

Rough Copy

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Excerpt



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prologue

“Would you do anything for me?”

Lisa leaned back between a pair of rumpled feather pillows and gazed up at her Master. “Of course.” She said it without hesitation, without giving an instant’s thought to what request he might make.

She said it because it was true.

Straddling her bare midriff, Philip Carrington smiled down at his slave girl. He reached for Lisa’s exposed left nipple, tweaked it between harsh knuckles. His other hand toyed with her studded collar, fingers slipping between leather and skin as if to make sure the symbol of her enslavement wasn’t too tight.

Or too loose, she thought with a mischievous grin. The last thing Lisa wanted was for her collar to be too loose.

Philip said, “So, have you thought about whether you’d be happy to take part in the research project?”

“At the longevity lab? Of course.” Once more, Lisa’s agreement was instant, the product of submissive instinct rather than considered debate. Her only goal was to demonstrate unquestioning obedience, in the hope that her Master would permit her to serve and please him again, so that one demonstration might lead to another: of how well-trained her tongue and lips were, perhaps.

To Lisa’s disappointment, Philip didn’t seem interested in a second serving of that particular delicacy. Wryly, the slave girl reflected that perhaps she’d become a little too efficient at satiating him. She wondered if Philip, too, might get more out of her if she spun his pleasure out, tormented him more. If she used her mouth to tease him to and from the edge of climax, for example, without necessarily satisfying him until ordered to do so in the strictest terms.

It was just that it was so much damn fun, working him to the point of ejaculation in that most intimate of ways. Lisa never felt more submissive, and never more feminine, than in the grateful acceptance of his fluid, masterful gift.

But Philip was speaking again. Lisa pulled herself away from erotic musings, returning her attention to the man who owned her.

“Then I’ll check you in to the donor program,” he said. “They’ll take a tissue sample and a scan of your brain.”

“If that’s what you want.” Lisa eased herself up against the pillows. “All of it belongs to you, after all. Everything about me does. What will you use the samples for?”

Philip plumped himself down beside her. One of his hands snaked over Lisa’s belly, and she parted her thighs instinctively, granting him full access to that which he owned.

“To have a backup of you, exactly as you are now,” he said. “So that if anything ever happened to you, I could have you cloned and brought back. Nothing and nobody could take you away from me.”

Lisa didn’t believe that cloning was possible, not the way he meant it. There might have been successful experiments on animals, but human beings, with their personal memories, their unique characters and complex kinks, had to be different. This particular slave was too well trained to argue with her Master, though, so she simply asked in mock fear, “What could possibly happen to me?”

Philip gave a low chuckle. “Anything. You might receive a sound spanking over my knee, for one thing. Or even a severe whipping.” His fingers probed the humid softness between her thighs, testing the intimate glow that his words had already provoked. “Or you might just get fucked.”

Lisa closed her eyes, imagining. “Then I’d count myself a very lucky girl.”

He chuckled again, rolling over and onto her. His cock was already fully recovered from the attentions she’d just lavished on it, and pressing urgently between her legs. Lisa raised her knees and gripped him with her heels and calves, the way she knew he liked. She sent one hand down to help ease his passage into her, until he trapped her wrists and forced her arms above her head.

Lisa gazed up at her Master, utterly captivated. She loved it when he did that, almost as much as when he actually tied her to the bedstead.

Philip shifted on her, and she felt the urgent, probing caress of his cock against her *mons veneris*. He paused for a long, delicious moment,

as if making believe that he didn't have full rights of occupancy, and had to wait for an invitation. "Or," he said with a grin, "I might just have you cloned anyway. I've often thought it would be fun to own a matched pair."

Lisa hardly had time to consider this suggestion before she was utterly distracted by the delight of being filled by him, of opening herself and submitting herself perfectly to her lover's desire.

By the time Philip had finished with her, and she'd cleansed his sex of arousal until all that was left was his own clean, male taste and scent to mingle with the slickness of her saliva, she'd forgotten what he'd said.

To be honest, it probably wouldn't have made any difference anyway. A slave girl like Lisa would hardly have objected to whatever her Master desired, even if she'd remembered.

1

“Wake up.”

The voice was full of sneering cruelty, and it had pulled Lisa out of a pleasant dream. She snuggled deeper into her nest of pillows and retreated towards sleep again.

“I said, wake up.” The speaker whisked sheets and blankets away in a single, fluid motion, shocking Lisa to full consciousness with an inrush of chilling air. She opened her eyes. There was no way to know whether it was the sudden cold, or the sight of her own body, that first told her she’d been naked under the warm sheets.

There was only one person who’d treat her like this, one person from whom she’d take it gladly and ask for more. “Philip?”

“Your ex-owner can’t be with us today,” the voice said. “Or for the foreseeable future.”

Lisa tried to focus, but the room lights were too bright and her eyes were still blurry, as if she’d been sleeping for a very long time. “What’s going on?”

“In fact, it would be best simply to accept that you will never see him again.”

“Who are you? What is this place?”

The man who’d woken Lisa was coming into focus as her vision cleared. He was dressed in a white coat, with a plastic nametag pinned to one lapel. ‘Dr. Somerville’, it read.

“I am one of your creators,” the doctor said, “and this clinic is where you have been reborn.”

“You’re out of your mind.”

The doctor gave a thin smile. “Quite the opposite: it’s you who gave a mind scan, and who is now in a different body. I trust you recall the matter?”

Lisa thought back, to Philip’s request that she take part in some fanciful research program, to the waivers and consents she’d signed.

“I remember.”

“Good.”

Lisa looked up at him. She was not physically modest, but the way this doctor was staring at her breasts disturbed her. She covered her nipples with her palms, pressed her thighs together. She had no idea how she'd ended up here, but her Master must surely be behind it somewhere. “I belong to Philip Carrington. Please fetch him, or tell me where he is so that I can return to him.”

Dr. Somerville shook his head. “You are a DNA sample and a memory backup, sold to this clinic by Carrington, and then cloned and revived.”

Lisa knew that couldn't be true. “Philip would never do anything—”

“Carrington is just like anyone else. If he's short of cash, he looks for something to sell.”

“I don't believe you.”

“It's not even as if he had to give anything up. He still has full control over the original property. All he sold was data: genetic information and a slave girl's mind.” The doctor paused, studying her. “Which was all we needed.”

Lisa shivered, acutely conscious of gooseflesh rising on her naked skin. “It's cold in here. Please can I have a blanket?”

“No.” The doctor smirked, his eyes dropping to her bare legs and then roaming back up again. She followed his gaze, noticing for the first time the unfamiliar tattoo that marred her left foot: a piece of elegant Chinese calligraphy, stroked in black ink with hints of green and blue.

She tore her eyes away from it. “What have you done to me?”

“We have tagged you with a descriptive label. The character means ‘slave’.”

“Fuck that, and fuck you.”

“I'll look forward to it.” He smirked. “As for being cold, if you co-operate, if you don't cause any trouble, you might eventually be permitted some clothing appropriate to your station.”

“I don't believe this.”

“Your belief or disbelief is of no consequence. We have the power to make you do whatever we like. A natural slave like you will obey in

the end. And, if you don't, you'll find we can be most persuasive.”

“I want to see Philip,” she said.

“Then you should find this interesting.” He reached into his coat pocket, handed her an envelope. “And enlightening. I will leave you alone to read it and to reflect on your situation. When I return, I shall expect your full compliance.”

Lisa met his gaze boldly. “You won't get it.”

“We shall see.” Dr. Somerville turned on his heel and left the room.

Left on her own, Lisa turned the envelope over in her hands. It was addressed to her – ‘Lisa’ – in a hand that was clearly Philip's. She opened the letter with fingers that shook almost too much to complete the task.

My dearest slave girl,

Actually, to be strictly accurate (and I know how much importance you place on strictness) that place in my affections is held by another version of you, but rest assured that as her new-born identical twin and with all of her memories, you are dear to me as well.

I have placed you in the care of the men at whose disposal you now find yourself. My command to you is this: obey your new Masters as you would obey me. They are businessmen, and will not unduly harm their stock in trade.

I also command you not to give yourself over to resentment. The experiences that lie ahead of you will be hard, but not impossible for you. You will recall, I am certain, all the times I instructed you to tell me of your deepest, most secret fantasies and desires, and of the answer you gave.

To be given over, completely, to strangers, wasn't it? To be forced to serve other men at your Master's command? To be subjected to strange passions, perversions, and punishments, and denied any hope of reprieve?

So, you can see that this is a solution to a financial problem for me, and a way for a dream to come true for you.

Sweet slave, I wish you every joy in the new life for which I have had you created. And you, I am certain, will be glad to be granted the chance to sacrifice yourself, utterly and selflessly, for my sake.

You have, after all, begged more than once to be permitted to do just that.

Philip

Lisa crumpled the paper and let it fall. There was no doubt about its authorship: Philip's hand was distinctive, and anyway, it all made sense.

When he asked her to enroll in the research program, he must already have had this in mind. He must have had some money problem, something he wasn't able to share with his slave girl.

Tears stung her eyes. To be a slave was wonderful, but sometimes, she knew, her Master must have needed someone stronger, someone who could have been more of an equal, to share the burdens of life.

Instead, she'd been satisfied with the role of his plaything, devoted entirely to pleasure (with a liberal and most satisfying seasoning of pain) instead of to practicality.

Which had led her beloved Master to a different solution to his difficulties.

She recalled the words from Philip's letter: that this was a way for a dream to come true. Didn't he understand the boundaries between fantasy power-exchange and real-life abuse? Didn't he know that dreaming about being given to strangers might arouse her, but that the reality would terrify her?

Lisa shook her head. Philip was her Master, come what might. Even if she never saw him again. A slave girl's duty was not to judge her owner, but simply to obey.

The door opened and Dr. Somerville was back in the room. "Well? Am I to have your obedience?"

She lowered her gaze, searching out the crumpled paper that had condemned her. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

Lisa glanced up at him, then looked down again submissively. She knew what this man wanted, and that it was Philip's will that she should provide it. "Yes, Master."

"Good. From now on, you will treat every Alpha male here with the proper respect. Whenever you are required to interact with us, you will acknowledge our relative stations. Each of us has his preference in this matter. Mine is to be addressed as 'Master'."

Lisa considered this. Philip had not been so demanding. "I understand, Master."

He continued. "You will be sexually available to any of your owners or their guests. You will also comply with any requirements they may have in regards of your training, improvement, and punishment."

"Yes, Master." There was nothing else she could think of to say.

He looked at her coolly. "In six week's time, assuming you have reached the required standard, you will be auctioned."

Lisa would have said she couldn't be any more shocked, but this stunned her. "Auctioned?"

"Yes. The Alphas have an investment to recoup, a profit to make. A profit that will be made from Deltas such as yourself."

Lisa nodded, even though she didn't understand. "Master, if it is permitted, I have a question."

"Yes?"

"Who are the Alphas?"

"Not that you need to know, slave, but the Alphas are the shareholders. We own the clinic, along with this entire island. We own Deltas like you, genome and brain." He gave another of his mirthless smiles. "Which amounts to body and soul, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Master." So the Masters here were called Alphas, and the slaves Deltas. Which presumably meant that there must also be Betas and Gammas. "If you would also tell me—"

He wasn't listening. "Come. It is time to begin your subjugation."

Lisa followed him out of the room and into the corridor beyond. He led her for a short way before delivering her into the care of Master Locke.

Locke gathered Lisa's long dark hair with one hand, and traced a line around her neck with the other. His fingers were warm and slightly moist, and she trembled a little at his touch. At the very nape of her neck, his hand snagged on something unfamiliar, and she started.

"Your transfer socket," he said. "That is how a clone's mind is inserted into its freshly grown body."

He turned away for a moment. Lisa fingered the back of her neck, exploring the tiny connector that seemed to have been grafted at the

base of her skull. She let her hand fall hastily as Locke turned back to her.

“Do I frighten you, child?” He was old enough to be her father.

“No, Master.”

“I prefer to be called, ‘sir’,” Locke said. “That’s what I always had my secretaries call me, when I was in business.”

“I understand, sir.” Lisa wondered how she was to keep each man’s preferred title straight in her head, and what would happen if she didn’t. How many of these Alphas were there, in any case? Doubtless she’d find out, and sooner than she wanted.

Using a scale, Locke doled out a precise amount of a black, paste-like substance from a canister. “This is a new, experimental material.” It was almost as if he were chatting to a young friend over tea, instead of to a naked slave girl with a data connector in her head. He continued, “It’s a product of the latest nanotechnology research. You apply it like this...” With a spatula, he slathered the stuff onto Lisa’s throat. “...and it does that.”

Lisa had to keep herself from yelping in surprise. The black goo was alive, crawling over her skin, working its way around her neck.

“Smart material, you see,” Locke said. “A self-assembling slave collar.”

The stuff felt slick and oily and malign as it settled about her neck. Lisa didn’t dare touch it. “But sir, how does it come off?”

Locke gave a triumphant grin. “It doesn’t. It never wears out and it never needs to be cleaned. Occasionally, we might need to top it up, like this.” He dabbed a little more of the black goo onto the encircling mass. “If you tried to cut it with a knife, it would simply flow around the blade and rejoin itself. It does the same thing if you press a shackle into it, of course.”

“It’s permanent, then,” she said dully.

Locke looked smug, glanced down at Lisa’s feet. “Just like your new tattoo. That’s the nature of enslavement, don’t you know?”

She glanced at her reflection in the window of his office-cum-lab. She was naked apart from the collar, which was a neat black band encircling her throat. If not for the lack of buckles or rings or fastenings, it could have been an ordinary leather slave collar.

Lisa knew she had to offer herself to this man, and to all the Alphas. All she had to cling to was the obedience she owed Philip, the duty he had passed to Locke and the others. She took a deep breath. “How am I gain the right to wear clothes, please?”

“You may wear clothes when you can afford them. Provided no one orders you not to, of course.”

Lisa thought she must have misheard the man. She’d expected him to say she would need to earn such privileges by acting the part of the collared submissive slave girl, through fucking and sucking and giving herself over to the whip. She’d been wrong. Locke’s choice of words suggested a more financial arrangement.

“I don’t have any money,” was all she could think of to say.

“Of course you don’t. You’re just starting out.”

“Starting out ... but slaves don’t get paid.”

“You won’t earn money in your capacity as our slave.”

“Then...”

“You will earn money in your capacity as our whore.”

That was too much. Even Philip had never called her such a thing. “I’m not your whore. I’m not anyone’s whore.”

Locke reached onto a worktable, scooping up something that looked like a TV remote, which he activated. Lisa felt the new collar constricting uncomfortably about her throat. He lowered the device. “I’d advise you to watch your tone.”

Lisa cursed her stupidity. Being impertinent was no way for her to serve Philip. “I’m truly sorry, sir. Please accept my apologies, and let me know if there’s any way for me to make amends.”

“That’s better.” He set the remote down again. Lisa eyed it curiously. Apart from the button that had tightened her collar, there were many more controls, too many for her to comprehend. There was no time to examine the thing closely, though, and she wasn’t about to ask Locke for more information, not until she’d earned her way back into his good books.

“Perhaps if you were to kneel, and show me what you can do with that pretty mouth of yours, I might be inclined to overlook your little outburst,” he continued.

Lisa was on her knees instantly, her hands flying to his zipper. She

eased it down, and unfastened his belt so that his pants gaped open. Underneath, he wore silk shorts. His cock was already hard, projecting through the slit in the front of his undergarment.

She placed her hand around it, easing it out through the zipper.

It wasn't as thick and long and lovely as Philip's cock, but it was in front of her, and it was what she was expected to do. Perhaps if she closed her eyes, she could pretend it was her Master's.

"Keep your eyes open," Locke said. "I want you to look up at me while you suck me off. And take it slowly. If you rush me through this, if you try to get your chore over with quickly, I swear you'll pay dearly for it."

"I understand, sir," she whispered, and accepted the tip of him between her lips.

She meant to take her time, truly she did. She meant to caress him with her tongue and her lips, to tease him with saliva and gentle suction, to teach him the meaning of arousal and of patience. But before she knew what was happening, Locke's hands were twisting in her hair, pulling her head against his groin and thrusting his erect cock deep into the back of her throat. It was all she could do to keep herself from gagging on him.

She was supposed to look up at him, she remembered. That was the only thing in her power to do, the only piece of compliance she could give, so she offered it. Locke's face came into view as he pushed her away. His eyes glittered with lust as he glanced down and saw her gazing back at him, and she knew he was about to come.

The man's face disappeared again as he thrust her head against his belly even harder than before, and this time he held her there and gave a great groan that was quickly followed by a deep sigh as he emptied himself into the back of her throat.

She didn't swallow it, not straight away. That was an honor reserved for her Master ... but Philip had parlayed his ownership of her away, had granted Mastery of her to these others. She held Locke's seed on her tongue for a moment, felt her mouth filling with the stuff as he pumped hot bitter gouts against her uvula, and then she accepted it into herself, doing her best not to grimace because he was still staring down at her.

Locke withdrew and zipped himself up. “After what I said I wanted, I expected you to take a little longer than that.”

Lisa bit back her instinctive reply, which was that it had been his own impatience, and not hers, that ended things so quickly. “I’m sorry, sir, if I was too eager to please you.”

“Yes, well.” Locke harrumphed, fastening his belt. “Next time, be more leisurely. To help you remember, I’m going to add ten strokes of the whip to your tally.”

Lisa wondered how often Locke would want to take his pleasure in her mouth, and whether he’d be equally unable to control himself each time, and if that would mean more whippings for her. She didn’t give voice to these thoughts, of course. All she said was, “Thank you, sir.”

Locke nodded and reached into his pocket. “You have a sweet mouth, slave. I’m sure it will be exquisite, once you’ve learned to take your time. Worth every penny of Philip Carrington’s licensing fees, and it’s only fair that you should receive a fee of your own.” He pulled out a crisp dollar bill. “If you had some clothing, or slightly bigger tits, I’d be able to tuck this somewhere interesting. As it is...”

He held out the bill.

Lisa hesitated, wondering if this was the threshold that led from chattel to whore. There seemed to be no choice, though. Locke and the other Alphas would use her as they willed, with payment or without. If they chose to introduce a derisory, degrading element of commerce into their games, well, what was that on top of all the other humiliations a slave girl must endure?

She stretched out her hand and took the money.

Locke nodded and turned to his desk. “I have work to do. I believe you have an appointment near the plaza later this afternoon.”

“What sort of appointment, sir?”

“You’ll find out soon enough. Count yourself lucky that you’re already getting work. You haven’t earned what you’ll need for a meal or a place to sleep, yet.” His lip curled as he glanced at the dollar bill he’d just given her. “You barely have enough to buy yourself a rag to wear.”

Tobias H. Periwinkle toyed with his wineglass and regarded his business associate over the restaurant table.

Winston's unhappiness showed on his face, which was hardly surprising. Their partnership had been on the up and up, Periwinkle thought, until the latest federal clampdown on the get-rich-quick schemes that were their bread and butter.

"I still think we should stick with what we know," Winston said. "We're not cut out to be pimps."

"The way things are going, promoting more pyramid schemes will end in jail for both of us," Tobias replied. "And the rewards of switching to this new business will be worth it. Just think of the side benefits."

"I can get all the women I want without paying, thank you very much."

"For the time being. My experience is that as your tastes grow more refined, you'll find fewer willing partners."

"Victims, you mean," Winston said.

"As you wish. Either way, once we have a stable of girls, fully broken and obedient to their owners' desires, then the benefits will flow in kind as well as in cash."

Winston shrugged. "I still prefer to deal in paper. Girls are too unpredictable, too risky."

"These are not just any girls. They don't even exist, officially. No paperwork, no records, nothing. It's as if they just arrived from another planet."

"This still isn't our turf," Winston said. "We'll end up treading on peoples' toes, people who like to keep their shoes nice and shiny, know what I mean?"

Periwinkle smiled. "The market sector I have in mind is currently untapped."

"Impossible. You've only got to watch a news show to see that vice