

*excerpt from a work in progress*

*working title: **Clouds Without Water***

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[...]

Daphne seems to be in no real discomfort although she has been bound like that for hours: ankles tied to wrists, but behind her back, forcing her into an erotically flexible back-bend. But now that I think of it, Daphne is a brunette. This must be Hannah, with the auburn hair. Why did I write "Daphne" over her pubis with the india ink a few hours ago? I wonder who else's name I got wrong.

No matter. She's blindfolded. And considering what she and Mary -- insatiable Mary -- are up to, she'll have sweated it off in no time. Already the ink begins to run, I see.

While I was writing, I lost track of Mary's antics. Apparently she has reconfigured a couple of the fireplace tools.... I see, over by the fireplace, that there is a tool that is a poker at one end and a shovel at the other -- which means that bar that is bridging the gap between Daph-- Hannah's vulva and her own must be the old poker, or maybe the old ash shovel, with the tool unscrewed and the iron handle of the other tool screwed on its place. How inventive!

And I shall certainly have fond memories next time I tend the fire, whatever fire that might be.

Mary is not being very considerate, however. As she lays there on her back, two feet away from lovely Hannah's pale, arched form, her fingers strum away at her own clit. She must have already spent twice while I have been writing this, and poor Hannah merely twists a bit and squirms, obviously straining.

I leave my pen at the desk -- since the desk (Alicia? I cannot read from here) is obviously dozing. I place a bent knee on either side of Hannah's head. I hear her breathing change -- perhaps she senses the warmth of my thighs near her cheeks, or maybe she simply smells me. Her head jerks up a bit -- she inadvertently kisses my scrotum -- as I drag my writing-chilled fingers upwards along her torso. Supporting myself with one hand on the floor, I bend over her and try, with no real hope of success, to match Mary's

strumming rhythm on Hannah's (Hannah, right?) clit with my tongue.

The taste of the heavy iron handle, where it enters her, is galvanic. I feel it in my teeth, but it is not unpleasant. And Hannah tastes delightful. I can tell -- by taste and smell -- that someone else has been here recently, although I don't remember there being another man in the room for a while.... Oh. That would have been me, then. Alice had been on the other end of the bridge, accepting oral ministrations from Hannah (then Daphne, in my mind, I guess. Admittedly, I wasn't as familiar with the identifying characteristics of the end to which I was attending as I am now).

Hannah splays her knees a bit more, lowering herself further onto the bar's handle -- and by virtue of natural laws shoves Mary, at the other end of the bar, backwards half an inch. I decide to be a sport and hold the bar with my free hand and keep it pointed, as well as I can, towards a spot I located a few hours ago with a bar of a kinder, gentler nature. I continue to trace her various vulvar outlines with my tongue as the aforementioned bar -- the kinder, gentler one -- stiffens once again, drawing a tiny trail of slickness on Hannah's beautiful throat. I feel her own tongue below me, trying to see where it can reach. Her teeth nip at the tender flesh inside my thighs, but soon she loses concentration.

Mary has come again. I believe she is beating the back of her head against the floor. The spectacle is truly amazing to watch at this angle. Somehow, the bar proceeding upwards from her cunt is slick for most of a foot. I cannot make out the handle at all, as it appears to be lost inside her. The definition of the muscles on the insides of her thighs is astounding -- less so if you know Mary personally, but astounding nonetheless. I can actually see the muscles of her vagina squeezing the bar and its handle. For a moment I am worried about the bar. For a moment, I am intensely jealous of the bar.

And then Hannah comes. Her belly bucks upwards, momentarily displacing my mouth on her labia. Her knees pull together somewhat, but I don't let the handle slip too far out of her. I note that it has a wonderfully banded, knobby texture -- like a stylized pine-cone. I wonder that I have never noticed before. Mary, Mary, Mary. You are so inventive!

I hear muttering from between my legs -- a request of some sort. The words "please" and "let me" and something else. A mouth clamps fiercely to the inside of my right thigh and a tongue within it flails at the tender skin. I rear backwards a little, drawing the shaft of my cock along Hannah's delicate, flushed, cheek, and her lips lunge for it as it passes. With the hand I was using to hold myself up, I guide the head of my cock to her inverted lips.

She opens her mouth and presses the tip of my member upwards against her muscular tongue. I hear a muted clang as one end of the erstwhile fireplace-cleaning tool hits the carpeted hardwood, but I don't know which end has dropped. I decide that it is not my problem.

Both of my hands drift to Hannah's moderate breasts and grip tightly. This is because she has obviously learned a trick from a carnival sword-swallower. Maybe she has just learned it today, or maybe it is the unique angle of our oral penetration, as I do not recall this skill from any of our prior, albeit more mild, encounters. In any case, my grip is somewhat involuntary. I must hold on. I let my nails dig in slightly -- and feel an answering rasp from a canine. I decide that I can live with her check and do not raise her further. More than livable: it is delightful. And Hannah moans.

I concentrate on watching Hannah's lovely form rise and fall and sway beneath my hands. Her head bobs beneath me and she starts to use the muscles in her throat ordinarily used for swallowing. I am transfixed; although really it ought to be the other way around.

I lose track of time. Hannah moans and growls, adding the vibrations of her larynx to the amazing symphony of throat and tongue and lips. I do not even try to hold back, but I press into the massaging muscles of her throat and spend, vaguely hoping that I am not about to choke her, given our various angles. She emits annoyed noises and sucks me back in as I attempt to withdraw, which tells me she must not quite be dying immediately. I am tempted to collapse on her arched form, but that would be unkind.

For an instant I think that the moment would be complete if Mary were to sneak up on my and club me into unconsciousness with the bar from the fireplace set -- and apparently she does, or something very like it. I remember nothing else for a while.

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My head is throbbing, but there is no pain as I would usually recognize it. The taste at the back of my throat reminds me of laudanum. I do not recall drinking any, but this would not be the first time I would not have remembered. Laudanum is an occasional recourse, especially when Mary plays too rough with me. It happens frequently enough.

Laudanum was a kind and frequent friend when my collarbone gave beneath the weight of Mary's bouncing hips. Now I am not exceptionally frail, nor is any part of Mary exceedingly large save for her enthusiasm, which suffers quite truly from some abstracted form of elephantiasis. I am a sucker, however, for a swollen and inflated enthusiasm, which is quite possibly what moved me to marry her a number of years ago.

The swelling has never gone down, in my -- admittedly spotty -- recollection.

Speaking of swellings, I can tell that there is a minor phrenological phenomenon between my seat of consciousness and a thinnish feather pillow. The throbbing seems half-concentrated there. Only half, however.

I try to move my left hand to explore the damage, but my arm becomes rapidly, infinitely more heavy as I move it from its outstretched position. Strangely enough, there is a gentle dragging sensation on my right wrist as I try to move my left arm -- and it strikes me that I am bound. I sigh, but even my breath sounds distorted and sluggish. Certainly laudanum has been my most recent refreshment.

I open my eyes and roll my head to the left, and the room rolls about me like I am enclosed in an enormous barrel. I close my eyes with my head in its new position and wait for the room to cease rolling. When it nearly does so, I open my eyes again.

My left wrist is in a broad leather cuff, which fits so comfortably because it was in fact made for me, but that is perhaps another story. Attached to the cuff is a black snake that smells somewhat of sulfur and char -- and it would mark the sheets horribly if they were not black satin.

The snake, as I recognize, is a rope of sap from a tree in India that has been half burned and cooked to a toughened, yet flexible and bizarrely stretchy, consistency. It has been fastened with a clever knot to a bit of ironmongery affixed to the leather cuff and to the frame of the bed near

the post. I know without looking that the configuration is twinned on my right.

As binding goes, this is somewhat disconcerting. Motion is allowed, easily at first, but becomes exponentially more exhausting with every inch of exertion. I try to move a leg, and it, too, is similarly constrained! Mary has obtained more of the snakes. I wince internally, thinking about the types of coin she might have used to purchase them. On a certain level I hope it was just money stolen from my treasury, as the Archbishop keeps me well kept indeed. In fact, he was quite relieved to discover that all I really wanted was money.

He became a bit more nervous when I purchased my peerage, but he relaxed when he realized that I wanted only to legitimize an older claim -- and obtain invitations to the more exclusive soirees. I told him that I preferred to be more genuine than the scoundrels of last century, like the dreadful, ersatz Count Cagliostro, brought low by his abysmal flair for showmanship and a reputed greed for diamonds.

The Archbishop agreed that this century did indeed require a much better class of scoundrel than the last afforded, and that until his henchmen could locate the daguerreotype portraiture (of which he has a single example) to which I have access, "he" is happy to fund, straight from the Church's overflowing coffers, the improvement of this latter day's class of scoundrel.

Of course, I am also still receiving royalties from Dashwood's league of madmen for finding a way to reign in the nearly nonexistent ambitions of the current Archbishop. I had told them to save their money, that this one was hardly worth it, but Dashwood himself claimed that it was a matter of principle.

If they only knew why this one's ambition was self-reigning, I could double Dashwood's stipend. Doubled, however, that sum would still equal only a scant half of the Archbishop's allowance to my estate.

One of these days I will tire of collecting the Archbishop's debt and relinquish to "him" the remaining daguerreotypes in exchange for a weekend's access to each and every of "his" various orifices. Mayhap I'll even have fresh portraits made, but swear on my honor as a gentleman to keep them to myself, or perhaps share them with "him" only.

If I do decide to change courses in this fashion, I should do so before "he" becomes too saggy and wrinkled, or else Mary and her friends might refuse to play with us, and that would be a terrible shame. The Archbishop has been a wonderfully good sport and does not deserve to be under my unconscionable thumb for the rest of "his" days. Besides, "his" duplicitous form would offer a truly unique opportunity for exploration -- and a rare surprise for jaded, yet eager, Mary.

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Mary, who now enters the room, clad neck to calves in my smoking robe, carrying my lit pipe in her teeth, grinning like Dashwood himself when he was admitted with no fuss whatsoever to Easter Mass last Spring: she has mixed my Virginia Burley with my Malay opium, which admixture is an affront to both.

I must buy her her own pipe.

The throbbing, which is yet only half in the lump on my head, quickens its pace. Her leering grin reminds me that I am bound with the vulcanized rubber ropes and unclothed and drugged with a mild dose of laudanum to boot.

She pulls my straight razor from the pocket of my smoking robe, which I should have expected. She unfolds it and the robe falls open, showing that she -- or one of her accomplices who would have a more convenient time of it -- has already made use of it. Her lithe body gleams as if recently oiled, and by odor I can tell that it has been so, and then I worry more about my razor -- sharpened weekly by the smith and tanner who supplied my tailored cuffs -- being wielded by an oily, opiated hand. I suppose she could hardly increase the risk by being epileptic.

Unless she has dumped out or otherwise consumed my stock of brandy, we should at least be well set for antiseptic. I shudder, and I sigh, and I wait, for that is my lot for now.

And then I hear a gasp and two voices giggling from beneath the bed.

Mary exclaims, "I have learned a new trick!"

I hear this twice per week.

She approaches the bed and climbs -- barefoot, at least -- onto the cedar chest at the foot of the bed. She places her left foot on the footboard's rail, robe falling open as she folds and pockets the razor. She takes a moment to puff the pipe

into a small inferno and then takes it from her teeth. Mary, my Mary, licks the stem of my pipe in a suitably sultry fashion and then, turning slightly to afford me the best view, inserts the stem of my best pipe slowly into her cunt. She slides it in and out slightly to break the normal friction, but on the whole it goes in. I worry, as usual, about her dumping embers -- and expensive ones at that -- on my black satin sheets and -- not for the first time -- upon my person, but she is remarkably careful for all the opium and oiled hands.

I watch the pipe as she holds it in place and watch the embers alternately flare and smolder, flare and smolder.

I do not doubt that the fumes from the tobacco and opium are just as potent taken in just such a fashion as otherwise. She has nearly fainted before, douching repeatedly with laudanum, but that could have been from the unexpected sting of the alcohol base, for which she claims to have developed a taste. She claimed the enema was more effective, however.

I should talk to the tanner to see if I can predict when Mary's womb shall be a leather-lined pouch. As it is, any child that Mary eventually has will have to fight his or her way out of one of the strongest wombs this century will see. Such a child, should it manage to break free, will be healthy enough to enter immediately into a career of roguery and physical villainy -- or a career of fisticuffs in the House of Lords. I should abdicate my title the moment the chubby fingers can grasp a blackthorn if I somehow manage to retain enough sanity to be able to determine my most sensible course of action.

After a few more healthy puffs, she withdraws the pipe and walks up onto the bed. She straddles my chest carefully, taking a couple of artful, oral puffs on my pipe. Then she presents the pipe to me. Her mind works momentarily with an almost audible grinding of gears, realizing that she will dump the bowl of my pipe into my eyes if she puts the stem of the pipe in my mouth in the ordinary fashion. I smile and turn my head to the right, and she inserts the pipe's stem sideways, bowl upright, between my lips.

I grow an almost immediate appreciation for the flavors of this heady blend, yet I doubt that I will be able to purchase this blend by the ounce from a jar on my next trip to the Circus.



I lunge my head forward and draw more of Mary's flavorful secretions from the stem of the pipe and inhale deeply -- more deeply than usual -- of the smoke. If it were not for the laudanum already in my system, I doubt I would have been able to avoid a coughing fit.

Mary takes the pipe back from me and puffs a few more times on it, slowly wriggling her crotch against my chest. My tongue is not quite long enough to reach... but she obligingly lifts her hips to my face and presents her vulva for my ministrations. The room moves as if filled with water as I lift my head. My tongue slides effortlessly along the scented, oiled, shaved skin of her outer labia.

I kiss her deeply and her nether lips kiss me back. I wonder briefly how the kiss would feel if her nether mouth had a tongue. I remember a story of an Austrian surgeon who claimed to have transplanted a serving girl's tongue to her vagina for just such a purpose, but claimed that the operation was spoiled when she taught her womb to talk, gravely disappointed to determine that her womb could only speak the coarsest French and not the more cultured Swiss for which they jointly hoped. He claimed that it was better than his first attempt, in which the tongue was transplanted from one of his hunting hounds. Reportedly, her twat barked furiously and incessantly when his wife entered the room wearing one of her fox stoles, raising all manner of eyebrows when they entertained.

To me, gutter French would seem entirely appropriate and acceptable; and if the cunt in question did not know when to be silent, then I am sure that I could find a suitable method for gagging it that would make everyone happy.

I continue my kiss. The throbbing intensifies -- as above, so below. Mary reaches a hand behind her and tickles my scrotum by way of encouragement and appreciation. I hear an ominous rustling from beneath the bed that I am inclined to ignore, but I know better. If one of those giggles had been Hannah, then I know she is likely to be plotting some contortionous revenge -- and she is quite a bit more flexible than myself. Meanwhile I appreciate Mary's oiled fingers.

My tongue spasms for some reason -- possibly just recent overuse -- but Mary squeezes my chest with her knees in appreciation. Her fingers also slide downwards past my testicles to my anus, and it is now my turn to squirm. The

laudanum gives sensations on my skin a slow, languorous warmth. Mary giggles as I move appreciatively against her fingertips.

Mary calls out. "Did we bring the poker from the fireplace?"

I hear a couple of -- thankfully -- negative grunts from voices that are certainly no longer under the bed.

"A pity," Mary replies, "but no matter. I'm sure we could break off one of the bedposts and plumb his depths." She hops off of my face in a sudden motion, landing beside the bed. "Hmm," she mutters, contemplating. She snaps her fingers. "We need to do this next step simultaneously so as not to rip him apart inadvertently."

"Yes, no need for that," I add in complete agreement.

"Alice, can you and -- yes, perfect." Mary undoes the fastening of the rubber cable from one bedpost while Alice and Hannah unfasten the other. They pull and stretch my legs in opposite directions for a moment, keeping the bonds too tense for me to flex against them without dislocating one or both of my hips. I wonder where they learned the trick -- or maybe they merely ape Mary, who I know does know better.

In tandem, they draw the cords to the posts at the head of the bed, quite successfully folding me in half at the hips. I feel my engorged cock lying against my lower belly, and the breeze on my asshole proves it to be quite exposed. Once again I remember the double-handed poker and count my blessings that it is not present to tempt them.

I recall for somewhat obvious reasons that one of the many variants of Dashwood's Black Mass involves something akin to this position for taking Communion -- or so rumor has it. I've avoided any direct connections with his organization, including puerilely and unimaginatively blasphemous initiations. Besides, I worship only Mary, and screw the Trinity and their antitheses -- and Dashwood, too.

Speaking of Mary, she plants a lengthy kiss, using both lips and tongue, on my upturned asshole. It is dreadfully arousing. My erection, helped along by the creative way in which I have been folded, now extends past my navel. I note that with a few more hours of stretching, I might be able to reach my own lips, but I am quite sure Mary would quickly get jealous if she thought I might no longer have a need for her talented mouth. Her mouth

moves forward to suck my testicles gently in while her chin gently strokes circles on my sensitive anus.

Drugs and bindings notwithstanding, I am in heaven. As her lips -- and teeth! -- gently tug on my scrotum, the head of my cock describes little circles on my stomach; but shortly she releases my testicles and caresses my asshole with broad, long licks.

Convenience of flexibility or no, I now realize I could never trade her mouth for my own. She moans appreciatively, and I have no choice but to assume that she is getting a similar treatment from one of her friends. Hannah is by the side of the bed playing in Mary's auburn curls, so I assume it is not Hannah behind Mary.

The tip of Mary's strong tongue burrows into my anus. Her hands claw my buttocks apart with equally strong fingers. She eats with amazingly ladylike gusto. Breath from her nose alternately warms and cools my testicles in a delightful way. I note that she has discarded my robe, and it is not lost on my that she has discarded, too, the razor that was in the pocket.

I have no idea where my pipe is, but I still smell smoke. Perhaps it is on the nightstand, next to the pitcher and basin. I smell nothing but tobacco and opium and scented oil, so I assume nothing is on fire that should not be.

Mary sits up and gently probes my anus with an oiled finger. Hannah watches, learning. She almost absently strokes a fingernail along the underside of the shaft of my cock. Her fingernail catches deliciously at the edge of the glans, but her eyes are on Mary's technique. Mary watches Hannah's eyes as she moves presses her hand in a gentle circle. She leans down to lick around the base of her finger and sits up, inviting Hannah to do the same.

Hannah's tongue surprises me by staring midway along the shaft of my erection, sliding between my testicles to where I am penetrated by Mary's finger. The tip of her tongue is pointed and dances, prodding rather than stroking, like it is trying to join Mary's finger in my ass. Hannah's hand grips the shaft of my penis and pulls strongly as she pushes with her tongue.

I am reminded that Hannah can play both harp and harpsichord. Her clever fingers.... Perhaps she should try violin as well.

I see that Alicia has moved to behind Hannah and kneels behind her. I turn my head and watch her encourage

Hannah to part her legs, to which Hannah seems to have no serious objections. I watch Alice spread Hannah's buttocks with her hands and plant her tongue firmly between them, starting low and working upwards. Hannah, leaning in from the side of the bed, slides her mouth suddenly sideways onto the shaft of my cock and uses my swollen phallus to stifle a squeal as Alice's tongue probes Hannah's delicate anal flower. Mary laughs out loud. She apparently has a better view for watching Hannah's eyes bulge.

Hannah sighs and finishes sliding her mouth sideways, upwards to the head of my cock. She teases it away from my stomach and accepts much of it sideways into her mouth. I feel Mary's tongue around her finger on the tender ring of flesh around my tortured anus. She presses her finger within in a strange direction and it feels like my cock nearly doubles in size, but I know that must be some kind of illusion.

Hannah moans around my penis, which is a trick she uses to open the entrance to her throat. Simultaneously Mary rakes the nails on her free hand over my scrotum while she works with her tongue and her finger, and my previous definition of heaven dissolves into something more aptly defined by the present moment.

The throbbing in my head edges somehow both closer to and more distant from pain. Hannah starts sucking, slurping loudly. I feel her trembling from her legs from Alice's nether kisses and caresses. Mary's mouth moves upwards and sucks my testicles back into her mouth, pinching -- deliciously! -- the tender flesh of my anus between her chin and her inserted finger

I spasm, exploding liquidly into Hannah's mouth. Hannah jerks back her head a bit, gasping her own orgasmic pleasure from Alice's workings.

Mary grunts and lunges forward, twisting my cock away from my body far enough for her to get it, still spurting, into her own mouth. Her finger in my anus starts to work double-time and I cry out and stretch the rubber bonds farther than I thought I ever could, trying to grasp and caress her head with my hands. I hear the sturdy oaken headboard flex and creak ominously, but it holds.

I go utterly limp, but I still feel spasms flutter through me from my anus to the back of my head by way of my spine. Hannah drools my come back onto my chest, gasping for air. Mary sucks hard at my cock, drinking as my cock

continues to throb. She grips it firmly and I feel her shaking, her own pre-coital arousal starting to peak. I hope that I can maintain some hardness to my cock, because I can tell that I am about to service her one way or another. I will be raped, and soon.

Mary shoves Hannah off my chest and grunts to her and Alicia, waving at the posts at the headboard. "Legs," she says. Alice and Hannah make their way to move the attachments for my legs back to their original places on the post for the foot of the bed.

Mary grips my still-throbbing penis in her fist. She waves Hannah over. "Mount him," she demands. Hannah climbs up onto the bed dutifully and straddles my manhood. "Three strokes only, though."

Hannah complies, legs trembling. She thrusts hard and quick, and then mostly rolls clear before leaving the bed.

"Now you, Alice. Quickly." Alicia climbs up, smiling into my face. She leans forward as Mary points me into her. Alicia spreads her knees and descends upon me, gripping strongly, and exerts another three strong, smooth strokes. At the top of her third stroke, Mary pushes her forward off of my dripping cock. Alice's face is disappointed, but she walks forward on her knees until she straddles my chest and twists to see what Mary will do, effectively blocking my own view.

It is obvious, though, that Mary also intends to mount me. She does so, exerting also three quick strokes which I tremble to feel. Then I feel Mary turn around, mostly by the motions of the bed. My cock is as hard and as heavy as a stone as I feel it enter a tight constriction. My cock is now tightly gripped by beautiful Mary's own asshole. She moans as she slides up and down. The shadows of the room change as Mary grunts again I feel a tongue, definitely Hannah's, lick the moist trail from my testicles up to Mary's cunt, to deliver the same sort of pleasure that she recently received from Alicia. Alicia, seeing her opening, inches her opening closer to my mouth. I gasp into the mound of her vulva and slide my tongue downwards to her clit. She clenches her mouth shut and forces my face to her nether mouth by dint of grabbing my ears and pulling.

Mary rotates her hips and moans and whines and growls, more vocal than I have ever heard. I half expect that when she comes, she will take my penis away in her anus.

Her grip is incredible. Hannah's delicate fingertips caress my scrotum, whatever else she is doing to Mary.

Alice's breath starts to come in ragged gasps. She must have been enjoying the show so far and is quite possibly in the same shape as Mary. Alice bites the knuckles on her left hand as she starts to come, gently at first, and then relaxing into it. She remains silent however, trying not to distract Mary.

Mary comes. She bucks violently into Hannah's face, her anus wrenching at the base of my cock. She rotates her hips in a larger circle as Hannah's mouth slides down to suck in my testicles, and then somehow, miraculously, I come again, lifting Mary off the bed with my hips and muffling my grunts into Alicia's vulva. Hannah's oral grip on my testicles is a little slow in following my hips aloft, but the pain is extraordinarily easy to ignore -- although I am certain that this won't be the case when the laudanum wears off completely.

Alicia leans forward onto the oaken headboard, supporting herself. I feel Mary lay back, still gripping my tortured penis in her anus, reclining against Alice. Hannah's trembling legs somehow support her as she, too, enters the bed and curls up with her back against my side.

This is the last I recall as I, this time without the aid of a concussion, lapse into unconsciousness, slick with the sweat and fluids of three sated women.

*[more to come...]*