

Trial By Ordeal

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ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Paperback)

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Hardcover)

Library of Congress Control Number: 00000000000

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Front cover image by Stock Image.

Book design by Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2019.

<https://vk.com/id596212930>

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It's Saturday evening and I'm over at my friend Nikolai's house. He lives north of Pensacola, in a rural area where he has some room. He has about three acres which include a nice, and not too immodest, house. There's also an old, small building behind the house. I'm not sure if it started its life as a small barn, but it's about the right size for it. Or if he had it built just for this. He's turned it into a good-sized dungeon. You wouldn't know it from the outside, though. It looks like a huge garage with fresh siding on it. I'd bet anything there's never been a car in it unless it was delivering a prop!

Nikolai is Dom. I met him through a mutual friend, who is also into D/s and knew we both were as well, but I don't know him that well. I haven't known him that long either. But since we both know the other shares our passion for "fun and games" we've talked openly about what we've been doing. Our interests are as similar as they are different. We both like to play with a variety of toys less frequently, as opposed to a few toys often. I like the variety it affords me. No two subs are the same, and every one of them reacts differently, even to the same things. The less-frequent sessions mean that we both tend to attract subs with a busy life, mainly either married or single parents. Those with less time for play, and often with other vanilla outlets for their "tensions."

The difference is in what we do with them. I don't have a dungeon, just a playroom in my apartment. My sessions tend to have a slight domestic flair to them. Nikolai, however, has space and money. He's gone all out to accommodate his taste in staging "scenes" for his toys. To me, they're like porn movies, only real, and the sub gets a starring role.

He's having one such session tonight. And he's not only invited me but offered me a cameo role in the scene he's staging. I know that he's making a video of it, he makes videos of all of his scenes, but it's for a very exclusive and private distribution list. A list I've just gotten on. Since the role offered me allows me to keep all of my clothes on, I've accepted it. I've had a few scenes of my own before, never anything anywhere close this elaborate. Plus we created a perfect role for Sophie!

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It's 6:00 when we arrive to get ready. The atmosphere inside Nikolai's house is more of a cocktail party than anything else. There are maybe a dozen people here, each with his or her slave to attend their needs. The crowd is overwhelmingly male with female slaves. Besides me, there are two women here. A 40-ish Dutch woman named Diane something-unpronounceable with a 30-ish male slave leashed at her side, and Olive. Not my friend Olive, either. This Olive is somewhere close to my age. I've met her a couple of times. She works for Nikolai in one of his businesses. I kind of like her. She has a female slave with the most brilliant strawberry blond hair leashed at her side. I'm pretty sure she told me her slave's name is Alicia; she has pictures of them in her office.

Nikolai introduces me to everyone. Most of the names I hear sound more like "Boris" and "Ivan" than "John" or "Joe" but I should have expected that from Nikolai, a Russian ex-pat. But everyone speaks perfect English, and everyone is nice. Many make an effort to talk with me for a few minutes, and I trade numbers with several of them. I'm always networking, looking to make new contacts who share my interest. I never know where my next new toy might come from!

Nikolai has the costumes for everyone who's participating in this little scene, including mine. Luckily it only takes me a few minutes to get ready. But it's not an intricate costume. Apparently, the guests of honor for tonight's scene are "unwitting, but willing." Nikolai tells me that means they're his playtoys, and they know they're coming to play. They know he's famous for scenes, and that he may cast them in one. But they don't know they're getting the starring roles tonight.

Everyone is in place in the dungeon before they arrive. Tonight's scene is out of the Salem Witch Trials, and Nikolai has put some money into the dungeon for it. The front section of it, about 20 feet long, has been set up to resemble an old church courtroom. There's an elevated desk at one end for the jurist, two small tables and chairs facing it for the parties. Then there's a wood railing that separates the gallery. There he's gotten two old wooden and well-used pews for the audience. Slaves, it appears,

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are left to kneel behind the audience. He even has the lights off and a bunch of candles lighting the room. I wait in the second part of the dungeon, Sophie in her costume waiting beside me.

We're both dressed as nuns, although my costume is as elaborate as hers is plain, denoting my status as a high-ranking nun. Sophie carries a candle in a silver holder atop a bible, all of which is held atop her upturned palms.

I watch through the open doorway as the guests of honor enter the dungeon, still unaware of what's in store for them. Nikolai, dressed as a priest, immediately calls out "Seize the witch!" and two of his friends, both in their 40s but well-built men who are dressed as priests grab the woman. They hold her firm and start pulling her, half dragging the surprised woman up towards the defendant's place.

"Hear ye, hear ye, this Court of Oyer and Terminer is now in session, the most blessed and honorable Sister Purity presiding," Nikolai calls out even before she's up to her place.

That's my cue. I walk out, holding a bible in my hands, with my head down. Sophie follows me, copying my posture. I walk to the bench and take the seat behind it. Sophie stands beside me and sets the candle on my desk. "Who accuses this witch of witchcraft?" I ask.

Someone nudges her husband. As I entered I saw the same guy having a very rapid and hushed conversation with him. I assume giving him his instructions. "I do, Mistress Sister Purity." He says as he nudges to stand beside Nikolai who is taking the role of prosecutor. Or more like inquisitor given the fairness of such proceedings. I guess in that aspect this one is true to history: the verdict is so definitely preordained!

I turn to the woman, who looks totally lost and shocked. "Does the witch wish to confess and beg our Lord's forgiveness before I sentence her to purification through pain?"

"WHAT?" the woman blurts out.

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"Look at the witch, she's even dressed like a whore!" someone chimes in.

"Silence!" I call out, pounding a fist on my desk in place of a gavel. "It's clear the witch is possessed! But it is also the witch's absolute right to dispute the truth!" now I smirk wide and evilly. "If this witch wishes a trial, so shall it be." I raise my voice. "Trial by ordeal! Bailiffs, strip the witch!"

The witch is 36-year-old Nicole. I'm told she's an office manager for a group of doctors and that Nikolai has played with her for about two years now. She's not dressed like a whore either. She's wearing a mid-range satin evening gown that has her covered to her knees, and folly hides her breasts even though it bares her shoulders. And I see slip-on shoes with low heels.

Nicole is around average height, maybe 5'6" or so, and thin. I'd guess 120 to 130 pounds. She has a light feminine curve to her waist, mostly from her hips. Even through the dress, I can tell her hips are going to be slightly bony. She has blond-brown hair about the same shade as Sophie does, only hers is straight, with a little body to it, hand hangs just past her shoulders. I can see gree eyes on an oval face, a nose with slightly angular lines, and a wide mouth framed with narrow pink lips. It's a pretty face.

The bailiffs, dressed as priests, don't hesitate a fraction of a second to start ripping her clothes away, while firmly holding her. Her dress goes down, falling to the floor around her feet and revealing a very sexy set of underwear. It's all thin, white, lacy, and rather minimalist. The bra is strapless, but she has small breasts. That bra clips in the front and the bailiffs very obviously cop a feel of her breasts as they release it. It falls to bare her breasts. They're small, I'd guess she's a 34-A, and they're visibly soft. No bigger than half an orange. But they're also topped with wide, medium-pink nipples that have a hint of pointiness to them, like the tip of a little finger sticking up. Those hard nubs are surrounded by huge rings

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of color a faint shade lighter of pink that seem to take up most of her breasts. It looks very good on her, especially with her light white skin, tanned just enough not to look milky or pale. Her panties come down next, and just as fast, baring her smoothly-shaven pubes. And a very pronounced, puffy pussy mound between her thighs with thick, wide, and long lips. Lips that are long enough, and a mound that's puffy enough, that it looks like her slit comes a full inch up her front, into her pubes. It's a fine slit, little more than a pinkish line where the edges of her plump lips butt against each other. Her shoes are pulled from her feet, leaving her nothing at all.

The bailiffs clearly aren't wasting any time on this part of the show. They're eager to get on to the next part. In seconds they're each have an arm and a leg in their hands, and they're holding Nicole face down at waist height. She squirms, letting me see that her bottom, with a modest flatness to its cheeks, is very firm. I do hope I get to spank that bottom!

“Father Protector, impanel the jury!” I announce.

Nikolai points to the first pew. “You six honest citizens, please serve as this witch’s jury and judge her guilt of bewitching!”

All answer “Yes, Father,” in unison as they rise. The bailiffs begin to carry Nicole towards the second, and larger, section of this dungeon. Here Nikolai has a few replica implements of the inquisition set around, but those are, at least for now, just add to the air of authenticity. The bailiffs carry Nicole to a pair of rough-hewn sawhorses. Those are firmly anchored to a heavy sheet of plywood underneath, serving as a floor. They set her torso across them, one beam running under her hips, the other right under her shoulders. Which leaves her soft breasts hanging loose and free in the space between the sawhorses. Nicole’s feet are pulled down. A heavy iron chain is wrapped around each ankle, secured with a padlock, then locked to the leg of the sawhorse. Her arms are stretched out along the top of the beam, then long, rough ropes are wrapped around them tightly, spiraling down to her wrists and leaving

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almost none of her arm exposed. One bailiff blindfolds her with a sash of black cloth. Then he gags her with another, wrapping the cloth around her head, and between her jaw, several times until the space between her lips and teeth is stuffed.

"Sister slave, fetch the Divine Instrument of Truth!" I announce. Sophie answers "Yes, Sister Purity, Mistress." then she fetches it. It's a silver teacup about $\frac{3}{4}$ full of water atop a silver platter the size of a small dinner plate, maybe 8" or 9" round. Sophie brings it to me. I set it atop Nicole's back midway between her shoulders and her hips. I grab a big handful of Nicole's hair and pull hard as I jerk her head up. I slap her face, stinging a handprint on her cheek and getting her attention. "We all know that witches have the heart of a whore!" I say with my voice raised a bit, "and now this witch will prove her worship of Satan by revealing her true whore's heart! Were she a pure and pious woman, she would not squirm and spill the water on her back, nor would she climax, and most certainly she would not drip her skanky honey like a diseased stable whore! A God-fearing woman would last the trial with a single display of such tawdry lewdness. But a witch will! Jurors... you may begin testing this witch's heart!"

The first juror, I think he said his name was Grisha, comes forward and steps up behind Nicole. He's not gentle as he spreads her lips wide. A moment later his cock is in Nicole's pussy and he's ramming her hard. With a grin on his face. Nicole moans loudly into the gag, which does a good job of muting her. They're erotic moans, hot ones that grow in urgency as he pounds away. Nicole's hands squirm, flailing about. It's all her arms can do. Those harsh ropes hold her arms firmly atop the beam. But she's already squirming enough to get her soft breasts jiggling beneath her.

I see that and have an idea. I whisper to Nikolai, not wanting to do anything he doesn't want to be done with his toy. He grins wide but doesn't say anything. I tell Sophie, "look at those tiny little boobs bouncing around down there. Isn't that a waste? Tongue them. Show

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this witch no mercy."

Sophie giggles her yes, and sit on the floor underneath Nicole. Her lips pick one of those big nipples, and in a second I'm seeing Sophie's tongue licking a swirl around its tip. Nicole's nipples instantly tighten up, goosebumps sprouting up around them. I think she even moans a little more, but it's so hard to tell with the gag muting her!

Juror number one climaxes. It's pretty obvious to all, his hips thrusting with a sudden crispness. Juror number two gets his cock out, already stiff. As soon as the first cock is out of Nicole's pussy, the second on is in her so fast she never stops squirming against the rope and chains. Sophie moves to the other breast, giving that one equal time.

"Bailiffs, let us not forget to ensure that this witch has not bewitched that man! Let us drain the seed of evil from him! Strip him!"

The bailiffs seize Nicole's husband. I've been told he's 40. He could be, or he could pass for a few years younger. I'm told he's a guard at one of Alabama's state prisons just north of Pensacola. He has the build for it. He's maybe 6' tall, or maybe an inch more. Maybe 220, and all of it muscle. Not quite the hard muscle of youth, or a navy SEAL, but muscle that looks like he's a regular at a gym somewhere. Not enough to strain his shirt, but once his shirt is off, he looks good. Black hair on his chest, but not too much. His head is shaven bald, and I see brown eyes. I see white boxer shorts as his slacks are pulled down and off. Then, as those are jerked down, I see a very stiff cock standing up around 5" long and a mere inch thick. At least he's circumcised, letting us all see the swollen fat head of his cock.

"String him up!" I instruct the bailiffs. It only takes them about a minute to have rough wide leather cuffs fastened around his wrists and ankles, each connected to a length of heavy chain that looks to me like it could tow a car! The chains at his ankles are locked to eyelets on the floor, holding his legs spread around three feet apart. The ones on his wrists are pulled up, spreading his hands wide as they pull them up towards the

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ceiling. He's lifted up until even the tips of his toes can't touch the floor.

Diane's slave is a man of about 30, by looking at him. He's a smallish man, maybe 5'8" and 160 pounds. Kind of thin and wiry, with thin arms and legs. Not effeminate, but not manly large either. He has short blond hair that would quite reach the collar of a dress shirt. His legs are shaven smooth, something I assume Diane made him do. For tonight she has him dressed only in a pair of bright pink shoes with high-heels. Very high and spiky heels. And a pink pair of lace "boy-shorts" style panties. One thing about panties, they're not designed to accommodate a dick. Especially a hard one. And he is hard. It's a pretty decent one, too. I'd guess close to seven inches long and maybe 1.5" across. Long enough that it's purple head is sticking out of the panties at his hip. I'll bet Diane has plenty of use for that cock.

Diane is a very tall woman, certainly over six feet. She's thin, but not lanky like a model. But definitely shapely, with a nice curve to her figure. And ample breasts straining the top of her black mini-dress. She has thigh-high boots on under the dress, but the dress is cut high enough that I can see enough thigh to know she has shapely legs, too. She's around 40, with long, straight dark hair worn free tonight. And sharp germanic features. But pretty.

Diane has her slave kneel in front of the man. She taps his panty-clad bottom with her crop sharply. "Milk it, fuck-boy."

Her slave, I haven't heard its name, immediately puts his lips to the tip of the man's cock, stretching his mouth wide open as if he's going to suck it. Instead, he uses his teeth on the fattest part of the cock's head to steady it as his tongue begins to swirl around the captive part of that bulbous head. He wraps his fingers lightly around the short shaft and starts stroking it slowly with a grip that's obviously gentle and loose.

A bailiff knocks Greg, Nicole's husband, in the back of the head. Then he grabs Greg's head and holds it so Greg is watching Nicole as juror number two pounds her pussy from behind. And Nicole withers in

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ecstasy from it. Nicole is trying hard, but those ropes and chains won't let her do much squirming. Her hips have a little play, around an inch, and they're grinding hard against the beam under them as the juror uses her.

Diane stands beside her slave, crop in one hand his leash in the other.

Nikolai hands Sophie a pair of nipple clamps. Sophie takes one glance at them and grins. She licks her lips. These clamps remind me of miniature bear traps! Two C-shaped jaws, although these have only teeny little teeth on them, roughly the size of a thumbnail. There's a longish wire between them with a pointy weight hanging freely from a little hoop at its base which the wire passes through. But what's truly evil about them is the feather. It stands straight up from the base of the weight, fluffy with the softest of fur. Sophie licks one of Nicole's nipples to make certain it's at its stiffest. She puts the clamp on the hard nub, closing its jaws around the hardness at the point where it meets her soft mound. It leaves a few millimeters of nipple beyond the jaw. The weight pulls the wire down into a taut V. Which aims the feather straight up, its tip on the top of her nipple. Sophie clamps Nicole's other nipple.

Nicole squirms. She hasn't stopped squirming. Her breasts jiggle as her chest moves slightly. The weights on those clamps jiggle too, stroking the tip of the feather over the wide top of her nipple. Nicole shudders harder and squirms a little more, getting the weight bouncing a little more energetically. And teasing her nipples with the feather even more.

Sophie slides out from under Nicole. I look at the clamps. "I am getting a set of those... they will look so good on your nipples, slave." Sophie grins and giggles "Yes, Mistress." I'm sure she's already thinking about how those clamps are going to tease her nipples. She's always liked feathers. I love feathers on her; they make her squirm like her butt is on fire! And squeal!

Juror number three takes his turn with Nicole, not giving her pussy

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a second of rest between cocks. And judging by the cock I see, Nicole could have used a little rest before this one! Number three, I think his name is Joe (although he pronounced it E-YO-SEF), must have a good 7.5" inches and it's thick! Definitely better than an inch and a half, maybe even an inch and three-quarters. I make a mental note of that. Well equipped. And pretty cute. Maybe 35, a little short, but stocky, strong, and muscular.

Greg, hanging maybe ten feet to the side of Nicole's bottom, cums. We all know it because Diane announces that "the man is clearly bewitched! He has cum in the mouth of my fuck-boy!" One glance is all I need. Her slave's lips aren't closed. There's cum leaking from the corners of his mouth. And Greg's hips are wiggle and thrusting like a man cumming. Not that wiggling is doing him any good. The slave's head follows right along, holding the tip of his cock steady in the slave's mouth. I'm sure the slave's tongue isn't giving it break either.

The scene goes on a few minutes. It quickly becomes apparent that Nicole's jury isn't going to be limited to just the selected jurors. More like everyone is going to take a turn on her, at least if they want to. With her cute bottom, they all want their turn. At least the men do. Diane is busy with her slave and Greg. Olive and I are mostly watching the somewhat rough pounding Nicole is getting.

Juror number four proves too much for Nicole. We all see her back snap hard as it arches upwards. It tosses the cup of water, which has already spilled a few drops, right off her back. It clatters to the floor. Nicole thrashes hard against the bonds. The ropes hold her arms immobile. The chains at her feet rattle loud. Nicole cums hard.

A few seconds later the man does, too. As his cock clips from Nicole, more cum drops down, adding to the growing puddle on the floor. Most if from the four men, but not all of it. I don't even want to see her pussy. It has got to be beyond sloppy by now! Juror number five takes his turn, not giving Nicole any rest between "cars" on this freight train

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she's pulling. Nicole thrashes on, her orgasm continuing as one cock replaces another.

Nicole has to be screeching moans as loud as she can. Even with the gag, it's pretty obvious. Her head and hands are about the only parts of her that can move, and both flop around as she squirms. Her toes curl, her feet "dance" around, the chains holding her ankles in place.

Diane announces that Greg has cum a second time.

The scene goes on, the men taking their turn. Nicole cums twice more, each one with slightly harsher snapping thrashes than the previous. Greg cums a third time as the tenth man takes his turn on Nicole.

Number ten is the last man in the line. Only Nikolai and the women haven't taken a turn.

Nikolai moves in behind Nicole as number ten slips his cock from her pussy. He takes his cock out, puts the tip of it to her pussy, and gets the tip of its head wet with a slippery coat of mixed cum. I watch as he pulls her cheeks wide apart. Nicole screams into her gag, her head shaking a hard "no." Nikolai puts the tip of his cock to her asshole. Nicole screams more, the gag muting it by at least half. Nikolai thrusts hard and rams his cock into Nicole's back door. She screeches, she squirms, he plunges into her depths.

A second later his cock is out of her bottom. A slave, I'm not sure whose, is on her knees beside him with a fancy silver tray atop her hands. On it are a variety of wooden dildos in every length and width imaginable, or so it seems. Each has a condom on it to save her from slivers.

Nikolai selects a shorter one, maybe five inches long, but a good two inches thick. He slides that into her pussy, fully burying it inside Nicole. So fully that I can see her lips closed behind it. Then his cock is ramming back into her bottom. He thrusts hard, his strokes are not slow, but not that fast either. Just powerful, and as deep as he can go. He

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doesn't look to be the biggest guy here, but he's well enough equipped that he's getting good and deep into Nicole.

Nicole screeches into her gag. Her cries sound pained. After less than half a minute I see her back snap with the hardest throe of orgasm yet. And now it keeps snapping up and down. Nicole stops thrashing against the bonds, her muscles stiffening hard and trembling. But her back keeps snapping up in that arch, falling loose, only to snap hard again. I guess she likes it a little rough. At least her pussy does.

The jurors move back close to Nicole's butt.

Greg, with Diane's slave still licking the tip of his cock as he strokes it, moans loudly. He squirms, his hips having more leeway to move than Nicole's. He hangs there, no part of his body able to touch anything. His moans take on a tense strain. And now, after a third orgasm, his cock looks to be half-hard at best. Which doesn't seem to deter the slave. The slave just keeps on going, waiting for his Mistress to say otherwise, even as more cum dribbles from the corners of his mouth.

Nicole's butt is going to be very sore! At least I don't see how I can't be sore. As Nikolai finishes with her bottom, juror number one returns, ready to take Nikolai's place. It seems the entire line of men is welcome to take a turn in her butt as well.

It takes a good hour for everyone to get their turn in Nicole's bottom. Nicole never getting even a second of a break between cocks. There's a little bar cart in here, and the gathering takes on the atmosphere of a cocktail party as Nicole pulls her train. Slaves fetch drinks. There's some conversation, but mostly everyone is watching the show. More Nicole's show than Greg's, although Greg is just as entertaining as he trashes futility against those chains holding him in mid-air while Diane's slave boy licks and strokes his cock well past the point it's no longer hard.

Greg manages one more orgasm, towards the end of the Nicole show. I'm not sure if he had any cum left for it. I don't see any dribble out of the slave's mouth. But there's no missing it. He screams his

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groaning moans and thrashes with a renewed vigor as his hips buck uselessly, trying to ram into the slave's mouth, and failing. It leaves his cock fully soft. Diane doesn't care. She leaves the slave right where he is, licking and stroking the floppy tube that used to be his hard cock.

Nicole cums. It could be a dozen times. It could be one long endless orgasm. It's impossible to tell if one is ebbing and another starting. She just thrashes away, moaning cries that are quieting as her throat tires of screeching so loud for so long.

When number ten's cock finally slips from her bottom, dripping his cream, more – a lot more – cream running from Nicole's gaping bottom, the bailiffs quickly return to Nicole's sides. She's untied, her feet freed from the chains, and they drag her up to her feet. She barely stands, her body limp and spent. She pants through her nose, then as Nikolai removes the gag, through her mouth. Her legs aren't supporting her, the two burly men are holding her up. The blindfold is pulled from her eyes. Her eyes stay closed and don't even try to open. The clamps come off her nipples.

The jurors line up at her side. "Jurors, has our Lord, in His divine wisdom, revealed the truth to you?" I ask them. The bailiffs hold Nicole up, cum liberally dripping from both her pussy and her butt.

One by one, the jurors all announce their verdict. All say one word. "Witch." I'm thinking more "Slut," but...

"The let us drive the demons from this witch! Purification by Pain it shall be!" I'm not sure what that is, but it's the preordained sentence. I googled it, and in the middle ages, it meant execution by disembowelment, the most painful way to go. I'm pretty sure that's not what it means for Nicole.

The Bailiffs instantly swing Nicole up, carrying her face down again. Nicole doesn't have it left in her to resist. She just lies there as limp as a sack of flour and gets carried off for whatever. I'm pretty sure she doesn't have a clue what's next either.

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Nikolai pulls on an executioner's hood. With his bailiffs holding Nicole, he puts an iron spreader bar on her ankles, holding them firmly about three feet apart. A chain is clipped to an eyelet at the center of the bar, and Nicole is hoisted up to hang upside down. The bailiffs get a length of rope, and Nicole's arms are tied, left wrist to right elbow, the rope wrapped around the entire length of her forearms from wrists to elbows. Behind her back, naturally. A wide, maybe two foot across, wooden bucket is put under Nicole's head.

Nikolai gets a garden hose. I see that the connector is cut off its end, leaving just the hose, with a little valve maybe a foot back from its end. Nikolai shoves the end of the hose into Nicole's pussy and turns the water on. It gushes into her pussy, bubbling up and gushing out of her lips just as fast. It washes a good glob of mixed cum out of her that runs down her chest along with the water. He lets the water flow a bit longer. Nicole coughs as some runs into her nose. It gets a reflexive thrash from her. After maybe half a minute, he shuts the water off and pulls the hose out of her pussy.

Then he starts filling the bucket as Nicole's head hangs down in it. He fills it around 2/3 full, stopping the water exactly a hair before it flows into her nose. As she hangs limp, there's maybe a millimeter of nose exposed beneath her nostrils. The rest of her head, from there to the tip-top, is underwater.

Nikolai asks for a volunteer to "remind the witch of her whoredom." I'm about to volunteer Sophie, but Olive beats me to it and volunteers Alicia. Talking to Olive tonight, I've learned that Alicia is a lesbian, although as any slave would, she's very eager to service a man if it pleases her Mistress. Alicia has a grin on her face as Olive leads her forward. Nikolai has Alicia fasten thick, padded cuffs around her ankles, and lock them together and to another heavy chain. The bailiffs lift the petite redhead up. The chain is taken way up until Alicia is dangling upside down with her head near Nicole's pussy. Obediently, Alicia keeps her hands behind her back, dangling and twirling from the single-chain

holding her.

Nikolai gets a fat wax candle. Maybe inches across and about eight inches long. He pushes it into Nicole's pussy and lights it. "Slave Slutty," he addresses Alicia, "pull this witch's lips wide open." Obediently Alicia stretches Nicole's pussy lips wide to bare all of her flushed red pinkness. "Tongue the witch's clit." Alicia eagerly puts her lips to Nicole's clit, tilting her head so her chin doesn't touch the candle, and starts licking it tenderly.

Nicole moans out loud. She squirms a little, but it's enough that she gets a little water in her nose, coughs, sputters, and thrashes a little more. After that, she focuses a bit and tries to hang still while Alicia eats her pussy.

Nikolai passes out cats-o-nine-tails to everyone. It's pretty obvious what those are for, so I pick a place behind Nicole. Hanging upside down, gravity pulls her cheeks down, rounding out the slight flatness they have when she's on her feet. It makes that bottom even more spankable!

"Whip the demons from this witch!" Nikolai pronounces in his role as executioner.

The whips flail. All 12 of them. Everyone landing light strokes of their whip somewhere on Nicole's naked body. Nothing is spared, except her pussy and that's only because Alicia's head is blocking a swing at it. I whip Nicole's bottom, my favorite whip target. We all use very light strokes but rain them down on her body as fast as we can. There's constantly whips cracking on her bare skin.

Nicole screeches, her cries have "ouch" and half erotic sweetness. She squirms, sometimes coughing as the water gets in her nose to remind her to hang still for her whipping. It goes on.

It doesn't take too long, maybe about five minutes, for the first drop of hot wax to roll down the candle and land atop the edge of the meaty walls of Nicole's pussy. She squeals, thrashing hard once as it scalds her

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very-over-tender flesh. She chokes again and forces herself to still. The whips and Alicia's tongue continue lashing her without mercy. She screeches and cries, trying hard to stay still, as the second droplets of wax land on her pussy.

In a couple of minutes, Nicole is tensed up as hard as a rock, hanging stiff and trembling lightly with the strain on her muscles. She's noisy. No wonder Nikolai had her gagged! She screeches cries that are increasingly hot despite the obvious light pain. Her light white skin slowly turns a solid pink from the whippings, the individual little pink welt lines running together.

It's only a couple of minutes until Nicole cums yet again. It's a very hard orgasm, her stomach snapping and bringing her head up out of the bucket. Then her head falls back into the bucket as the wave passes, dropping her underwater as the next wave crashes over her. Her head snaps up out of the bucket again. She sputters water, coughs, cries out a very erotically tormented moan, and her head falls back into the bucket. The whips keep raining blows onto her body. Alicia keeps tonguing her pussy. Nicole keeps thrashing wildly.

I'd say Nicole suffers about fifteen minutes of that. Until her white skin is a bright pink. It's a shade I know well will fade away by morning, leaving no outward evidence of the long whipping she's suffered. The candle has barely burned down a quarter of an inch, but that's plenty to have the rim of her pussy tunnel completely covered with wax. Nikolai waves a halt to the whipping before Nicole ends up with serious marks on her.

Nicole continues snapping away as Alicia keeps tonguing her. At least for about two more minutes until Nikolai tells her to stop.

Alicia is brought down first, the cuffs unlocked from her ankles and returned to Olive. Then the candle is pulled from Nicole's pussy. She's let down, lain on the floor, and the bar taken from her feet. The Bailiffs pull her up to her knees, holding the fully spent and totally limp woman up to

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kneel.

Finally, Diane has her slave stop licking Greg's cock. She has her slave crawl away on all fours. A second later the bailiffs pick Nicole up and carry her over to Greg. They hold her up on her knees, her lips to Greg's fully limp cock.

Nikolai pinches Nicole's jaw open. He takes Greg's cock and puts it in Nicole's mouth, lying it on her tongue. He closes her mouth loosely around the rubbery shaft. He cracks her butt firmly with a crop, searing a bright red welt on her cheek. "Suck cock, slut, show the jury that you can no longer bewitch this weak little man!"

Nicole, roused by the hard stroke of the whip, tries hard to suck her husband's cock. She sucks, every bit of the flaccid cock in her mouth. She fails miserably. Nothing she does will get his cock hard again, not so soon after the slave's long and exhaustive milking of it. Greg is just spent and done. And Nicole fails to get even a bit of stiffness from it despite five full minutes of her best effort.

Finally, her head is pulled back from his cock. Nicole kneels limply, her body sagging. "Behold, the witch is purified! The whore demons have been driven from her slutty little butt!" Nikolai pronounces.

While Nicole kneels there, Greg is brought down. Immediately his arms are tied behind him just as Nicole's are. Then the bailiffs take Nicole. They tie her ankles together with countless loops of the rough hemp rope. They carry her off to a corner of the room and stuff her, not exactly gently, into a dog kennel. A couple of minutes later Greg is tied up the same and stuffed in another kennel at the farthest corner of the dungeon from Nicole. Both are tired. Neither shows much sign of life. Both just lie there on their sides.

We leave them there, turning the lights off as we move our evening back to Nikolai's house.

Here it's an ordinary cocktail party again, except every guest seems

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to have his or her slave kneeling ready to attend to his/her whims. Olive and I talk, Sophie and Alicia kneeling beside us, their palms upturned for little stands for our drinks. Like me, Olive likes men. We talk about the uses we have for our slaves. The slutty things our slaves have recently done to entertain us. And like me, Olive enjoys masturbating with her slave's tongue. In unison, we agree it's our favorite sex toy!

Diane comes over to say hello. She has a pronounced accent, but it's still easy to understand her. She tells us her slave is named "teef," which is Dutch for "bitch." Somehow I doubt that's the name on his birth certificate. But who cares? The three of us find we have a lot in common. We both enjoy humiliating our toys, always seeking something new that will be as degrading-but-arousing for a toy as will be entertaining for us.

That night, Sophie's tongue works overtime to sate the ache in me.