

## BODICE RIPPERS ANTHOLOGY By Anastasia Day

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### Dedication

To Daio, whose beautiful erotic art and stories have been an inspiration to me. (In fact, she gave me the idea for the last scene in "Blood Slave.") Daio also created the cover for this book on the Renaissance E Books site. To see more of her work, please visit <http://www.incandescent-art.com>.

Angela Knight (AKA Anastasia Day)

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Bondage, Beauty and the Beast

By Angela Knight (under pen name Anastasia Day)

The air was cold on my breasts and my nipples tingled, hard points. Staring into the darkness of the velvet hood, I tried not to shiver. I could hear the man pacing around me, inches away, moving so quietly, and yet there was an impression of size, of danger about him despite his silence. I was acutely aware of my nakedness.

"What do you think?" asked the precise tenor of my stepson. The whoreson bastard.

"Lovely," the man said. His voice was odd, a deep, rich rumble that vibrated pleasantly in my ears. He was behind me now. Suddenly hands engulfed my breasts, big hands, hard and callused, lifting the soft globes to pluck delicately at my nipples. I stifled a moan and would have tried to push him away, but my wrists were bound in front of me. "She has very responsive breasts," he said.

"Brienne's tits are her best feature," agreed Cedric. "God knows my lord father thought so. May he rot in hell. He must have been addled, marrying her as he did with one foot in the grave. My God, look at her. She's younger than I am."

"Yes," answered the rumble. The big hands moved, drifting down the bare, sensitive ripples of my ribs, testing the plane of my belly. I fought not to squirm. I would not give either man that satisfaction.

The hand drifted between my thighs, long fingers burrowing skillfully into the curls there, parting the lips that had gone so shamefully damp under the man's skillful caresses. I stiffened in outrage, but I knew a protest would only earn me a slap from Cedric.

He stroked slowly between the plump lips, taking his time, teasing shameful pleasure from my body. It seemed I felt a brush of fur against my inner thighs as he touched me, and I wondered if he wore gloves.

"Well," Cedric demanded. "Do you agree? Will you keep her here, in your castle...?"

A very long finger found the opening of my cunt and slowly eased its way inside. "That depends," the man said. "I still don't understand why you want to sell her to me."

"Because otherwise I'll have to pay Brienne the share of the inheritance the old man left her," Cedric said with exaggerated patience. "And I don't care to do that."

A low rumbling growl vibrated in my ear. I stirred nervously. It sounded far more like a wolf than a man.

When Cedric spoke again, he, too, sounded nervous. "I was going to kill her, but I remembered you and Nimue and all the games you used to play here before..." His voice trailed off.

"Before she cursed me." The voice was so cold with frigid anger that I flinched. He slipped an arm around me to hold me still. I felt fur and linen brush my naked flesh, and shivered.

"Ah, yes. Don't you see, milord? It's poetic justice. She seduced my father with her charms, she would have inherited a third of everything rightfully mine ... but instead, she becomes your slave. Yours to torment, as you are tormented."

The finger probing me was joined by a second. The sensation was liquid, hot. Shameful. "Yesssss."

"She is, after all, nobly born," Cedric said, cajoling. "You won't often have a chance at such a beauty, thanks to Nimue..."

The growl was so loud I jumped. "True, curse you. But this one ... this one won't refuse me. I won't allow it." He released my waist and cunt, and suddenly hands were prying my bottom cheeks apart. A finger stabbed up, forcing its way into my anus. I arched my back and gasped in pain.

"I'll take her whenever I want, however I want," the voice growled. "So," said Cedric, voice vibrating with triumph. "It's agreed?" "Not so fast. First I want to see her face."

Before I could even pull at the ropes binding my wrists, he whirled me to face him and snatched the hood off my head. Blinking in the light of the torches, I looked into the face of the one who would be my master. And felt my heart skip in shock.

The top of my head barely came to his breastbone, and his shoulders were wide as a sword's length over a chest roped in muscle. He wore a rich wine doublet, a fine linen shirt, and black britches that hugged his long, brawny legs. His boots were made of soft dark leather that clung to his strong calves.

In all, he had the sort of strong male form to make a maiden's heart beat faster – had it not been covered entirely in silky black fur.

His pelt – there was no other word for it – was as shiny and black as a panther's everywhere except on his head, where it lengthened into a magnificent mane that extended down his back. Great horns thrust through that silken hair, curving like a ram's on either side of his arrogant head.

Yet despite those animal features, his face was human. Indeed, there was raw masculine beauty in his high, broad cheekbones and square chin that not even fur could disguise. His lips were full and sensuous, though as dark as his pelt, and his teeth gleamed white as he smiled down at me, hungry and possessive.

"I'll take her," he told Cedric, his voice rumbling with lust. I fainted dead away.

If anyone had told me when I married the old earl that six months later I'd be naked on my hands and knees scrubbing floors, I would have called him mad.

But there I was, knees aching from the cold stone of milord's castle floor, my wet hands chill from the wash water.

Other parts of me were all too warm. My breasts rubbed against the chains that looped from the slave collar down between my legs and up my back to my collar again. The links, warm from my skin, tormented my hardened nipples and clit even as they rolled against the openings of my sex and bottom. They tortured me, those chains, with little spurts of heat and pleasure and discomfort ... almost as much as the eyes I could feel watching me from across the room.

My master's eyes.

Yet I did not dare stop in the task I had been given. I had learned my lesson when I challenged him as we rode to his castle.

"I will not be your slave," I'd told him then, trying not to lean against his chest as I sat across his lap in the saddle. "My father..."

"Sold you to the highest bidder," he said, in a voice somewhere between a purr and a growl, "Who sold you to me."

"Unlawfully," I said, lifting my chin.

The Beast shrugged. "Cedric is now the Earl of Darkcliffe. He can do what he wishes with you."

I swallowed. "It is not his right to sell me like some bondslave."

"Right is what you take," he told me. "And I have claimed the right to you." He lifted one of those human-looking hands from the reins and stretched his fingers wide. Inch long claws extended from his fingertips.

So it was that I found myself scrubbing floors.

Now I dragged the scrub brush grimly over the worn stone. My chains still tormented me, but not as much as my bitter thoughts. By now Cedric had followed through with his plan to tell all and sundry that highwaymen had killed me. Thanks to his high rank, none would dare question him, not even my father, mere baron that he was.

I had no choice but to obey the Beast as I would a husband, or feel his fist. Or claws.

"Brianne," he said from his corner, and I started.

His eyes shown green fire at me. "Come here."

My heart sank. I knew he wanted more from me now than playing the menial.

Wishing I dared stall, I stood and walked toward him, chains jangling softly. Folding my manacled wrists in front of me, I stood before him and waited, head bowed in galling submission.

"Down. On the floor," he ordered. "On your back."

Gnawing my lip, I lay down and looked up at him as he sat there in his massive carved chair. His booted feet were inches from my bare toes.

"Now rest your heels on the arms of my chair," the Beast said, his voice a deep, thrumming purr.

I obeyed. And swallowed, realizing that this pose spread my thighs, exposing me completely to those green eyes.

"Very nice," he said, leaning forward in the chair. "I like the way that red hair of yours pools around your face. And your nipples..."

He licked his lips, looking uncomfortably like a tiger anticipating a meal. Green eyes stared directly into mine, the irises vertical slits. "Caress yourself for me."

"What?" I squeaked.

"Your nipples," he growled, impatient. "Roll them between your fingers."

I thought about refusing, but a scratching sound caught my attention. He was extending and retracting his claws like a cat kneading a cushion. The tips raked the wood of the chair arm with a chilling scritch scritch scritch.

Biting my lip, I lifted both hands, listening to the chains clank, and caught my pointed nipples between my fingers. I could feel myself going bright red with mortification as I began to roll them.

"Stretch them upward," he ordered.

I pulled at the soft, pink flesh and tried not to groan at the curls of warm sensation that rolled through me.

"That's right," he said. Something hard and thick grew behind the tight fabric of his fawn britches. "Grab those pretty breasts. Lift them to me."

I obeyed, my fingers sinking into my own soft skin.

"They're quite big. I wonder... Can you lick them?"

"I ... don't know." I'd certainly never tried.

"Find out."

Reluctantly, I bent my head down, tightening my grip until the nipple pouted into range of my tongue. I licked. And squirmed as I caught my nipple a glancing swipe.

"Oh, yes." The Beast's eyes were glowing like twin candle flames. "I thought you could. Now masturbate for me."

Heat flooded my face. But there was something about that hot green gaze that ripped away my will to resist. I reached down. My fingers threaded through cherry curls, slid between my lips.

And found, to my shame, that I was very wet. My fingers glided to my clit to begin a practiced circling.

The Beast's hand went to the buttons of his britches.

I froze.

"Continue," he rumbled, even as he freed his huge, dark erection. Like his lips, his shaft was so black it was almost blue. And it was near as thick as my wrist.

Staring helplessly at Milord's massive cock, I rubbed my clit, feeling something wet trickle furtively between my lips.

His hand, claws retracted, began to stroke up and down that menacing rod.

I gasped, unable to control my breathing, as one hand strummed my clit and the other rolled my nipple. Milord watched, his big hand working his shaft. His eyes glowed hotter, male and predatory. A sense of rigid restraint vibrated around him, as if he barely kept himself from falling on me like a starving lion.

I slid two fingers into my cunt. My hips rolled upward, but I managed to still them. I had to obey his orders, but I didn't have to be so obvious in my lust.

"Tomorrow, I think," the Beast said, "I'll show you the dungeon Nimue designed for our pleasure. I'd love to see you stretched out in chains there, writhing as I paint those big breasts with candle wax. I can't wait to watch that noblewoman's arrogance turn to helpless submission."

Eyes slitted, a lazy rumble in his throat, Beast stroked himself. I watched his hand move and wondered whether it was natural to have a cock of such size. The Earl had not had half milord's length, even in his rare moments of rigidity.



My shame faded as my heat rose, and I couldn't seem to stop myself from burying my fingers deeply into my wetness, each gliding entry painting fire throughout my mound. My thighs twitched and I shut my eyes, gritting my teeth as I sought the climax that danced somewhere just beyond the next stroke of my fingers.

"Open your eyes!" Beast growled, and I snapped them wide.

He was on his feet now, astride me, looking down from his great height as he pumped his shaft. My own hand picked up its pace and I whimpered, twisting between his shiny black boots.

"That's it," he purred, "I want you to come. Come watching me. Come thinking about what I'm going to do to you. How I'm going to take you. Soon."

I groaned in mingled shame and helpless excitement, thrusting my hips upward at him.

And then, suddenly, the heat in my pearl exploded, thrumming through me in hard ripples that made me scream out with the raw, stark pleasure of it. Distantly, I could hear Beast's purring rumble, building in intensity toward a low roar.

Something wet splashed onto my upturned face, hot and white. Gasping, I looked up at him, towering above me, and licked his come from my lips.

I stood close to the fire, savoring its warmth while I tried not to stare at my master. He sat at an elaborately carved dining table, eating with neat, precise movements of his knife. My stomach rumbled. I'd had no food since before my kidnapping the previous night, and I was more than ready to eat.

Milord put down his knife and leaned back, eyes going to me.

"Come here," he said, and I stiffened at a wave of heat. I remembered all too well what had followed those words this afternoon.

But I also knew better than to refuse, so I padded across the stone floor toward him, feeling my silk skirts sliding around my legs as I walked. Milord Beast had allowed me to dress after our last heated encounter, though the gown was a thin white silk that barely veiled the pink of my nipples.

He spread his knees apart and pointed to the floor between them. "Kneel."

I bit my lip as my heartbeat accelerated. Obediently, I crouched between his boots, feeling the warmth from his muscular thighs bathe me.

Milord watched me as he reached out a long arm to the table in front of him. Then he held it out to me, holding a bit of savory meat like a man feeding a hound.

"Open for me," he said.

I parted my lips. His fingers, covered in satiny fur, slid into my mouth, touched my tongue, teased it with the bite. Greatly tempted, I managed not to lick them as they withdrew. I chewed the morsel, hot juices flooding down my throat.

Milord Beast looked down at me. His eyes glowed green with masculine pleasure at my submission as he fed me a piece of crusty bread dripping with butter. When a drop slid down one of his long fingers, I automatically licked it away. And shivered at the hot male taste of him.

My eyes darted to his. He smiled slowly, showing white teeth. I stared up at him helplessly. My nipples drew tight and a delicious memory teased its way through my mind; milord's come splashing on my lips.

Next he presented me with a goblet of wine, upending it as I drank thirstily, feeling the tart burn slide down my throat.

So he fed me, and I ate from his hands, until he pushed back the plate and goblet with sudden impatience. "Time for dessert," he growled, and his hands caught in the fabric of my gown.

Claws extended, he shredded it with one easy pull, leaving me naked. Before I could protest, his big hands closed over my waist, and I found myself on my back on the table.

"Milord!" I squeaked as his ruthless strength made short work of the last clinging tatters of my gown.

He ignored my objection, stepping back from the table to stare. His lips parted in a widening smile, and for the first time I noticed his fangs. They were as white and sharp as a wolf's. My heart leaped in fear, yet perversely, I could feel cream trickling between my thighs.

The Beast walked around the table and I watched as he circled, eyes fixed on me.

His gaze flicked to a small earthen jar. He reached over and picked it up, then dipped a spoon in it. When he held the silver utensil up to the light, a sluggish golden stream fell back into the jar.

Leaning over me again, he held the spoon above my breasts. As I watched, a stream of honey poured down to roll over my nipples and pearl on the full curves of my flesh.

Slowly, slowly, Milord dribbled a stream of honey across my breasts, down the curve of my ribs, lingered to make a pool in my navel, then painted my lower abdomen with shimmering gold. Then, finally, he poured the honey directly into the soft fur covering my mound.

At last he stood back and gave me that wicked, fanged grin again. "I have a sweet tooth."

I tensed as Milord bent over me, nervously aware of those fangs. A long red tongue flicked between his lips and swiped across my nipple, which instantly began to strain upward in yearning. Delicately he rewarded it, closing his mouth over the pink bud and sucking it with such delicious skill, I whimpered.

Finally he released the nubbin, only to begin slowly licking the honey still clinging to my breasts, laving them with long strokes, pausing here and there to suck or nibble gently. I tensed each time, but those fangs never did more than press softly against my skin.

When he started working his way down the length of my torso, the ticklish sensation made me writhe. He paused to tongue the honey from my navel, sucked deeply at it, then continued down my abdomen.

A different tension invaded me. I'd heard whispers from other noblewomen, tales of wickedly skilled lovers, but the Earl had hardly been of that stripe.

So when Beast moved between my legs at last and lowered his head, I shivered in equal parts of embarrassment and curiosity. His first long lick made me jump as he tasted my curls, then tugged them gently between his lips. At length he deepened the movement, tongue swirling around my pearl, flicking at my lips.

Never had I felt such a rush of pleasure. Yet the sensation only intensified when he burrowed his seeking tongue even deeper into my sex, stabbing hard into my core. I gasped.

He lifted his head. "You're wet," he purred. "Evidently you enjoy the attentions of a monster more than you'd like to admit."

I writhed and moaned at his words. It was true, all true, and my shame scalded me. But then his tongue was at work again, licking my pearl, sucking it, and the pleasure drove every other thought from my head.

I looked down. He stared back at me from between my thighs. My sex hid half his face, but his eyes burned with triumph and hunger. Helpless, I threw back my head and cried out as lust blasted through me.

With a low, impatient growl of need, milord Beast stood in a rush and began to unbutton his britches. At last his male organ had escaped to jut out at me. I swallowed, feeling my eyes widen as he bent closer to me, aiming himself.

In the back of my mind, I felt a flicker of disappointment; I'd been so close to climax, and now I knew he'd be through with me in a thrust or two.

But then he began to push into my body, his size stretching me in a way I'd never known. Even when I

thought he'd reached his limit, he kept coming, and I whimpered in surprise.

"So big," I moaned, "so hot."

He grinned. "So tight."

Finally he stopped, all the way in me at last. I licked my lips, staring at him as he stood between my thighs. He caught my calves and lifted them to rest on his shoulders, and then he began to thrust. I twisted.

I was no virgin, of course, but the Earl had been nothing like this. Such size... It was almost painful, being filled so deeply. I wished he would give me his mouth again.

But then, as I lay there, feeling the slow, careful stoking of his great rod, a strange pleasure stole over me until my hips rocked. He'd already gone on much longer than my husband ever had, and the pleasure to be found in his thrusts was a delightful surprise. My breathing roughened and I gasped as he circled his hips.

As if I'd given him a signal, he picked up his pace until he was lunging hard against me, grinding his hips into the cradle of mine, tormenting my pearl into a blaze. He leaned closer as he rode me until his face was inches from my breasts. Hungrily he licked at me, eyes locked on mine. Unable to stop myself, I threaded my hands into his mane, twisting them as his relentless thrusts seared through me.

"Give to me," he rumbled. "Come. Come with a beast's prick pounding in your cunt. Now."

And he rammed as deeply as he could go.

I screamed as the waves of my orgasm pulsed through me. He roared.

Putting my back into it, I hauled the bucket out of the well. The castle yard was abnormally quiet around me – but then, the entire castle was abnormally quiet for a structure of such size. The only servants in

residence were a forbidding cook and a couple of timid maids. There was also a very brawny footman who gave me looks I didn't care for.

Bucket in hand, I straightened to look out the portcullis. Beyond it I could see the long, rocky slope the castle sat upon, rolling down to the shadowed tree line of the forest.

Suddenly I yearned for the still darkness out there with an intensity that made me grit my teeth.

But I knew better. There'd be no freedom for me. I'd take my bucket inside the castle and later I'd present myself to milord in his bedchamber where, once again, he'd shoot me to the heights of pleasure and the depths of shame. With my willing – nay, eager – participation.

I was no better than a slut.

I thought of the shame my father would feel if he knew, thought of the stain I brought to our family with my wantonness. I'd been raised better. Yet, when the Beast touched me, I forgot family and pride and God in the headlong rush to pleasure.

I grew aware that I still stared longingly at the forest. In that moment, a bitter need surged within me to rush out into the trees, to run from my own hunger and milord's too-skillful hands.

If I stayed here, I'd become his slave in spirit as well as fact.

I started running for the portcullis before I even knew what I was about, my slippers quick on the stones, the homespun skirts of my working clothes fluttering about me.

I knew I risked his rage, but I had no choice. I could not remain to become a whore to a Beast, no matter how deliciously seductive.

Huddled against the rough bark of the tree at my back, I peered out into the darkness and suspected I'd made a huge mistake.

In my haste and impulsiveness, I'd neglected to bring food or money for the journey, and my thin slippers were hardly the shoes to wear on a hike. But it was too late to turn back now.

I sighed and tried not to think about what Milord was likely doing at this moment. He probably knew I was gone, just as I knew he would not be pleased.

Crunch.

I lifted my head. Something moved through the brush. Something large. I fixed my eyes on the shaft of moonlight cutting through the trees and stared, my heart pounding. It was the Beast; I knew it was the Beast. And he would be so angry with me.

Why did I find that thought intriguing?

A shadowed man-shape stepped out of the brush, moved forward into the light. Small, piggy eyes stared at me out of a whiskered face, and a grin gaped, revealing rotten teeth. "Well, lads," he said, "what 'ave we 'ere?"

As I stared at him in growing terror, three others stepped out of the darkness. All were dressed in mismatched rags, and all were dirty, with something vile in the eyes. It occurred to me that Cedric's story about my being killed by highwaymen might turn out to be more prophesy than lie.

I scarce had time to scream before they were upon me. My world became a muddle of horror; hard hands, breath stinking of ale and onions, rough fingers digging painfully into my breasts, my thighs, my wrists.

Shoved flat on the ground, black shadows over me, hurting me, a hand clamped over my mouth to stifle my hysterical screams. Cold air on my lower body, my skirt around my waist, a hardness poking me between my thighs. I tried to scream but couldn't, couldn't even breathe...

And then suddenly there were screams, hoarse with terror, cut off sharply. Screams not my own.

The shadows around me surged and rolled. Yet I was left huddled alone in the chill leaves, forgotten and quivering as the air filled with a horrible snarling.

Wolves, I thought. I knew I should run, but in my terror, I couldn't move.

Finally I managed to drag myself to my feet. My attackers had vanished. I whimpered in relief and gagged at the thick, fetid stink in the air. I wondered what on earth it was – until I saw the black human shapes on the ground.

The brassy smell choking me was blood.

One of the shadows stirred and rose to glide toward me. I took a hasty step back, a scream clawing for my throat.

Milord Beast stepped into the moonlight.

A wave of relief broke over me and I felt a helpless grin spread across my face. I took a half step toward him, holding out my arms in welcome.

His lips peeled back from his teeth. "I don't know why you're so relieved," he snarled. "Before the night's over, you may find yourself longing for the company of these bastards."

He'd brought chains.

"Apparently," Milord growled as he snapped the slave collar around my throat, "I made a serious mistake in taking this off you to begin with. Without it, you don't seem to appreciate your position."



I had never seen his anger before that moment, and it terrified me. A growl rumbled continuously in his throat, and his movements were short and rough. I was acutely aware of how small I was against his brawny height.

I sucked in my breath and drew on my failing courage. "Thank you for saving me from those peasants, Milord." I could barely hear my own voice, it had so little strength.

"I considered letting them have you," he snapped, "but I feared there'd be nothing left of you to punish."

With that, he turned and stalked off. Hands now chained behind my back, I stumbled after him, dragged by the leash he held. Somehow, I had to blunt his anger. "Please understand. I could do nothing else."

He whirled on me and I instinctively jumped back, almost falling as I hit the end of my tether. "I could have raped you," he said. "I thought about it. I could have fucked you without any consideration, but no, instead I saw to your pleasure before tending to my own. And you did experience pleasure, both times. Didn't you?"

I swallowed and told the truth. "Yes, milord."

"Indeed. The whole castle heard you screaming as you came. I thought we could... I even unchained you afterwards. And how did you reward me? You ran for the woods. You're lucky I didn't let them kill you."

I couldn't take it anymore. "Milord, I couldn't let you treat me as a whore!"

"You have no idea how a whore is treated!" His eyes narrowed and an unpleasant smile crossed his lips. "But you will."

I stumbled after milord's broad back as he stalked into his castle, my leash held tightly in his hand. He headed into the main hall, his steps long and angry as I scrambled behind.

I frowned, suddenly aware of strange sounds coming from the hall – loud slaps and gasps. Milord stopped so suddenly I almost collided with him. Cautiously, I peered past the powerful bulge of his biceps. And drew in a hard breath.

The footman sat in milord's chair, his shirt and coat discarded over the back of it. The firelight painted his muscular torso as his arm rose and fell, broad hand descending again and again on the naked bottom of the woman draped across his lap. She squirmed, her rump reddening under his steady smacks. I could see the thick blonde bush growing at the base of her belly, the lips of her vulva sprung apart by her bending posture.

Throwing her head back, she peered over her shoulder at the footman, her eyes bright, her cheeks as rosy as her bottom. "You've got ... AH! ... a hard ... hand, Jack! Ease off..."

"My hand isn't the only thing that's hard, May."

The next smack seemed to echo, and she kicked and screeched. "Oh, please, have mercy!"

"As if you wanted it," Jack snorted, and stopped spanking her long enough to plunge two fingers into her. "HA! You're hot as blood pudding, you little tart."

Outraged, I threw a look up toward Milord's face, expecting him to berate the lewd pair. Instead, he wore a half-smile I didn't care for at all.

I huffed and tried to look away, but my eyes soon slid back to the footman and his all-too-willing victim. Despite her energetic squirming, it seemed she sought to make her bottom more accessible to her captor's ringing smacks.

"As much as I hate to interrupt this charming scene, Jack," milord purred at last, "I have another occupation for your hard hand – and no doubt even harder cock."

"Milord!" Jack gasped, and jumped to his feet, dumping the unwary May in the floor. Gasping in outrage, she shot him a glare as he hastened to explain. "I was just disciplining this wench for allowing your slave to escape."

"I know what you were doing," Milord said dryly. "Come along, Jack. You too, May. I suspect I can find a use for you as well."

I struggled and kicked, writhing in the air, my protests muffled by the gag Jack had tied around my head. My ankles, circled by broad leather bands, were spread painfully wide and fastened to a long iron bar that hung from the dungeon ceiling. My wrists, similarly cuffed, were chained securely to the bands around my ankles.

It was a pose that bent me double and spread me open as I hung in the air, my mouth watering around the thick, cock-shaped gag that filled it. Knowing Jack and Milord leered at my helpless nudity, I felt my cheeks burn with fury and shame.

To avoid those hot, lecherous eyes, I peered as best I could around milord's "torture chamber."

The room itself was quite large, and dark, with torches smoking and sparking in stone wall sockets. Yet it appeared crowded from the stocks, posts and racks that stood in strategic spots, draped with chains and obviously ready for unwilling prisoners. Against one wall stood a long oak table that held sinister implements I strained anxiously to examine.

There was only one chair. More of a throne, really, big and well padded in leather. Milord occupied it, sprawled with one long leg dangling over the arm. May curled submissively at his feet, as naked as I, her breasts pressed to his booted legs. His breeches were unlaced and she played with his thick male organ in a lazy way. He had grown hard watching Jack struggle to bind me.

The footman gave one of the buckles a last tug, then turned toward his master. "She's ready, milord."

The Beast smiled as he looked from my bound, helpless body to Jack's eager grin. "Indulge yourself, Jack. But remember, I want to hear as many moans of pleasure as cries of pain."

Jack's blue eyes widened and he turned to stare at me. "You're going to let me...?"

"She needs to learn her place, Jack. And you're just the man to teach her."

My mouth went dry at the smile that spread over Jack's handsome peasant face. I tensed, bracing for his reaching hands...

Instead, he turned away. As I watched anxiously, Jack walked across the dungeon to that table with its sinister collection. Evidently the footman knew what he was looking for. He picked out a few objects and carried them back to me.

Turning to milord, he held up a piece of small gold jewelry. "Nimue's enchanted pincers."

"Good choice," said the Beast.

Jack turned to me and let me inspect the device he held. At first glance, it looked like a tiny lion's head with an open, roaring mouth. "Can you guess where this goes?"

I swallowed around the leather cock, very much afraid I did.

"No? Here's a hint." He reached toward my breast. I cringed back, but to no avail. He slid my pointed nipple into the lion's mouth. Instantly the tiny gold jaws clamped shut. I gasped.

"Nimue cast a spell on it," Jack explained, enjoying my reaction. "There ain't much in this castle that doesn't carry her enchantments."

"Including me," growled milord, and the footman winced at his blunder.

Then the tiny lion head began delicately chewing my nipple and I forgot everything else. Its teeth were not sharp enough for pain; a gentle glow of pleasure ignited in my breast.

Even as I shuttered my eyes in pleasure, Jack applied another pincer to my other breast. The footman licked his lips, eyes hot. "She's got pretty tits, don't she?"

"Yes," said milord. I looked up. His eyes, too, were locked on me. At his feet, May had taken his hardened organ into her mouth and was beginning to lick it in long, teasing strokes. The Beast's nostrils flared. I whimpered around my gag as the twin lions gnawed at their captive nipples.

Jack walked away to select among the objects on the table again. In a moment he returned with small clay jar and a long, cylindrical object. Carved of wood, it was covered in soft leather except for its head, which bore a crown of knobs. "Now, milady, you've had your pleasure. It's time for the pain," he purred.

I realized the object he held was a phallus.

Jack grinned. "Ah, lady, don't fear. I'll oil you proper." He bounced the clay jar in his other hand.

As I watched with widening eyes, he tucked the dildo under one arm and began to unscrew the lid.

Naive as I was, I didn't realize he planned another home for that sinister cock until he reached his oiled fingers for my virgin anus.

I whined around the gag as one thick finger worked its way into the tiny opening. Though I jerked and struggled in my bonds, all my efforts won me was burning ache in my limbs ... and molten stares from Jack and the Beast. I subsided sullenly, Jack's finger buried to the knuckle in my bottom.

"Don't stop now," said milord. "I do so enjoy the view – the way those long legs flex and that white rump quivers..."

"Oh, aye," murmured Jack. He gave the Beast a leering masculine grin. "Well, if it's struggles you want, I'll see she gives you plenty to watch." And with that, he jerked out of me to pour more oil on his long, thick fingers.

Again, I was subjected to the violation of my anus by his peasant hands, with two fingers this time. It was all I could do not to groan in pain and shame as he stroked them in and out.

"She's tight, milord," Jack said. "Seems to me if a man really wanted to tame her, fucking this little hole might be just the way to do it."

"It's occurred to me as well," said the Beast. "And that's precisely what I intend to do."

Jack's lecherous grin faded into disappointment. I realized he'd hoped to violate me himself.

I stared bitterly at milord, and he gazed back, eyes hard. Almost absently, he stroked May's blonde head as she eagerly serviced him with her mouth. The sucking, smacking noises she made sounded obscenely loud in the sudden silence, and I longed to tell her to perform more quietly, until the absurdity of the desire hit me. As if there was a decorous way to perform such a lewd act.

Milord's eyes narrowed, and I realized he'd read the condemnation in my gaze.

In the next breath, he made me pay for it. "Well? What are you waiting for, Jack?"

The footman instantly recovered his good humor and bent to peer at my bottom. I felt his rough hands spread my tender cheeks as he presented the knobbed phallus to my opening.

Then very slowly, he pressed the dildo into me, twisting his wrist so that the knobs stretched and scraped the tiny orifice. I writhed in pain, my body bouncing in my bonds as it entered inch by inch.

"Lick her," the Beast commanded.

Jack looked up the contorted length of my body and smiled into my eyes. Then he lowered his head and gave my pearl a long swipe of his tongue. I sucked in a breath.

Licking and nibbling my wet lower lips and hard pearl with wicked skill, Jack twisted the phallus as he buried it inside me until that knobby head tortured my back channel.

I moaned around the gag, caught between the pleasure of his tongue and the pain of the penetration. To add to my shame, the pincers still worked my nipples, casting a hot and evil spell on my helpless body. It hurt; God, how it hurt, and yet...

I should find no pleasure at all in this. None. No decent woman would. And yet Jack's mouth was skilled and warm, and the pincers opened and closed so gently, even as the knobbed phallus violated me in a place never intended for entry.

Desperately I sought to distract myself by turning my eyes toward milord. He had fisted one hand in May's hair and used the grip to guide her as she licked and nibbled at his great shaft. Her skin looked very white and naked against his black fur. Powerful muscles rippled up and down his torso as he rocked his hips against her face.

His organ looked so very long and thick, and I remembered his vow to occupy the space now being violated by the dildo. He was even thicker than its agonizing width...

"That's it, Jack," he purred suddenly. "Ream that white arse of hers. Make the highborn bitch plead for mercy. She thinks I treated her so badly – give her something to compare my kindness to. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

His handsome lips curled back revealing fangs as he grabbed May's head with both hands and held her still for his hard thrusts. His back arched and I gasped in surprise as she seemed to take every inch of him down her throat. The Beast roared out his pleasure...

Just then, Jack discovered the right place to tease with his evil tongue and I felt the first long ripples of climax begin deep in my body. The twin lions' heads bit down sharply, and the footman drove the phallus home with a single, brutal thrust.

And I followed my master into degraded ecstasy.

The room was still except for labored gasps. I fought to suck in enough air through my nose, the phallic gag still impaling my mouth. Milord reclined, sated, in his seat as May caressed his furry testicles.

Jack was watching me with greedy eyes. A huge erection bulked within his tight trousers. He cast a wary look at milord, then leaned over to pick up the last of the toys he'd chosen from the table earlier. At first I took it for a bone hairpin until he slipped the U shaped object around the hood of my clit.

I gasped and stiffened as the tiny thing began to tighten and release my sensitive flesh. Another of Nimue's bewitched toys, I thought, squirming. Perverse bitch.

Jack smiled down into my eyes, then cast a quick look at our master and began quickly unbuttoning his trousers.

"Time for something else, I think," said the Beast. "Get the cane, Jack."

The footman's handsome mouth twisted into a grimace and he reluctantly buttoned his fly. I, however, was too frightened to gloat.

I had reason to be. Jack went back to the table against the back wall, and when he returned, he carried a short, whippy rod in one hand.

Eyes widening, I looked through my spread thighs at him. He grinned, set his booted feet apart and drew back a muscled arm. The cane whistled as it arched down and slashed across the cheeks of my rump. I fought not to squeal at its bite.

"Oh, yesssss," said milord. "That was nice. Again."

Jack's blue eyes glittered as he stared at my bottom and took aim again. His second stroke made me bounce in my bonds. I heard my master purr in pleasure. The third blow was lighter than the previous two, barely a sting. Several more followed, similarly light. Light enough, in fact, that I became aware of the movement of the device around my pearl and the pincers that still nibbled at my breasts. And the



Beast's green eyes, fixed on my twitching bottom.

Then Jack slashed the crop down hard enough to make me squeal behind my gag. The next one was barely a tap, and the next...

And so it went until I writhed in the air, caught somewhere between Nimue's magical devices and Jack's crop, delight and pain melding until I ceased to know which was which. All the while, Jack and the Beast watched me lustfully, and I could see their hungry organs lengthening and growing ever harder. At any moment, the footman was going to throw down that accursed crop and plunge his phallus into me...

I gasped and whimpered, twisting.

The next blow painted fire across my buttocks, a flame almost as hot as the one burning in my core.

The Beast surged to his feet. "That's enough, Jack."

The footman threw him a bitter look, but his brawny arm stopped its decent.

"You've served me well tonight," milord said. "And I imagine you've worked up quite a lust doing it. Take May to your quarters and enjoy yourself."

A broad grin spread across Jack's face. "Oh, aye." He tossed down his crop, then strode over and grabbed the naked blonde by the forearm. "Come, my girl. I've got plans for your arse now." He swung her over his shoulder and sauntered for the stairs. The heavy door banged shut behind him.

The Beast moved across the room on silent feet, then paused to stare intently at my reddened bottom. "You know," he said almost casually, "I think Jack has the right of it. Fucking your arse is just the way to bring you to heel."

I stared up at my master, my breath caught in my throat. Nimue's infernal devices and Jack's ruthless crop had ignited a fire in me, and I would be more than happy to feel the Beast's thick shaft – anywhere

but where he intended to put it. He took a step closer and I cringed.

He grinned at my instinctive fear, visibly enjoying my helplessness as I hung there with my wrists bound to my calves. He stepped in close, reaching for my cheeks to pry them apart with his strong hands. His fingers felt very warm against my skin, even still burning as it was from Jack's cane.

Idly, the Beast flicked at my pearl, causing Nimue's toy to pulse against it until I couldn't contain my whimpers. Milord smiled at the sound and reached for the laces of his breeches.

A moment later, his massive cock bobbed in the air, its single eye seeming fixed on my bottom. I tensed myself, bracing for his thrust.

Instead, the Beast lifted his fingers from my pearl and traced them through my damp flesh, down toward the opening he lusted for. Claws retracted, he tickled it, then delicately began to work his forefinger into my anus, still well greased from the use Jack had put it to earlier.

I snorted in pain behind my phallic gag, but could do nothing to dissuade him as he continued to burrow up my tight channel. Finally, in up to the knuckle, he paused, then began stroking in and out. I swallowed.

"MMMMmm," he rumbled. "I've been looking forward to this since Cedric stripped you in front of me."

I made a protesting sound.

"Come now, Brianne. Surely you were expecting this." He pushed the finger in more deeply still, illustrating his point. "What's the point of owning a slave if you don't bugger her?" Smiling almost benevolently, he took his hand away and caught his organ with it. I moaned, remembering how Jack's artificial phallus had felt, the treacherous pain and pleasure of it.

Then the head of the Beast's big staff butted my anus and I knew I was totally helpless to save myself.

Milord entered me slowly, ruthless and relentless. His green eyes glittered triumphantly down into mine,

and he watched my face hungrily as he sank into my tight channel. I shivered, feeling how thick he was, how hot. It felt as though my bottom could not possibly withstand his assault.

Suddenly, he reached up with one hand and I cringed as his claws flashed. But he did nothing worse than cut the buckles that held my gag in place. I spat it out, my tongue feeling thick and dry – almost as thick as the huge shaft that filled me.

Milord paused, his hips cradled between my spread legs. "Care to plead?" He sounded almost pleasant.

"Would it..." I stopped and licked my lips. "Would it do any good?"

"No, but I'd love to hear it anyway." He began to withdraw with the same agonizing slowness he'd used to enter.

"Forgive me ... if I don't oblige you," I grunted.

"Quite all right." He grinned, showing fangs that reminded me to watch what I said.

I subsided – and became aware of the pincers that were once more gnawing my breasts. Milord's pelvis rubbed Nimue's toy across my pearl, sending streamers of heat twining along my nerves. Arousal re-ignited in my core, stoked in some strange alchemy by the Beast's big shaft. I shifted under him and the movement teased my pearl, made his shaft torment my anus in a new and dizzying way. I gasped.

"That's it," said Milord, watching me closely. "Give in to it. Learn to like it. Feel my cock in your tight little arse, fucking it. You can't stop me. You might as well surrender to it. Because you're mine whether you like it or not, and I'm going to bugger you whenever the mood hits me."

It felt good when he pulled out of me. There was something so arousing about it, about that big phallus withdrawing and driving deep. It hurt, yes, when he thrust his shaft into me; I felt so stretched, so stuffed ... but when he withdrew, his cock sparked pleasure deep in my core.

So it alternated, shuttling me back and forth between agony and delight, faster and faster, as the Beast's nostrils flared and he began to ride me harder and still harder. Until he lunged against me in long,

brutal thrusts as I bounced in the air, gasping at each buggering dig, at the endless upward spiral of ecstasy he'd caught me in.

Until I hit the top of it. Closing my eyes, I screamed out my climax.

"Oh, yessssss," said the Beast. And a moment later, he filled my bottom with his cream.

## THE BEAST'S STORY

Brianne hung in her chains, the elegant white curve of her rump exposed to my appreciative eyes. How delicious it was, thrusting my hard flesh into the tiny clenching hole between her cheeks, feeling her helpless muscles fighting my advance. Her great blue eyes stared up at me as I forced my way deeper, wild with pain and fear ... and the slow, hot spark of desire. Who'd have guessed such a haughty bitch capable of such passion? Of such complete surrender to a Beast?

Unfortunately, that surrender is not enough. Not if I am to break Nimue's spell.

I can still remember the witch's taunting voice the day she laid her enchantment: "You think yourself such a master of women. You think yourself too good for the likes of me. Well, see what luck you have without that handsome face. Only one way may you break my spell: by bringing a beautiful noblewoman to submission until she willingly embraces your mastery."

Typical of her. Nimue always was obsessed with slaves and masters ... or mistresses.

When Cedric brought Brianne to me, I thought her a gift from the God I no longer believed in. Then, after she responded to my caresses with such eagerness, I tried to free her from her chains, in hopes

she'd prove her willingness to submit. I was a fool. Such a beauty will not yield herself easily.

Obviously, I must take more drastic steps.

I continued in my campaign to teach Brianne submission in the days that followed. To my delight and her discomfort, she proved a very good pupil. In time, she came to quiver with anticipation every time I pulled her across my lap for a spanking or chained her to the bed for a session of erotic punishment. Her body knew that each flick of pain would be followed by nibbles and caresses that slowly built, driving her irresistibly to climax. True, she fought her reactions, but the power of her own body overwhelmed her will. I saw her surrender a bit more each day.

But she wasn't the only one who surrendered. There was something addictive about mastering Brianne, about watching her react to my mouth and hands and cock. I made her wanton, even as she fought me. In time I was motivated less by a desire to break the spell than the need to have Brianne, over and over, in every way that occurred to me.

Then came the day I reaped what I had sown.

I sat in the great chair in my bedchamber with Brianne and Jack at my feet. Her wrists bound to her ankles, Jack held her helpless in his arms, back arched, her full, pretty white breasts thrust upward. My slave's long, auburn hair cascaded across the footman's arms and over his thighs, and her eyes were closed, white teeth biting her full lower lip.

Staring into her face, I dripped another drop of candle wax on her nipples and she flinched. Yet I could see traces of arousal on her face and knew she reacted to the harness holding two dildos buried between her legs. The phalli, being enchanted, twisted and thrust inside her, bringing her ever closer to climax.

I grinned and tipped the candle again, watching as another molten drop joined the wax hardening on her nipples.

The wax wasn't the only thing growing stiff.

I tried to decide how to take her this time. I could smell her arousal, so I knew she'd be deliciously wet.

On the other hand, I'd been making progress on teaching her to enjoy being sodomized, and the idea of giving her another lesson was very tempting...

"Well," said an all-too-familiar voice, "I see you're diligently trying to escape my spell."

Looking up, I saw Nimue standing in front of the fire, her red hair blazing in its light, a snarl on her pretty lips. Her long black gown, sown with astrological symbols, was cut to make the most of her small breasts.

"You're a beast, Ardolf Greycastle," she snarled, "and I'm going to make sure you stay that way."

### Brianne's Story

One minute I lay pinned in Jack's arms while Milord dripped wax on my hard nipples and twin enchanted dildos thrust inside me.

The next I stood halfway across the room, free and bewildered. The Beast now knelt in front of a tall, redheaded woman I'd never seen before. He was naked, and I saw with a shock that thick, silver chains bound his arms behind his back, wrists lashed to elbows.

"Nimue, you bitch..." he snarled, and I stared, realizing that the redhead must be the sorceress who'd enchanted him.

"Be still, Ardolf," the witch snapped, and milord's fangs snapped closed. He strained silently against his chains, but she ignored him, turning instead toward me. I fought the impulse to take a step back, and instead made a quick sign against evil.

"You're a pretty one," Nimue said, not sounding at all pleased. "I see why he's so besotted with you. And I see he's made you suffer these past days."

Automatically I started to deny it, then closed my mouth. Why should I defend him? He'd given me as much shame as desire, pain as delight.

She smiled thinly. "Indeed. And not only has he tormented you, he's made you enjoy it. And you a noblewoman, a lady from a distinguished line."

How did she know that?

Nimue lifted a long finger and traced the gold embroidery covering her black gown. "I know a great many things, Lady Brianne. I know, for example, that you'd like nothing better than revenge."

I tossed back my hair. "And why should I not?"

Her smile was lupine. "No reason, milady. No reason at all." She began to pace around me and I turned cautiously to follow her, keenly aware of my nakedness. "I could help you achieve that revenge you so crave."

"Why?"

"Blunt, aren't you? Because it suits me. You've been humiliated, as I have been humiliated. And we are both the victims of one man." She paused and sent milord a long look. He peeled his lips back from his sharp teeth.

"What do you have in mind?"

Nimue turned back to me and one corner of her mouth kicked up in triumph. "Justice, my dear. An eye for an eye. You do unto him as he's done unto you."

I looked toward the Beast, who knelt by the fire, looking huge, handsome ... and dangerous, despite his chains. It was, I admit, an interesting proposition. "What do you have in mind?"

"Why don't we start simply, Lady Brienne? He put a leash on you, so you may put one on him." And with that, she reached into one of her bell sleeves and pulled out a length of chain attached to a gold band.

I took it from her long fingers and studied it curiously. The little collar was no more than three inches across. "I don't think it will fit him."

She laughed, high and musically. "It doesn't go around his throat, you silly child."

The light dawned. "You jest."

"Indeed I do not. Would you like to put it on him?"

I looked back at him. For one of the few times I can remember seeing him naked, his staff lay limp between his thighs. "In his present mood, I doubt it will stay on him."

"Oh, that. I can remedy that situation." And she traced a complicated sign in the air.

Milord's phallus began to lengthen. In seconds, he was as thick and hard as he'd been when Nimue put in her appearance.

I grinned wickedly and sauntered over to him. He bared his teeth at me and I stopped short, uncertain.

Nimue made another gesture. He froze.



Bending to him, I took the great, hard length of his staff in my hand, then slipped the golden collar around its dark head. Backing away, I pulled the chain taut. The Beast roared in startled pain, and I jumped.

Nimue had drifted up to my shoulder. "The collar," she purred in my ear, "has teeth."

I froze, eyes wide as I stared into the rage in his. Despite everything, I did not want to hurt him.

But he'd hurt me. And enjoyed it. Stiffening my resolve, I tugged again, but more gently. Milord, eyes blazing, heaved himself to his feet.

"Let's take him to the dungeon, shall we?" said Nimue. "Lead the way, milady."

Turning, I drew my master after me by his rigid cock.

So it was that I found myself back in the dungeon, but this time, I was to watch and enjoy.

I sat in the chair milord Beast had so often occupied when I was punished. Jack crouched at my feet, stroking the inside of my thighs as Nimue had ordered. He looked fearful. I shifted in my chair as it occurred to me that, since the witch evidently meant to free me, I should get up and leave rather than participate further.

Then I saw my former master pulling at his chains, the muscles in his broad back working as he faced the wall he was bound to, and I settled back against the velvet cushions. I could not resist the opportunity to see him being forced to take the treatment he'd so often meted out to me.

"Ah, here we are!" said Nimue as she turned away from the wide table that held the toys and devices my master had used on me. She held a long, supple riding crop in one hand, slashing it in the air to produce an evil swish. The Beast threw a narrow, green-eyed look at her over his thick shoulder.

Grinning, I found myself wondering if perhaps Nimue would let me do the honors.

Evidently not. Nimue sauntered toward him, swaying her hips, trailing one finger down her deep cleavage. Suddenly, without warning, she raised the crop and brought it down in a brutal swipe. It struck him with a muffled whap.

He didn't even jump, instead eyeing her hotly.

She rocked back on her heels and frowned. "I see that thick fur affords you some protection. Well, let's see how you do with this." And she gestured at the crop. Light flashed along its length and I blinked and looked closer. The crop had sprouted serrated metal teeth.

Nimue lifted it over the Beast's broad back.

"NO!" I gasped.

This time, he did jump as the crop slashed down across his spine, but he made no sound.

"Nimue, you're going to injure him!"

"Of course. He has to bleed." She threw me a narrow look, mouth tight with displeasure. "Nothing else gets through to him. Jack, give her something else to think about."

Instantly Jack pushed my legs apart and began to lap between them, much as he had on other occasions. This time though, I felt no heat. "Stop it!" I hissed, pushing at his forehead as Nimue's crop bit into milord's back.

"Don't be a fool," Jack hissed back. "Do ye want 'er to turn you into somethin'?"

Eyes still fixed on my suffering master, I saw a movement down his broad back. Bright red, trickling through milord's black fur. Blood. "No! Nimue, stop!"

She ignored me, her eyes blazing as she flogged him.

I watched helplessly, cringing at the steady swish and WHAP beating an evil rhythm until the fur on his wide back shone red and matted. I felt ill. Writhing, I fought Jack's hold, but he half crawled into the chair with me and bore his body down on mine to stifle my struggles.

The horror I felt surprised me. Milord had enslaved me, chained and tormented me, sodomized and forced me, and yet watching Nimue beat him was agonizing. For looking into her set face, her fixed, cold eyes, I knew she meant to kill him, and the thought of his death left a great ache in me.

I knew I was a fool to feel that way. I should rejoice in his fate, in the prospect of freedom it brought me, but I felt no joy. Instead I remembered the pleasure he'd given me with his tongue, with his hands, the feel of his strong, hot body moving against mine, driving his shaft into my core with liquid strokes. And the look on his face at those times, the hunger that was more than sexual. As if he needed something from me even he didn't understand.

Even in his deepest rage, when I'd tried to escape him, he hadn't been able to bring himself to truly hurt me.

And now Nimue would certainly kill him.

Deep in my soul there rose a silent scream of protest as I saw his great body arch in agony under Nimue's vicious blow, then suddenly go limp.

The witch threw down her crop in disgust. "He's unconscious, the useless lout. Well, I'll get no pleasure out of him now. Jack, come here."

Such cold fear stole over the footman's handsome face, I felt a spurt of pity for him, though he'd never

been my ally. Reluctantly, he pulled himself off me and went to meet Nimue.

"Down on the floor!" she barked at him, and he obeyed, a quiver of terror rolling through him.

Nimue tossed up her skirts and mounted the footman like a horse, grabbing his limp shaft with one hand and aiming it toward her opening. I heard her mutter a spell and he hardened even as she drove herself down over him. Ruthlessly, the witch began to ride the hapless footman, grinding her pelvis hard against his, her face contorted with lust and hate. Her eyes, black in the torchlight, were locked on milord's bloodied back.

Nimue's rhythmic gasps and grunts filled the dungeon as she drove hard on Jack, seeking her climax ruthlessly. She shut her eyes, grimacing, and I saw my chance. Quickly I rose and slipped toward milord, hanging limp in his chains.

"Beast," I hissed. No response. "Master!"

He stirred, lifted his head at last. His great green eyes opened and fought to focus on me. "Brienne ... Brienne ... what're you...?" His words were slurred, barely audible over Nimue's obscene grunts.

"Thank God!" I crossed myself and sidled closer. "I thought she'd killed you!"

"Give her ... time." His lips twitched, then he sucked in a breath of pain.

I stole a look at the witch. Jack was arching under her, his hands clamped over her small breasts. "How can I help you, milord?" "Get you ... gone. She'll kill ... you."

He was right. I knew that, knew I should slip away while she was distracted by Jack and the Beast. But it wasn't in me to leave him. "No. I can't let her kill you, milord. Isn't there something we can do?"

It seemed his eyes sharpened, focused for the first time since Nimue had begun to flog him. "You mean that. You'd help me?" I lifted my chin. "Yes."

He studied me, blinking hard, obviously fighting the dizziness of blood loss.

"There is a way," said milord at last. "It will be..." The Beast stopped to gasp in a painful breath. "...very dangerous."

"Anything is better than waiting for Nimue to decide to turn her magic on me," I told him stoutly.

He stared at me intently and I saw doubt and fear and hope do battle in his green eyes. Finally he nodded his maned head and spoke quickly, his voice low and harsh with pain. "Very well. In my library you will find a..." He stopped to gasp, then visibly forced himself

through his pain to continue. "...a small porcelain statue of kissing lovers. Turn it over and look at its base. You'll see a small raised square. Pry the square off. There's a vial inside the statue. That vial contains a potion that can strip a witch of her powers forever – if it is poured over an open cut in her skin. You must somehow inflict the wound and pour it on Nimue."

I frowned. "That's no small problem."

"No." He looked at Nimue, still fucking Jack. I watched the hope drain from his eyes. "It's too great a risk. She'll kill you, and I would not see you die. Leave me."

"And abandon you to be tortured to death? Nay." Ignoring his frustrated growl, I turned to watch Nimue, hoping she'd still be engrossed in Jack. Indeed, she looked on the verge of coming. I knew I'd have no better chance and slunk toward the door.

"Lady Brianne!" It was the witch's voice, sharp and hard. I stopped and bit back a curse. "Milady?"

"Where do you go?" She gazed at me suspiciously, frozen on top of Jack.

Could she read my mind? No, else I'd be dead. Still, I told part of the truth. "The library, milady. There are ... belongings of mine there I wish to retrieve."

Beneath her, Jack stared at me, then flicked a look at Milord. His eyes widened in comprehension and I realized he knew about Beast's enchanted potion.

One of his hands moved up to Nimue's buttocks and pinched her viciously. "Ride, women! I want to come!"

Instantly, the witch forgot me and snapped a glare down at Jack. He whitened. "You forget yourself, peasant," she purred, and rose from him. "Evidently, you need a lesson in keeping your place."

I slipped up the stairs while she chained him to the wall.

As I climbed, I heard his first scream. Cringing, I began to run.

The glass vial was exactly where milord had said it would be, and I was soon on my way back down the dungeon steps with it clutched in my hand.

I found Jack writhing in chains, a horrible, strangled sound bubbling between his lips. Nimue was lashing a riding crop across his loins, paying especial attention to the cock she must have been keeping erect by magic.

Licking my dry lips, I wondered how I was going to cut her. How deep did the wound have to be? Could I scratch her with my nails? Was there something at the table I could use?

Cautiously I edged toward it, fighting to ignore the footman's cries. The table was a massive affair built of scared oak, and its surface was littered with various whips, clamps, gags, dildos, and other things I had no name for.

My attention was caught by a phallus in a leather harness that was apparently intended to hold it around the wearer's hips. The dildo was made of wood and leather, like others I'd had used on me, but unlike them, it was studded with short spikes. I imagined the lethal agony the device would inflict, and shuddered in horror.

"Well now – that's an idea," purred the witch in my ear.

I jumped and stared at her wildly. She still held the crop in one hand. Behind her, Jack was limp, unconscious.

Nimue picked up the harness and its demon phallus. My flesh went icy as I wondered if she intended to use it on me.

"He fucked you up the arse, didn't he?" the witch asked suddenly. I blinked at her numbly as a roaring sound filled my ears.

She smiled a terrible smile. "How would you like to return the favor?" And she held up the spiked dildo.

"No!" I backed away, shaking my head.

"Oh, come now, Lady Brianne," Nimue said, following me with the demonic phallus held by the harness. "Surely you haven't lost your taste for vengeance."

"My lord may have tormented me, but he was never vicious. And he saw to it that I found pleasure in what he did." I stopped, surprised I'd said it. But it was true. I had enjoyed it on some dark level. Even the pain. For a moment I felt a spurt of shame, then pushed the thought away. I had to save my Beast.

Nimue's lush mouth tightened and she made a sweeping gesture.

And the phallus was harnessed around my hips. I stared down at its lethal jut in horror, then automatically reached to unbuckle the straps.

"You realize, don't you," the witch said coldly, "that if I so wish it, you will fuck him like a rabbit. It would be much better for you if you do it of your own will."

I stared at her, feeling sick. "No," I said, fighting to keep my voice level.

"I'd never have guessed you such a coward, Nimue," said the Beast, his voice clear and cold.

She forgot me, whirling to stalk up to him with narrowed, snapping eyes. "You dare call me a coward? You, who were too afraid of Jovas to marry me?"

The Beast's lips moved in a sneering smile. "I didn't fear Jovas. I just didn't like the ugliness in you."

Her eyes widened. Then she whirled toward me and threw her arms out, and I knew, with gut-knotting horror, that she was about to bewitch me into sodomizing milord with the dildo.

But Nimue miscalculated. One long hand flew out past the Beast's face as she gestured. Quick as a blink, he sank his fangs into her wrist.

The witch howled in agony, grabbing her forearm and staring down at the wound in shock. I flew toward her, seeing my chance. "Here, let me help!" She allowed me to take her forearm.

And I broke the vial over it, spilling the scarlet potion over it like blood.

"Bitch!" Nimue screamed and threw me away. "I'll see you burn for that, you highborn trollop!" And she drew a complex sign in the air.



Nothing happened.

The Beast laughed. Suddenly the air was full of smoke and light, and I heard a high, hopeless scream that could only be Nimue.

When the smoke cleared, a tall blond man stood beside my master. He was handsome and broad-chested, and there was such an aura of power about him that I longed to drop to one knee.

"Well met, Ardolf Greycastle!" the man said, grinning wolfishly at my master.

"And you, Jovas," milord said, smiling back with all his teeth. "I gather you've come for your new property."

The blond turned his lupine smile toward Nimue, who cringed from him in horror. "Indeed I have." He moved toward her, stalking, and she backed away. "So, witch ... I hear you've been very, very bad. You know what happens to naughty little girls, don't you?"

"Bastard!" screeched Nimue, which was exactly the wrong thing to say.

Jovas laughed and grabbed her hair in one big hand, then snatched her nose to nose with him. She screeched again as she rose on her toes. "Now, that's no way to talk to your master, little slave."

"No!" She flailed at him. "I'll be no slave!"

"Oh, yes, you will. You've no powers to protect you now; your shield is gone. You're mine." Those last words were delivered in a purr to rival milord's. Jovas' big hand tightened, forcing the witch inexorably to her knees. Then he looked up toward my master. "This is a grand day, Ardolf Greycastle. One I've hungered for. Would you care to savor it with me?"

The Beast's smile made my blood chill. "Oh, aye. I would, at that."

Jovas gestured, and for a moment I was blinded as light burst in the room. When my sight cleared, Jack and milord were free, and thankfully, uninjured, their wounds healed.

That done, the sorcerer turned and dragged Nimue toward milord's great chair. He fell into it and dragged her across his lap.

Over the sound of tearing fabric as Jovas did away with Nimue's gown, I asked my master, "Who is he?"

"A very great wizard," said milord, sounding darkly pleased. He moved up behind me and took my breasts in both hands. "He's had a yen for Nimue for years, but she would never yield to him. And he is hardly the sort to submit to a woman's whim. She managed to keep him from her with a magical shield, but when you doused her with the potion, the spell collapsed. Now she's at his mercy."

And it was rapidly evident he had none. As we watched, the wizard began to pound her bottom with his broad, hard palm. She kicked and screamed, cheeks reddening under each hard smack, the firm, rounded flesh shuddering. Jovas watched her naked rump with hot, lustful eyes, a wide grin on his face. Jack moved up beside us to watch, his eyes burning with cruel enjoyment of his tormentor's punishment.

My master squeezed my nipples and I gasped, feeling my own arousal grow. I began to understand why the Beast took such delight in spanking me as I watched her kick and squirm.

I wasn't the only one who appreciated the view. Milord's cock grew thick and hot against my back with every smack.

The air rang with Nimue's howls of protest, the sound competing with the loud slaps of Jovas' hand. Her naked breasts quivered against his legs.

They would, I knew, be merciless with her. My own hot anticipation of her punishment astonished me almost as much as the quiver of envy I felt.

My master rolled and squeezed my nipples and I groaned, watching as Jovas pounded Nimue's bottom. I could see her sex, red furred and pouting, flashing as her long legs kicked.

Suddenly, Jovas stopped and jerked Nimue to her feet. I felt a twinge of disappointment that the display was over.

Then I forgot it as Jovas pushed her to the stone floor and pounced on her, sucking and nibbling her nipples. She pounded at his shoulders, but he ignored her struggles, squeezing her breasts, reaching down between her legs with the other hand to find her sex. Nimue cursed and bit at him, and I saw him lift his head to murmur something. A spell, apparently; light flared, and when it faded, the witch was still, as if wrapped in invisible chains. Milord slipped a hand down and began to caress my dampening flesh.

Jovas' tongue looked very long and red as he licked the witch's nipples until they grew into blushing points. His hand, stroking steadily, slid along her petals with increasing ease and speed, as if she grew wet under his demanding attentions. He murmured again and his robes disappeared in a flash of light, revealing a body as long, muscular and hard as any knight's.

I stared in fascination at his muscular rump as he lifted himself and pressed his body between Nimue's slender legs. His hips lifted, slid downward, and for a moment I could see his thick staff as he sheathed it in Nimue.

Jovas went to work over her, his muscular body rising and falling on her white, helpless one. Sweat rolled between his shoulder blades. I grew very hot.

Suddenly he rolled, bringing Nimue on top of him without missing a stroke. He craned his head around to look at us, then grabbed the witch's bottom and pulled her cheeks apart in lewd invitation.

Instead of answering Jovas' inviting gesture, milord grabbed my shoulders and turned me to face him. Applying gentle pressure, he forced me to my knees. Knowing what he intended, I grinned and took his staff into my mouth, rolling my tongue over it to coat it thoroughly in salvia. He thrust his hips against my face and I moaned, knowing what he intended to do to Nimue once I had his organ well-lubricated.

It occurred to me as I sucked him that I shouldn't be participating with such enthusiasm in the witch's humiliation. Then again, I also knew what she would have done to me if we had not defeated her, and I could not escape the feeling that she was getting no more than she deserved. I sucked my master even

harder.

At last milord pulled free of my mouth and strode toward Nimue and Jovas. Between her legs, I could see the wizard's organ moving in and out of her in long strokes. I swallowed.

Then milord covered her, and I could see only a tangle of legs and the Beast's black furred rump, rising over them. I heard a long, feminine groan and knew he'd entered Nimue's anus.

I licked my lips and cut my eyes toward Jack, feeling such desperate hunger that I wanted to beg the footman to take me. Instead, he left my side and crossed to the tangle of bodies. I saw him kneel facing them, then lift Nimue's head by the hair and aim his phallus for her mouth. His fist tightened, dragging her onto his cock.

Rolling his head on his shoulders in pleasure, he used his grip on her head guide her back and forth as he fucked her throat.

My nipples burned, and I could feel a steady trickle of wetness filling my core. It was too easy to imagine what she felt, filled by the three cocks of her captors, the smooth burning strength of each of them thrusting in and out of her. I wanted one of them to take me. Now.

But they were too busy revenging themselves on the witch, so at last, in frustration, I went to milord's throne and threw myself into it. Hooking one leg over the arm, I began to caress my own wet flesh.

From where I sat on the throne, I could see how they held her helpless between them. Jovas arched under her, forcing her to ride his grinding hips, even as my master covered her, thrusting against the taut curve of her rump. Nimue shuddered as they pounded into her, but she couldn't protest even if she wanted to with her mouth stuffed with Jack's shaft.

Holding her head immobile with both hands now, he hunched against her face, fucking her throat ruthlessly. I wondered if she could breathe, but judging from the flare of her nostrils, she was evidently managing it somehow.

I shivered and stroked my own breast with one hand, slipping the other down between my legs. It was

incredibly arousing, watching them take her. My cream slid hot and thick between my lips.

For a moment it occurred to me that I had fallen far under milord's ownership. He'd made me forget my high birth and ancient name, until I cared for nothing but the heat he made me feel.

But in truth, it was not as if my blue blood had ever done a damn thing for me but get me married to a doddering old man with a greedy son. This was pleasure. It was, in fact, more than most women ever found.

As I watched, swirling a forefinger through my soaking heat, I imagined milord's huge shaft sliding out of Nimue's helplessly open bottom, then plunging in again. I remembered the way it had felt when he'd taken me that way and gasped, pinching my nipple hard in a spasm of desire.

For a moment it seemed she was trying to fight them – white flesh surged against strong hands – but they quelled her rebellion with no particular effort and went back to impaling her again. Their bodies slapped against hers harder now, faster, and I could almost feel three thick shafts ramming in and out of me. I plunged three fingers into myself as deeply as I could, strumming my pearl with my thumb.

As I watched, I heard her begin to moan around Jack's cock. The sound was more delight than suffering.

It seemed the witch had embraced her punishment.

Suddenly the Beast roared out that distinctive sound he makes when he climaxes, and he stiffened, driving deep. At almost the same moment, Jovas' spine arched, lifting both Nimue and my master clear of the ground. Nimue made a muffled sound around Jack's organ, and the footman gasped.

The tangle of sweaty sex that was Nimue, Jack, Jovas and milord collapsed. Bare strokes away from my own climax, I groaned in frustration.

Milord was the first to pick himself up from the huddle, one hand going to the base of his spine as he stretched his back. Jack was next up, grinning with the satisfaction of his revenge.

Then at last, Jovas stood, lifting Nimue and slinging her over his shoulder, naked and limp. He gestured, and for a moment the dungeon was illuminated in a blaze of light. When it faded, he was dressed in his robes. Nimue, however, was still naked ... except for chains and a slave collar such as I had worn on more than one occasion lately.

The wizard held out a hand to milord, who took it, careful of his claws. "My thanks for your assistance, Lord Greycastle," Jovas said, very formally for a man who'd just helped his host rape a witch.

The Beast grinned at him with an astonishing number of teeth. "Believe me, it was my pleasure. I trust you'll keep your slave well-punished?"

Jovas grinned back, showing teeth of his own. "Count on it, Ardolf." He hesitated. "I wish I could break the bitch's curse for you, but I'm afraid she set it too well."

The Beast shrugged. "I know. You certainly gave it your best effort those months ago. On the other hand, the potion worked. I'll have to be satisfied with that."

The wizard's eyes slid to me as I sat, decorously bolt upright, in milord's chair. "Perhaps you'll be able to break your spell another way, milord."

The Beast looked at me, then glanced away. "I don't think so." His jaw tightened. "Punish the bitch well, Jovas."

The wizard leered. "Oh, I will. I'm feeling ... inspired."

Nimue lifted her head and I saw the flash of helpless acceptance on her face just before they disappeared.

"I hope," said Jack, "he whips the ass off her."

"I doubt it," said the Beast, sounding a little bitter. "He was always soft where she was concerned. That's why he didn't leave her with me."

Jack shrugged. "Too bad. Still, I'm sure he'll keep her busy..."

"No doubt. Get some sleep, Jack. I'm sure you need it." The Beast waved the footman toward the door and he lost no time finding it. The thick wooden slab slammed shut, leaving me alone with my master ... and a burning deep in my core.

I stared at the Beast hungrily, my nipples tingling, feeling a hot trickle deep within. Would he want to take me now, so soon after the witch? I thought it likely; he'd often astonished me with his stamina in the past. "Milord," I began softly, taking a step forward.

He looked away. "We'll get your clothes. I will provide you with a full purse for the road and summon some of the village men to provide you with an escort. You needn't worry about Cedric. I'll take care of him. And I'll see he gives you your inheritance."

I blinked, feeling I'd been dunked in ice water. "You're sending me away?"

"I'm freeing you."

"But ... but why?"

He looked at me, full on. There was pain in his eyes. "You saved my life tonight at considerable risk to your own. I can't continue to hold you."

I stared at him. Free. I'd be free again. Free to go back to my own castle, to my women and my tapestries. Free.

Free to be wedded again against my will to some old man. The young ones, after all, look for wealthy

widows or pretty young virgins, and I was neither.

"No."

"What?" he asked, astonished.

"If you feel any gratitude at all for me, you won't make me leave." I looked at the high, muscular arch of his chest, the width of his arms. "But ... I enslaved you. I took you."

"And I liked it." I remembered the feeling of his broad shaft sliding into me, his tongue flicking over my nipples ... even his hard hand hitting my rump. "You've given me more pleasure than I have ever known. I'd rather live as your slave than be free without you."

And he roared.

I jumped back as his back arched, then twisted like a gigged fish. He began to glow and it seemed his fur ignited.

I screamed in horror. I had killed him. This was the witch's revenge and I had somehow triggered it.

Fur crisped, burned, dropped away in hunks as he clawed at the air. His horns disappeared in a curl of flame and his claws went incandescent and disappeared. I began to scream for Jack, knowing he could do nothing, screamed for Jovas, knowing the wizard couldn't hear.

And then the flame was gone and the Beast fell to his knees. "Milord?"

He moaned. I rushed to him, but hesitated, reluctant to touch him. His skin looked so ... pink. But as I examined him, I realized there were no burns marring it.



"Beast?" I whispered.

He lifted his naked face and looked at me from eyes that shone with joy. "My name is Ardolf Greycastle," he said.

The fur had blunted the sharp, clean lines of his features, blurring his male beauty. I stared at him in wonder.

Then Ardolf stood up in a rush of hard muscle and human flesh, and I saw him for the first time truly naked. The sight made my mouth go dry. He looked a little shorter without the mane that had bulked around his head, but my head still came no higher than his breastbone. He was every inch the knight, powerful with thick muscle bred by swinging a sword and riding a war-horse.

His laugh was deep music as he snatched me against his chest. He felt so ... hard, without that cushion of fur around him. "That's twice I owe you, girl. Once for my life, again for breaking the spell."

The spell was broken? I brushed a cautious hand along his ribs, feeling bone and muscle and velvet skin. It was true. He was a man again. "Are you going to set me free?"

His eyes were just as green as I remembered, though they no longer glowed. "Not likely, slave. In fact, you have some atoning to do." His attempt at a growl was spoiled by his grin.

"Atoning?" I squeaked as he picked me up and carried me toward his throne.

"Aye. You dared put a leash, by God, on your master." He dropped into his chair. "And you wanted to see that witch take a crop to me. If anyone gets punished around here, girl, it's going to be you."

I sighed in pleasure, then lost my contentment in a screech as his broad, furless hand descended on my rump in a stinging slap. Minutes later, I was bucking and cursing, heartily regretting my submission, as he continued to spank me with wicked, lustful enjoyment.

At last, when my bottom was blazing, he stayed his hand, rose from his place, and went down on his back on the stone, lifting me up over him. With barely a pause, he brought me down on his eager cock and sheathed it with a twist of his hips. I braced my hands on his chest and glared at him as he began to thrust with smooth strength.

But he felt so good in me. Each long dig of his organ in my wet cunt ignited my lust, until soon I was meeting his thrusts, forgetting my fiery rump in the pleasure of it.

In seconds, my pique was replaced by desire, and I twisted and shivered around his burrowing shaft as he pinched my nipples mercilessly. I climaxed with a scream. His own cry echoed it, sounding almost as loud as his old roar.

We collapsed together in the afterglow, damp and contented.

"You realize, don't you," he said at last, "that you're going to marry me."

"As milord wishes," I sighed.

And we lived happily ever after – with frequent visits to the dungeon.