

Inviting Punishment

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Curious Cabbit Press

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When the heavy steel door opened, Fionn braced himself. Cold winds howled outside and eddies of frigid air pushed down the crowded stairwell. He felt the icy claws of early winter coursing past him and clutched his arms over his patched shirt to shield himself. The thin fabric did little to shield him from the cold.

Behind him, Basil groaned in misery.

“Winter? Why does it have to be winter? Why can’t they move us to Madirburg in summer?”

In front of Fionn, an Arabic man named Nassir grunted before speaking, “Because if it was summer, then the last three hours waiting on that bus would have been hell.”

Basil muttered, “Damn military assholes.”

Even though Basil whispered quietly, Fionn stepped forward and balanced on the edge of the next stair. He didn’t want to be near Basil, just in case one of the handlers heard him. Nassir glanced back with a frown, then shifted half a step to give Fionn more room. Nassir glared back at the younger Basil.

“Careful, boy, saying things like that can get all of us in a bucket of trouble. I only have five more months left before I’m a citizen again. And I don’t want to be pissing off any of our betters this close to freedom.”

Fionn felt a sharp jab of jealousy as Nassir’s words. Fionn had a lot more than five decades before he would be a free man. Over two centuries, actually.

Behind him, Basil snapped back. “Five months? I still have three years and ten months to go. Oh god, it’s only been two months?”

“Want to add five years? Or fifty? Keep saying things like that and you’ll make it worse. Just shut up and do what they tell us.”

Basil closed his mouth with a snap.

Outside, someone barked a command. Nassir snapped his head back to the front. Fionn stared at the older man’s back and tried not to think of the cool air seeping through the rent in his work jeans or how winter’s claws scratched at his bare ankles. The military-issued work shoes only covered the soles of his feet and his toes. Enough protection against the rocks, but not enough to escape.

“Okay, you snakes, get out of your hole!” The command came from a gravelly-voice man, no doubt in charge of the entire operation.

The line of indentured servants shifted forward. Fionn waited for enough space to walk, then climbed up the stairs and out into the cold air. Unprotected by the concrete stairs, the wind ripped at his face and body. His dark hair, a few years shy of his first gray hair, caught the wind and flipped over his eyes. He reached up and pushed it aside.

Something struck his hands away as a woman yelled at him. “Keep your hands down, indentured!”

Pain flared along his right arm. Fionn grabbed his wrist where the woman’s baton caught it. Biting back a curse, he looked up at his attacker, then froze. He never saw a more beautiful woman. The heart-shaped face marred only by the scowl that etched lines across her brow. Blond-streaked brown hair framed her face, just long enough to tickle her shoulders when the wind wasn’t blowing it across her face. Between the strands of her air, he could see brown eyes glaring at him.

Decades of being an indentured man screamed at him to look away, but Fionn couldn’t tear his eyes away from her face. It took all his effort to lower his gaze. He spotted a single silver bar on her shoulder lapel—a first lieutenant—and her olive uniform set off her tanned skin. He continued to trail his eyes down to her chest, he tried to say it was to read her last name, but he wanted to see more of the lieutenant who stood in front of him.

Over her right breast, the size of it tilting everything toward him, he saw a single campaign ribbon. On the left, her name was embroidered right along the incredible curves of her chest: Barnes.

Right below, he could see how the cold air peaked her nipples, like two tiny pebbles lodged underneath the heavy olive uniform.

Beautiful but utterly forbidden to him.

Gulping, Fionn realized he couldn't be caught staring at her chest. Instead of looking down at his feet like a proper slave, his eyes flickered up to look into her deep brown eyes again. He could see the anger on her face, but deep in her brown gaze, something else burned. He struggled with the urge to step forward, to kiss her or touch her, just to see if he could stoke the flames.

Her chest lifted as she inhaled sharply. Glancing down, he saw her tightening her grip on her baton. Know that he risked getting punishment, he finally let his training take place and he dropped his gaze obediently.

Staring at the ground, all of his attention focused on her mental image. He wanted to see the burning in her eyes again, he needed to know what emotion simmered beneath the anger. Part of him, a small part that still believed in dreams, wanted it to be lust but the more logical side thought it was fear. But, no matter, he wanted to find more. His thoughts gave him enough focus to ignore the cold winds buffeting him.

Fionn realized she wasn't moving. He fought the urge to look up again and simply waited for her to walk away, hit him, or say anything. His large hand rubbed his wrist, trying to ease the sharp pain from where her baton struck him. The seconds stretched out and the wind continued to buffet his body, easily seeping through the tears and worn sections. It sent uncontrolled shivering along his body but he didn't dare cover himself.

The gravel-voiced man spoke from the other side of the line. "Lieutenant Barnes, move these maggots on the gondola."

Fionn watched as the boots turned away. His eyes peeked up to watch her leave, admiring the body inside her dress uniform. Her straight skirt wrapped around her legs, tight enough to highlight the curve of her buttocks. The hem of her skirt stopped right below her knees, revealing her taut legs above her dress boots. When she lifted her arms to thread her baton into her belt, he admired the swells of her breasts visible even from behind.

He let out a soft sigh and turned away. Indentured men never got a chance at a woman like that. Even in the grainy movies they show on Sunday.

“Okay, you bastards, on the car!” The same man who ordered the lieutenant stopped in front of her. Fionn recognized him as Captain Morgon, the hard master of the gold mines in Madirburg.

As the line of indentured men followed, Fionn looked at their destination. A large steel car hanging from half a dozen steel cables. The cables wound around a large set of pulleys before stretching up into the mountain clouds. They followed the line of an old road, the same road their bus took for the last day, but the road ended in a wall of rubble and warning signs. The cables disappeared in the cleft between two mountains, neatly avoiding the landslide.

The two military officers guided the indentured men into the back of the car, past the two dividers that split off the military from the citizens and the into the final section that kept the indentured men away from the citizens. Fionn sat on the first available seat, the cracked vinyl creaking when he settled into place. The harsh smell of cleaners and mildew assaulted his senses.

“I feel so safe,” said Basil.

“An old train car, it looks like, gutted out to reduce weight. Probably sixty or seventy years old.”

Basil’s amazement turned to fear. “It won’t fall, will it?”

Nassir leaned over the chair to grin at him.

“If it does, you’ll be done paying your debt.”

“Silence!” snapped the lieutenant from the front door of the cabin. Fionn turned his attention to her, staring even though he knew it was a bad idea. Her eyes caught his gaze, then she looked away sharply.

She strode down the aisle. “Listen, maggots, I don’t care what you want or who you are, you will remain silent in your seat until we get to platform two. Do you understand stand!?”

Basil cleared his throat. “What if I have to go the bathroom?”

The baton snapped out and she smacked him into the shoulder. The thwack noise echoed in the room and Fionn flinched as Basil let out sob of fear. The lieutenant leaned over him, a glare on her face.

“I didn’t ask you a question, indentured.”

“S-” Basil stopped before the word came out.

She stood up, her arm brushing on Fionn's ear, and cleared her throat.

"And to answer the question, hold it. We have two hours."

Fionn prayed that Basil would learn his lesson. When Basil said nothing more, the lieutenant marched out of the room. She turned to give the room a glare before slamming the door shut. The sound of the bolt shook the room and she continued toward the room of the car.

As soon as she disappeared from sight, Fionn turned in his seat. Basil sat behind him, rubbing his shoulder. Through the ripped fabric, Fionn could already see a bruise forming on the younger man's skin.

"Damn it, Basil, try not to piss her off."

Basil sighed. "Fine, I just had—"

Nassir interrupted him and said, "You are indentured. That means that you owe a debt to society and that... woman has your life in her hands. Just," he paused to find the right word, "shut up and do what they say. Three years will pass faster than you can imagine, but piss her off and it will feel like forever."

Basil pulled a face. "Easy for you to say, you're done in a few months."

Fionn looked over at Nassir who cocked his head. Fionn thought for a second, then shrugged. He turned back to Basil.

"He knows what he is saying, Basil, just shut up."

Basil rolled his eyes. "Really? What do you have, three months? Or a week?"

Fionn hated that Basil would ask the obvious question without thinking. He also hated saying it himself.

"Two hundred, seventy-nine years and three months."

Basil's mouth dropped. "No shit? What did you do?"

Fionn shook his head. "It isn't what I did, it's what my grandfather did. He was General Fallow."

Silence pooled in the car. Fionn looked around and saw that no one but Nassir would match his gaze. He felt a pang of sadness in his gut, even though he lived with his sentence every year of his forty-one years.

"The problem with being on the losing side of any civil war is that you and your children suffer." He paused before he finished, "I

never knew life without being an indentured man. So, I'll give you the same advice Nassir just did. Just shut up, do what they tell you, and keep your head down. It doesn't matter if you have two months or two hundred years, the less you cause waves, the easier your life will be."

Turning back in his seat, he sat down and pointedly tried to ignore everyone. He hated speaking up, it didn't fit well with being an indentured man for life. Time stretched out and he held himself still, lost in the misery of his past. His hands balled into fists and he tried to control the tears that threaten to well up in his eyes.

"Fionn!" hissed Nassir.

Fionn looked up. To his surprise, the car remained at the platform.

"What's wrong?"

"Look!" Nassir pointed out to the platform. Near the stairs they climbed only a few minutes before, a squad of army men stood wearing combat fatigues. Most of them wielded portable rail-guns but two of them wore belt-fed chemical machine guns over their shoulders. The leader, a sergeant, spoke with the captain while he pointed to a map projected on the concrete ground at their feet.

Fionn lifted himself to see the map but he couldn't from the distance. Sitting down, he watched as the soldiers spoke. Then, the captain swore violently. Turning, he barked orders to Lieutenant Barnes. As soon as she nodded in understanding, he hurried down the stairs. The soldiers followed after him, leaving the lieutenant alone on the platform.

She walked to the makeshift gondola. Fionn's eyes followed her, curiosity mixing with the attraction he felt for her. She hesitated and glared at the back end of the cable car. Fionn looked away before their eyes met. When she started again, she jumped into the gondola and slammed the door shut; the entire car shook from the impact.

Fionn turned his attention back to platform. The empty platform looked desolate, no doubt anyone with sanity would remain in the control room. Underneath him, the gondola rocked as the brakes were released.

A rumbling shook the air and Fionn looked around for the source. A VTOL lifted from beyond the platform and hovered above the

ground. Fionn could see the captain and soldiers sitting down before the twin pulse jets exploded in light and the VTOL shot off to the south, away from the cable car.

“W-What do you think that was?” asked Basil directly to Fionn.

Fionn shrugged. “None of our concern.”

“But-”

“Basil,” warned Nassir.

Basil sat back into his seat. “I hate this. I hate all of this.”

Fionn sighed. He spoke sadly, “None of us like it, Basil, it’s just our lot in life.”

The car rumbled before it pulled away from the platform. Fionn watched for a few minutes to see the ground drop away, leaving them hanging helplessly in the air, then turned his attention back to the door of the indentured compartment. He listened to the conversations behind him and let his mind wander back to the lieutenant and enjoyed a forbidden fantasy in the back of his mind.

When the gondola suddenly stopped, Fionn lost his balance. Ungracefully, he slid from the vinyl bench and crumpled on the diamond-plate floor. The impact left his hands and knees stinging. Scrambling to his feet, he looked around. Seeing the other indentured men crawling from the floor, he frowned in confusion.

Reaching down, he helped Nassir to his feet before changing places to peer out the window. The gondola hung high above the ground, the ragged rocks below dangerously far away and covered in the mists that clung to the mountain. He could see the debris covering the road in the pass—the rocks blocked almost a solid kilometer worth of road. In the center, he spotted the ruins of some fortress destroyed when the rebels tried to invade the pass.

Careening his neck, he inspected the cables above them. He didn’t know anything about the mechanics of the gondola or the lift, but even an idiot knew that fraying cables or smoke were signs to worry. When he saw none, he focused on the cabin.

“Okay,” he raised his voice, “listen up.”

Men looked at him. Fionn walked to the center, his back to the door leading into the other ends of the gondola. Holding up his hands, he spoke curtly.

“Just sit down.”

Basil started to speak and Fionn interrupted him. "Basil, if you are milling around and she comes back to check on us, we can get in a lot of trouble. So sit down, shut up, and don't get in the way."

"What happened?"

Fionn shrugged. "Don't know, don't care. Just sit down before..."

His voice trailed off when he heard a steel door slamming behind him. Turning around, he saw the olive uniform coming down the aisle through the empty citizens area. Feeling like a schoolboy caught looking up a skirt, he rushed to his seat and sat down heavily. Around him, the other indentured men scrambled for their seats, the room growing silent in a heartbeat.

When Lieutenant Barns opened the door, eighteen men sat silently, waiting for her. She stopped right in the door, carrying a taser in one hand and a glare on her face. The taser looked like a pistol, except for a rapid-recharge capacitor in the grip and the dual barrels lined with insulators.

"What did you do!?"

Fionn kept himself silent. He heard Basil start to speak up and winched inwardly.

"Nothing, madam lieutenant. We were just sitting here."

The lieutenant looked pissed as she scanned the room. Fionn heard the others shifting in their seats, no doubt looking down at their hands, but when he saw her looking toward him, he didn't. Instead, he raised his chin and matched her gaze, looking for that spark he saw on the platform.

Her eyes passed him for a moment, then came back as she inhaled sharply. Her eyes widened and she froze.

He stared into her warm brown eyes. He saw the spark, a little ember of something burning in her gaze and his body grew warm at the thought of it. He wanted to reach out for her, to touch her, even though he knew that her taser would be the only thing he touched. Instead of moving, he pointedly and slowly lowered his eyes, staring at her breasts, hips, and thighs before letting his eyes focus on the floor.

"None of you better dare stand up," she said in a warning voice but Fionn could imagine she directed it at him. He let a smile curl the corner of his lips, raising his eyes and looking at her through the curtain of his hair.

She regarded him back, her lips slightly parted. Her fingers clenched around the handle of the taser, the capacitor humming. She raised the taser at him and he felt a clenching in his gut. It wouldn't be the first time someone tased him.

Fionn still couldn't look away.

They stared over the muzzle of her taser. He held his breath, waiting for her to pull the trigger. As he watched her eyes, he saw emotions burning inside them. To him, it looked like doubt, excitement, and... fantasy. The urge to reach out for her increased and he clenched his fingers, trying to force her hand.

She moved first by lowering her weapon. Her eyes looked away, but she glance back at him before she snapped out.

"The first man who moves will be tased."

Turning on her heels, she stormed out of the room. The steel door slammed, but Fionn didn't hear her throwing the bolt or locking it. Stretching up, he peered through the glass door, he watched as she walked quickly down the aisle back to the military end of the gondola. At the far door, she turned to peek over her shoulder, then disappeared through the door.

Nassir whispered, "Is she back at her end?"

"Yes, and the door is closed."

Basil let out a sigh of relief.

"I'm going to hate the next four years under her."

Fionn looked over. "Why?"

"She has a burr in her panties. She only has the one campaign ribbon. That means she probably has something to prove. And we are the perfect victims for that."

Fionn couldn't disagree with him. He glanced back down the aisle, half-hoping to see her again. "I don't know."

Nassir grunted.

A hiss filled the room. Fionn gasped and looked around until he could see the source of the noise, an old rusted grill over a speaker. Then, the lieutenant's voice filled the room between the waves of static.

"Platform Two, this is Lieutenant Barnes, serial number 5322842."

The men grew silent as they looked up at the speakers. A moment later, a new voice came over the radio.

“Lieutenant Barnes, this is Platform Two. We are experiencing trouble with the power cables for the gondola. What is your situation?”

“Cable car is not moving. The indentured men are accounted for and I have them locked in the back.”

Basil leaned over the seat. “She doesn’t know we can hear this.”

Fionn grunted, but his eyes were focused on the door. He was sure she didn’t lock it. An idea, a fantasy really, teased his thoughts and he smiled at the idea.

“Lieutenant Barnes, we are trying to raise Platform One. No ETA on repairs.” The hissing response filled the cabin. “Are you safe, lieutenant? Are there any citizens on board?”

“No, Platform Two, just me and the indentured.”

A moment, then the response. “Do what is required, lieutenant, the indentured are expendable if necessary, but expensive.”

The lieutenant responded curly. “Acknowledged, Platform Two. Lieutenant Barnes out.”

Basil whimpered. “What does that mean?”

Nassir answered in a grim voice. “It means if you piss her off, she’s going to shoot you.”

“Oh, crap,” Basil whispered, sitting down heavily on his bench.

Fionn let out a soft snort. “No crap. Just sit still and be quiet.”

The men remained quiet for twenty minutes, whispering to each other and shifting in the seats. Then, the squeal of the steel door to the military cabin silenced them. Fionn looked through the window to watch the lieutenant walking back to their cabin. She stopped outside to look inside the window.

She avoided his gaze before turning and returning to her side of the cable car. Twenty minutes later, she came into the indentured cabin for an inspection. She found minor things like a crossword puzzle or a go board made from scrapes of paper. She confiscated both, then made them empty out their wallets looking for more. Ten minutes later, she came back to read them the riot act. Another fifteen and she looked for more contraband.

“Is she going to do this every twenty minutes?” whispered Basil.

Fionn nodded. “Probably, wants to make sure we aren’t planning something.”

“Planning what? A mutiny? We are a couple hundred feet above the ground! Where are we going to go?”

Another man spoke up. “Probably afraid we’ll rape her.”

Nassir growled. “None of that talk. Its a fast way of getting thrown on the firing range.”

“I was just-”

“None of that!” snapped Nassir.

Fionn listened the conversations, but his eyes never left the dirty glass of the door. At the far side of the car, the door leading into the military cabin remained shut. Unlike the one in front of him, there was no glass in the far door, ruining his chances of watching the lieutenant.

“God,” grumbled Basil, “I have to pee.”

“Just hold it,” responded Nassir, an impatient tone in his voice.

“I’ve been holding it before we got on here. And now, I don’t know how long we’ll have to wait.”

Fionn listened to Basil whine for a few minutes. Then, he stood up. Basil and Nassir and the others looked at him in confusion.

“Come on, if you have to go that badly, let’s go.”

“H-How,” stammered Basil, “the door’s locked.”

Fionn walked over and pushed the door open. He turned and looked at the men who all stood up. “Now, if she catches us out here, there are going to be a lot of trouble. Probably involving extending your debt to society for months if not years. How badly do you have to go?”

Most of them sat back down, but Basil pushed his way past Fionn as he hurried to the bathroom. Fionn looked over the room once, then shut the door behind him. He followed after Basil with a more casual pace, one eye riveted on the door to the military area and the other admiring the appointments of the citizen cabin.

Unlike the bare bones walls and benches of the indentured cabin, the citizen cabin looked comfortable: padded fabric seats, folding trays, even small televisions for each person. He glanced up to see Basil disappearing into the bathroom, then reached over to tap the nearest screen. A menu appeared and he flipped through a dozen movies on demand before tapping the screen off.

“Things I can’t have,” he whispered.

He leaned against the wall and waited for Basil. As soon as the younger man came out, Fionn pointed back to the indentured area. "Go on, don't get caught."

Waiting waiting for a response, Fionn headed into the bathroom and did his own business. It felt good to relax, though he also felt an edge of excitement knowing he was breaking rules and using facilities for citizens. He took his time, washing his face and pawing through the soaps and moisturizers. Finally, he couldn't stall his enjoyment anymore. He flushed the toilet and wiped the counter down with a paper towel before tossing it into the garbage can. Taking a deep breath, he flipped the lever and opened the door.

He froze when he saw Basil's twisted body on the ground, twitching.

"Basil!"

Gasping, he knelt down next to his friend and grabbed his head. Basil's eyes rolled into the back of his skull as he jerked violently. Fionn felt a hard piece of metal on his arm and looked down to see two needles sticking out of the shaking man. Two thin wires ran down the aisle and Fionn followed it with his eyes.

"Stand up!" commanded the lieutenant.

Fionn stood up as he glared at the lieutenant. She stood only a few paces away, legs braced as she kept the taser aimed directly at Fionn's check. Even from his position, he could see a line of LED's on the side of the muzzle indicating the charge. He had at least a few more bars until the weapon became dangerous again. Not wanting to give away his observation, he held up his hands.

"Turn around," she snapped.

Fionn didn't move. He stared past the strands of hair covering her face and into her brown eyes. The urge to reach out for her, to kiss her surged inside him and it took all his effort not to risk the taser.

"I said," she marched forward, "turn around, indentured!"

Fionn saw how her actions didn't match her voice. She held the gun too lightly and he couldn't stop staring at her parted lips and wide eyes. She didn't look angry. She didn't look frightened. She looked... excited.

He smiled. "No."

The lieutenant hesitated, her boots tapping on the diamond plate as she stopped.

“W-What did you say?”

While inwardly clenching against the inevitable response, Fionn let a glare settle on his face and he spoke strongly.

“You are being a bitch. You won’t even let us go the bathroom after all this time.”

“I didn’t give-”

“I said, you’re being a bitch.”

Her hand shook as she straightened her arms. Another LED on the taser lit up, just two more bars from the end, and she held it only a few feet away from Fionn, aimed directly at his chest.

She repeated herself. “Turn around!”

Fionn’s hand snapped out, grabbing the taser from her fingers. It came away easily, she wasn’t even holding it tightly, and he flipped it around. The handle felt warm in his hands and he aimed it in her directions.

“And you’re doing it on purpose, aren’t you?” He finished with a grin.

“Give my gun... taser back!!”

“No,” he smiled and took a step forward. She backed away from him. He spoke in a low voice. “In fact, ever since this car came to a stop, you’ve been pissing us off.”

“I must maintain order.”

“No, we were all behaving. You are stirring the nest, weren’t you?”

She gasped, her eyes widening. She took another step back and he followed.

“In fact, I bet you were thinking about this very situation. With one of us getting your taser and forcing themselves on you. All alone in that cabin, you were thinking about this, weren’t you?”

Her mouth opened and closed as a blush rose in her cheeks. She peeked over her shoulder at the door into the military cabin, then back at Fionn. “I-I was not.”

Fionn smiled, looking at her while giving her a grin.

“Really?”

“Yes!”

“Well then,” he took another step toward her, “no one can hear us right now. Basil is unconscious, the door behind me is shut, and it is just you and me.”

Another step. She backed away, reaching out for the frame of the door for balance. Her breasts heaved with her panting but he could see a fire burning in her eyes.

Not believing he was about to say it, Fionn spoke in a soft, rumbling voice.

“I’ll give you a choice, lieutenant. If you back through that door and shut it, I will toss this little taser on the bench and walk away.”

“A-And?” she gasped.

“If you back away and don’t close that door, I’m going to follow you into your cabin and take advantage of you. I’m going to lock the door to the rest of the car and I’m going to fuck you.”

As the last two words slipped from her lips, she let out a gasping breath. Her eyes rose to look at the door frame and he could see her shaking in the knees. Taking another step forward, he backed her into the military cabin.

“What is it going to be? Lieutenant. All you have to do is close it.”

She grabbed the door, ready to close it. Fionn held his breath, hands steady despite his fear, as he waited for her to slam it. Her knuckles turned white as she held the door tightly.

Then, her hand slipped away as she stepped further into the cabin. He almost dropped the taser as she backed up against a desk in the center of the cabin, her head lowering so she could look at him through half-lidded eyes. Her hands came up, helpless and weaponless.

Butterflies swarming in his gut, Fionn walked over the threshold of the door. He reached out with one hand and grabbed the icy door. With a flip of the wrist, he slammed it shut behind him. His eyes never left her as he fumbled with the lock, throwing the bolt and locking themselves in the room together.

As soon as he could, he thumbed the eject for the battery charger on the taser. Hefting the silicon battery for a moment, he tossed it to the side. It landed on a marble-topped bar and rolled into a rum bottle. The taser went the other direction, bouncing on the crystal-clear glass and dropping on a leather recliner.

“Now that we have a little privacy, I think I can enjoy myself.”

She kept her hands up. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to fuck you."

"Rape me and you'll get the firing range."

He walked over to her, grabbing her wrists. He pulled her close until his lips almost touched hers. "I didn't say rape. I said I'm going to fuck you."

"Regulations says sixty lashes for that."

"Then I better make this worth it, shouldn't I?" He grinned.

She let out a soft whimper as he transferred her wrists into the same hand. His other dropped to her breast, wrapping his fingers around the soft mound. His pinkie ran along her name strip for a moment, then he pushed his hand down, running it along her taut stomach to her belt. Sliding around, he grabbed a pair of handcuffs from a pouch. The cool metal felt as forbidden as his actions.

"You wouldn't dare," she whispered in a voice that begged for him to continue.

Fionn answered by grabbing her belt and yanking on the loops. She spun around and he shoved her shoulders down, splaying her out on top of the desk. Papers fluttered to the ground as her ass ground up against his crotch. He shifted to line his hardness on the line of her buttons. Grabbing one wrist, he slapped the cuff on. She flailed with the other, her legs spreading out for balance, but he easily caught it and cuffed her wrists together.

Looking down, he watched her ass shifting into her place. With a grin, he leaned over to the side to admire how her large breasts squeezed on the top of the desk. Her eyes burned with lust, half-closed, and she panted through parted lips.

Fionn released the cuffs to reach down. Grabbing the bottom of her skirt, he pulled it up enough to jam his knees between her legs. Leaning forward, he tugged up on the straight skirt until the olive fabric slipped out from between his aching cock and the olive thong that protected her sex. At the first touch of his worn fabric against the soaked fabric, she let out a long guttural moan.

"You've been thinking about this."

"No," she lied, "and you better not fuck me like this."

Fionn grinned. "As you wish."

He reached over and grabbed the baton from her belt. Slipping it free, he positioned it between her legs and ran the long edge of the

stick along the length of her pussy. The lieutenant threw back her head as she gasped. Fionn sawed it back and forth until the polished surface glistened with her juices. When her hips rocked back and forth, he drew the baton up along her pussy until the rounded tip pressed against the fabric protecting her opening. With a shift of his hand, he slipped the tip under the fabric and twisted it into place. It slipped into her pink opening and her labia sealed around it.

“This isn’t my dick,” he said, then pushed the baton into her.

The lieutenant whimpered, her legs shaking. Fionn grabbed the baton tighter and began to pump it in and out of her, imagining his own cock sliding between her hairy lips and into the heat he could feel seeping out of her.

Her pussy made wet, slurping noises as he fucked her with her own baton. Pushing in, he felt the limits of her pussy and she whimpered when he drew back. He shifted his grip so his knuckles would drive into her sex when the baton fit as far as it would. Breathing hard, he began to move faster. His hands would drive it deep until his fist squelched against her sex, then he drew it out until the tip hovered right outside of her opening. With his powerful arm moving, he pumped with long, hard strokes, moving until she writhed underneath his body, gasping and moaning.

Fionn fucked her with the stick for a long moment, but he knew that he couldn’t bring her to an orgasm with it alone. And his own body needed attention of its own. He slowed, then pulled the dripping stick outside of her sex. Setting it down in front of her, he leaned over her body and whispered in her ear.

“Fucking military slut.”

Her eyes flashed and her hips rose up off the desk.

Fionn panted. He reached out and grabbed her cuffed wrists. Pulling her to his feet, he ground his cock into her ass.

“Turn around,” he commanded.

She obeyed, turning around. The cuffs forced her breasts up to him. He admired how the soft mounds filled the olive uniform, pushing the fabric into his hungry sight. He raised his eyes to her gaze and almost lost himself in the flames of lust that burned inside.

“Kneel.”

She gasped. “I will not!” but even as she spoke, her knees dipped.

“Kneel, lieutenant.”

She gulped and glanced down at the bulge in his pants before she lowered herself. They both knew what he wanted and she stopped with her lips only a few centimeters from his zipper.

Fionn reached down and freed himself. His cock, a sizable length and thickness, sprung out. He rubbed it on her cheek, loving how the strains of her streaked hair clung to his length.

“Open your mouth.”

She clamped her mouth shut.

Fionn panted as he stared down at her. Her dark eyes looked back.

“Open, lieutenant.”

The second time, she parted her soft lips and he guided his cock into the opening. The first touch of the soft warmth around his cock held felt like heaven, a forbidden treasure. He lurched forward to bury more, but she backed away. When her head rapped against the desk behind her, she stopped and he easily sank into her mouth.

He moaned as he watched his thick member disappearing into her stretched lips. Her eyes closed and he pulled out. A thin line of precum connected the tip of his member to her lips. Unwilling to resist, he drove it back into her mouth, feeling his length sliding along the roughness of her tongue. Gasping, he reached down to grab her head with one hand and pushed in until he felt the tip of his member brushing on the back of her throat.

Fionn rocked his hips to move his cock in and out of her mouth. He lost himself in the hot wetness and accelerated, driving hard enough to bump her head against the desk in rapid strokes.

She kept her mouth open, sucking on his cock and moaning as he drove into her. IT only pushed him further and soon he was slamming against the back of her throat, desperate to get the last few centimeters of his dick into her throat. He finally shoved it as far as it would go, holding it there.

Her throat relaxed and he slipped the last few centimeters to grind his pubic hair into her nose. He could feel his balls on her chin and let out a long gasp of pleasure. Pulling out, he grabbed her head with both hands and fucked her face, driving until her head hit the desk and his dick slipped into her throat.

It was years since Fionn had sex with a woman. He lost himself in the hard strokes, enjoying every iota of pleasure until the orgasm

came too soon. Gasping, he plunge in as far as he could, burying her face into his groin and gasped loudly.

“Take it!”

He came hard, flooding her throat with his cum. She stared into his eyes as he came. Panting, he waited until the last of the cum splattered out of him.

“It better be clean when I pull out... lieutenant.”

He felt her smile around his cock and drew it out slowly. She lapped and sucked it clean so it glistened when he finally pulled out of her. She let out a soft cough and panted for breath as he looked down at her. They shared a smile.

“Stand.”

“No,” she whispered.

He rephrased himself, “Stand, lieutenant.”

She leaned forward to move and he grabbed her shoulders, pulling her to her feet. She swayed for a moment and he balanced her. She looked at him, licking her lips and a hot blush on her cheeks.

Fionn felt drained, but he also didn't want to give up. He lowered his eyes to her body, admiring her for a long moment.

“Is this your only dress uniform?”

“I...” she hesitated, then smiled, “I have another in my suitcase over there.”

“Good,” he whispered and reached down. His fingers found the opening of the front of the uniform jacket. Holding it tightly, he felt her tensing right before he yanked it open.

Buttons flew everywhere, one of them hitting the glass chandelier over the dining table. The lieutenant gasped and panted, her nipples visible through her lace bra and the creamy green blouse she wore underneath her jacket.

Fionn ran his hands over the cotton for a moment, then pushed her jacket over her shoulders, leaving it to bunch at her elbows. His fingers unbuttoned the middle button of the blouse and he grabbed the fabric. She let out a moan as he tensed, then a moan as he ripped the second shirt open. More buttons flew and he continued to yank it open, tearing the fabric to expose her tight body.

As soon as he could, he grabbed the cups of her bra and yanked them down to expose her soft, full breasts. Large, puffy nipples

tipped each one. He moaned and yanked her shirt free of her skirt and shoved it over her shoulders. It bunched with the jacket, but he didn't care. He reached back and grabbed the bra. After an attempt to tear it open, he rolled his eyes and unfastened it properly. Detached, it didn't take any effort to pull the cups away from her lovely breasts.

Rolling tips in his fingers, he crouched down in front of her and brought her right nipple to his mouth. It felt hot and soft and hard at the same time. He sucked on it and nipped at the delicate flesh around it until it crinkled in his mouth. Grinning, he moved to the other and teased it into full hardness.

As he sucked on her breasts, his hands worked at her skirt, unzipping it and pulling it down. She stepped out of it, panting hard herself, and he drew back to look at her.

The lieutenant stood there, with her blouse, bra, and jacket bunched at her shoulders, a soaked olive thong nestled in the patch of her pubic hair, and her boots.

And Fionn never thought he saw a more beautiful woman.

He delved his face into her legs, pulling down the thong so he could lap at her sex. Her juices flooded his mouth. She leaned back, almost falling over the desk, but he held her hips tightly as he sucked on her pussy. He loved the taste of her sex, the tangy sweetness.

She shuddered underneath his grip but he held her as he lapped harder. He felt her orgasm coming and continued to nibble and tease, working his way around the pink folds.

“Oh, please, bite.”

He obeyed her gasping command, nipping on her clit. He dropped one hand to drive two fingers into her pussy, pumping in and out as he sucked on the folds. She moaned, her hips twisting back and forth.

“Harder, please?”

Biting harder, he felt her orgasm surging through her body. Her legs tightened around his head and her body heaved with every step. Fionn added a third finger and pumped as fast as he could, filling his world with the wet slurping of his partner and the growing passion he felt. His cock regained lift when she let out a strangled scream, falling back on the desk. He half-stood up to keep

his mouth sealed to her pussy and she rewarded him with a flood of juices that poured down his throat.

When he pulled away, his face shimmered with her excitement. Wiping it with his arm, he stood up straight and looked down at the woman splayed out on the desk, her legs spread and a hungry look on her face.

She looked down to see his cock standing straight.

“Fuck me, please?”

Fionn glanced over to the window and grinned.

“Stand up.”

She resisted at first, then tried to lever herself up. Fionn reached over and grabbed her grab. Pulling her up, the fabric finally gave and ripped. Gasping, he slipped an arm around her before she fell and helped her to her feet.

She smiled which grew larger when he pushed her to the window. Facing her toward it, he bumped her until her breasts ground against the cool glass. Grabbing her hips, he nestled his cock between her legs. He felt an opening and pushed up into it.

“No, not my ass. Please?” She whispered.

“Yes, lieutenant,” he said.

Fionn reached up to grab her hair, pulling her back. She arched her back. Holding it, he slipped his other hand between her legs and lifted one knee up. She arched even further, raising her hips so he could slide his aching cock into the wet depths of her pussy.

The feel of her sex wrapped around his dick almost pushed him over the edge. Fionn bit his tongue and drove in as far as he could, pulling her hair back and driving her into the window. His hips slammed into her buttocks with hard strokes that no doubt crashed her into the metal, but both of them grunted and moaned.

Fionn rammed his cock into her, desperately pumping and pulling at the same time, trying to keep a hard pace for her to come again.

Then, a new noise. A hiss.

“This is Platform Two. Lieutenant Barnes, are you available?”

She gasped, but didn't push away from the window. “I-I have to answer that.” She sounded frightened and Fionn pulled his cock out. It dripped on the floor as he looked around.

“Where?”

“The controls, right there.”

Fionn saw a remote with a pair of buttons on the corner of the desk.

“This is Platform Two. Lieutenant Barnes, report.”

Fionn pressed the remote into her hand, flipping it over so she could control it. She fumbled for a moment, then tapped the transmit button.

“This is Lieutenant Barnes,” she sounded breathless, “serial number 5322842.”

“Lieutenant Barnes, we have an ETA on the repairs. Everything should be operational in two hours...”

Fionn listened with one half ear. He noticed the lieutenant looking at him. With a smile, she raised her leg again, exposing her swollen pussy. Surprised, Fionn didn't need a second invitation. Carefully, he sidled up behind her and slid his cock back into her wet sex. She bit her lip as he buried himself. He grabbed her hair, bending her back to enjoy the long strokes he could ram into her.

“Platform Two, acknowledged.” Her voice ended with a gasp from a hard stroke.

A short pause. “Lieutenant Barnes, are you safe?”

“Yes,” she gasped, “I'm perfectly safe.”

“And the indentured?”

Fionn pulled tight, fucking her with long, hard strokes. Her body started shook with an orgasm.

“Lieutenant Barnes?” came the voice over the speaker.

Panting, she shook her head and Fionn froze, his cock burned in her spasming pussy. She pressed the transmit.

“The indentured are safe. I have them under control.”

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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