Abigail

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Abigail finds her niche, but it's a long road.

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Foreword.

It is a sad fact of life that many of our teenage children come off the tracks. There are many hypotheses that try to explain how it is, our society cannot cater for the younger generation, how it fails them at a fundamental level and leaves them to learn and fend for themselves. We teach our children the usual things, History, Geography, to read and write, numerical skills, but we seem to have forgotten how to teach them social graces and how to behave.

But, for a large slice of the populace, we fail entirely to teach moral values. Our children are introduced to sex at an early age, shown the mechanics of reproduction, but we rarely explain the emotions that go with the act. We show them how to screw each other and make babies that they cannot cope with, creating more social problems in an insidious spiral of descent. We fail to teach them, because we don’t know ourselves.

So is it any wonder, that the youth of today has little in common with their parents? Is it any wonder that they rebel, or please themselves, given the lack of moral guidance we, as a generation, offer to their development? How can we expect compliance and conformity when we seem to discard or ignore our kids after they get to school age?

This following story alludes to under aged sex. I am not someone that subscribes to sex with minors, so please do not think that the case; I abhor it. It is mentioned merely as a background comment or rather, a painting of how real life is these days.

One last comment; for the American readers, in the UK, our age of consent and legality is two years less than yours. At sixteen, it is legal to screw your head off, if you want. I have no feelings either way about that, just wonder at the preparedness of such a person to handle the often harsh and consuming emotional rollercoaster of human interaction. At my advanced age, I still find emotions a confusing and dangerous area of our persona.

Abigail

At fourteen years of age, Abigail had left the straight road, dropping out in a spiral of self-loathing, mixed with more than a small amount of defiance and rebellion. A heady concoction that took her to places only the truly down and out would ever visit.

At fifteen, she had turned her back on the education system. The rules and regimentation of an orderly day did not fit within her chaos of life. Resolutely, she refused to go to school, sparking off furious rows with her mother, who in exasperation, washed her hands of her daughter and threw her out of the family home and into the clutches of the welfare state.

The fights were not all about school. Two women in a small space with convergent ideologies is a match made in the suburbs of hell. Increasingly, the close bond that had been mother and daughter eroded until the inevitable crash. It was predestined that they would clash in spectacular style, their characters being so close that it could be thought Abigail was cloned from her mother; it was predestined as an outcome, but vastly hastened by the sudden departure of her father.

Neither mother nor daughter had any inkling of his intention to up stakes and run from their lives and not leave a forwarding address. What he left were debts that amounted to twice their annual income, the hangover of his gambling, a house part owned by the bank, an ancient car with more curiosity value than ability to run or realise any money and an envelope on the table with two words scrawled in haste on the outside; I’m sorry.

He had left with all of his clothing, what money was in the house and Abigail’s piggy bank that might have had twenty pounds in loose change in it. Her mother’s paste jewellery had been tipped out of her box over the bed so that he could take his birth certificate and some commemorative coins that had been collected and stored with her rings. They never heard from him or had any idea where he might have fled. For the two women left behind, there was no closure, it was as if he had suddenly died, they were emotionally and financially destitute and, because he hadn’t died, had no income as such from a pension or insurance.

It wasn’t just their meagre valuables he took, just as effectively, he took from them the bond they had shared, leaving them bereft of even the ability to turn to the other in solace and comfort. They blamed each other and themselves simultaneously, drawing lines and barriers that neither had the tools or inclination to ever remove.

At sixteen, Abigail was on a fast track to oblivion. For some short time, a guy she met on the road someplace, had fed her, then introduced her to drugs and then put her to work on the streets. She had been popular at first, a nice fresh face, an unblemished teenager; blonde haired and firm breasted, she had been all the rage. It lasted for a short time at least, but then, as drugs always do, her body started to show the rigours of abuse and deprivation of food.

In a matter of months, Abigail was totally on her own, relying on handouts and whatever she could scrape from the back streets. Tricking where she could to raise enough cash for her next hit, then crashing wherever she stopped until the craving for heroine woke her and the process started all over again the next day.

That was how Paul found her. Alone in the street, soaked through by incessant rain that had steadily drizzled all day and hardly able to stand from enforced DT's. He was pretty much the worse for wear him self; the party he had left a little earlier was taking its toll, or at least the amount of alcohol he had consumed. He weaved an erratic path through Bermondsey, blindly staggering his way to his converted warehouse beside the river.

It was not how Abigail liked to remember it in later times; instead, she concocted a story of how he had entered the smoking room at the office, nervous and unsure of his new surroundings and the people he found himself in company with. First days had that effect on most; she liked his vulnerability and struck up a conversation. They had gone out for a meal or something; he was new to the area and had yet to find his bearings. She couldn't be certain, but it was either the third or forth date that they fumbled around in bed, hardly a momentous occasion and somewhat less than memorable. It almost finished the relationship there and then, but they got to know each other and sex gradually got better. A more acceptable story than the truth; She even got to believe in it and covered up the past effectively, but that is some way ahead.

She was curled up almost into a ball; perched on the kerb with her arms tucked around her knees. Abigail rocked slowly back and forth, waiting for the cramps to subside before trying to find some shelter and if she could, hook up with one of her street outlets for her daily trip to a less painful place.

Oblivious of the rain that had soaked through his jacket, shirt and everything else he wore, Paul sat beside the girl, even matching her rocking motion with his own.

"Twenty pounds for French," She informed him without looking up. "Or twenty five for sex; thirty for Greek."

"What?"

“I said, twenty for French, twenty five for sex or thirty for Greek.” She still hugged her knees to her chest, but glanced at him, waiting for his choice and the exchange of money. She needed the cash.

“I ain’t got a clue what you’re talking about.”

“Listen mister, do ya want to fuck me, get sucked or what? It’s gonna cost ya whatever.” She impatiently asked him, pausing her rocking and reinforcing each syllable with a nod of her head.

“Don’t want to fuck you.” He was somewhat confused and more than a little affronted at the same time, he was trying to make some sense of how the conversation had started so badly. “I don’t want to fuck you.”

“Well if you ain’t here for business, are ya carrying?”

He shrugged, both shoulders almost touching his ears in an exaggerated expression. It seemed a safe way to answer her question that he didn’t understand at all.

“If you ain’t carrying and you ain’t here for business, you can fuck off. Okay?” She turned and looked at him full in the face, her lips curled back in a snarl as she mouthed the words.

Paul was almost sobered by the vehemence of her voice. But, more than the viciousness of the sound was her dead eyes. She looked at him, but the expression of her words didn’t reach her eyes. It was as if he was looking into two pools of dead, grey water. They stared back at him, utterly lifeless, but at the same time, unfathomable in depth. He realised that she might have been pretty once, but was now emaciated, her skin sagging like curtains around the sockets of her eyes and cheeks where the fatty tissues under had been used up by her body. Her hair hung in lank strands, dirty and uncut or cared for and he became aware of her smell for the first time. Involuntarily, he shifted away from her a few inches, shuffling his bottom along the quartz of the kerbstone.

If he were to be asked later, it would be quite likely that Paul would not be able to provide a good reason for his actions, but without any thought, he grabbed her arm, painfully aware at how his hands easily encircled her, then yanked her to her feet and began to drag her like a rag doll along behind him.

She started screaming and feebly trying to tug her arm away from his grip.

“I ain’t got no money, so it ain’t worth robbing me.” She screamed at him, spittle flying from her lips and adding to the rain already seeping through his clothes to his skin. Paul didn’t answer her, but just continued to drag her unceremoniously by the arm towards his home.

“If ya gonna rape me you bastard, you might as well do it right here and now and let me get on with things.” But, Paul ignored this as well.

Eventually, they made it to his recently moved into apartment in the converted riverside warehouse. She had continued to scream and rage at him loud enough to wake half of London. At three in the morning, anyone on the street was far more interested in their own private business and disinclined to intervene with what was probably a domestic spat, so their progress was completely unimpeded and not noteworthy.

He adjusted his grip on her arm to unlock the security deadlocks and punch in the numbers for the alarm. Then adjusting his grip, he shoved her from under the armpits up the staircase and into his new residence. At the top of the stairs, Paul paused and took a second to think, now that he had her here, where to put her. Throughout the trek to his apartment, he hadn’t given too much thought to why or what he was going to do with this skeletal girl, just a singular, unexplainable purpose of rescuing Abigail from the street.

He opted for the spare bedroom. It was unfurnished as yet and he could lock her in behind a stout door. There was an old loft access where the floor sacks were hauled up, but it was two storeys up and concrete below so escape was not feasible through there.

Unceremoniously, he dragged her to the room and pushed her inside, pulling the door shut even as she span to claw at the closing portal. The key turned and her yelling was muffled to a tolerable level.

So began her slow and painful break from the monkey. Days when Abigail couldn’t control her body, shaking and going into spasm. Unable to keep food down at times, even when she could be forced to ingest anything solid, what ever she swallowed was ejected from her, forcefully.

Abigail could not control her temperature, alternately shivering and sweating. She had no control of auto-functions and really, became child like or incontinent as an aged person might after their reasoning leaves. He threw away most of her clothing, replacing it from items bought in a charity shop then, throwing them away as well when she soiled them beyond redemption. He found that tracksuits were easiest to clean and lasted longer than pretty much anything else. He would remove her dirty clothing in the early days, dispassionately looking at her emaciation and the needle tracks in her arms, feet and groin. He was as far from sexual interest as it was possible to be; the sight of her body made him cringe and renewed his resolve to heal her.

After four or five weeks that seemed like years, she began to settle down, managing to take sustenance and process it in the normal way. Her violent moods subsided and, gradually, like the

regeneration of scar tissue, she became a person again, even holding conversations with Paul, but always as a long-term hostage might talk to their keeper. She held back and would not open, even on mundane topics, giving only enough information to be an active party in the dialogue.

Paul still kept her locked in the room, knowing that at the first opportunity, she would bolt and be lost for ever with an inevitable outcome, one needle too many perhaps or a violent death in an alley. He still didn’t know why he was doing this for her, someone he didn’t know at all, a complete stranger. But, he recognised in her, something of the wounded animal that triggers an emotive response occasionally; he put it down to that.

Paul decided after eight weeks of captivity that she could be trusted to have the run of the warehouse apartment. He left the door to her room unlocked and open. Abigail didn’t emerge from the safety of her cot for two days, but then stepped timidly over the threshold at his encouragement. She still had something of the trapped animal about her; each step could be considered furtive or exploratory, keeping her escape route firmly fixed and ready for flight, straight back to the familiarity of her room with its cot and bucket.

The worst of the cold turkey was over to a degree, at least the physical part was, but deep mental scars take far longer to heal, if ever fully. Abigail was scared at a fundamental level, leaving her unable to rationalise or function properly.

They began to eat together. Simple food that he thought she would be able to digest; soups and pasta being their staple diet. There were beneficial side effects; Abigail began to put on weight, filling out bit by bit while Paul lost some of his excess and felt the fitter for it. But, often as with television or music, her attention wandered until she sat there, almost catatonic in a far away place, her food left to cool into a congealing mass. Over a period of weeks, the vacant spaces became less and less often and diminished in longevity, while her cognitive state became longer. She chose to be in her room for longer times, but with the door open and not as any kind of barrier. Paul bought her a television and a radio so she could be on her own if she wanted. He bought books for her to read and allowed her to do as she pleased, but insisted that they eat together, cook and wash up.

He was pleasantly surprised to find that Abigail was a good cook, inventive and adventurous with everyday ingredients. She continued to regain the flesh over her bones.

She had been with him for nearly six months now.

Although they were sharing time and talking, Paul still didn’t fully trust her, believing that her full recovery was still a long way off in all probability; that the emotional scars were only scabbed over and could be reopened at any time. He had to go to work. Each day he took great care in dead

locking the entrance door so that she couldn’t open it from the inside. It became something of a ritual, turning the key once, hearing the tongue engage then a second turn that locked the door and disabled the latch on the other side. So it was a shock for him to find his door wide open and swinging one day after work. Fearing that the bird had flown the nest, Paul ran into the building, yelling her name, with a sinking feeling, knowing she wouldn’t be there. Abstractly, his mind took in the fact that the lock or door hadn’t been damaged in anyway. His calls went unanswered; the apartment was empty, he stood in the middle of the living room, lost and alone.

For an hour or so, Paul wandered around feeling an acute sense of loneliness and failure. She had been making such good progress. Her body had pretty much recovered from the rigors of drug abuse and the regular intake of food had regained much of her natural body mass and skin tone. He put the television on then turned it off again. Inserted a CD in the player, but didn’t press play. He couldn’t settle into any one place, his mind in turmoil; should he go out and look for her or stay and hope she came back?

Abigail had the advantage of him where the street was concerned. She would know the hidey-holes better than most of the city dwellers and certainly better than he would.

He was still dithering when the entrance door banged shut.

Abigail’s tousled head appeared over the banister with a smile plastered across her lips. Wordlessly, Paul rushed over to her as she reached the top tread and threw his arms around her in a bear like embrace. Relief and other emotions coursed through his veins, mixed with a large helping of adrenalin.

“I thought I’d lost you he managed to breathe into her hair.” Then, without waiting for her to respond, he kissed her mouth, crushing her lips against his teeth and taking her breath completely. Paul picked her up from the floor, her weight easily distributed in his arms. He continued to kiss her, breaking only to gasp and then cover her with his mouth again as they traversed the floor to his bedroom.

Her head hit the doorjamb, but neither was really aware of it, the moment too consuming for external stimuli to have much effect. Her clothes were almost ripped off of her slender body as his hit the floor in a blur of motion and desperation to become naked. They collapsed on the bed in a tangle of arms, legs and hands that grasped and gripped. She wriggled and managed to lie on her back while manoeuvring him between her parted thighs.

There was no nicety about their coupling. Abigail thrust her hips forward in unison as Paul thrust into her body in a union that had one common goal. He fucked into her as she fucked him back in a riot of rhythm. It was sex in its rawest state that culminated in their respective explosion of orgasm, she first,

then Paul, feeling her wetness splash against his inner thigh, shot his seed with a final pelvic thrust that had her head hitting the wall.

The act was completed in little more than a few minutes, but the intensity of emotion and urgency had made it an experience that left them bereft of the ability to talk for a while. Instead, they lay together, her head in the crook of his arm while he stroked her neck, shoulders and breasts as they calmed down from the initial frenzy of lust and then they laughed. They laughed until laughter became a little crazy, resulting in hiccups that had them giggling all over again.

“What is Greek anyway?” Paul asked after the expression she had used when he first met her popped into his mind.

Abigail lifted her chin and looked into his eyes as she told him that Greek was in the ass and that it was something she had endured on too many occasions. It was time for her to bear her soul and tell him just what it was like on the street. Abigail let him know of the times she had been fucked by many men at once until cum was dripping out of every orifice. How she was used and abused then discarded like a Christmas puppy. She told of how some guys liked to beat up on her or how they shit and pissed over her nakedness while her pimp looked on and applauded the bestial use of his girl. Abigail told him that after a while, she didn’t care what they did to her, that pain hardly registered and her holes were only entries into her body that fed her need for more drugs. She told him of a pregnancy that was beaten out of her by the pimp. She told him all of it; the worst times and that all she had to look forward to, was death from an overdose. Killing herself would have been easy, but the craving for heroine kept her alive for the next hit.

During her sad tale, Paul had stroked and caressed Abigail, soothing and supporting her as it unfolded. He paused as she concluded, his hands ceasing movement. She took it as rejection, thinking that he would was too disgusted by the deprivations she had sunk to. She cried, tears coursing over her cheeks. She sobbed in despair, unable to articulate her utter desolation. But, then he resumed his caress and turned her head to face him. Gently and with great care as if she were a fragile doll, Paul kissed her mouth and drew her body to him. Relief flooded her; she clasped him and kissed him back, forcing her tongue between his teeth to explore his mouth.

“One day,” She murmured, “we will do Greek and it will be the right time, but for now, I think French is the language of the day.”

With those words, she bit his lower lip and then shoved her self down, kissing his chest, stomach and then his cock. Paul relaxed back, tucking a pillow under his head so he could watch. He pulled her blonde hair away from her face, studied her lips as they slowly parted and swallowed his shaft.

Abigail expertly sucked him into her mouth, drawing her cheeks in to create a vacuum as she lifted; then blowing them out as she descended again. Gradually, she increased the depth of his penetration, allowing a little more of him to pass her lips in a slow, tantalising rhythm, feeling him stiffen and leak small globules of pre-cum. She adjusted her position and sat on his legs so that he would not thrust, she wanted to make all the movement so that the exquisite sensation would be magnified.

Paul hardened at her insistence. The warmth and sucking of her mouth drew blood into his organ, building the pressure, but oh so slowly. It was almost a delicious pain between feelings of relief as she sank back down his shaft. He could never remember having a woman give him so much intense pleasure from fellatio before. It wasn't a first for him, but certainly was a first in the delicious thrill it was affording his neural network.

By now, she had him in the back of her throat, still keeping the slow but insistent tempo, just longer strokes. She could feel his imminent release and ignored his feeble attempt to lift her off of his pulsing cock. Abigail was intent on taking him to the edge and beyond; she had every intention of swallowing his cum. The trick was to know exactly when he would explode and make sure it was on a down stroke that had him right at the back of her mouth. Paul made it easier for her to judge the precise moment, he groaned and mini thrust. Abigail lifted her head and then began a long descent down his shaft, feeling him dry heave first and then shoot the first of three or four spurts. She didn't stop sliding him into her until his cock was fully down her gullet and her lips grounded against his pubic bone. She was rewarded by his final spurts that she swallowed comfortably. She lay still, keeping him in her mouth until his tremors subsided and he was totally spent.

So began their life together in a loving relationship. Their sexual partnership developed in a fruition of learning and awareness that progressed from the one two one sexual exploration, to them joining a club.

The journey for them was not so long perhaps, but had many twists and turns until they had exhausted every conceivable position and scenario between two people. Abigail gave herself to Paul in love and implicit trust. Paul accepted her love and returned it as fully. Together, they set off on a voyage of sexual discovery.

The Club.

Their invitations arrived in a pink envelope in Monday morning’s post. Neither of them had really expected their application to be successful, but now that it was and had become a reality, their excitement was tinged with some trepidation.

Paul and Abigail had visited many on-line sites, spending time in front of a web cam, sharing their sexual appetite with anyone in the world who wanted to watch. It is a fast growing network of like-minded people who enjoy performing to an audience of anonymous faces whose web cams were on at the same time. They didn’t need the extra incentive of knowing that sometimes, hundreds of people were watching them screw each other. They didn’t need the buzz, but it made for some really hot sessions and, for some reason, made Abigail all the hotter in her performance.

Neither had too much by the way of inhibitions, she, because of her past abuse where she was used so badly and emotion had been non-existent in her liaisons, Paul, because he found in Abigail, someone who was not afraid to express herself sexually in the knowledge that he cared deeply for her.

They could monitor how many viewers they had, a simple counter ran alongside the images of their bodies on the seventeen-inch screen and a tool bar at the top of the page showed instant messages from the observers. They rarely answered the messages, preferring to remain in the room to converse, unless they were too busy with each other to type.

They liked to surf the net as well, sharing the excursion into lust and porn as a partnership. They shared fantasies where another was introduced into their play, but these were just fanciful notions

that added to the spice of their lovemaking.

Abigail was flat on the divan, her head propped by two pillows as Paul thrust between her parted thighs in a classic missionary position. Her knees were drawn up to give him a greater access to her body and allow their pubic bones to grind against each other. The session was already well into the latter stages, with both coming towards the reward of orgasm.

The web cam faithfully recorded the action scenes and relayed them around the world, bouncing their heaving bodies off satellites in orbit at eight frames per second. Perhaps as many as three hundred registered accounts were at least watching in part, or had their cam open on a screen somewhere. As the passion mounted towards the inevitable conclusion, so the amount of voyeuristic viewers increased; they were oblivious, too intent on each other to notice.

Her hands drifted from her breasts and clasped Paul’s waist, digging nails into the soft skin of his back. Perhaps she dug a little more than customary or her nails were a little sharper, because Paul yelped and grabbed her hands in his, while he supported himself on her lower torso. Bringing her wrists together, Paul clamped them in his large hands and pushed them over her head to hold them there, away from his back and under his control.

It was as if a switch were suddenly hit. Abigail, realising she was virtually pinned and restrained, went into overdrive, her hip and pelvis came up and crashed into Paul, she dictated the pace and urgency, driving him deep inside her body as if in desperate need of his length and seed. She thrashed her head from side to side, screaming his name over and over as she smashed through a climax and orgasm of proportions hitherto unknown between them. He held her wrists in a strong grip and tried to stay on top of her as she writhed and bucked under him in a frenzy of motion.

Abigail came in a gut wrenching spasm that had her pull up her knees to her chest. Her teeth gritted together in a rictus like grin, every muscle taut and bunched as another wave passed through her, then another, slightly less, then more, in diminishing ripples like period cramps that squeezed and let go.

Paul withdrew from her sex, but held her hands still, locked above her head in his grip. He knelt beside her and slowly rubbed himself with his free hand until he reached his own climax and sprayed her body with his secretion.

He was somewhat startled by Abigail’s sudden frenzy, but didn’t say anything, preferring to just enjoy the fervour and exhilaration of the moment. He retrieved a towel and cleaned her off. It wasn’t until later that she broached the subject, giving him the opportunity to ask what had happened to cause her to react so violently.

“I had this sudden image of being tied up when you clasped my hands together.” She told him. “It just did something to me and as you could see, all hell broke loose. It was like an electric current was passed through me.”

Subsequent excursions of mild bondage had similarly devastating effects on Abigail. They experimented with tying her hands, feet or knees using his neckties at first, then buying soft braid lanyard lines from a chandlery. The marine ropes were soft to the touch and didn’t abrade her skin or chaff. Each step took her to new places and heights of ecstasy, gradually setting the lines of submissive and domination.

They shopped for the paraphernalia of S&M, visiting the sex shops of Soho and Anne Summers. In a matter of months, Abigail was the possessor of several leather harnesses and bustier outfits. They found nipple and labia clamps, trying them out gingerly at first, but then getting into the swing of it with a passion. She loved the sensation of being restrained with cuffs and a choker collar that had loops for chains or rope to pass through. Some of the toys they acquired bordered on pain; she liked a leather look whip, but shied away from a riding crop. They established the boundaries of her endurance and enjoyment thresholds by trial and error, experimenting and then evaluating the effects caused by the vast array of toys.

The ultimate for Abigail was reached with a newly bought set of labia clamps with soft rubber inserts. The clamps were attached to a chain that they passed through one of the loops on her choker. Two further clamps, also attached to a chain, pinched her nipples in what looked to be a cruel grip, but was in fact, quite comfortable. The chain to these was also passed through a loop on her choker. The effect of any movement on her part pulled her lips apart to expose her delicate clit and simultaneously tightened the chain attached to her nipples, pulling her breasts up and tightening the grip of the clamp. Paul added a blindfold to the ensemble and then tormented her sensitive nub with the tip of a dolphin vibrator, causing her to squirm; adding torment to her nipples and cunt by pulling on the chains. It was a delicious torment that had her screaming a climatic spasm. She soaked the bed with a torrent of cum that splashed all over Paul’s face and shoulders. Had the sound been up on the computer, they may have heard a collective sigh from the watchers of their cam.

Abigail and Paul’s surfing habits changed to reflect their newfound interest. Together they discovered bdsm sites, viewing the images and then applying some of them to their own play. A natural progression was for them to join and chat with other people who shared their sexual predilections.

Over a period of time, they had developed a network of cyber-friends from around the globe, sharing fantasies and scenarios that were mutually rewarding. They conversed while appearing on web-cam and acting out various configurations at the behest of viewers whose suggestions sometimes

bordered on the outright bizarre. Abigail's sex was simulatedly abused, being whipped and tortured by Paul who was taking instruction from the anonymous voyeurs on the other side of the cam. Not knowing where they were going to be led or in which direction the requests would take them served as a teaching method for them both. Paul found himself doing things to Abigail that would never have occurred to him, taking her to limits that he might have been fearful of otherwise, for Abigail, it was a delirium of sensual and torturous delight of discovery. She found in her body, a capacity for pleasure that by far exceeded her wildest dreams and all in front of an anonymous audience.

It was having an audience that realised their liking for exhibitionism. They discovered that they both enjoyed the fact that they were there to be watched; it added to the overall excitement and enhanced both of their climaxes, knowing that their essences were shared with so many people.

A tentative invitation came from one of the sites they regularly visited. Would they like to attend a private party in Milton Keynes; of members who held a common interest in Bondage and sado-masochistic tendencies? The club was established some ten years ago and had irregular private functions, usually at someone's house. It wasn't a huge leap for them both; they accepted the invitation and waited for the printed version.

The party was arranged for the following weekend, it would give them the whole week to prepare, pack and make sure all of their toys were charged and cleaned. Neither really knew what to expect when they arrived. Obviously, they would be an attraction, having been the subject of many of the club member's favourite entertainment for some while now on the Internet, but they had no experience to draw from of exactly what happened at these gatherings or what they would be required to do. Both Paul and Abigail were looking forward to participating, but were somewhat unsure at the same time.

Saturday came at last. The invitation may have only arrived five days before, but the time in between had dragged, feeling like five years. The house, when they eventually found it, was set in its own grounds of half an acre or so, surrounded by a stone wall and wrought iron gates that interrupted the gravel drive.

A footman in full livery took the keys of Paul's M3 and asked them to wait on the marble steps while he parked the car. They turned in unison to take in the massive portico at the top of the steps and then, both jumped when the footman cleared his throat behind them.

The huge oak doors at the entrance, led into an equally impressive hall lit by a crystal drop chandelier hanging from the ceiling several floors up. Twin stone stairs rose in front of them in sweeping arcs that led to a first floor landing which was almost as big as Paul's converted warehouse apartment.

The interior of the building was grandiose, each level and room decorated and panelled in what appeared to be a Regency style, but the main hall where the rest of the guest were already seated around a long dinning table was by far and away, sumptuous. The carpet threatened to swallow feet whole in its pile. The walls had panels of raised plasterwork female figures, painted white and blue to resemble Wedgwood. The ceiling was slightly vaulted with flutes coming together at six lighting points where chandeliers hung from ornate plaster roses.

The Footman, who had shown them up the curved staircase, closed the tall doors behind them and announced to the room; “Paul and Abigail are among us.” He reopened the doors and left, his tails almost being caught between the door edges.

Paul nervously stood with his weight on one hip, something he had done since his childhood when he was in trouble, and regarded the sixteen pairs of eyes that, as one, had swung around from looking at the only figure standing at the opposite end of the table.

“Ah; welcome our guests my friends.” He waved his hands in an upward motion, indicating that everyone around the table should stand. Although no one was looking at their host, they stood in silence as one unified body and then sat at his command of an opposite motion of his hands.

“Pray, be seated.” He indicated the remaining two chairs closest to Paul and Abigail. The mystery of how the other guest knew when to stand and sit was solved. A large mirror was hung, angled down, over the double doors into the hall.

“You are punctual, I like that.” Their guest fixed them with a stare then, as if in dismissal, his attention took in the whole table. “To conclude our business before dinner is served, the thirtieth of November is to be our grand ball, we shall have space for all of our members and twelve guests only, so please make sure you announce them early. Unless there is any other business, I propose we dine.” He paused to see if any one had anything to say, then satisfied by the silence that was returned to his suggestion, picked up a brass bell beside his place setting and rang it.

After countless courses of food, the meal at last finished, the ladies were asked to retire to their own room. As one, the eight ladies around the table rose and lightly grasped Abigail’s arm to lead her into an adjacent room.

The men left the table to the servant’s ministrations and headed in the opposite direction to the women, passing through an ornately carved door into another sumptuously decorated drawing room. Lounges were arrayed in a rough semi-circle around what appeared at first glance to be a giant hooker that steadily bubbled over a small flame. The men arranged themselves in no particular order and drew from the pipes. Paul found the smell unattractive and declined gracefully when he was

passed one of the smoking tubes.

“So, for tonight’s entertainment we have Paul’s young lady Abigail. The usual rules apply, but one word of warning, it is her first time, so, please my friends, be especially understanding of her nature.” The host had at some point donned a smoking jacket such as would have been fashionable in the nineteen twenties perhaps. Having said his piece, he sat and drew heavily on the nearest brass ferrule.

Paul felt somewhat bemused by the turn of events. They had gone to the club expecting to be engaged in sex games involving some bdsm, but hadn’t considered this old fashion style of reserve. Neither of them really had much in the way of expectations based on facts, but this seemed at odds, totally.

A few minutes later, the doors to the drawing room opened and, with a flourish, the ladies entered. They had changed clothing to long dresses of varying dour colours that would have reached the floor, but had been pulled up in panels and attached to a belt. Splits between the panels gave a tantalising glimpse of the bare legs and thighs under the heavy brocade like fabric. The necklines plunged to below the breast line, in each case; the women’s breasts were exposed, pushed up and separated by bones or under wire support.

All of the women were similarly dressed except Abigail. She was totally naked with her hands and arms secured behind her with a criss-cross lattice going up to the elbow, effectively forcing her small, high breasts forward.

Her mouth hung open as if in a silent scream, but Paul could sense her heightened excitement by the slightly up-curve at the corners of her sensuous mouth. He saw the reddened welts across her buttocks and lower back and guessed that she had been the recipient of some correctional treatment. As far as he was concerned, she had never looked lovelier, immediately, he wanted her; more, he felt a need of her that was almost painful.

“Ah ladies! Excellent, bring the child to the front.” Their host directed the positioning of Abigail so that she stood in the centre of the circle of seated men.

Abigail’s head sunk to her chest as if in abject shame, but Paul’s intimate knowledge of her body told him by the hardness of her nipples, that she was as aroused as he was and was performing for the delight of her viewers.

The host stood and addressed Paul.

“Paul, would you please be up-standing to introduce us to this delectable woman. Please take her to each of the guests in turn for their inspection.” He sat in the chair Paul had got up from.

Gently taking her bound arm, Paul led Abigail to stand in front of the first guest to the right of their host’s position. He had her stand with her feet slightly parted and lifted her chin so that she could not look directly at her admirer. The Guest’s hand snaked out and cupped her breast, weighing it as he might a ball. Seemingly, he was satisfied with the result, his fingers pried at her labia, brushing the side of his hand over her sex; then he lifted it to his nose to savour her mustiness. She shuddered at his touch, but stood firm and waited for instruction. He nodded his release; Paul led her to the next who also inspected her, probing at her lips and tasting her wetness.

In turn, each of the men examined Abigail’s body; one had her turn around so that he could closely examine her anus, pushing the tip of a finger into her forbidden entry until he signalled his satisfaction. At last, Paul had Abigail stand in front of their host. He cast an appraising eye over her form, taking time to study her in total from toes to the crown of her hair, his fingers steepled together in concentration. Soundlessly his gaze traversed her body, seemingly taking every facet and flaw without any outward show of emotion. Abigail was starting to fidget, wondering what he though of her. His question, when it came, surprised her.

“You are clean now?” It was asked in a soft voice.

She nodded, knowing that the needle tracks had given her away. They served as, and would always be a reminder of her tragic past.

“How long?” He demanded to know

“Over a year.” She replied nervously.

“Good.” In that simple one word, he had signalled her acceptability. “Kneel.”

Awkwardly, Abigail knelt at his feet and waited for his command.

“You do not wear the mark of an owner I see. As such, you are the property of all in this room, to be used by those in this room as they see fit. You will comply with their instructions and be glad of the attention. You will not be harmed in anyway and, should you wish it, can leave at any time, but only as you are now, naked as you were born. Do you understand?”

“Yes…Master.”

He pulled his smoking jacket apart and undid his zipper to expose a hooded cock. His hand rasped the top of her head and tilted it back a little. She parted her reddened lips to accept his length. Slowly and insistently, he tilted her head back to its normal position, impaling her on his cock as it slide into her throat. Then he began an excruciating slow mouth fuck that went from the tips of her lips to the base of her tongue. The pace was agonisingly slow, relentless and insistent, until she felt him twitch. Soundlessly, her pushed her head down on his shaft and came in her throat. It felt impersonal, as had the tricks in her old life and in some ways, was as if she had been used only to be discarded like so much trash, just as her customers had abused her body in those days.

Her next partner was more interested in satisfying himself in her cunt. With little ado, he was inside her body, thrusting and grunting like a pig in rut while she impassively lay on the leather chesterfield settee. He lasted for a short while only before coming inside her and passing her on to his neighbour.

One by one, the men either fucked her, had her suck them or just masturbated over her skin. By the end of a full circle, Abigail was dripping with semen from her mouth, sex and body. She was returned back to their host somewhat the worse of wear, but completely unsatisfied herself.

At a signal of his hand, the circle broke up and people stepped away, hooking up with the ladies who had remained in the background, silently watching Abigail’s progress around the room.

She was laid flat on a settee, her bounds released and legs spread wide. Before Abigail had a chance to organise her thoughts, Juliet, one of the ladies who had prepared her, had attached her mouth to Abigail’s sex, drawing her clit between her teeth and sucking blood into the hardening nub. A cock, she didn’t know who’s, was pushed into her mouth and unknown hands kneaded her breasts and pinched her nipples. She did her best to swallow the cock, but was hampered by the lack of available space; also, the sucking of her clit was lessening her volition to be determined at anything else other than the onrushing climax of her own.

Before her climax had fully subsided, she was flipped over by strong hands, her knees placed either side of some one’s head lying beneath her and another cock forced into her mouth from someone standing at the end of the settee. Another cock was edging at her anus, trying to find entry; Abigail could do nothing about it, either to prevent entry or help. She swallowed come and flooded the face below her with her own secretions.

The cock was at last successful, the bell shaped head passing her sphincter and entering her passage. She cared less about the entry, being as she was, swept along on a tide of euphoric highs as each of her lovers entered her or licked at her most sensitive parts. Gradually, she became aware of the thrusting her anal passage was getting. It was almost savage in pace and relentless in the depths it plunged. Paul had fucked her in this position before, but always with a care that bordered on

over caution. She was being reamed hard and by an experienced cock. She felt her body open up for her lover, felt her muscles relax in acceptance of his ownership, as she relaxed, so he found new depths in which to delve until she could feel his balls banging against her coccyx. He exploded inside of her, having brought her to a shattering climax. His cock slid out of her, bringing with it, most of his seed to pool on the leather between her knees.

Over the course of the evening, Abigail was used by anyone who wasn't currently engaged, some times, even those already coupled, pulled her into their clutches and invaded her body with fingers, tongues, cocks or whatever was available. She was treated as a whore might be, by one or many at a time. Abigail loved the abandonment of what she had become her body, somehow took the invasion and violations and responded many times over.

She was aware of Paul at the periphery of her vision and consciousness, but would not have been able to say if he had touched her since taking her arm and standing her in front of the host.

AT last, the night ended. Paul took her home but either, didn't have the energy left, or was being considerate of the delicacy she was inevitably suffering from to do very much more than hold her tenderly as they slept.

The gift

The leather mask he wore seemed to be seamless. The only breaks in the smooth black leather were slits for his eyes and holes to breathe through, no mouth. She could hear the whisper of his accelerated breathing as he bent over her prostrate, naked body.

Abigail noticed the definition of his musculature as his skintight suit rippled with his movement. His biceps accentuated by the refraction of light as it bounced of the shiny material. Somewhat abstractly, in a corner of her mind, she thought he had to be extremely hot, trapped in the encompassing embrace of his costume.

His two accomplices were similarly dressed, but wore carnival type eye masks. As with his suit, their breasts and form were there to be seen, not at all hidden by the material, but rather enhanced. The two female acolytes hovered closely, acting as aides to him, checking on her ritualistic bonds, that although were not terribly strong, served to restrain her in a classic spread eagle position over the cross shaped wooden altar. They were only in her peripheral vision, never staying in one place long enough for her to really study them. Not that she was very much interested in the two women; her

attention was fully focused on him as he stepped between her parted and bound legs. Her neck was beginning to strain at trying to hold it up without support.

He had not touched her up to now; it wasn't necessary, just the anticipation and implied threat were enough to have her quivering. The uncertainty of what was to happen, only increased the nervous quickening of her heartbeat and each lungful of air was chased by another as if the first was unsatisfactory in volume.

Abigail was determined though not to weaken and utter the agreed words that would stop the ceremony instantly. What was the word anyway? Amber, Amethyst? Something like that she thought, a semi-precious stone she was sure. Then she remembered; it was of course, her birthstone, sapphire. She committed the word to memory and then as quickly dismissed it because she had no intention of using it.

"Abigail, you can stop this at this moment or you can see it through. What is your choice?" The leather muffled his voice. She watched the mask move with the working of his jaw, but the question was clear enough for her to understand exactly what he was asking.

She only nodded in answer and caught the movement out of the corner of her eye of the blonde acolyte as she wheeled a stainless steel instrument trolley to his left.

"You desire the mark of your master?"

Again she nodded her assent, mouth unable to form the words in the mixture of fear and excitement. Her heart beat a little harder and faster, knowing the moment was approaching quickly.

"You remember the word?"

Her mind wandered and distractedly, she watched the play of the strong spotlight on the shiny leather as it moved with his speech. It was as if she had switched off somewhat, a preservation of sanity perhaps, a detachment, so that she didn't have to realize the enormity of what the change in her life would be.

"Do you remember the word Abigail?" His disembodied voice sterner this time, as if not used to repeating himself.

"Sapphire" She pulled the name of the stone up and repeated it to him as quickly as she could.

"The next time you say that word, this will stop. You do understand that don't you?" His voice had

softened a little, but still held a timbre of authority that brooked no nonsense.

“And you are prepared to wear the brand and mark of your master?” His questions seemed annoying more than anything, but she supposed he had to be sure, because once done, it was irreversible.

“I understand and comply. Please mark me the sole property of my master.” It was the pre-planned and practiced response required in the ritual. She had learned the words and now repeated them verbatim.

He nodded once and then turned to the instrument trolley that was within easy reach of his left hand. Idly and still in a detached corner of her mind, she wondered if he was naturally left handed. Abigail couldn’t keep her head up any longer and lay back to watch him in the mirror on the ceiling.

Her mind wandered again, remembering the time that she and Paul had met. Although it had been only eighteen months now, the time had flown in one sense and felt like a lifetime ago in another. He had entered the smoking room at the office, nervous and unsure of his new surroundings and the people he found himself in company with. First days had that effect on most; she liked his vulnerability and struck up a conversation. They had gone out for a meal or something; he was new to the area and had yet to find his bearings. She couldn’t be certain, but it was either the third or forth date that they fumbled around in bed, hardly a momentous occasion and somewhat less than memorable. It almost finished the relationship there and then, but they got to know each other and sex gradually got better. This was the story she had concocted and overlaid on the truth. It was a happier event and effectively blocked out the realities of her formative life.

It was accidental really, that they discovered her penchant for the stronger form of sex. She could picture clearly how it happened, an innocent clasping of her wrists together, above her head in one of his large hands as he pushed into her that evinced her first really devastating, whole body climax. That was all it took to set them on a voyage of discovery and truth towards the end result that was today’s ritual. They searched for and found some Sadomasochistic and bondage videos that were watched intently before copying the action, as far as possible, given the limited resources of his flat. Eventually and to take their sex to another level, they joined a private members club of like minded individuals, where almost anything went. The access to costume and equipment helped in the development of her sexual awakening and his earned mastery of her body and mind. The bond they wove was based on mutual respect for each other and a shared desire for her to blossom into fulfilment.

The club was fine, but had one drawback, as an unmarked slave; she was there to be used by anyone who wanted her it proved to be too near her unhappy child and young adulthood. Being fucked, whipped or beaten by others had a certain thrill for both of them, but also started to drive a

jealous wedge between them. They decided to explore her sexuality alone once more.

Her mind snapped back to the present, she realized she had missed nothing while she had been on her flight of memory.

He picked up a cloth that was covering something on the tray of the stainless steel trolley. From her changed perspective, it was as if she were watching the preparations of a surreal operation, where the surgeon had swapped his green scrubs for leather. He laid the cloth aside, but only partially uncovered the tools of his trade below.

An attendant leather clad nurse picked up a large pair of scissor like clamps and gripped white gauze in their pointed jaws, locking the handles together on the ratcheted device. She passed them to him in his left hand that appeared to be his right in the mirror image. Disturbed, the aroma of surgical spirit pervaded the small room.

She gasped sharply at the coldness of the cloth as he wiped it over her mons, soaking her downy hair, making the dark blonde hair appear black, then it was manipulated into her vulva, cleaning and de-contaminating her sex. She watched his latex covered hands and thought, how slender they were, almost feminine with long thin fingers. The spirit stung a little at first as alcohol very often does in her most sensitive does, something she and Paul had discovered accidentally one day when he had gone down on her with alcohol in his mouth.

Her masked surgeon placed the used clamp and cloth on another trolley to his right, her left as she watched. The arrival of the trolley had escaped her, but Abigail didn’t miss the anticipatory lick of lips his attendant on that side unconsciously did. She wondered what was going through the woman’s mind and tried to imagine what the view to the acolyte would have looked like.

Coldness made her gasp again and snapped her attention back to the main attraction. He was applying water from a kidney dish with another pair of clamps and a soft material that looked like cotton wool. Just as a surgeon, he held his gloved hand out and had an old fashioned soaping brush slapped into his waiting palm. He dipped it into the water and then into a soap dish, swirling it around until the bristles were laden with lather.

Carefully with a finger, he moved her labia to one side as he brushed the rich suds over her sex, taking extra care to make sure he caught the whole of her surface. Then he swapped hands and repeated the procedure, equally as careful to rub in the lather. Finally, he brushed her pubic vee and turned her dark haired pussy into a white swirl of foam.

He held out his open palm again after placing the used brush on what was now obviously the discard

side. A closed cutthroat razor was slapped into his palm. Each stage completed in practiced ease and total silence. Deftly, he flicked open the blade and turned back to Abigail's sex. She had an irrational momentary panic that he would cut her, but it passed in a fraction of a second. Her muscles had tensed at the same time and relaxed as the panic receded.

The first pass of the cold steel removed a sliver of foam and the hair that had been worked into it leaving what looked like a scar to one side of her mons. He worked in silence, slicing off foam in sure passes, manipulating her lips to one side or the other as he removed the hair between her labia and inner thigh where leg joins torso.

Satisfied, he stood back to view his handiwork, peering through the slits of his mask to make sure all hair had been removed. Obviously from his placing the cutthroat on the discard tray, he was satisfied with the result. Abigail was not one of those who like to shave her pubic hair too much, preferring the natural look and the musk her sweat soaked hair produced on her fingers when she frigged herself. It was odd, looking at her recently shaved pussy in the mirror, in a way it made the experience slightly more disembodied, as if it were someone else on the cross shaped table instead of her.

Her nasal receptors registered the smell of surgical spirit as he again wiped her with a soaked swab between the jaws of yet another pair of clamps. It stung rather more this time as the spirit permeated into open pores recently exposed by the razor. She involuntarily tensed and flinched as the spirit burned. He looked up and into her eyes, watching for her reaction and pausing in his operation to see if she would yell Sapphire. Abigail raised her head and stared into his blue eyes, almost defiantly and clenched her teeth as the burning sensation slowly passed. She let her head fall back and continued to observe in the mirror as a student might in a training hospital.

Content that she was not going to cry out the stop word, he turned to the tray and removed the cloth completely, placing it on a shelf under the top tray. Her eyes followed every movement, concentrating on the long thin, latex covered fingers. She realized that her mind was wandering a little, but his next movement had her attention in sharp contrast. He picked up a small wooden rounded tool that resembled a mushroom. It was transferred into his other hand when he picked up a wickedly curving sliver of steel, similar to a suture needle, but with no thread attached.

The attendant on his right approached and held the wooden tool while he pulled her labia forward, pinching out her clit to expose the hidden treasure. She placed the rounded end against the side of her teased out clit and waited.

Abigail knew she was leaking her feminine juice, any foreign touch to her female vestigial cock almost instantly had her creaming and his fingers pinching her most sensitive nub had her fluids flowing over her puckered anus.

He paused again and once more, looked at Abigail. This was her last chance to back out, but all it did was prolong the inevitable. No words passed her lips, but she signalled her consent with a slight nod of her head.

He knelt, his nose level with her open and soaked sex. With infinite care, he placed the tip of the needle on the opposite side of her clit to the block, still held in place by his aid. Abigail tensed in anticipation of the pain that she was expecting, but her determination did not waver in the slightest. This was her ultimate sacrifice to her master, the irrevocable wearing of his mark.

Trying to be dispassionate, she observed in the mirrored ceiling and waited for what seemed to be an interminable length of time for him to make the fatal stab. In the blink of an eye, he had pushed the deadly sharp needle through and against the block. Abigail waited for the pain, but it didn't come. The second swab must have carried a localized anaesthetic or something. She watched as a bead of blood welled around the needle and was quickly wiped away by the other attendant.

Her hooded surgeon picked up a silver ring that was opened. Equally as carefully and considered as all of his movements had been, he pushed the end of the wire loop into a socket on the end of the needle and pushed both of them through her clit. He discarded the needle and locked the silver loop with a small snap as the two ends closed and connected with no obvious join.

Once again, he lent back to survey his handiwork while his aids put the instruments away and silently wheeled the trolleys out of sight. He nodded his satisfaction and stood up. Abigail was able to clearly see how she looked, manacled with her master's ring in her most secret place. She liked the sight of her naked pussy and the way the silver ring shone in the reflected light. She was now and forever, his property, too late to back out now, even if she wanted to. The surgeon had made sure that the ring was far back on her clit, effectively pushing the nub forward and keeping her hood open. It looked fantastic and the culmination of hers and Paul's desire.

But, it wasn't to be the end of the ritual. Abigail had also chosen to be branded. Such was her dedication to her master Paul that she had decided to show him her devotion and service with the ultimate mark, his initials burned into her skin. Really, there was no choice though. Since she had met Paul and had been introduced to servitude and mutual love through their shared sexual practices, she knew that she would eventually show her master just how much he meant to her in this fashion.

They had discussed this ritual many times. The biggest problem they had experienced in the club had been her lack of ownership. Unbranded or marked, she was public property once passed the doors. Although they had enjoyed her debasement at the hands of some skilful masters and mistresses, they preferred to remain loyal and monogamous. Occasionally only, dabbling in group, or voyeuristic

practises on their increasingly infrequent visits to the private club. They had seen the ritual in one of their collection of videos and fantasised her marking to the extent of buying a clit clamp and indelible markers to paint his initials on her breast.

The last time they had visited the club, Paul had mentioned their fantasy to someone who made the introductions to the Surgeon Master and after a few consultations they were now at this point.

She felt the heat of the brazier as it was pushed silently to her side. She had been pleasantly surprised by the lack of pain in her piercing, but knew this ordeal was going to be extremely hard to endure. Her resolve wavered a little; the word sapphire almost escaped her lips, but was stifled as she bit her lower lip. The surgeon noticed her trepidation and peered into her eyes, waiting to see if she would cry out the terminal word. He waited and was then satisfied that she had overcome the brief anxiety attack.

Wordlessly, he moved to her side and picked up the branding iron. She and Paul had had it made for them out of wire shaped into his initials PS that stood for Paul South. He inspected the lettering and then placed the iron in the hottest part of the white-hot coals to heat it up. In morbid fascination, Abigail watched the wire smoke a little as the protective oil was burned off. She watched as it went from black to cherry red into bright red as the heat of the brazier raised its temperature.

His fingers wrapped around the insulted handle of the iron and brought the glowing end up to his eyes, satisfied that it was hot enough; he turned back to Abigail and place one gloved hand on her breast and slowly brought the red hot end towards her white skin. She couldn’t look and turned her eyes away. Paul looked back at her through a glazed partition. Their eyes met and locked just as the intense pain of the burn registered in her brain.

She cried out, screaming his name through clenched teeth and saw his tears roll over his cheeks and the light of pride in his eyes. Her own eyes squeezed tightly shut and her muscles went into spasm, causing her to shiver violently. She desperately wanted the smell of her cooking flesh to pass, the shock and stink was making her feel sick.

She hardly noticed the removal of the brand or the slap of a cooling lotion and gauze over the burn. Gradually, the pain became bearable, but she was unable to see the result where it had been covered. Shamefully, she realised that her bladder had vented, the piss being mopped up by one of the leather clad acolytes.

“You have done well daughter.” His voice was still muffled by the mask, but was clear enough for her to hear. Abigail could only nod in acknowledgement.

Paul rushed to her side whispering words of endearment. He wanted to throw his arms around her and take her away. He had watched the whole operation from beginning to end never taking his eyes from her throughout.

“I love you.” He breathed into her tear soaked ear. Her bonds were removed and Paul was advised that the gauze should stay on for a day or two, but then should be removed so that a scab could form. Once that had fallen off, his initials would be forever emblazoned on her left breast, just above her heart and his silver ring would stay through her clit, forcing the sensitive nub forward to rub constantly on her clothing and make her perpetually ready for him.

“I love you too Master. May I get down from this altar now?” He was thrilled that she had asked in the correct manner, but knew he wouldn’t have punished her, not now that she had given herself, body and soul to his and their shared desires.