**VICTORIANA Chapter Thirteen**

During the weeks, after Lord Chesterwick Senior’s passing, the Baker-Steward’s servants found that they had time on their hands for their employer was hardly at home and their Mistress kept to her rooms.

Rose, although engaged to the butcher’s son in her home village, was a consummate flirt. One of her targets was her master’s head clerk who often came to the house to deliver or collect documents. Charlie Dunwoodie was a large man seeming more suited to physical labour than office work. He was not married and had inherited his mother’s house. He could be called well-off for a man who was working class. He was also a man who did not take well to being patronised by a chit of a girl and he made up his mind that he would teach Rose a lesson.

His opportunity came when he met Rose by chance in a bookstore where she was collecting books ordered by her mistress. He invited her to tea and after she had dithered, for appearance sake, she had accepted as if she was doing him a great favour. After a jolly tea and pretending that he was overwhelmed that such a beautiful girl would deign to spend time with him he found it almost too easy to lure her to his house. Once inside he dropped his gentlemanly behaviour and laced his arm around her waist and pulled her body against his. Immediately she tried to claw his face with her fingernails while hurling abuse and threatening him with the police.

Initially Charlie, who normally respected women, would regret what happened next, but in time he would consider it the smartest thing he’d ever done.  It was pure instinct. Venting his frustration, in one fluid motion, he hacked up a wad of spit and launched it at Rose and it hit her on her forehead between her eyes.

The young woman recoiled in horror. The back of her forearm whipped across her face as she tried wiping away the disgusting phlegm.  Her outrage caused adrenaline to surge through her body and she stepped forward and began simultaneously trying to punch and kick the large man.  Rose was not the type of young woman to cry or faint in a crisis but she felt tears of rage well up from the indignity of being treated like a slattern.

Charlie was surprised by the young woman’s reaction, but easily deflected the blows and grabbed her by the shoulders.  She was less than half his size and he marvelled at how light she was as he whipped her around like a ragdoll until she was facing away from him.  He enjoyed the thrill of manhandling her as he felt her prominent buttocks press momentarily against his groin and blood began to fill his sexual organ till it was rock-hard.  Her body continued to writhe wildly as she tried to escape his strong grip but she was no match for his strength.

‘Stop fighting this instant, little girl!’ he said, chuckling as he wrapped his powerful arm around Rose's neck driven on by the violent and sexual urges merging inside his brain. He felt her body yield to his superior strength as she seemed to give up the unequal struggle.

‘Please, Mr. Dunwoody, let me go and I will not report you,’ she begged. She would have screamed for help but the big arm around her throat made it hard for her to breathe. She sensed his male power and knew she was in trouble and mentally castigated herself for having tormented him with her shameless flirting.  She was confused when she felt strange stirrings in her loins and began blushing and, to her mortification, she failed in her attempts to will the blush from her cheeks.  Suddenly she began to get choked up as she realised her predicament.  She prided herself on never ever crying, especially in front of men, but the prospects of becoming this man’s sexual plaything overwhelmed her.

‘Please, if my fiancée was to learn that I was in another man’s abode without a chaperone I would be ruined,’ she said, her voice unsteady.

‘Nobody forced you to come to my house, Rose. Take your clothes off, everything except your knickers.’  Charlie growled ignoring her piteous pleas

Rose paused hardly believing what she’d heard.  This was horrible!  But not as horrible as her fiancé finding out that she had been flirting with another man and then there was her employers who would dismiss her out of hand without recommendations. She surprised herself by reaching for the buttons of her blouse in response to his order.  ‘If I do take my clothes off, do I have your word that you'll never speak a word about what happened to anyone?’ Somewhere in her mind she was still convinced that having humiliated her by exposing her body he would then let her go.

The man stood directly in front of Rose, looking down at her. ‘You are in no position to dictate terms, my girl.  You're going to do everything I want you to do until I'm satisfied you have learned a lesson,’ He leant forward and barked.  ‘Take your clothes off, now!’

Rose’s mind went blank for a moment and then she moved to obey the command, not knowing exactly why she wasn’t putting up more of an objection. Maybe she was playing for time trying to find a way out of this situation she had brought on herself. The horrid man smiled triumphantly and sat down on the edge of the couch to watch her as her trembling fingers tried coping with the various buttons and lace.

Charlie’s member began throbbing even more wildly before she was half naked.  As the clothing came off, the body of a beautiful young woman emerged. Unblemished, milky white skin, her waist, ankles and wrists were all narrow, like her neck.  Rose had a firm body with generous female curves.  It was the type of petite, nubile figure he had long fantasised about and he had to resist the urge to grope himself when Rose's trembling fingers finally unclipped and removed her corset, her youthful breasts spilling into full view, bigger than one would expect on such a slim torso, but very firm like the rest of her body.  Her large nipples were not hard but he knew that soon they would be.  His eyes drifted down to her midsection.  He could see her pubic mound protruding from the valleys of her hips and the shadow of her pubic hair beneath the flimsy material of her knickers.

‘Turn around,’ Charlie ordered and she complied. The posterior was even more perfect than he could have imagined.  It had a peach-like quality to it, with a precise delineation between the tops of her thighs and the beginnings of the oh-so-pert roundness which seem to invite foundling. ‘Come sit on my lap,’ he ordered gruffly.

Naked except for her woollen stocking and knickers Rose was quivering as she approached him.  She could not believe that it was really happening.  While she was terrified and angry, something about the look of lust on the man's face gave her a surprising feeling of pride that it was she who had caused it, which she tried to expel from her head. She hesitated as she stood over him, so he grabbed her arm and yanked her down onto his lap.

‘Just sit down, girl,’ he said.  ‘This isn't as bad as you think.  I won't hurt you as long as you instantly obey me.’

Fenella’s maid grunted with dismay as she felt his obscene, iron-hard manhood press into her almost-naked bottom and his hot breath on her ear. She tried hard to ignore the tiny, almost imperceptible twinge between her legs announcing that, though her mind rebelled at the man’s audacious advances, her body welcomed them and was eager for more.

Charlie gripped her meaty hips securing her against him with his massive arm.  He slid his other hand down the small of her back and grinned as she shivered with apparent fear.  His instinct was to rip her knickers off and fuck the living daylight out of her, but, willing himself to be patient, he instead picked her up by her hips and placed her onto her knees facing him.

‘Unbutton my fly.’

Rose’s mind was telling her to run, but she felt the continuing ‘something-else’ gripping her mind and leaving her helpless to oppose his will.  It was almost as if instinct was telling her this was meant to happen, even though it wasn’t.

As she began to comply, the man added, ‘Say 'yes Master,' when I give you an order.’

Rose wasn’t about to call any man Master but her employer.

The aroused man leant forward and grabbed her by the neck.  He had no intentions of hurting her, but he felt that he had established a certain amount of momentum and did not want to show any weakness when he was so close to his goal. ’Say 'yes Master' when I give you an order!’

The young woman felt her eyes water as he clamped down on her breathing passage.  Her body went rigid and her hands instinctively reached for his wrists, but he was powerful and she could not move him.  When she felt his grip weaken, she tried to break free, but he immediately clamped down and shut off her air again.  This time when he relaxed his grip, she whispered, ‘Yes, Master.’

‘I do not wish to hurt you,’ Charlie hissed as he let go of her neck.  ‘But I am going to get my point across to you.  Any time I tell you to do anything; you'd better acknowledge it and call me Master and then do it without any argument!’  He pointed his finger at her face and gripped her shoulder in a way that told her he could choke her again if she did not do as he wished.

‘Yes, Master.’

‘Now take my prick out of my breeches, bitch.’

‘Yes, Master,’ Rose replied, her voice cracking, as she reached her hand into his open trousers.  For a fleeting instant she thought about grabbing his testicles and squeezing till he begged for mercy but that thought fled as his grip tightened on her shoulder. Hesitantly she carefully reached for his ugly, fleshy snake, with dread. When she saw it, her first thought was that she was hallucinating. Having been brought up on a farm she was familiar with the sexual equipment of animals but even in comparison with them it was massive, very thick and long and resembled a gnarled branch.  She was so close to it that she could smell it and strangely the odour seemed to excite her rather than repulse her. His penis was undeniably impressive, and she couldn’t take her eyes off it, as it hardened rapidly in her hand, which was tiny by comparison. She didn't realise that the man’s arms were moving until she felt his fingers squeeze her ears.

‘Suck it.  Come on.  Open your mouth wide, bitch.  You don't have a choice get to it.’

Charlie’s grip on her ears was tenacious.  Any attempt to move her head caused a searing pain as the skin connecting her ears to her head was stretched to its limit.  He was pulling her face toward his groin and the ugly thing protruding from it so majestically.  Now the head of his organ was pressing against her sealed lips.  She tried to turn her head sideways until she felt her ears stretched to their limits. The pain had its desired effect and her mouth opened, just a crack, and was immediately greeted with the head of the thick, fleshy flute.

‘Don't you dare bite it or you're dead,’ The man warned, pulling even harder on her perfect little ears. ’Come on, open wider.’

Rose relaxed her mouth and the head of the hard cock pushed through her lips and pressed against her tongue.  It felt so hot and the taste reminded her of the time she’d fallen into a muddy pool when she was eight.  She tried to twist her head away but the grip on her ears was fierce and caused tearing pains when she tried.  His fleshy pole was now pushing her tongue back toward her throat and she had no choice but to slide it out of the way.  Again a muffled cry escaped her mouth, as she felt his massive pole forge persistently into the back of her throat.  She was losing the battle and she knew it.  Her eyes filled with tear and she began to gag as the fleshy pole totally filled her mouth and threaten to plug her throat.

‘Suck my cock, bitch.’  Charlie ordered as he felt Rose’s tongue involuntarily cradling the sensitive underside of his phallus.  Instinct took over, and with a victorious cry, he pushed forward and rammed his cock right down her throat.  He would never forget the incredulous look on her pretty face, her mouth stretched near its limit and her big, liquid eyes bulging out of her skull as the mushroom head of his cock filled her dainty throat to its limit.

It happened so fast that Rose did not have a chance to react.  She felt her gag reflex kick in and her body shuddered mightily as she began a series of violent dry heaves in an effort to expel the fleshy intruder from her throat.

Leering, Charlie pulled his swollen prick out of her mouth.  ‘Breathe. That’s it.  Breathe.’ He watched the young woman gasping for air, the tears rolling down her cheeks as she caught her breath.  Again he nudged his throbbing cock forward.  ‘Stick your tongue out and lick it.’

In between trying to catch her breath Rose was making distressed groaning sounds, as she began licking the underside of the mushroom head.

Charlie absorbed her sounds of distress as if they were the most honeyed musical notes as her silky tongue glided over the most sensitive part of his cock.  It emboldened him to keep the pressure on his victim.  ‘Oh, that’s so fucking good.  Flick your fucking tongue over the tip, whore!’

Rose tasted something salty and knew that it came from the head of his fleshy member and she thought about pulling away before the dreaded moment arrived.  He had momentarily relaxed his grip, releasing her ears, and she could have broken free, but she had become lost in the moment.  When she thought about it later, it occurred to her that she had been distracted by the groans of pleasure the ugly beast was making and the pride it gave her to know that it was she who was causing it.

Charlie’s breathing intensified.  He cradled her cheeks, his fingers creeping behind her earlobes, a silent reminder of what he was capable of as he cradled her jaw in such a way that she couldn't possibly move without risking straining her neck.

Rose felt her salivary glands step up its production and, fearing his reprisals, she tried her hardest to relax her jaw and just let it happen.  It will be over soon, she told herself in an effort to get through the vile act, don’t fight it.

Charlie was now forcing Rose's pretty head up and down, humping it repeatedly with his stiff cock.  She looked uncomfortable, but at least her retching had become less pronounced.  Her jaw was sticking forward, cradling him in such fine fashion as her thick lips involuntarily caressed his shaft like a tight ring.  This was too good to be true, the way her lower lip rubbed back and forth on his ultra-sensitive underside.  Eagerly he pressed his prick deeper and she began to retch more violently again, so he pulled back and worked his way slowly back in.  It wasn't that he cared about her retching; it was just that her mouth felt so fucking good that she'd have to find a way to cope.  Almost rabid with pleasure, he had an idea.  He pulled his cock out her mouth slid his hands under her armpits, hoisting her into the air.  Ignoring her cry of protest, he placed her on her back on the leather chesterfield so that her succulent bottom was resting on the arm and her head was hanging off the edge of the seat.

Cradling the back of her head, he straddled her face and again and offered his cock to her mouth.  ‘Open wide,’ he said and he was pleased to see that she did as he instructed, her resistance conquered by his physical superiority.

Rose didn't open wide, but she did reluctantly open her mouth wide enough as, with a bestial grunt, the man plunged his stiff rod back into her throat until his testicles were nestled against her nose.  He noted, to his great satisfaction, that young woman was managing her gagging a tiny bit better.  Sure, her diaphragm was heaving with spasmodic retching and her eyes leaking like faucets, but he could hear her snorting air through her delicate nose.  Her body, which had initially reacted so violently, was now only bucking gently.

‘There you go.  Breathe through your nose,’ Charlie gasped as he began a rapid series of thrusts.

Rose’s eyes were wide open, the pupils darting wildly about, looking for a way out.  Her lips were swollen and very red as his stiff member rubbed back and forth.

It gave him a perverse joy to see this prude, who walked around with such cool detachment teasing the men, now frantically dishevelled as his mighty cock reduced her to an animal level. After a series of wild pumping, Charlie felt the most terrific tingling in his testicles.  It was the beginning of what he knew would be one of the most intense spend of his life.  He pulled his hips back so that only the top half of his cock was in her mouth.  Now her lips were ringing his upper shaft, just beneath the head.  He applied additional force to the back of her head so she knew not to stop.  Incredible pleasure expanded up and down his cock and he waited as long as he could before he could no longer control the rising tide.  He felt the semen flooding his urinary canal and then he began to shoot.  This wasn't an ejaculation, this was a volcanic explosion. Semen shot so hard out of his cock that he felt a pinching pain in his urethra as if it was unable to handle the sheer volume of thick sperm, which flooded the back of Rose's throat like a tidal wave.

Fenella’s maid closed her eyes as she did her best to let her mind drift off somewhere else until he’d finished, but it was almost impossible, especially with his bestial grunting, as she felt him begin to ejaculate.

Charlie injected Rose’s mouth with thick jets of sperm, all the time groaning loudly with each pleasurable thrust, each wad an individual life lesson for this conceited, arrogant bitch who had teased him for so long.  He pumped his ejaculate so rapidly that sperm began to ooze from the corners of her lips.  To his delight, her eyes had taken on a defeated appearance; they had stopped darting about and now were now half-open, staring listlessly at the ceiling, and a wordless acceptance of her fate as he used her mouth to his complete satisfaction.  After he had finished ejaculating he let out a final, mighty groan, and removed his deflating cock from her beleaguered mouth.  But before he did, he made sure to thoroughly rub the head of his cock on her lower lip. He grinned as he noted how much sperm had pooled in her mouth.

Rose managed a pathetic, girlish gurgle as the deflating cock temporarily vacated her mouth.  Thick streams of semen ran down her cheeks.  She instinctively attempted to hack up the sperm lodged in her throat while, at the same time, she tried to turn her head so she could spit the mess onto the floor.  But, before she could turn her head more than a few degrees, she felt a stabbing pain in the back of her neck as the man squeezed her with his powerful hand and secured her head so she was still facing him.

‘Don't you dare spit a drop?  Swallow it!  Fucking swallow it.’

Rose's eyes bulged as she processed the command.  She would have ignored him and spat anyway, but the way his thumb and forefinger were pinching his neck, it was impossible.  Her eyes glazed over as she gurgled repeatedly, still not able to bring herself to swallow the surprisingly thick deposit of fluid in her mouth.  She flailed instinctively, her hands reaching behind her head, trying to dislodge him so she could turn her head and spit.  Her hips bucked and she tried to obtain purchase. The last thing on earth she wanted to do was give him the satisfaction of knowing that she was ingesting his vile sperm.  Her body surged with rage and indignation but she knew instinctively that she was helpless.

Charlie chuckled at her feeble attempts and watched with great pleasure as her eyelids flickered rapidly and her heaving breasts shook in sympathy.  Her pathetic grip on his wrists was weakening and he knew that he had effectively shattered all of her resistance and now it was time to deliver the ultimate humiliation.  ‘I said, fucking swallow, doxy!’  And he squeezed her neck even harder.

When the new wave of pain hit Rose, she had no choice but to stop her resistance and her arms fell listlessly away from his wrists until they hung limply by her sides.  She heard the feeblest of moans issue from her mouth, as her mind finally realized she couldn’t get out of this.  With three hideous gulps, she swallowed the viscous sperm. It had an oyster-like flavour and it stuck to the walls of her throat, causing her to begin gagging once more.  Her body bucked again, this time involuntarily.

Charlie groaned with pride as he watched the young woman concede defeat.  ‘That's it.  Guzzle down my cream, bitch.’  He hissed as he used his cock to transfer the remaining sperm from her cheeks back into her mouth. Her eyes were again glazed, unseeing. When he was satisfied he'd accomplished what he set out to do, he relaxed his grip and placed her on the floor, quickly moving aside before she could kick him.

Rose let out a screech and began spitting on the floor before her body curled up into a foetal position and she began sobbing wildly. Standing over her, his voice getting that edge it got when he wanted to bully someone, Charlie told her to stop all that snivelling or there would be additional consequences.’

Rose’s eyes widened with fear and she managed to say, ‘Sorry, Master, but haven't I already done enough?’

The man was unmoved.  ‘No.  We have only begun.  This doesn't have to be so bad, Miss, I’m going to teach you to worship my crick so that you learn your place.’

‘Didn’t you get what you wanted?’

‘You're only making it worse for yourself.  Maybe I should grab you by your neck again and stuff my cock down your throat again.  How would you like that?’  Charlie moved quickly, menacingly getting up in her face.

‘Wait,’ Rose put her hands up and felt the fear course through her as the vile beast threatened her with physical violence.  ‘I-I'm sorry, Master.’

‘Much better. You are a quick learner.’

She broke into fresh tears.  ‘Why?  Why do you have to do this?’

Rose found herself experiencing unexpected emotions.  On the one hand, she felt lingering anger and fear at what she had been forced o do.  Anger over what had taken place and fear over what was to come.  These emotions were expected.  If anything, they weren't as intense as she imagined they should be.  In terms of the unexpected emotions, she felt an odd sense of anticipation bordering on excitement.  She couldn't help but think of what had happened.  Her mind kept going back to the feeling of having the giant male organ forcibly rammed down her throat.  It gave her a strange sense of purpose knowing that the odious man wanted her so badly, knowing how excited she made him.  She kept replaying his groans of pleasure in her mind, and it made her angry to think that he'd violently forced her to swallow his foul-tasting sperm, but at the same time she had never been the object of male desire in this way.  The man was crude and unkempt, but she had to admit he had animal appeal.  Something about his rugged features, the shaggy head of hair, the thick limbs, and his overpowering strength made her curious.  And when she thought of his scent, though undeniably foul, her nipples began to tingle.  The realisation of this made her nauseous.

**Chapter Fourteen**

Charlie had thought long and hard about how he should treat Rose.  Ultimately he decided that the elegant maid needed it rough.  She might not realise it now, but he was convinced deep down inside, on some subconscious level, she needed to be manhandled and controlled.  He reminded himself not to show too much leniency. Ignoring her protest, he hoisted her over his shoulder and gave her voluptuous bottom a squeeze as he carried her down into the basement. He planted Rose’s wriggling bottom onto a padded bench and then he grabbed her wrists and pulled them up over her head.  He used a rope to tie them together and then stretched the rope tight before securing it in the rafters.

It all happened so fast that she had no chance of resisting.  Rose felt the hairs on the back of her neck rise.  ‘Wait.  Please, Charlie, you don't need to tie me up.’

Now that her wrists were secured, he leaned forward and put his hand on her stomach, moving his hand down until his fingers slid just beneath the waistband of her knickers

‘No!  Please no!  You mustn’t!’

‘You can and you will.’ He said, grabbing her hips. ‘Go ahead, fight me, it will make it more fun.’

Rose kicked her legs and almost caught him but he grabbed one ankle and then another.  He quickly tied the first one to a support beam on one side of the bench and then he tied the other ankle to another beam so that she was left spread-legged.  She bucked her pelvis up and down trying to free herself but in vain.

‘You bastard!’ she said.  ‘I'm going kill you when this is all over.’

The man ignored her.  He was busy yanking off his trousers, shoes and socks.  His cock was so stiff again that he feared he might hurt it.  When Rose saw his thick cock pointing at her, she began bucking her hips even harder.

He just laughed.  ‘Do you realize how futile that is?  Just relax and get ready for a hot beef injection.’

‘This is rape!’ she screamed.

‘Yes it is,’ Charlie said.  ‘But, by the time I’m done with you, you’ll be thanking me.’  He stood between her legs.  The height was perfect.  Her bottom was on the edge of the bench level with his groin.  He salivated with lust as he tore her knickers from her hips until it lay in rags beneath her. Charlie had been anticipating this moment since the day he had decided to teach her a lesson, and he was not disappointed. Her vagina was a perfectly symmetrical mound, elevated from her thighs and stomach in such a way that conveyed its elite status as the most vital part of her body.  It was the most beautiful object he had ever laid eyes upon.  It was like a succulent peach surrounded by gleaming curls emphasising the pinkness of the skin and the coral hue of the slit. He felt like a man who had been given the ultimate Christmas present, or the sweetest, most delicious dessert in the world and he knew what he had to do.

‘I'm not going to let you defile my body. It belongs to my future husband!’ Rose said, struggling even harder.

Charlie didn't bother acknowledging her words as he methodically brought his purple cock-head up to her opening.  In a way he was glad she was going to resist for it would make that initial penetration even more satisfying.  Although her sturdy legs were tied open, he could see that she was squeezing her vaginal muscles tightly in the hope of resisting the inevitable invasion. The slit was narrow and well-conceived dividing her unblemished mount into two distinct halves.  He began gently rubbing the tip of his cock back and forth on the slit, up and down and it felt so elastic so tempting but he avoided rubbing the underside of his cock against her because he didn't want to lose control yet.

‘Go ahead, Rose, resist me.  I've got all day,’ the aroused man said mockingly.

Rose couldn't believe this was happening.  She valued her virginity as the most sacred part of her body and she intended giving it freely to her future husband but now it was under attack and she felt an instinctual desire to defend herself.  At the same time, the rigid rod, and the way it brushed up and down the opening of her sex, felt delicious.  She shook her hips in an attempt to prevent the rubbing, but the man used his free hand to grip her hip.  He squeezed and she felt pain knife through her as his thumb probed what had to be some sort of nerve ending.  Now her body was totally stationary and the rubbing of his engorged organ was relentless.  She could feel the beginnings of moisture from within her creeping closer and closer to the opening.  She groaned with frustration as she was hit with the realisation that her cunny was betraying her.

Charlie grinned when he felt the first hints of wetness.  His massive cock-head began to glide even more smoothly up and down her gash aided by her burgeoning lubrication.  It felt better than wonderful. ‘I knew you’d like it,’ he said.

‘I don’t like it, and I hate you!’ Rose countered, squeezing her vaginal muscles even tighter.

Unable to wait another moment, Charlie seized Rose's hips with both hands, bent his cock at a downward angle, and thrust his hips forward.  It didn’t matter how hard she squeezed because he had plenty of natural lubrication to work with and now it was a simple matter of biology.  Apply enough pressure and the flesh would eventually part. He watched as the head of his cock disappeared inside the portal of the flirty woman’s sex.  She was very tight and her opening was slow to yield but he knew that she was no match for his power.  Progress was slow, but steady. He pulled back a half inch or so and plunged forward with his hips again, gripping her bottom for leverage.

Rose screamed again as he managed to wedge a good three inches of his cock inside her virgin channel.  The head was fully embedded, as was some shaft and her hymen had not been able to resist the pressure.

Her pussy was so hot and so incredibly narrow. Now he could feel her vaginal muscles wrapping snugly around his throbbing shaft, reluctantly embracing it as if realising that it was their role.  At the same time, Charlie felt a flood of lubrication encase the part of his cock that was embedded inside the young woman. He now had the needed lubrication to do what needed to be done.  With a triumphant yell, he pulled back and plunged forward a third time, embedding most his prick deep into the young woman’s no-longer virgin vagina.  He felt her inner flesh completely yield to the invasion, as his cock surged past her overmatched internal defences and his gonads slapped loudly against her elastic bottom.

Charlie pulled his hips back a few inches and waited for her to calm down.  He had no intentions of stopping; he only wanted her to weather the initial storm.  When her screaming devolved into guttural groans, he began fucking her with determined thrusts.  He soon figured out that as long as he didn’t penetrate her to the hilt, she seemed to be able to withstand the pain.  That said, after 15 or 20 thrusts, he could actually feel the tight hole surrendering, its muscles offering less resistance and so he permitted himself to go deeper. Her limbs shook against their restraints, her muscles instinctually quivering randomly as her nervous system sought escape, as her cunny continued to be stretched in ways it had never been stretched before.

He was euphoric. He let out a victory shout, and losing control ejaculated deep inside Rose’s cunny.  When he was good and satisfied, he pulled his cock out and used the top of her mound to help clean off his shaft.  He stepped back and watched his sperm, tinged pink, ooze out of the violated cunny. Her opening remained partially open, inflamed in a way that it hadn’t been moments ago. He left her tied down and went upstairs to brew a pot of tea.

Rose moaned softly.  She was in a great deal of pain, but at least it was over for the time being. She was still in a daze when he returned but she quickly became alert when she heard her tormentor coming down the stairs.  During her time alone she had contemplated her situation.  It was horrible, yet shockingly tolerable and now here he was again, his ugly phallus hard as a rock, wanting more from her.

After he let her finish the cup of tea he had brought her he brought his thick cock up to her face and took firm hold of the back of her neck.  He squeezed just hard enough to remind her of what he was capable of, while permitting her to breathe.

‘Clean my sweaty ball-sack with your tongue, you hot bitch,’ he said.  ‘And you better put your back into it.’  He sighed with pleasure as Rose complied without hesitation, her tongue snaking beneath his testicles into the area beneath.

Rose wrapped her lips snugly around his hairy scrotum and slid her tongue back and forth, feeling his pubes clinging to her tongue, and resisting the urge to gag.  His skin was clammy and pungent.  But she persevered anyhow knowing that if she didn’t he would hurt her.

‘Good little bitch,’ he said, groaning with pleasure, as his cock extended to its full length and pulsated against her nose.  Her tongue was giving him goose pimples everywhere.  Unable to contain himself any longer, he took hold of his throbbing cock and plunged it into her mouth, arching his back and driving it as deep as he could.  Then he pulled back so just the head was in her mouth.  ‘Suck it, bitch.  Suck it like you mean it.’ He held his hips stationary and made her suck his cock for a minute or two.  He was pleased to see that she was bobbing her head up and down, an obedient little whore.  They're all whores, he said to himself.  It drove him crazy to see her sexy mouth clamped around his pego.  ‘That's the way I want you to do it.  Suck harder!  Faster!’ he added and part-groaned, part-laughed when she complied seemingly eagerly.

Rose was surprised to note that she didn't gag much at all when he rammed his cock down her throat.  Not only that, but she felt some of those unexpected feelings come over her, the idea that she was the object of the man’s desire.  She still didn't enjoy what was happening to her, but she supposed there was something not entirely horrible about sucking a man’s engorged member.  She cursed herself silently for her perverse thoughts.

Charlie was close to losing control, so he yanked his cock out and moved down between her legs and gripped her narrow waist.

‘Oh no, please no more!’ Rose cried. It was as painful but this time, her pussy, weakened by earlier violations, put up little fight.  She was moist from before with a mixture of semen, blood and her own lubrication and he had no trouble at all penetrating her.  To her surprise, she noticed it didn't hurt as much as it did the first time and she also aware that her pussy went through a series of rapid contractions around the hard cylindrical object that was penetrating it so forcefully.  Her swollen nipples began to tingle and her initial screams turned into moans -- angry moans, but moans nonetheless.  In the back of her mind she began to wonder if she was going to have an orgasm.  It was still very painful but it was a different kind of pain.

Charlie pulled his phallus out and the tingling sensation stopped.  What was he doing?  Why did he stop?  Oh no!  He was bringing his fleshy snake back up to her face.  Now thick jets of sperm began shooting out.  The first two landed on her chin.  The third one went into her left eye.  She blinked reflexively but it was too late. ’Open your fucking mouth,’ Charlie panted.  And she did so just in time for a huge spurt to splatter against the roof of her mouth.  Now it was coating her tongue. The man had her neck again.  ‘Swallow it, bitch!  And clean your cunt juice off my cock!’

She did as she was told.

‘Show some appreciation!’

Rose pretended that the vile man’s cock was her fiancé’s beautiful prick, she had not seen it but she was sure that it would be handsome. This one tasted vile but with that massive hand squeezing her neck, she would have to use her imagination.  Once again, she felt a strange sense of accomplishment as she felt his body shudder mightily and his fleshy cylinder begin to soften ever so slightly in her mouth.  She made sure to wrap her lips extra tightly around his shaft and thoroughly suck him to completion.  She pressed her tongue against his piss hole and rubbed it gently back and forth until she was certain no more salty fluid was coming out.  It took a while, but eventually she was pretty sure she had it all.  Her mind drifted and she almost forgot where she was, so focused was she on making sure the cock was cleaned off properly.  His groans of ecstasy gave her an unmistakable feeling of accomplishment.

‘That's a good little fucking whore.’ Charlie pulled his cock out and smiled as Rose's tongue attempted to chase it.  ‘Oh, you want it back in your mouth?’

By the time Rose realised what had happened, the man had noticed her unwitting acceptance.  She had stuck her tongue out instinctively.  Now he was calling her out on it, which put her in an awkward position.  ‘I...I, no.  It wasn’t intentional,’ she pleaded.

‘I am sure it wasn’t, just the inner whore surfacing.’ He rewarded her by slapping his semi-hard rod onto her tongue a couple of times and patting her condescendingly on her cheek.  Her mouth remained obediently open, tongue fully extended, and her eyes had a focused, serene quality to them.

**Chapter Fifteen**

Charlie decided to untie Rose and drag her up to the washing closet with him.  Having been tied up for several hours, she had a hard time walking, so he decided to carry her.  Once in the closet, he made her get on her knees and scrub him down.  His cock began to throb again as she carefully used a washcloth to wipe down his thighs, and buttocks, eventually working her way to his scrotum and limp phallus.  He studied her from above.  Her breasts and thighs glistened with moisture and her long dark hair looked especially lovely when wet.  Unable to resist, he picked her up and turned her around so that she was facing away from him.  He dragged her to the back of the zinc tub, whereupon he sat down and pulled her toward him so that she was seated on his lap.  She had become a malleable rag doll in his arms.  It was as if he had his own personal whore.

Rose could feel his fleshy snake lying comfortably between her bottom cheeks.  His massive hands slid between her thighs, once again forcing them open, this time with zero resistance.  He took the soapy flannel, and began scrubbing her vulva, making sure to lather up her pubes.  He was sliding his fingers up and down her sore slit while rubbing her mound in a circular motion with the cloth.  His head was positioned just behind hers and he took note of her erratic breathing as he caressed her genitals.

Rose’s nipples were tingling again because this was so much different than the rough treatment she’d suffered earlier.  Resisting the urge to moan aloud, she found herself gasping for air and her trembling hands seemed to move on their own until they were cradling her heaving breasts.  Her fingers began pinching and tugging at her hard nipples.  She bit down on her lower lip and cursed silently as she threw her head back until it was resting on his massive shoulder.  An involuntary gasp of pleasure escaped her lips as he treacherous body responded to the stimulation.

‘Tell me you like it,’ He growled into her ear.

‘I-...I like it,’ she gasped without hesitation, and for reasons related to pride and self-preservation, she tried to tell herself that she didn't mean it.

His hands were relentless, the way they rubbed her swollen opening.  His soapy thumb had found a certain spot and the gentle rubbing was causing her to clench her bottom cheeks with undeniable pleasure.  The tingling of her nipples became more pronounced and seemed to blend with the rising arousal in her lower region. She arched her back and her neck and moaned again and again, as waves of pleasure surged from the spot that he was rubbing, and the pleasure radiated to her toes, fingertips, and nipples.  Her chest and ribcage buckled against him while he maintained a firm hold and intensified the rubbing while she convulsed in the grip of an orgasm.

‘That's my good little cock-sucking whore,’ Charlie said, as Rose's body went completely limp in his arms and drool leaked from the corners of her open mouth as she gasped for air.

When they got out of the tub, without prompting she knelt before him, drying him off thoroughly. Without realising it she squeezed his testicles rather hard as she dried them and he doubled up with pain.

‘You stupid fucking bitch,’ he shrieked, reaching for her instinctively.

Rose recoiled in fear and anger.  Suddenly the veil of arousal was torn apart and everything became more lucid and she realised that she had surrendered her will to this monster and she felt her rebellious self come flashing back and she leapt to her feet.  She avoided his grasp and ran into the other room, with him and his erection hot on her heels.  What had she been thinking giving in to her animal instincts?  This man was a rapist animal and she hated him.

Rose made it to the other side of the small house before he cornered her in the small parlour.  He was laughing and that only made her angrier.  She fought him, punching and kicking, trying to use her fingernails on his testicles, but he was too strong.  He grabbed her in a bear hug, squeezing the breath out of her lungs until she had no choice but to relax her body and surrender yet again to his superior strength.  The room boasted a huge mirror and she was shocked to see her reflection, she looked so small and helpless in the grips of the monster.  Her struggling had caused her sex, swollen from repeated violation, to be exposed.  The image led to another unexpected tingling in her chest as the blood rushed into her nipples, but the feeling was short-lived.  The man dragged her over to a chair and pulled her face down across his lap.  He grabbed her flailing arms and twisted them behind her back until she cried out in pain and ceased any form of resistance.

‘Bad girl!’ He said.  ‘Now I'm going to have to teach you a lesson.’

Never before, even when she was a child, had anybody physically chastised Rose. She was so befuddled that she couldn't speak instead she nodded vigorously to let him know that she understood. Slowly his fingers glided over the taut bottom, following the cleavage, before caressing each buttock, in turn. She knew that the position tilted her bare bottom upward at the perfect angle for punishment or anything else he wanted to do. A hand pushed against the small of her back, forcing her to arch her body even more as she heard a swish displacing the air a fraction of a second before a flaming line of incredible pain burnt horizontally deep into her exposed derriere.

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...WWWHHHAAACCCKKK111

The lash was so painful that it drove the air from her lungs so that she was unable to scream. It hurt so much that she froze unable to give in to her instinct to try to escape. Rose had never experienced anything so painful before. The rippling movement of her body, caused by the power of the blow, made her dangling breasts sway wildly back and forth. Again she heard the sound of air being displaced but had no time to prepare herself for the unavoidable pain she knew was coming.

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...WWWHHHAAACCCKKK111

‘Aaaarrrggghhh!!!' Oh my God...you're killing me! Please have pity, Master! No more...I can't take it...it hurts so much!!!’

Deaf to her pleas, again the leather belte, for that what it was, sliced across the tender mounds of Rose’s naked buttocks causing them to ripple and indent under the force of the blow. Before the pain had time to lessen she received another lash.

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...WWWHHHAAACCCKKK111

Rose’s entire bottom seemed to swell to twice its size as it seemed to be engulfed in flames that were consuming her flesh. She could sense heat radiating inward to lodge in the back of her sex. As with the initial pain the young woman had experienced earlier she realised that her body had a way of converting frightful pain into exquisite, sexual pleasure. It's easy to rationalise all those feelings after the event but at the time the pain was so excruciating that Rose couldn't even think.

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...WWWHHHAAACCCKKK111

‘Aaaarrrggghhh!!! Oooohhhh! Dear God it hurts! I can't stand it!!! Please...have pity! I'll do absolutely anything you want...anything but please don't hurt me anymore, Mr, Dunwoodie!’

The fourth lash struck lower down and was the most painful because it landed where the thighs meets the curve of the buttocks. Even though it was excruciating and almost unbearable the rush of pleasure which followed was even more exquisite. Rose’s entire sex seemed to have become molten so that she could feel thick liquid dribbling down her thighs, as if from a tap. Her cunny was on fire and so were her engorged nipples. She wasn't sure how much more pain she could endure as she filled her lungs with air and concentrated on keeping her sanity.. Strangely at no point did she try to escape.

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...WWWHHHAAACCCKKK111

‘Aaaarrrggghhh!!! I can't...can't Stand any more, Sir!!! Please have pity...I can't take anymore! I've been punished enough, Master.’

She couldn't distinguish where the lash fell as her entire bottom was on fire by this time and seemed to have swollen to twice its normal size. Contact with the belt initiated sexual heat which vibrated through every nerve in her lower body. Rose was swimming in a dimension where pain seemed to become pleasure and pleasure was pain and she no longer existed as a person only as a body in the grip of sexual madness.

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...WWWHHHAAACCCKKK111

Another lash landed and the sound echoed in the room. She passed wind as the heat radiating from her bottom was matched by the volcanic tremors pulsating from her sex. Her clitoris was so engorged that it had forced its way out of hiding and was being squeezed by the outer lips increasing her arousal. Her nipples were pulsating sending wave after wave of delicious pleasure on the same frequency as the pain from her buttocks.

Somewhere deep inside Rose the realisation that Charlie Dunwoodie had achieved complete power over her and that she was his, to do anything he wanted to triggered an inner calm even as her body continued to throb with the urgent need to climax.

A hand gently stroked her buttocks and the effect was dramatic. She screamed as ecstasy overwhelmed every other sensation in her body. She figured that he must have put the belt down because both his hands stroked every inch of her fiery bottom erasing the pain. She was still hovering on the brink of a climax and could feel the inner walls of her vagina rippling as if moving around an imaginary penis. She nearly cried with frustration when she felt Charlie lift her off his lap and deposit her on all fours, on the carpet. One of his hands returned to the small of her back pinning her down as she felt something spongy against the entrance of her rectal passage. Panic and fright consumed Rose replacing the almost euphoric state she’d been enjoying. As most well brought-up girls she believed that sodomy was dirty, obscene, degrading and possibly the worse thing which could be done to a woman and she knew that she couldn't let him do something so vile to her.

‘Oh no...Master! Not that...please. I can't...you mustn't! It is against the laws of God!’ Rose shrieked as she started struggling to get away.

SSSSMMMAAACCCKK!!!

The palm of his hand landed on her swollen buttocks reviving the heat and pain from the caning and stifling her protests.

SSSSMMMAAACCCKK!!!

SSSSMMMAAACCCKK!!!

‘Shut your mouth, you stupid cow!.’

Rose felt the knob of Charlie’s penis pressing hard against her anus and the tiny hole expanded as the penile flesh started to penetrate her most secret place. The pain was excruciating and she expected the flesh to tear. She felt as if she needed to evacuate her bowels. Suddenly the head of the penis was inside her anal passage and the pain was immense and almost unbearable. Sobbing with despair Rose found it hard to believe that it was really happening to her. First he had taken her virginity and now he was about to commit an unspeakable act. The pain stabilised but she was scared to move in case it revived as she sensed the throbbing of the thick penis inside her back passage. She had not felt like that when she had experienced his penis inside her sex. The pain became sharp again as he pushed even more of his shaft into the reluctantly yielding rectum until she felt the roughness of his pubic hair against her sore bottom and realised that he had managed to push his entire engorged penis inside her fundament. She was aware of every small nuances of her debasement. It was perverse, wicked and sinful She hardly dared move

Charlie Dunwoodie paused to enjoy the moment of his greatest triumph, the total subjugation of Rose Thompson.

Gradually Rose realised that the fierce pain had faded and that her rectal muscles had begun rippling up and down the length of the huge engorged penis. The swollen rod twitched and jerked and seemed to slip even deeper inside her.

Charlie was chuckling as Rose wriggled and twisted her bottom against him as eagerly as the commonest whore. His cock seemed to swell even larger inside her and she responded by panting and sobbing, delirious with a mixture of joy and pain. He leant over her and his hands cupped the dangling breasts and started to tug viciously on the engorged teats and fierce pain shot through the nubs, which felt longer and harder than they ever had. The pain caused her to ram her bottom back and her stretched anus reacted by squeezing the massive cock filling it completely. The penis expanded and contracted inside her anus again and again and she felt her swollen quim responding by flowering open and allowing dollops of sex cream to be expelled and soon her inner thighs were coated with warm stickiness. The pain was still very intense but, at the same time, highly pleasurable. Her pussy was expanding and contracting.

Rose nearly swooned; the impossible had happened her anus had stretched to accommodate the huge penis without tearing. She could feel every inch of the hard pole as it began slowly to move in and out of her passage. The pain was gradually fading to be replaced by incredible pleasure. Without realising she was doing it she started to rock her hips back to allow his cock to penetrate even deeper inside her body. The hard rod was now moving effortlessly back and forth as Charlie increased the speed of his anal penetration. Her entire body was in the grip of intense arousal. and the only sounds coming from her mouth were animalistic grunts and moans of ecstasy. Each time the man’s pelvis collided with Rose’s voluptuous buttocks revived the pain from the caning and it was exquisite.

Rose started orgasming and the pleasure was more intense than any before, almost more than her body could stand. An shrill scream of ecstasy erupted from her open mouth as Charlie’s massive cock relentlessly pistoned in and out of the stretched anus. She continued orgasming even after the first mighty explosion. It didn't seem possible that anyone could stand that level of pleasure for long and it felt as if she was going to pass out but somehow it did not happen. The man continued to drive his cock into her bottom, each stroke more powerful than the previous one.

Suddenly Charlie stopped moving leaving his prick wedged all the way inside Rose’s anal passage. Instinctively she tightened her buttocks so that her rectal muscles could grip the hard rod as hard as a fist. He started moving again, as fast as he could, as hic cock unloaded its load. Rose felt each jet blasting into her rectum as orgasms raged through her cunny matching each ejaculation.

She had believed that she had experienced everything that there was but suddenly an orgasm so huge that it needed her entire body to contain it erupted and it felt as if it was being blasted by a lightning bolt

Eventually Charlie pulled his softening penis out of the clutch of Rose’s twitching anus.  He was exhausted and felt tenderness filling his heart when he saw fresh tears rolling freely down her cheeks; he wanted her even more but instinctively knew that he should not show it.  ‘You know what to do,’ he said, pointing to his cock.  ‘Show serious enthusiasm this time or I'll set your bottom on fire again!’

Charlie was pleased to note that his threat had the desired result.  Rose’s lips generated huge suction driven by fear mixed with adoration, all the time her tears sliding down her cheeks.  Watching her lips stretched around his cock made his teeth chatter.  Her head bobbed up and down like a buoy in a stormy ocean as she used her lips, tongue and mouth to clean his soiled prick.

Suddenly Rose identified the vile taste, it was the taste of her own bowels.  Her eyes got big and teary and she gagged.  But the gag stayed within her since there was no room to release it.

He pulled back so that only the head of his still-oozing cock kept her lips open and she felt more salty sperm drip onto the tip of her tongue.  ‘Clean off my piss hole with your tongue, like a good sperm-guzzling whore,’ Charlie chuckled triumphantly.  ‘That's it.  I knew you would love it.’  He squeezed out the last few drops of sperm onto her tongue, which was darting frantically and obediently around his piss hole.  He shook his cock up and down, slapping her outstretched tongue with it.  He was pleased to see that her entire mouth and the area around it -- her chin, the corners of her lips, and the brow below her nose, were coated with sperm.  With a sigh, he plunged his cock back down her throat and pumped as hard as he could for ten seconds, watching as she went bug-eyed again.  Then he pulled back and again rested his cock on her lower lip.

‘I want you to lovingly suck off your Master's cock, bitch.  I shouldn't have to move.  Clean it off if you know what's good for you.’

Rose wasn't about to disobey him.  She had grown to fear him to the point where she wanted to please him.  ‘Yes Master,’ she said, almost mechanically and began sucking his cock in earnest, ignoring the way it tasted, grateful that he was finished squirting.

He just sighed.  Man it felt good getting his cock sucked like that.  He made her suck him slowly and gently for a good five minutes.  She never thought it would end.  When he pulled out and she thought it was over but then he pushed his testicles forward and made her give them a thorough tongue bath for another five minutes.  Finally he pulled his gonads out of her mouth and used his now semi-hard phallus to push some of the male discharge that was on her cheeks and chin back into her mouth.  She struggled to show him the respect he commanded, for the last thing she wanted was another spanking, though the sperm seemed to taste stronger now that it had cooled down a bit.

Suddenly he had an idea.  He went into the downstairs closet and took out a dog collar. His old dog had died earlier that year and he had saved the collar and leash intending to get another dog. Now he attached it to Rose's neck.  ‘I always wanted a bitch,’ he said grinning down. He then proceeded to make her pant like a dog, roll over, and lick his feet.

The young woman didn't dare defy him.  Her bottom was still so sore from being spanked and subsequently violated.  She was exhausted and figured the best course of action was not to resist.

‘C’mon bitch.  Stick your sperm-stained tongue out!  Roll over again.  I’d better see obedience bitch, or you’ll be in trouble.  Now on your knees and beg.  That’s it.  You just want more cock, right?’

‘Yes, Master.’

‘Then beg for it.  I know you can talk.  Let me hear you beg for it.  Talk and bark at the same time!’

‘Woofff! Woofff! More cock, Master.  I need more cock.  Woofff!’

‘Not right now, bitch.  I’m tired.  Lick my feet.’

Charlie made her fetch him ale while he rested.  As a final indignity, he made her lie on the bed and positioned his bottom over her face.

‘Deep-tongue my arse, whore!  If you don't do it right, I'll give you a bedtime spanking.’

As Rose cleaned his bottom, she could feel her hatred and anger bubbling up inside her.  This was disgusting!  But once again she thought of the pain of being spanked and the immense pleasure he had given her and she didn't dare defy him.

The man wondered about his cruelty for he was normally a gentle person, but he decided to trust his instinct that, by putting her through these incredibly humiliating trials, he was effectively solidifying his dominance over her.  Now that he owned her, he could employ the type of tenderness he demonstrated earlier and she would melt in his arms.  In the end, he was certain she would become a willing, grateful doxy who feared and respected him.  She would worship him like a king and willingly offer all of her orifices to his throbbing cock.  And life would be perfect.

As she accepted his disgusting orders, Rose struggled not to gag.  Fortunately she had plenty of experience over the past few hours with foul tastes in her mouth.  Though this was the worst one of all, it didn't stop her from continuing to clean out her Master's bottom.  To her surprise, her anger was quickly replaced by a single-minded determination to please the large beast which had so thoroughly conquered her body and mind.  She felt an unusual sense of devotion as she lapped away at the man's hairy hole.

Charlie was pleased to feel Rose’s tongue continue to slither in and out of his anus.  It validated his brutal course of action.  His cock became partially stiff again as he wiggled his anus on Rose’s tongue and grunted with pleasure.  But he decided it was enough for one day and he would wait after he had a sleep before training her some more.  When he was finally satisfied, he made her lie down on a blanket at the foot of the bed.  Within two minutes, she fell into a deep sleep unaware the he was leaning over the bed and studying her naked body.  He could see that her nipples were raw and her vagina was red and swollen and still gaping open.  Her posterior was black and blue but she was young and it would soon fade

Three hours later she was awoken by a jerk on her leash.  Charlie was Standing above her, his huge cock ominously presenting itself. He leaned down and hoisted her into the air.  It pleased him to hear her cry out in surprise as he plopped her down onto his bed.  The young woman was still half asleep as he ordered her to spread her legs and lift her legs high over her head.

She braced herself for a painful violation, but instead he cradled her body and began rubbing the tip of his massive cock around her tender opening.  She felt herself gasp with pleasure and moisten quite rapidly.  He smiled knowingly and took a firm hold of her hips.  She held her breath as she readied herself to get painfully rammed, but to her surprise he took a very gentle approach, penetrating her tender hole an inch at a time.

‘Look at me when I fill your hot cunt, Miss,’ He groaned, a lustful smile on his face.  And to his great thrill, she did as she was told.

The giant cock was still difficult to handle, but she was much better prepared than before.  Although her cunny was quite sore, she found herself enjoying the feeling of it being filled.  She realised that she was being dominated, and that it was as it should be.  Master’s cock felt shockingly good as it glided back and forth inside of her.  A part of her wanted him to fuck her harder, but she didn't dare say a word.  She bit down on her lower lip to keep from moaning out loud and expressing her adoration.

Charlie was once ecstatic as he felt Rose's steamy cunny begin to pulsate rapidly around his prick.  It was remarkable that her petite body was able to accommodate his large prick so easily.  Her unbridled contractions felt so fucking good that he only lasted a few minutes before he pulled out and shot a meagre load of sperm all over her breasts and face.  He rested his cock on the bridge of her nose and let the final spurts ooze down the sides of her nose before pulling it back and offering it to her mouth.  He could have shrieked with joy as he watched Rose lean forward and take his dripping member into her hungry mouth as if it were a delicious creamy treat.  Look at the way her jaw works in perfect concert with her lips, he thought to himself.  He felt a sudden urge to hold her in his arms and kiss her tenderly.

Rose was disappointed that he wasn't still inside her, but oddly satisfied as she deep-throated his shaft.  She made sure to slurp every drop from him, carefully curling her tongue just beneath his piss hole and lapping at his head until he pulled out.  When he finally did pull out, she kept her mouth open and her tongue dutifully extended while he slapped her tongue with his cock and then playfully slapped her cheeks with it for a good half minute.  He hit both sides of her jaw with his prick and he felt like the king of the world, from owning this once unapproachable elegant maid.

Rose watched him as he went to the water closet.  The deep, manly sound of his urine splashing in the water made her hope he'd come back and give it to her again.  She imagined the thick stream of urine coming out of his beautiful hose and she wished she were standing next to him, his hose in hand, guiding her Master's piss into the bowl.

The man plopped back into the bed next to her.  She had a dreamy look in her tired eyes and as soon as he was next to her she began stroking his chest and stomach, and eventually his cock.

‘What’s gotten into you?’ Charlie said, smiling and quickly hardening again, as Rose voluntarily lifted her legs up over her head.

Fluid was now leaking freely from her swollen vagina onto the mattress.  ‘Fuck me please, Master,’ she said, licking her lips provocatively.  ‘Fuck your devoted slave hard.’

Charlie began rogering her with wild abandon, pressing his nose against hers and looking deep into her eyes.  Almost immediately, Rose began moaning and repeating, ‘Oh my God,’ again and again.  At some point she began to squeal like an animal being slaughtered.  Based on her screaming, and her vaginal contractions, and the way her eyes rolled back in her head as though she were fainting, he had the pleasure of knowing that he was ramming his little slave's cunt so well that she would be his forever.

It got even better when she shouted, ‘Oh yes...yes...yes! Keep fucking me, Master, I love you!’

He pumped his hips as hard as he could, each time pulling back until the head of his cock had almost exited her vulva before plunging forward until his gonads slapped hard against her bottom.  He had no idea how he wasn’t hurting her.  Rose's pussy was violently contracting now, a series of disjointed muscle spasms that rapidly took him over the edge.  In one motion, he removed his cock from her snatch and pulled her down beneath his loins, so he could shove it down her throat.  This time it wasn't necessary to hold her in place.  Her mouth eagerly accepted the offering. Their eyes met and it was clear to both of them that the dynamics of their relationship had undergone a dramatic change.

She stared up at her Master with puppy-dog eyes as she deep-throated his cock, locking her lips around it as tightly as she could. Rose felt incredibly connected to him, and for the first time it felt wonderful each time her Master's mushroom head slid part way down her throat.  She wouldn't gag; she would make sure to do her job until her Master was fully satisfied.  His face was behind her on the bed, so she had to look back over her head, but she made sure she locked eyes on him.  She was thrilled to note that he had a look of pure glee on his face, which meant she was making him happy and that was the most important thing.  His cock began to quiver against her tongue (later she surmised she had felt his ejaculate surging up his urethra) before he began spurting in the back of her throat.  Rose didn't miss a beat, continuing to suck with as much love as she could possibly offer.  It was only fair, she thought, to be nice to someone who had just given her the most pleasure of her young life.  She forgot where she was.  She forgot who she was, so focused was she on worshipping her Master's cock.

Charlie was tempted to continue to brutalise her, but instead he groaned with pleasure and savoured the incredible sensations while studying her cock-worshipping face.  I've done it, he said to himself with sheer delight.  I've turned her into my woman, my slave.  As the thought crossed his mind, he groaned with pleasure as he felt the final intense spurts come out.  He watched her throat muscle acting as a pump to convey the fluid into her belly as Rose efficiently slurped up every drop of the slimy liquid.  Feeling suddenly light-headed, he tried to pull out of her mouth.  Without missing a beat, Rose's head rose off the bed as she wrapped one of her hands around the base of his shaft, and began pumping the bottom half of his cock with her tight fist, while her other hand cradled and tugged his deflated scrotum.  Her lips were still wrapped around the head of his cock and she was sucking with such intensity that his spent penis head kept popping and out of her mouth, each time making a sound like a freshly opened bottle of champagne.  Her tongue continued to work ferociously on her conqueror’s piss hole.  It was clear to her that the coordinated efforts of her hands, lips and tongue were yielding additional spunk.  It tasted delicious now, and she wanted more, more, more!  She wouldn't stop until he instructed her to do so.