

Voyage of Debauchery

Alexis Alexandra

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Taken

Sasha tossed and turned in the large bed. She hated being alone, hated when her husband had to leave town for weeks at a time on business. Whenever he left, the quaint little house seemed to take on a sinister haunt where every creak of the floorboards was the cackle of witches and the shadows the coven coming to take her away for their bizarre rituals. Of course she knew there were no such things as witches, but it's how she felt nonetheless.

"Dammit James," she sighed, rolling over to where her husband should have been lying on the bed next to her. Running a finger along the pillowcase, she buried her face in it and inhaled, breathing deep James' intoxicating aromas. She loved him dearly, but hated that he could not tell his bosses no. Sinking her head into his pillow, she eventually drifted off to sleep.

The back door of the house opened with a faint creak and two men dressed in black entered and closed the door but did not lock it. Tiptoeing through the dark kitchen, they entered the living room and then took the stairs one at a time – stepping on the outer edges to silence their footsteps on their way up to the bedroom.

Halfway down the hall the taller of the two men placed his ear nearly against Sasha's bedroom door and listened for half a minutes before turning and giving his accomplice a nod. The bedroom door opened and the men baby-stepped across the carpeted floor towards the bed where their target slept soundly, unaware that she had unwelcomed guests.

A hand clasped over her mouth as a needle sank into her arm with a pinch. She woke in alarm, but the powerful sedative was already doing its job and she fought to remain conscious as the two men calmly stared down at her.

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Sasha woke in the back of a cargo van, her head spinning, vision blurry, and immediately she began to freak out. She made to scream for help, but all that escaped her lips was gibberish muffled by the ball keeping her gagged. She realized then that her arms were raised above her head and secured to something she could not see and her legs were kept spread open by something attached between her ankles.

As her vision cleared, Sasha looked down in horror to see that she was dressed in only her bra and panties – the only clothes she wore to bed. She could also see the spreader bar cuffed to each ankle and secured to hooks in the floor preventing her from kicking the man sitting quietly to her right.

"Welcome to the land of the living," the man smiled down at her. "I'm sure you've got a lot of questions, and I'm more than willing to give you answers, but you must first calm down and understand the rule. If you talk louder than a normal conversational tone you'll be punished." To drive the point home, he picked up a thin rattan cane and struck her across the right thigh hard and swift. The effect was immediate and Sasha thrashed about as the pain shot up and down her leg.

"Now that we understand each other," the man continued "I'm going to take the gag out of your mouth. If you scream it goes back in and you'll get twenty more lashes of the cane. Understood?"

Sasha nodded her head as the tears ran down her cheeks. When the ball gag was pulled from her stretched mouth, it took every ounce of self-control she could muster not to scream out for help. “Who...who are you? What are you g-going to do to me?”

“My name is Master Rick and you’re going on a very special trip.”

“Trip? What trip? Where are you taking me?”

“On a voyage of self-discovery,” Master Rick replied with a grin.

“I don’t understand. Why are you doing this to me? Please just take me home. I swear I won’t call the police,” Sasha pleaded.

“Taking you home would be counterproductive. Don’t worry, once you’re on the ship everything will be made clear.”

“Ship?” Sasha panicked. The first thought rampaging through her mind was being sold to some far-flung foreign man to serve as his slave. “What ship? OH GOD! Please don’t do this! I’ll give you whatever you want. I don’t have a lot of money but you can have it all if you just take me back home!”

“Honey,” Rick said putting the ball gag back in place “you’re going to give us everything we want regardless. We don’t want, or need your money either. The only thing of yours we require is that sexy body,” he said running a finger lightly down her chest and belly, stopping at the waistband of her panties. He gave the soft swell of her belly a gentle rub and then sat back and smiled.

With no chance of escape, Sasha sobbed while the driver of the van took them to their destination – shipyard garage. Two men removed her from the van and placed her inside of a long wooden crate and secured the lid with two padlocks at either end. They then loaded the crate onto a forklift and drove it out onto the docks where a crane picked it up and took it aboard a large yacht.

The crate lid creaked open and two well-dressed men lifted her out and stood her up. While one of the men steadied her, the other gave her a look over. “Take her to be cleaned,” he said dismissively. And do something about those nipples.”

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Sasha was led through the beautiful ship and down some stairs to a large bathroom where five naked women sat around the edge of an enormous tub. “Give this whore a thorough cleaning and then have her nipples done. When she is presentable take her to the holding cell.”

“Yes Master,” the five women said as one.

With the Master gone from the bathroom, one of the women took hold of Sasha while another undid the spreader bar so that she could walk. Another undid the wide leather cuffs around her wrists and a fourth removed the gag.

“Where am I?” Sasha asked. “What did he mean by have my nipples done?”

“You’re aboard the De Sade,” a petite brunette named Lisa replied. “After we bath you, you’ll be taken to the next room where your nipples will be pierced as the Master commanded.”

“Fucking hell!” Sasha gasped. She always thought about getting her nipples pierced, but not this way. “What’s going to happen to me? Are...are they going to sell me into slavery?”

“That all depends on how well you perform,” Lisa replied. “Come now, let’s get you cleaned up.” She added reaching back to unfasten Sasha’s bra.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!”

“I’m sorry, but I have to. If you make a fuss the Masters will come in and punish us all, so please just let us do our duty without any complaints. Trust me, they can be incredibly cruel

and will punish you for the slightest disobedience. Now, will you please allow me to remove your bra and panties?"

"Fine," Sasha huffed, the memory of the cane across her thigh still fresh in her mind "but no funny stuff."

"We will have to shave your pussy," Lisa said as she pulled the panties down Sasha's toned legs. "The Masters do not permit pubic hair." Sasha kept the area nice and trimmed, but even one hair was too many for those in charge.

"Why are they doing this to me? To you? How long have you been here? Why haven't you tried escaping?" Sasha asked as she was helped into the large tub.

"I've been here nearly seven years," Lisa replied. "The others from two to four years. And we are here because we want to be here. The thought of escape has never once entered our minds."

"Is that true?" Sasha asked the lanky, pale-skinned redhead that was gently washing her back.

"They are forbidden from speaking," Lisa replied. "And yes, it's true. As for why they are doing this to you, I do not know. All I can say is that you'll be better off doing everything they say without hesitation or complaint."

After her thorough cleaning and shave, Sasha was towel dried and led naked out of the bathroom and into the adjoining room. There was a padded table in the center of the room and cabinets built into the far wall where a man busied himself stocking bottles of ink.

"Excuse me Master," Lisa said, her head bowed with eyes looking at the floor.

"Yes, what do you want now?" the man sighed.

"The Master wishes this whore's nipples to be pierced," Lisa answered.

"Sit on the table," the man said turning his attention to Sasha. He walked over to her before she made it to the table and leaned in close to her chest. He looked at her nipples and then went back to the cabinet to get the supplies he would need for the job. Sasha wanted to run for her life, but being trapped on a yacht out at sea, she knew there was no escape for her so she sat on the table and did her best not to lose it.

The man returned to the table with several items that he placed on the table next to Sasha. After putting on a pair of latex gloves he opened a package and removed a long, tapered hollow needle and from another package he removed a gold ring. He placed one end of the ring in the hollow end of the needle and then grabbed Sasha's right nipple and pushed the needle through in one swift motion.

"Aahhgghhh!" Sasha yelped as the needle pierced the sensitive flesh of her nipple.

"Shut up, or the next one is going in as slow as possible," the piercer smirked. Sasha clamped her lips shut and closed her eyes. The second ring was in place just as quickly and she bit her lip hard to keep from yelping again.

"Get her out of my sight," the piercer said as he removed the gloves and tossed them into a trash can.

"Yes Master. Come on, Time to take you to the holding cell," Lisa said taking Sasha by the arm.

"Fucking hell that hurt!" Sasha complained once out of earshot of the piercer.

"You'll get used to them. I know its little consolation, but they do look sexy on you."

"What is the holding cell?"

"It's where all of the new women are taken to be processed and officially admitted into the training program."

“Training program?” Sasha asked with raised brow. Although she had a feeling she already knew the answer, she wanted to hear it from Lisa’s own lips.

“You’re going to be trained as a sexual submissive,” Lisa replied. “It is not my place to say anything more.”

“What happens after the training?”

“I cannot speak any more about it. The Master will explain everything once you are there.”