As the King returned from a victorious war, he entered his room leading his new concubine by a chain wrapped around her wrists. His collection had been growing recently, but this new one was someone different from the others. A young woman, fair skinned with radiant eyes, she would give any man pleasure to look upon her. As fragile as her body seemed, she was much stronger than the other concubines. She had fought with all of her strength when the Kings men seized her, but it had been futile.

He yanked the chain towards him and his concubine fell to the floor at his feet.

“You will address me as my lord, or my master. You are to do everything I tell you and nothing else.”

She stood up from the floor and said nothing.

“Do you understand?”

No response.

WHACK. He smacked her hard across the face, sending her to the ground once more.

“You fucking bitch. You have nothing left.”

He kneeled down and looked into her eyes. Her face showed her anger as she glared back at her captor. Just as he was about to grab her, she spit onto his face. To her dismay, a slight grin appeared on his face as he said, “You are going to regret that.”

He began to pull on the chain. His captive tried to pull back but her small physique was nothing compared to a man hardened by war. He dragged her across the floor until they reached the wall beside his bed. He slipped the chain through a loop built high up into the wall. He pulled hard on the chain and his concubine shot upright against the wall, her feet just barley supporting her weight on the ground. She felt the chain dig into her wrists but managed to keep her composure.

“That’s better, you can stay there until you decide to behave yourself,” he said as he left the room.

Time began to slow down, she felt like she was there for an eternity. The blood started draining from her arms and she could feel the chains bruising her small wrists. Suddenly she realized how hungry she was, she hadn’t eaten at all on their travel back to this kingdom. Now her body was fatigued with pain and hunger; she tried to break free from the chain, but it was no use.

Finally her captor returned. She was ashamed to feel a slight sense of relief, hoping he would release her from her painful position. Though she had hoped to gain some comfort for her pain, she was not ready to give up the fight- the king knew that. She saw him approach her with something in his hand; it was a whip. Before she could process what was happening, the crack of the whip came down upon her chest, tearing the cloth away from her body. Her breasts were fully exposed now, and she turned her body towards the wall so as to not give him the satisfaction of admiring her firm, perfectly rounded chest.

CRACK. The whip came down upon her bare back. She winced in pained, but bit down hard on her teeth so as to not make a sound.

CRACK. The whip broke her skin and she couldn’t help but let out a yell in agony.

CRACK. It came down again, followed by another shriek of pain.

“Do you like this?” he said.

CRACK

“Maybe next time you’ll do as I say!”

CRACK

Tears were streaming down her face. Each crack of the whip was accompanied by her wails of misery, until she finally screamed out:

“MY LORD! MY MASTER!”

“Beg me for forgiveness you filthy whore!”

CRACK

“Please! I beg of you! Aaahhhh…”

Suddenly the whipping stopped. “Turn towards me,” he commanded.

She obeyed, slowly showing her red, tear-ridden face. He moved towards her and quickly wrapped his hand around her delicate neck. “Now, are you going to be an obedient slave?” he said, watching the fear expressed across her face.

“Y-yes…”

His grip on her neck tightened suddenly, almost cutting of her breath. “What?” he snarled.

“Yes! My lord… I will obey.”

He unhooked the chain from the wall and she fell to the floor.

“Take off your clothes,” he commanded.

She stood up and slowly took off what was left of her clothing. Embarrassed, she awkwardly stood before him as he inspected her body. He admired her form and began to put his hands on her. He felt her skin as his hands trailed along her body, stopping to fondle her breasts.

“Have you been fucked before?” he questioned her.

“No…” she replied, feeling more uncomfortable than ever before. She had not yet been married and so was untouched by a man.

He commanded her to get on her knees. Fearing his punishment if she disobeyed, she kneeled before him, staring at the ground. She heard him start to take his clothes off. She was unfamiliar with the male body, and tried to not look at him. Suddenly he put his hand over her mouth and pushed her head against the wall behind her and said, “Look at me.” She looked up at him, powerless in his grasp. She noticed his firm cock protruding out towards her. He commanded her to open her mouth and removed his hand. She didn’t move, staring in wonder and disgust at his phallus. He slapped her across the face.

“Open your mouth!” he commanded again.

As she slowly parted her lips, he pushed his cock towards her mouth, slowly inserting the tip and feeling her tongue press against it. Her mouth was soon filled with his firm prick, a feeling she was not very pleased to have. Her captor then grabbed her by her hair and began shoving himself down her throat. He let out a groan as he felt himself moving along the warm walls of her mouth. He firmly pushed her head into his body, and soon noticed her protests against him. As she panicked, not being able to breath, her hands (still bound together) were pushing against his legs and he could feel her head trying to be free of his grasp. He could feel her gagging, her throat fighting against him. Just as she was feeling she may puke, he pulled her hair back and his cock slid out of her mouth. He watched her gasp for air, and noticed the tears falling down her cheeks, her face was red.

After she caught her breath, he ordered her to move to the bed on the other side of the room. She looked over at the bed, and suddenly realized that she would actually have to have sex with this man. "No, please..." she began to protest.

  "What did you say to me!?" He slapped her hard, and then grabbed the chain still wrapped around her wrists. He pulled the chain and started dragging her across the floor towards the bed.

"Master! Please!" she yelled as she began sobbing

He lifted the chain, pulling her up to her feet, and then shoved her back onto the bed. Then he attached the chain to wall behind the bed. Standing over her, he began to spank her bare ass. "Don’t you dare disobey me! Do you want to be whipped more?"

"No!" She sobbed while he abused her.

He then flipped her onto her back and wrapped his hand tightly around her neck. "You are mine, and if you do not do exactly as I say you will be severely whipped. You will speak only when questioned, and do only as I say. Do you understand?" He loosened his grip to let her speak.

"Yes, my lord."

With that, he got on top of her, examining her body, fondling her. He grabbed her hand, and placed it on his stiff prick. “Do you want that inside of you?”

“I…” her voice was shaking and suddenly she felt him harshly pinching her soft nipple between his fingers. “Yes! I want it…”

“Are you going to be a good girl for me?”

“Yes, master…”

His fingers traveled towards her cunt, he pushed apart her legs and slowly inserted one finger inside of her. Her expression was one of discomfort yet slight pleasure. She had been untouched up until that moment, and she feared what was to come. He inserted another finger inside of her, and felt her wetness beginning to lubricate them. Her body was preparing to be fucked, despite her fear and dislike for the man now holding her captive.

He straddled her body and moved up towards her face. “You’d better get your spit on me, if you want this to be less painful. You’re lucky I’m even letting you.” His cock was placed just in front of her face, and she began moving her mouth towards it until he grabbed her hair and jerked her face upwards to look at his. “What do you say?”

“Thank you, master.” She was trying to keep her tears inside, forcing herself to be obedient to avoid the whip.

“Good girl.” He let go of her hair and she slowly put her lips around his cock. She let the saliva build in her mouth, and moved her tongue up and down his shaft. After a minute, she pulled her head away from his body. The blood was pulsing through his body, and he couldn’t wait any longer. “Spread your legs for me” he commanded. She did as she was told, and then laid motionless, surrendering to his will. He placed the head of his throbbing dick at the entrance to her sex. He placed his hands on her sides, firmly pressing her into the bed, her hands still pulled above her head by the chain. He pushed himself partway inside of her, and his concubine began to wince in discomfort. Both of their breathing began to speed up. With one strong thrust, he shoved himself inside of her. She let out a shriek and pulled against her chain. In a moment her virginity was stolen, and he began pounding her relentlessly. His prisoner was moaning in discomfort, but she made no cries of protest. His thrusts quickened, and he groaned as his pleasure heightened. Unable to resist satisfaction, his hot spunk flowed out of his cock and pooled inside his concubines obedient cunt. He collapsed over her body, as both were panting together. After a moment, he pulled his shaft out of her and moved it towards her face once more. “Clean it” he ordered. His prisoner took his cock inside her mouth and slurped off their juices that covered it. She finished, and he got up off of the bed. Without saying a word, he dressed himself, walked out of the room, and closed the door… leaving his slave naked on his bed, hands bound, with tears welling in her eyes.