

On
undefended Flesh

The memoir of an obedient girl



Shana Shine

This is a work of non-fiction. However, names and other identifying features have been changed to protect identities. The author has warranted to the publishers that, except in such minor respects not affecting the substantial accuracy of the work, the contents of this book are true.

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Prologue:

Cleaning and Hoovering

I move towards his feet, getting closer and closer. It's pitch black outside with only a dim, eerie light entering the room. The door is closed and I feel absolutely vulnerable.

'Lick my shoes clean.'

I turn my head up towards him, hoping what I had just heard was somehow not real. However, one glance into those piercing blue eyes, there is no more doubt.

I run my tongue over the smooth leather.

'Lick the sole, too.'

I try and avoid it, but he's staring down vigilantly, making sure I obey. As I'm licking his sole I hear the shocking sound of him unzipping his trousers ... and

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then rubbing his penis. I do not look up, I do not want to see it, so I just concentrate on his shoes.

‘Fucking bitch! You are a useless little slut, aren’t you?’

‘Yes, I am.’

‘Useless cunt! You should have been born dead. You are nothing but a filthy shit. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, I do,’ I respond from my position on the floor.

‘You’re just another eastern European whore. You are disgusting.’

‘Yes, I am ... *disgusting*.’

As my tears fall I can hear him getting turned on, hear him breathing heavily.

‘Crawl to the fireplace right now and lick it clean.’

It’s opposite the sofa, so I crawl there on all fours and begin licking the stone all the way round; I can sense his penetrating stare on my thighs and bottom, which are visible when I lean down to get my tongue into the corners. I’m there cleaning for some time before he barks out his next commands.

‘Go to the kitchen and get two big glasses from the cupboard. Fill them with water and then come back.’

I find the biggest glasses I can and then fill them up, all the while wondering what he is going to do with them. When I return he’s still standing there masturbating, looking at me with disgust.

‘Useless little slut. Drink the water in your right hand.’

Cleaning and Hoovering

I begin taking mouthfuls of the water.

‘Quickly!’ he orders.

He watches attentively as the water goes down, saturating my body.

‘Now drink the other one.’

Only with considerable effort do I manage to force all the contents of the second glass down.

‘You can carry on now crawling around the table.’

I begin crawling. Though I try and hold on, it is only a few minutes later that my small bladder begs me to stop.

‘May I go to the toilet, please?’ I ask, having no idea how he will respond.

He smiles sarcastically. I can see in his face this is exactly what he has been waiting for.

‘Slut. You have two options, as I am generous: you do not go to the toilet ... or you do. But if you go, you will be severely punished.’

‘What?’ I protest meekly.

‘I won’t repeat it, you ugly piece of shit!’ he yells furiously.

But I don’t have the luxury of choice; I rush to the nearby bathroom to relieve myself. Closing the door shut behind me, I search for a lock but find none.

Long after finishing, I remain seated on the toilet, crying, dreading the moment I will have to come out ...