

THE DEFEATED ONES

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The invincible Amazons had conquered yet another people. This time the vanquished ones were the Andean women of the North, long coveted for love slaves by the Amazons for their beauty. Brave warriors in their own right, the besieged Andreans waged a battle royal in defense of their freedom, and before their little army succumbed to the over whelming numerical and military superiority of the fierce Amazon horde, many an Andean girl was dispatched to Valhala, leaving behind her sisters to become captives of the dreaded enemy. And they who faced lives of carnal servitude to the Amazons shed few tears for their fallen, for they considered them to be the most fortunate.

As was their custom upon returning with captives to Amazonia, the triumphant Amazon warriors paraded the Andreans through the streets of the city. The hapless slaves-to-be were forced to strut like drum majorettes, wrists and elbows securely trussed behind their backs, mouths tightly gagged, and horn-like, curved "dildos of defeat," made of bronze, shoved up and protruding from their cunts, causing them to cream uncontrollably as they strutted.

I am Karen. I am now one week into my new life as the love slave of an Amazon girl. And I'm now convinced that the slavery bit isn't half so bad at all. At least not for me. Jane, my mistress, treats me well. Best of all, she's the make out artist of all time!

Sure, I was really scared when I was put on display with the others at the slave auction. Who wouldn't be, what with my hands manacled behind my back and being bare-assed naked before that crowd of tough broads? But after my mistress had out-bid the others for me, and had come around backstage to claim her property—me, I was more excited than scared. I guess it was partly the way she spoke to me and partly the way she started right in

touching me that thrilled me. It was like I was something less than human. How quickly her manner made my nipples stand out and my cunt start to secrete!

Once she got me home, she really went to work on me in earnest. She freed my hands and ordered me to strip. As soon as I'd shed the tattered rags that the slave dealer had provided me with to wear during transit, using two sets of chains and shackles, she secured me spread-eagle upon her large bed. Then my Amazon mistress stripped down to her scanties and stood there beside the bed, towering over me, legs apart, her hands resting on her hips, her breasts much larger than mine, looking so dominant and so very Amazon—if you know what I mean.

For a while she just stood there, quietly looking me over. Meanwhile, I was looking her over too. Oh wow, I thought to myself, liking what I saw, what Andrean girl would ever object to being dominated by a bitch like her!

"I am Jane, the youngest daughter of Mazeppa. My mother is one of Amazonia's great generals," the bitch announced proudly, at last breaking her bemused silence. "And you, girl, what are you called?"

"Private Karen, Mistress," I blurted out from force of habit.

Almost before I had time to realize what I had said, she had me penis-gagged.

"There!" she said. "That takes care of that insolent mouth of yours. Now to give you a good, stiff lesson in remembering what you are." As if that was necessary!

With that, she began slowly shoving this huge dong up my cunt! I hadn't realized I could contain such a huge thing!

"Listen carefully and try to understand," she said in a condescending tone of voice that made me feel like a creature of very meager intellect, as she inched the hardness up into me, staring into my eyes. "You used to be Private Karen. But now you are merely slave girl Karen, Jane's very own defeated little Andrean warrior. Is that completely clear, girl?"

I nodded my head briskly.

"And don't you ever forget it again, cunt!"

With the dong buried up inside me, she began trailing tiny, wet kisses over my breasts and down my belly. With her tongue, she teased my nipples and circled, rimmed, and reamed out my navel until the muscles of my pussy began contracting spasmodically, squeezing like mad the big fat dildo within in a vain effort to bring me on. Oh, how bad I needed to come! But the Amazon wasn't about to grant me release from the fire she'd been so carefully stoking in me.

My mistress stepped out of her scanties. Below her bush, moisture droplets glistening upon her so very kissable cunt lips betrayed her own excitement. We were just two girls hot for each other, except that her people had conquered mine, and I belonged to her. My body was hers to do with as she pleased. At that moment, I passionately loved being the Amazon's slave. I loved the stout, Amazon-wrought shackles and chains spreading me out, the humiliating penis-gag stuffing and sealing my mouth, and the oversized dildo so cruelly penetrating and stretching my vagina.

The exquisite torture continued. My mistress climbed onto the bed and knelt between my outspread thighs. She grasped the dildo by the tiny portion of it sticking out of me and withdrew it from me ever so gently so as not to bring me off pre-maturely. She inserted it into herself, pulled it back out, then slid it back up into me, again ever so carefully so as not to set me off by its movement. What she had done was extremely sensuous. The thought that that hard thing again penetrating me had moments earlier been inside her and was now coated with her juices immediately got me even hotter!



Reaching over, she took a slender dildo, obviously designed for rectal insertion, from the drawer of the nightstand beside the bed. In a moment my asshole was plugged tight with the ivory masterpiece of some Amazon artisan. I was now penetrated all three ways, naked, spread-eagled, and helpless before one of the pitiless daughters of the conquerors of my people. And I was in heaven!

"I'm going to make you come now, my slave," she informed me in a matter-of-fact way that reminded me of somebody asking for the salt to be passed to them.

The big dildo seemed to come alive inside my pussy as she began to beautifully fuck me with it. "Come, defeated warrior," she said to me. "Come. I demand it. You surrendered once, one way; now surrender again, another way. Come, you Andrean slut!" She began rubbing my tummy at the same time. "Think about the magnificent, victorious Amazon warrior holding her sword at your belly when you capitulated—and come!"

That did it all right. I had one of the best orgasms I had, up until that time, ever experienced. I jetted out cunt oil till I wondered if I was ever going to stop coming!

In the week that has gone by since that terrific orgasm, there have been many equal to it, even some that have surpassed it.

My duties to my mistress? They're quite stimulating, to say the very least, as you can well imagine.

Being an Amazon, Jane, my mistress, does have a bad temper, and I get slapped across the face once or twice now and then. But even her stinging slaps only serve to light my fire, as does the tightness of the bondage that she is kind enough to keep me in most of the time. You must pardon me now; my mistress is calling.

YEOMAN FAWN

I am Fawn. After the defeat of my people by the Amazons, like so many other Andrean warriors, I was put up for sale at their government slave auction. There I was bought by an Amazon major, Thalassa, as a slave-companion for her daughter, Astrid. Both my mistress, Astrid, and I are in our teens, she a year younger than I and not yet a warrior.

When Major Thalassa presented me to her daughter, I was naked, bound, and gagged, done up sort of like a gift. I had a pretty little pink bow attached to each breast, and one big one affixed over my slit.

"Ohhhh, Mother, you kept your promise—you got me an Andrean slave of my very own!" Astrid squealed when her mother swung open the closet door, she had hidden me behind. "Oh, thank you, Mother! I love you so much!"

The delighted Amazon girl hugged and kissed her mother, and gave the woman her solemn promise to do well in all her subjects at school. Attention then returned to me. "She is called Fawn. She's a fine specimen—healthy and, for an Andrean, intelligent. With a bit of training, she should turn out to be a remarkably fine slave—obedient and pleasure-giving," said the Major, furtively running a finger up and down in between my ass cheeks. "Treat her with a firm hand. Borrow any of Mother's training or disciplining equipment to use on her, if you wish. And remember, Astrid, she has no rights. By our Law of Conquest, her body and mind belong solely to you, her mistress; she exists merely to serve you."

"Yes, I'm quite aware that according to Amazonian law, a captured enemy warrior isn't considered fully human, Mother," my haughty, spoiled young mistress said, annoyed at her mother's didactic manner. "We learned all that quite a long time ago in school."

"All right, my darling, you may take your slave girl away now," said the elder Amazon, probably used to and ignoring her daughter's petulance.

In Miss Astrid's luxurious room, my decorations were removed from me. A fingertip, wetted and from time to time rewetted with saliva, was run over my nipples, down my belly, around and into my navel. The fingertip left its cool trail of spit up one nether lip and down the other, as it traced a path around and around my slit. Oh, how hot I was getting! Then a long, slender dildo made of bone was inserted up into my pussy and twirled about—and I came!

My mistress then stripped down to her mini-briefs, but then decided to take them off too, when she discovered they were soaking wet at the crotch. The Amazon girl's being stark naked got me all hot again. Suddenly I became more aware of my tight bonds and gag, as the delicious realization sharpened that my body—my entire being—belonged to this strongly built, dominant young bitch, who ever since the first day, has kept me constantly bound and constantly happy with such things as what she did to me next.

"Take a gander at this set-up, cunt," she said as she rolled back the louvered, sliding doors of what must have once been an ordinary closet, but with a spacious, lighted interior. Now there were two sets of widely spaced iron rings set into the rear wall, one real low and the other real high. And hanging from the ceiling was a pulley and chain arrangement, with a set of manacles attached to one end of the chain. "I call it my torture chamber. When my girlfriends and I play warrior, we use it to make our prisoners talk. You know, spill important military secrets. Like, the other day when Valerie and Patrizia were over. Valerie drew the short straw, and so for that game, she was the captured enemy warrior, and Patrizia and I were the Amazons. We tied her hands behind her back and made her kneel. 'All right, bitch, how many battalions of your warriors does your queen have left to defend the city?' I asked her. 'Wouldn't you just like to know, Amazon?' she answered. Now Patrizia tried. 'Come now, girl, tell us what we want to know,' she said. 'You don't want us to order our archers to send you to Valhalla, do you?' Go fuck yourself!" replied Valerie. That did it. We stripped her, manacled her wrists to the chain, and hoisted her up until only the balls of her feet were touching the floor, then went to work on her with quills. Well, it didn't take long before brave Valerie spilled everything—information and cunt juice."

All the while she was talking, my mistress had been busy working. And now I was suspended exactly as her girlfriend Valerie had been, plus I was gagged and she had put a set of shackles on my ankles. The shackles were connected with but a single chain link and secured my feet close together. I quickly found out that my naked mistress was an expert in the use of the quill. She began by touching the pointed end of the stem to the centers of my erect nipples, then poked it into my navel. When she drew the large, stiff feather up through the lips of my slit, over and over again, I was sure I'd go mad with ecstasy.

"Believe me, my sexy slave, I know just what you're going through, being worked over with a quill," said Miss Astrid. "I know, because the night my girlfriend, Glynis, slept over, I drew the short straw. Glynis spread-eagled me until I gave her the information she wanted, swore to be her obedient slave for life, and had an orgasm of Amazonian proportions—just exactly like the one you're having right this very moment, my lovely, darling Fawn!"

And now, I guess, you must be wondering why Miss Astrid has my body coated with oil. Well, it's because her girlfriends, Miss Patrizia, Miss Valerie, and Miss Glynis, are here tonight. And I am to perform for their pleasure our sacred Andrean Love Dance—the one which, once a year, dressed in gowns of pure silk, young Andrean women used to dance before the altar in the Temple of Venus. But my mistress has informed me, for it is better suited to Amazon tastes, I must perform this most sacred dance in the nude, with my body oiled, my hands tied behind my back, my mouth gagged, and an iron dildo inserted in my cunt.

In a few moments, her mother's body slave, Marva, who Miss Astrid has preparing me for my performance, will be returning with the wrist-strap, the gag, and the dildo that she went to fetch. In fact, here she comes now. Please forgive me—talking to visitors is forbidden.

COMMANDER ELAINE

I am Elaine. Before the defeat of the Andreans and my capture by the Amazons, was a commander in the Andrean army. It was because of my having been an officer that the Amazon general, Mazeppa, chose me to be her love slave. Her having chosen me over all the other Andrean officers on display at the auctioning of the captives, I have been informed, is a great honor. I have yet to find it an honor. I have indeed found it to be many other things, though.

Being the great general that she is, the bizarre Mazeppa is the owner of many slaves, one of whom is Linda, a young girl who was a private under my own command—a fresh youngster whom I had occasion to discipline more than once for her failure to show proper respect for superiors. including myself. Little did I know that someday Linda and I would become slaves and share the same mistress, a mistress to whom Linda would be a favorite—with authority over me!

Lying there asleep in my tiny slave chamber, I was suddenly and rather rudely awakened the other night by having a candle thrust between my legs, up inside me.

"It's your ex-whipping girl, Linda, come to make your life miserable—like you used to do to me, Commander," growled Linda, withdrawing the candle from me with a pop. then letting the waistband of my panties snap back. "On your feet. slut. Start stripping off that baby-doll nightie that the Mistress likes you to wear, and be quick about it. Your superior, Linda, desires to give you a little discipline."

I didn't even bother protesting; it would've done no good. The girl hates me and wanted her revenge. I just simply obeyed her, feeling a strange mixture of humiliation and pleasure at having to obey a girl as young as she. She had brought with her some implements of bondage, and as soon as I was naked, she trussed my wrists and elbows together behind my back "Amazon tight." She then slipped a leather bridle down over my head, forced its iron bit in between my teeth, and cinched the whole thing up good and tight. At this point, she force-marched me out of my chamber, down the corridor, and into Mazeppa's well-equipped Punishment Salon.

Here the vindictive former private stripped down to her panties. As her small pointed breasts came into view, I became terribly excited. I immediately started flowing when, grinning, she began to ever so lightly run her fingertips up and down the lips of my sex.

"Why, Commander," she said in a highly sarcastic tone, "don't look now, but you're creaming like a bitch in heat!"

I was still creaming when Linda left me and went over to a wall-rack stocked with all kinds of whips. She selected a particularly sinister-looking one, tested it out by snapping it twice in the air, and then, with a menacing look on her face, came striding toward me with it. I became a bit anxious. I was so vulnerable; bound rigid the way I was and I was exposed top and bottom. front and rear. And the girl did have it in for me!

Pondering, I suppose, over what part of me to martyr first, Linda handled my breasts, then slid her fingertips down my front, cupped her hand over my sex, and began gently squeezing. Despite my anxiety, my body responded.

"Let's see now, where shall I start?" Linda mused aloud, her nipples pebble hard from the anticipatory excitement she was experiencing at being about to punish me, her hated foe. "Shall I begin with those luscious boobies of yours and work my way down? Or shall I try my luck first at laying the lash between those pouting cunt lips of yours and work my way up?"

At hearing these things, my blood ran cold and passion turned to fear. I kept thinking, if I could only cry out for help. But, of course, the cruel bit in my mouth precluded my being able to make enough noise to be heard outside the Punishment Salon. Instead, as best I could, I tried pleading with Linda. What came out was so garbled, though, that it could not be understood, and sounding ridiculous, it merely served to amuse the girl.

She backed away from me several steps and shook out the awful-looking whip before her, seeming to have reached a decision. I became panicky.

"Spread your legs and shut your eyes, Commander. You're gonna get it on the cunt first, and then I'm gonna sting your belly. After that, I'm gonna make your boobies bounce," Linda said, snarling, sexually savoring my distress. "And don't bother to thank me—you deserve every bit of it, you bitch!"

"How dare you, slave! Hang up that whip at once! When I granted you authority over your sister slaves, it was so they would have to submit to your wishes, but that does not include the right to punish in any way, and especially to scar with a whip, no less!" said a very angry Mazeppa, clad only in scanties. swiftly making her way toward us from the Salon entrance. I was saved, at least from a whipping.

Linda was the frightened one now. She ran and hung up the whip, then dashed back, kneeling at the feet of our handsome, big-bosomed mistress, who then summarily slapped her fresh face.

"B-but. Mistress, I-I only wanted to punish her because she used to be so mean to me when she was my commander. And j-just figured that you'd allow me—your favorite slave girl who worships you so—that privilege," Linda gushed tearfully, trying to worm her way back into Mazeppa's good graces and supplementing her verbal efforts by artfully worming within the Amazon woman's deep navel the forefinger of one hand, while at the same time skillfully massaging with her other hand the general's panty-covered crotch—the kind of combined assault, I know personally, to which Mazeppa was more than a little susceptible.

I saw Mazeppa's nipples begin to rise, and I knew that that stinker Linda could now just twist her around her little finger.

"Oh well, I'll forgive you this time, my pet, and even go so far as to allow the slave Elaine to be punished, if you really wish it so badly," the great Amazon general breathed, writhing sensuously against the talented hands of her delicious young lover. But you'll have to be satisfied with something less than whipping her; I cannot permit that. I paid far too much for her to care to have her beautiful body made ugly with scars.

"Leave her punishment to me. I'll give her the same treatment I gave to the lovely young queen of the Merlinese when we conquered those people. Right in her own throne room, before a half dozen or so of her handmaidens and ladies-in-waiting. I ordered my warriors to strip her, bind her wrists together, and secure her arms high over her head, with her legs wide apart. When this was done, I went to work on her with a set of dildos, time and time again bringing her to the edge of climax, but never letting her tumble over it. I continued this exquisite form of torture until the creature began to babble something to the effect that she would joyfully become the willing slave of any Amazon, if I'd only permit her to come—as if her willingness or not was to have anything to do with it! Thus, thoroughly humbled and humiliated before her servants and the ladies of her court, and having received her unsolicited promise to get down and kiss my feet, I granted the girl release. Today she is the obedient slave of a dear friend of mine. Brigadier General Beryl."

"Oh yes, Mistress," said Linda. "Oh, please punish her that way for me. And please let me watch."

"Of course, you may watch—even take turns with me inflicting the torture," Mazeppa said, taking Linda's chin in her hand. "Now, while I select the dildos, prepare her the same way I had my warriors prepare the Merlinese queen."

I cannot begin to describe to you the maddening sensations to which I was subjected for what seemed like the next several hours. Nor when the Amazon and her Andrean helper finally allowed me to achieve it, what that so-long-denied orgasm was like!

Before you leave me—naked, spread-eagled, and blindfolded as I am here in this display niche—and go to visit with the occupants of the other niches or rejoin the other guests at the Mistress's party, please reinsert the rubber stopper into my gag.