

He bent and grabbed the leash close to her neck, giving it a sharp, upward tug. “Hands and knees, Pet. Time to take you to the dungeon.”

Swallowing hard, Emma crawled after him through the living room and down a hallway. With every sway of her hips, the soft fur of the tail she was wearing brushed against her thighs. He stopped in front of the door at the end of the hallway and punched in a code on the keypad. The door opened silently and he led her inside, where he paused, giving her time to inspect her surroundings.

It was a medieval torture chamber. Spreading across the entire far wall was an ornately carved, antique, ebony bookcase bristling with knobs and spires along the top. Stained-glass doors covered the upper half, doors carved with lion’s heads covered the bottom half. It would have looked right at home in a Crusader’s castle. There were no windows, at least none that she could see. The only light was supplied by track lights in the ceiling and the wrought iron sconces on the walls.

Against the right wall was a counter and cabinet with a sink and a small refrigerator. In front of this was an exam table with stirrups and straps. A large plastic sheet covered the floor beneath it. There was also a prisoner’s stock and a padded sawhorse. Lining the opposite wall was a free-standing St. Andrew’s cross, a metal bondage frame, and a padded spanking bench. In the middle of the room was a V-split padded bondage chair and a tall metal cage. In addition, there were two ordinary, wooden kitchen chairs with slatted backs, both painted black. One of them had a large rubber penis dildo rising from the seat. To Emma’s left was a brass bed with spindles in both the head and footboards, just far enough apart for a head to fit through. To her right was an array of swings, and an elaborate rigging system for suspension play. Automatic fucking machines and Hitachi stands were scattered throughout. Also throughout, ropes and chains hung from hooks in the heavy oak ceiling beams.

Along the upper walls, arrayed in intricate patterns like medieval weapons, were whips, canes, crops, floggers, hanks of rope in a myriad of colors, and spreader bars in different lengths. Sconce lights shaped like torches lent an appropriately gloomy touch.

The atmosphere was dark, primitive, almost menacing, in stark contrast to the traditional comfort, airiness and luxury of the rest of Gage’s penthouse. This was not a room designed to comfort. No, indeed. This was a room designed to intimidate, to inspire fear and dread.

Gage was watching the emotions play across Emma’s face. He recognized the apprehension, the simmering excitement, the build-up of equal parts arousal and anxiety. But when her lips curved upward in a smile and she ducked her head to hide it, he was intrigued.

“You find this funny, Professor?” His voice was silken menace.

“No, Sir, I just—well, I was just wondering when Quasimodo was going to make his appearance. Sir.”

Scowling, Gage looked around. He was quite proud of this room. Everything in here was brand new. He and a friend of his, a fellow Dom, had designed it and the friend had made most of the furniture. Other than the two of them, Emma was the first person to see it and he tried looking at it through her eyes. *Yeah, okay, maybe it is a little over the top.*

Suppressing his own smile, he leaned closer and growled in her ear. “Sorry, pet, not even Quasimodo is coming to your rescue.”

Emma gulped as a little frisson of fear feathered up her spine, raising goose bumps in its wake. He gave a slight tug on the leash and led her straight ahead to a bench with four metal poles at the corners.

“Sit.”

She rose to her feet, turned and sat in the middle of the deep, padded seat, feeling the tail plug shift and move inside her. Then, following his hand gesture, she scooted her buttocks forward to perch on the base of her spine at the very edge. The tail hung down between her legs.

Hand against her shoulders, he pushed them back to rest against the back of the bench, which bent her head forward at an awkward angle. Swiftly, he buckled fur-lined, leather cuffs around her wrists and ankles, sliding his fingers between them and her flesh to make sure they weren't too tight.

Lifting her right hand, he secured the wrist cuff high on the pole to her right, repeating the process with her left hand. Then, lifting her right leg, he secured the ankle cuff to the same pole as her right wrist, again repeating the process with her left ankle. She was bent nearly in half, legs and arms spread high and wide. She could feel the unaccustomed pull on the muscles of her inner thighs and knew that she was likely to be sore tomorrow. In the meantime, her lungs were so compressed, every breath was a struggle.

She'd never been so exposed, nor felt so vulnerable. Just thinking about the utter helplessness of her position, with her pussy and ass on full display, readily available for him to do anything he wanted to her, made her belly roll, sending moisture leaking out into her already sopping folds. Biting her lip, she looked up at him.

Gage, noticing the rush of fresh wetness, gave her a smile of pure evil. "As I thought. You're loving this, aren't you?" He began stroking his hands over the smooth skin of her ass. "Where are you, sub?"

She didn't hesitate. "Green, Sir."

"Excellent." He stepped up to the bench, between her legs. Placing his right palm over her mound, he ground the heel of his hand against her clit, ripping a low moan from her throat as her arousal soared. Still rubbing, he bent and grabbed her right breast, squeezing it as he took her right nipple into his mouth, sucking, nipping, flicking his tongue back and forth across it like a whip.

As he lifted his head, cool air brushed across her wet skin, making her nipple pucker and harden even further. He began suckling her left nipple, gliding his two middle fingers down her wet, slippery furrow to rim her asshole before gliding back up and slowly penetrating her vagina, first with one finger, then with both. She sucked in her breath, releasing it in a series of little, warbling cries as he began pumping his fingers in and out, rubbing them against the plug in her ass, hooking them to rub across her G-spot with each stroke. His movements were slow, unhurried, calculated to both pleasure and torment.

Emma closed her eyes and arched her back, writhing as much as the restraints would allow as he pleased her with his hands and mouth. She was gasping for breath, her muscles tightening and releasing, preparing her for climax, when he suddenly withdrew his touch, leaving her empty and bereft. Releasing her breath in a huff, she opened her eyes to look at him. Except, he was no longer there. She held her breath, listening for the slightest sound that might tell her where he was and what he was doing, but the only thing she could hear was the faint clinking of the chains binding her to the bench at every movement of her hands or feet.

She didn't know how long she lay there, drifting in and out of sub-space, waiting for him to return. It seemed like forever, although it was probably no more than just a few minutes. Then she heard a sound that filled her with an apprehension bordering on dread. The *whoosh, whoosh, whoosh* of a cane or a riding crop slicing the air, coming closer and getting louder. As he emerged into her line of vision, she could see that it was a crop.

Mouth suddenly dry, she swallowed and licked her lips.

He stood in front of her, tapping her flesh lightly all over with the folded flap at the end of the crop. Tapping her ass, her inner thighs, even her pussy and asshole, warming her skin for the punishment that was coming. As the crop moved from one patch of exposed flesh to the next, he followed it with his hand, stroking, squeezing, soothing the little stings.

“Look how wet you are,” he exclaimed. “Your pussy’s gushing. You really do have a masochistic streak, don’t you?” It was a rhetorical question, not requiring an answer. So, she gave none. Just as well. Her voice would probably be nothing more than a croak. “You have earned a punishment of fifteen strokes with this crop. I expect you to count them and thank me for each one, clear?”

“Yes, Sir.” She cleared her throat.

“Where are you right now?”

“Green, Sir.”

He chuckled. “We’ll just see how long *that* lasts.”