt her inner flesh gently erupting into his taunting fingers.

When Leah had first come to Merek, she was newly deflowered: her broken chain was the external indication of this; the frayed tenderness inside her body was the living proof. Merek had vowed to make her more open still. He had tied the broken strands of her labial chain to leather garters at the tops of her thighs and had stretched her sex repeatedly. 'Your inner beauty shall henceforth be visible at all times to all men,' he had told her. He would make her sit, open and unclothed below the waist. Her thighs were only permitted to close around an object or a human part. When she sat, he instructed, she must do so with her open sex fully visible to any onlooker, or she must sit with it open and pressed against the seat.

Merek now lifted Leah from the deck, her crotch cradled in his hand and her sex still wide open, his other hand clutching her punished buttock cheeks: her climax came as her toes left the decking. The inner flesh of her sex was still pulsing out between his fingers - she could feel it and could sense that he was studying its performance. He carried her back to the prow and put her legs either side of the short column supporting the wooden boss. Once again, her inner flesh pressed against its waxed surface and the short lengths of chain hung down on each side. Then he kissed her while this intimate conjunction of girl and boat was maintained. He told her that he was pleased with her progress and learning. He continued to kiss her and to

touch her between the legs very gently, and as the boat drew towards a wharf, he whispered: 'There is a gentleman whom I would like you to meet.'

2

Hides and Skins

AS SOON AS the boat had docked, the loading began.

‘Do you want to accompany Asgal?’ Merek asked Leah. Asgal was unharnessing the tow-horse for stabling. ‘There’s no hurry – our guest is not expected yet,’ Merek added, stroking her hair. ‘In fact, we shan’t be leaving today.’

Leah feigned indifference, hoping that her master would not realise why she did not want to go with Asgal. Asgal made her uncomfortable – his desire was hidden and barbed; it carried jealousy of the master and Leah avoided Asgal whenever she could. So she answered that she would wait aboard with her master.

‘Then you can supervise the loading,’ Merek said and Leah smiled. But in truth she was curious to watch.

Each port along the waterway was different; in the smaller ones like this, the labourers might be rough but they were mostly open and kind. Even so, Leah kept her distance. As part of her training, Merek deliberately tied her shirt-tails up under her breasts so as to leave her belly and bottom quite naked, knowing that the freedom of nudity in itself aroused her. He did not force her to approach the men but he expected her not to hide. It was a test, a fine line of gentle flaunting that Leah had to tread. She knew that seeing her thus before the men excited Merek; she tried to conceal how much it excited her too. The men worked bare-chested, carrying aboard the heavy bales of hides and skins without pausing for rest until

Merek called a halt and told Leah to bring beer for their refreshment.

Leah approached them timorously, dispensing liquor from the heavy jug as the men sat about the deck. But there was nothing to fear: they thanked her and said only kind things and that she was very pretty and asked where she was from. Then one of them playfully asked her why her sex was nude of hair. Leah immediately retreated to her master, who put his arm protectively about her head but did not take umbrage at the labourer's pointed question. Leah's cheeks and neck glowed with hot embarrassment as her master quite freely explained to the whole group: 'The Tormunite girls are routinely kept naked there. Their training-masters see to it. It is central to their practice for the females, either by shaving or by depilation with salves.' Then he drew her closer. 'But Leah needs neither: no hair has ever grown upon her in that place. In that respect, as in many others, she is special.' He paused, cupping his hand around her naked belly as he kissed her publicly.

Murmurs of appreciation from the men turned to sighs as Merek seated himself amongst them and lifted her on to his lap so that all could see the bareness between her legs. 'Push out,' Merek whispered lewdly to her, kissing her ear lobe. The men gasped as Leah felt the segments of her labial chain sliding down and dangling. Merek now bared her breasts by unknotting her shirt and the shiver took them, as if cold lips had closed about each nipple. Through half-closed eyes Leah beheld the men watching her and the skin-shiver fed a shudder of desire through her core as she imagined what it might be like, were they to take her now, on deck, all naked and erect and besprinkled with fresh male sweat. And she would want it deep yet gently, after the first strong insertion, and she would want it to be prolonged. Such was the nature of Tormunite training.

That evening, with the loading completed and the labourers gone, Leah was told that she was to be put to the 'feeling'. The 'feeling' was a session in which Merek would test his slave, in the presence of another man or other men, normally without penetration occurring. Merek told her he would do this to her at a time convenient to himself. Then he left her to contemplate this in the cabin, where he placed her astride the corner of the bed. 'Your thighs must remain open,' he explained as he tied her wrists behind her, so that she could not touch herself, then he tied her ankles individually to iron rings in the floor. Then he opened her body, not too widely but enough to put sensual pressure to the opening and he told her to push - 'to keep yourself open, to begin the swelling'. Then he thrust a cool, oval swatch of soft leather - 'a gift from our guest' - a little way under her sex before kissing her, softly and long. For the duration of the kissing he pressed the pad of his middle finger directly against her tender pink inside, which through her sexual pushing, was already swelling out.

He left a candle burning in the cabin. When he had gone Leah strained to hear the voices beyond the door, wanting to know who had sent the strange leather 'gift'. After a while she stilled herself and focused on the flickering candle until its flame appeared disembodied and seemed to swell and pulse in rhythm with her breathing. Each fleshly push that Leah exerted seemed to make the flame bloat until its licking cusp, in its slow writhing, seemed to cause a dull tickle in her knob, which began to stand up, yearning for cool, cruel pinching fingers to snuff the burning gnawing at its tip.

Leah, ankles fastened, sank back upon the bed until her knotted hands behind her back made her belly arch lewdly and her clitoris project and throb almost painfully keenly. She wanted someone to come through that door now and suck her very quickly, suck out all restraint then go inside her body very deeply, with his cockhead straining at her

womb until it made her come so strongly that her sex would squeeze him red and purple round his rim.

She did not have to wait much longer – the voices suddenly got louder and now she wanted to sit up but was too terrified to move. While she lay prone and open, the door of the cabin abruptly swung wide.

‘Stay still,’ her master said but Leah was already frozen with fear as the guest advanced towards the bed.

‘I keep her nude as much as possible,’ said Leah’s master.

‘Surely not in public?’ asked the guest.

‘Of course . . . Men admire her singular beauty. Their attentions arouse her. But touch is strictly for the privileged few.’

‘And punishment . . .?’

‘Ah, yes . . . Punishment hones a unique edge to any relationship. But mark this – without the commingling of pleasure, then all the pain in the world is rendered worthless.’

‘I have some ideas of my own that I would like to try upon her – with her master’s permission.’

‘Be my guest.’

As Leah stared at him over the length of her prostrate body she was horribly aware of the way her pulse was beating in her naked belly. And the guest had seen it too.

‘My, my . . .,’ he whispered gently, stretching his large hand across the drum-tight skin, causing a shudder through her body. He leant over her. ‘My hand – is it too cold?’ he asked softly, raising it. Leah was shaking her head and still trying to regain composure, when her master interjected: ‘She thinks you are putting her skin to the test, assessing its saleability, like one of your hides. Always the merchant . . .’

‘Oh no, my lord,’ Leah whispered up to the guest then saw that he was smiling. He was much older than Merek – round in the face and silver-haired. She knew that

sometimes it could be nice with older men but not always. She was staring at his hands. Merek untied her then lifted her in all her nudity, apart from the little oval swatch of soft leather that came with her, and put her directly into the guest's broad arms. Her heart-surge immediately came again and the guest noticed it, seemingly more than Merek, and drew her close. She remembered to keep her thighs open. The guest noticed the leather and his first sexual act was to place it against her inner flesh where it had opened. 'See, Merek - it adheres.' It was so thin that she could feel the coolness of his pressing fingertips and could count their number. 'So hot, she is, inside . . .,' he murmured. The intimacy of his touching would become his measure and already she was well aroused.

When they took her into the living quarters of the boat, the guest insisted on carrying her, with her knees tucked up and his fingers still attentively in place, steadily drumming against her leather oval. He seemed to sense the beat of her pulse and he mimicked it with the steady thump of this sexual patting. She was already light-headed when Merek broke away from watching and said quietly: 'I have explained to our guest the rules.' He came close and stared into her eyes, searching for assent, which Leah now gave by the merest flicker. 'Good - then we continue,' he declared, and sat down to watch.

An hour-glass was used to gauge the duration of the session of touching during which Leah was forbidden to come. Tonight Leah would lose count of the number of turnings of this glass. When the guest himself at one point suggested she be given a pause for sleep, Merek said: 'I have observed through long practice that exhaustion does not preclude erection in a girl,' and then the guest himself proved this maxim true, for Leah's climax nearly came out - through the soft film of leather and against his fingers - before she managed, at the very last second, to blurt out her pleading. Thus the swapping of the slave between the

protagonists had been effected without the crisis of pleasure precipitating and without her feet ever touching the floor. But Merek had first insisted on checking her body closely to ensure that she had not come. He laid her on her back on the table to examine her. 'Please leave her leather undisturbed, if possible, my lord,' the guest whispered. His collusive gaze never left Leah. Her gaze never left his generous hands.

Sleep had now been swept aside by the early nearness of the crisis and by the ensuing fear of Merek's intimate checking after such sweetly knowing touching by this stranger's fingers. The guest then said: 'Pass her again to me - if it please . . .'

During such passing, Leah would normally be kept with her feet off the floor but the guest this time made her stand unsupported. 'Stand astride my lap. There . . .,' he instructed her. Her legs were unsteady after being bundled up yet their very unsteadiness seemed to please him. Leah faced him very nervously indeed, not knowing what to do with her hands, where to look or how to cope with the deeply sexual feelings as he began again to tease and then slowly to peel the thin sticky leather from the mouth of her sex. He set the oval pad carefully aside. 'She glistens . . . I see her virgin's chain is broken in two. Yet my lord does not remove it?'

'No,' Merek answered.

'She is still delightful,' the guest went on, 'still narrow here.' His little finger entered her on a slight up-curve. 'See - the inner lips remain firm and pouted. Very firm . . .' Then he whispered: 'No my dear, you should not close your eyes. I want to look at them.' The tip of his finger, now within her body, began lifting, as if beckoning her to lewdness. Her open legs began shaking quite strongly. She broke the gaze, looking over her shoulder to Merek, as if pleading for help against these feelings. He must surely know how near she was to coming. The guest gently turned her head back,

drew her chin forward and softly kissed her, while his finger inserted in her was still lifting and drawing the teetering pleasure slowly out. Leah's hands, which had not known what to do, were now upon the guest's naked forearm, as if to stay the delicious progress of the belly-pulling fingertip. During the long kiss, her tongue in uncontrollable complicity slid into his mouth. His fingertip drew a pleasure too far. Leah moaned and froze; her back arched down so deeply that her belly touched his wilful wrist. Her head sank sideways against his shoulder, her tongue still darting. Soft precursors of this unwanted yet keenly yearned-for climax sucked upon his finger. He tried to lift her on to his lap with his finger still inside her. At that point – when her toes started to leave the floor – she began the urgent pleading that so aroused the two men.

The guest did not really want to hand her back to her owner, did not want that pointy tongue, which had delved so impishly yet lovingly inside his mouth, to poke inside her proper master's. But he too obeyed the rules and Leah now sat sideways on Merek's lap, her thighs still beautifully open, those inner lips still standing stiff – a pouting little cup of flesh in which a quicksilver droplet of her fluid was clinging.

'Come – join in. Do something to her,' Merek invited him. 'She can plead again if we go too far.' And he sucked her ear lobe and turned the hour-glass and the sand again started running.

The guest could not prevent his erection showing through his clothing; Leah was looking at it as he approached her. He knelt – perhaps to hide it – while he spread her legs fully open. He pressed the thin wet oval of leather against the inner surface of her pouting sex, bursting the quicksilver droplet, then smoothing the leather until it moulded to her shape. 'See, Merek – how her knob stands visibly through it.' Leah lay back, gasping softly against her master while the two men gently

recommenced touching her. One strand of her chain had become enfolded in the crease between her inner and outer lips. The guest teased it out. Its blue jewels sparkled. Leah watched him and watched Merek's hands round her breasts, his fingers squeezing her nipples; she watched the guest spreading the inner lips of her sex wider with his thumbs, until the edges of the leather pad lifted. He pulled it off her; she moaned. Her inner lips stayed wide open, filmed with glistening silver. Merek turned her head and kissed her lips - a crushing kiss, desirously harsh - and the guest simultaneously started smacking the hot, fully exposed internal flesh of her sex, which pulsed like a bright red beating heart. She felt the tips of his fingers steadily snapping down just below her clitoral knot until it grew as hard as stone and little warm splashes of her liquid silver showered her inner thighs.

The crushing kiss stopped and Leah gulped for air like a drowning person. 'She has beautifully puffy-nippled breasts,' the guest said. 'See how they shake each time her vulva is smacked.' He took one in his wet fingers, rolling the swollen nipple-surround while Merek still cupped the main body of the breast. 'It's soft on the outside, firmer within, as if there is a pithy core.' Then he grasped it as if it were a cow's teat that he was milking. Leah's legs made as if to close. Merek, stroking her ear lobe with his lips, admonished her with a whisper. When the guest's other hand went between her legs and the fingertip pressed that special place, halfway between knob and pee-hole, Leah again pleaded.

'It is all becoming too difficult for her,' Merek sighed. 'Her need to capitulate is too strong. She needs a distraction.'

The two men stood her up, with the guest's hand now coming from behind and under, his fingertip - now the middle one - regaining the same sensitive place, still pressing as they made her walk. Her knob protruded

strongly; the mouth of her bottom was hot against the heel of the guest's hand and kept tightening; he could surely feel its tension. After a few paces, Leah stopped, her knees half bent, and began trembling with the want of deliverance. Merek had gone ahead. 'What is it?' the guest whispered. 'Is the pleasure very near?' Leah could only nod, gasping softly, as the delicious trembling in her thighs continued. Then she felt his thumb against the mouth of her bottom, searching out the tight velvet hollow, by turns softly stroking then pressing it. Her bottom wanted to open to take the thumb but she knew that would make her come. The guest waited patiently but did not stay the sexual pressure of his fingertip under her knob or the pressure-stroking of her bottom. 'Fight it,' he coaxed gently as she leant further and more limply forward. His other arm slipped under her hunched nude body to lift her tenderly upright, his hand slipping across her erect nipples, bringing delicious transitory pleasure, eliciting a moan, his fingertips finally lodging in the softness under her arm.

'Please . . .,' Leah begged him, not knowing whether she pleaded for deliverance or delay. The fingertip pressure under her knob retracted but in doing so pulled upon the tender flesh to which it had for so many minutes adhered. The sensation seemed to draw down through her womb and she moaned louder. He thought that he had hurt her and drew her close against his breast. Leah felt a luscious wave of warmth engulfing her and fought back the tears of warmth lest he misinterpret them. She buried her face in his shirt.

'Can you go on, my little one?' the guest-master whispered tenderly and, in answer, Leah reached up and kissed him entreatingly. Realising that he too was trembling, she felt emboldened and kissed his warm belly through the cloth and sensed his breathing change. She wanted to kiss his penis and stir desire there but he drew her up and held her gently at arm's length by her

shoulders. Sighing, he looked at her – her face, her breasts, her belly, then back to her face. Voice wavering, he said: ‘Stand open.’ She edged her feet apart. ‘Open . . . more so . . .’ She could scarcely hear him. She was watching his face, watching for his gaze to falter. His voice came as a strained whisper: ‘Put your hands behind your head.’ She heard his deep sigh then felt his fingers, trembling but between her legs again, teasing, then his whole hand enveloping her there – the outer lips, the inner, the knob and all the sensitised flesh within – and very gently squeezing, pulsing, finding her heart’s rhythm, taking all the sexual warmth and softness and lovingly kneading.

She heard Merek ahead on deck, calling for Asgal the steersman to assist him. At the mention of that name in such a context, Leah froze.

‘What is it, my dear?’ the guest asked.

‘Nothing . . .,’ she murmured. But the guest was not worldly-wise enough to understand the cryptic plea in her voice.

On deck in the warm night air, under his master’s direction, Asgal stretched two thick ropes tautly, horizontally, one at belly height, the other at arm’s length above it. The guest, with recovered confidence, remained attentive and kept Leah in sexual readiness through gentle provocation while the ropes were being tightened. ‘Stand open,’ he repeated gently. But it was not sufficient that her thighs obeyed. He worked upon her gently until her body opened too – until the inner lips gaped and his fingertips were able to effect freely sliding pressure-strokes up the smooth wet inner walls. The stimulation induced by being stroked inside her body was intense. She tried not to make a murmur in Asgal’s presence and tried to conceal the guest’s actions under her hands. ‘I want your bottom open too,’ he whispered. ‘Now, and in your master’s presence.’ Leah closed her eyes as the finger and thumb of his other hand

softly invaded the crease of her bottom and gently pinched the lower rim of the smooth, pouting mouth, which tightened involuntarily. 'Keep your feet flat down. Stretch your toes. There . . . let all the tightness slip away.' The inveigling finger and thumb, gaining surer purchase, gently pinched the fleshy rim until Leah moaned and opened. But the thumb did not go fully in. The lower rim was simply held in an ever-tightening pincer-grip, inducing a delicious, dull, strong pressure-pain, like a swollen blister being squeezed. And all the while, the pleasure of the precisely focused masturbation just below her knob was coming keener and keener at the front. Leah quaked on the verge of faintness or coming, clasping her hands about the hand that bestowed such pleasure at the front, not to stay it but to be as one with it. Then Merek's voice broke in: 'Thank you, Asgal. I'll call you, should you be needed further.' Leah opened her eyes to see Asgal leering at her then sneaking off into the darkness.

Merek turned and saw his guest with Leah slumped against him, her hands still enfolded weakly about the hand invading her belly. For a moment, as Merek hesitated, Leah feared reproach. She had not intended to conceal herself from her master but rather from Asgal. She beckoned with her eyes and opened her hands and Merek came to her, bestowing ardent kisses on her face, breasts and neck, even as the guest's finger and thumb, in her crease, still gripped her flesh as if it were a swollen blister.

'She is very near to climax, Merek,' the guest observed.

'The rope will fix that,' Merek answered calmly. 'It will numb her and allow more time and scope in our investigations.' Leah shivered; her flesh was frightened by these threats. Merek simply put his arms around her even as his guest still gripped the throbbing rim of her bottom. Her rigid nipples poked through Merek's shirt.

Over Merek's shoulder she glimpsed Asgal, shifting in the darkness. She dreaded that throughout her tortured

pleasurings he would still be there. But she dared not warn her master for fear of drawing unwanted questions. There was nothing she could do to prevent Asgal's witnessing all that followed, hearing every moan of shameful pleasure that Leah uttered and discovering all the ways of intimate touching that her body openly craved.

The two masters lifted her astride the lower rope, tying her wrists over the rope above her head, and tightening the lower rope so she was balanced with her feet just off the decking. While the rope pressed into the saddle of flesh between her anus and her sex, the guest paid homage to her puffy nipples by sucking them into elongated teats. Soon the numbness came between her legs, then a feeling as of soft needles being pushed into her sex and bottom. After a few minutes, Merek asked: 'Can you feel this?' He was touching her.

'Yes, master,' she murmured.

'Are you sure?'

She nodded uncertainly. For his fingers, which seemed to be touching her at the front, felt like thickly gloved thumbs probing clumsily into the burgeoning numbness.

'Let me touch her bottom,' the guest said. Merek relinquished his place and Leah saw that his fingers were saturated with her wetness; so numb was she that she hadn't felt it coming out. She shuddered as he ran those same fingers up her belly to her breasts, already sensitised through the sucking. 'She can feel that,' the guest observed. Then she felt the guest's fingers pushing down against the resilience of the rope that she hung astride, then smoothly, numbly, up into her bottom, which did not tighten. The pushing fingers forced her belly forwards, forcing the tight rope against her knob, forcing soft long needles of numbness through it and up into her womb. Her bottom started to tighten against waves of fine hot needles.

'She's coming,' the guest shouted.

'Help me lift her off the rope.'