

DEADLY CAPTIVE

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Chapter One

I woke to the sharp tang of metal on my tongue. An iron chain jammed between my teeth tore at the flesh at the edges of my mouth. Blood dribbled over my chin as I lifted my head.

Where am I?

All I could see was a bright blur. I tried to roll off my back. Muscles screamed in protest as I strained against the chains wrapped around my torso. My arms were bound to my sides. My legs seemed free, but no, chains jangled when I tried to bend my knees. There were straps around my ankles, attached to the floor somehow. Keeping my legs open in a wide V.

Spit mixed with blood gurgled in my throat. Sound came, like nothing a human should make. I sensed movement at my side.

A soft voice hushed me. "Don't fight the restraints, you'll only hurt yourself."

I went very still and tried to calm my rasping breath. My lips formed the words 'who are you?', but my voice failed me. At some point I had screamed myself hoarse.

Coarse fingertips smoothed hair away from the sweat slicked skin of my brow. A palm rested against my cheek.

"It doesn't matter now." A deep voice said, his breath hot on my cold flesh. "Just let it happen."

I tossed my head and tried to see him. *Let what happen?*

His hand left my face and settled on my knee. Moved slowly up my thigh.

No! I bucked and grunted, reduced to animal sounds. The chains forced my shoulder blades to graze together. Large loops of metal pinched thin flesh between every joint.

Naked, I'm naked! My chest rose and fell, offbeat from my jerky inhales. Inside my lungs fought for air, but I couldn't draw in breath, not fully, not enough. I choked against rising sobs. *Don't panic. Stop him.*

My thighs clenched, my hips twisted, but I couldn't move enough to deny him anything. His hand covered my exposed sex and the tips of his fingers pressed inside. Gently, but his coarse flesh scrapped my delicate folds.

The man cursed. "You're too fucking dry."

He withdrew his hand and I heard him spit. When he touched me again his fingers were slick with moisture. They filled me and I whimpered.

From all around came a low hum, increasing until it sounded more like a thunder in the distance, coming closer. Voices rose from the rumble. The voices of a crowd.

The man pressed closer and groaned. "Listen to me. Keep fighting, but know I do this to save your life. I can't take another body in this damn hole."

A hole? Air jammed in my throat. I imagined myself, trapped with him in a pit deep in the earth. Were there dead bodies all around us? Had he been forced to kill others for not submitting to him?

What if he's lying?

Grit scored my cheek as I fought to twist away from him. I made a wet hiss through the chain and forced my eyes to stay open. Something was wrong with them. My vision was blurred. I blinked and squinted. No use.

Blind. Helpless and blind.

"You can't see, can you." The man's rough exhale brought my head his way. "Don't worry, it will pass. From the look of you, they've had you here for awhile. Hard to believe, but they treat their prisoners worse than their pets."

Prisoners? But what could I have done--

"I don't expect you to understand now, but you will soon enough. It won't comfort you." His fingers stopped moving. The shadow, all I could see of him, went still. "Would you prefer death? It would be selfish not to offer. This..." He moved his fingers, just a little. "Is not the only option."

I shook my head. Wherever I was, whatever happened, I wanted to live.

“You’ve got her wrapped up so nicely.” The man shifted again. His palm rested on my mound. The fingers of his other hand traced my collarbone, then slipped under the chains crisscrossing my chest. “The way these chains frame her...assets...” He paused and his tone gained a seductive, lulling quality. “This wasn’t done to simply restrain her. You wanted her on display.” His hands curved under my breast, lifted them as though in offering. “But if you want me to hurry...”

Right then, *I* didn’t want him to hurry. His thumbs dented the supple flesh under my nipples, hard and throbbing and begging for him to touch them. He drew a half-moon beneath them and I squirmed, frustrated at the idle motion.

Why wouldn't he touch me?

“Very well, toy with her for a bit.” A deep, masculine voice called out from somewhere above us. “But if you don’t make her suffer, we will.”

The man at my side laughed. “Make her suffer?” His fingers finally brushed over my nipples. Pleasant little sparks shot down to my clit. I let out a muffled moan. Then he pinched and twisted. “How’s this?”

My hips shot up as the pain sizzled along my nerves. The chains rattled as I jerked at them and the crowds buzzed in approval.

“She’s so fucking hot...” Something clamped down on a pulsing nipple, wet and hard. His teeth. He sucked hard and I panted. His mouth left me and I whimpered. “A drink and she’d be dripping wet...”

“You’re pushing it.” Said the deep voice.

“Not yet, but I will.”

A cool drip warned me, seconds before the water spilled over my face. Sure I would drown in it I turned my head. The man grabbed my chin and forced it back. The water came again and I gulped as much as I could handle.

“Better, kleine?” His voice came from much closer than before, as though he was laying beside me. His hand rested on my belly. His breath brushed over the nipple he’d bitten.

Better? Is he insane?

But the water had helped. My tongue was moist. And I could feel the moisture slowly building much...lower. His fingers slipped between my folds.

“Ah, yes.” He thrust one finger in and pulled it out. “Much.”

He made a slurping sound and I pictured him sucking his finger. The crowd hummed. Something wet lapped around one of my nipples, then the other. Probably his tongue.

“I’m going to hurt you now.” He whispered. “You’ll like it, but pretend you don’t.” He cleared his throat and his next words were loud enough for the crowd to hear.

“Little whore, you want this, don’t you?”

One finger, two, prodded then slammed inside. Each thrust into my cleft curved inwards and grazed sensitive nerve endings. Pleasure rolled through me and seemed to spill out in a hot, wave, overwhelming pain. My hips rose to receive him even as I twisted as though to escape.

He changed position. I felt the weight of him shift, lowering until I knew he wore no more than I. Agony lanced up my spine as his weight settle over me. If able I would have asked him to take me facing the gritty floor. The chains prevented the words. The press of him between my thighs made me forget.

Fisting his hand in my hair he bent my head back in time with the plunge. I moaned as the bone of his hips ground against my pelvis. My body stretched to accommodate the thickness of him. For a moment movement ceased.

He bit my shoulder, my neck, enough pressure for an edge of pain. A few short, shallow thrusts and my resistance was gone. He’d done a good job preparing me to be fucked.

“More!” The voice above sounded strained, as though more aroused than either myself or the man on top of me. “I want to hear her scream!”

“Scream.” My unknown lover whispered. He drove into me, harder and spoke through his teeth. “Please scream.”

A twist of his hips swirled him over a spot that sparked life, showing me I wasn’t the

least bit immune to the raw joining. My body didn't understand it shouldn't enjoy this. Arching back I surrendered, tightening against him, throbbing and wet. And I screamed. Screamed in pleasure, in pain, because I couldn't tell the difference.

When the echo of my screams died, the room was silent.

With a loud grunt he gave one last powerful thrust, spilling heat. His hand smacked the floor by my head and I winced as he bent down. My core felt bruised.

His lips brushed my cheek, spreading tears I hadn't felt spill. "We're done."

He withdrew with a feral growl and I heard him move away. Blinking, I made out his figure, little more than flesh color against harsh light. So very large, standing inches from me.

"Are you satisfied?" His voice echoed around, a vibrating timbre, gruff with rage. "Does this please you, Cyrus?"

Corse laughter reverberated back to him. So many voices, speaking amongst themselves, some high, some deep as his own. One finally deigned to answer.

"Quite. I'll let you keep this one," the pause drew out like a dull blade. "So long as you both amuse."

A clink of metal sounded near my head.

"Release her if you would. Enjoy a brief respite. It won't last."

Darkness followed the ominous words. I could hear the shuffling of the departing crowd. When the sound muffled off to nothing, I was turned to my side. With the sound of metal scrapping, the chains released. Relief flowed through me, and despite a thousand searing questions, I let myself slip into darkness.

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