

# Dutch Surrender

by Gemma Stone



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Dutch Surrender  
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*by Gemma Stone*

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For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

[www.pinkflamingo.com](http://www.pinkflamingo.com)

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI

## Chapter One

### *Dutch Surrender*

In May 1940, the Germans overran Holland in just five days. The Dutch East Indies lasted longer. In 1942, it took the Japanese almost two months to force the surrender of Indonesia. It took a longer period of time than either World War II invasion for Katrina Van Tuyl, the scion of an old New York Dutch family, to surrender to Paul Ulbrecht, the descendent of Austrian immigrants who came to the United States in the days prior to the war. In the end, however, her capitulation was even more complete. Acts of resistance to the occupiers occurred in both the Netherlands and in the Southeast Asian islands. Kat's surrender was total and unconditional.

Kat had first gone to Paul, an unorthodox sex therapist and fixture in the BDSM scene in the New York area, at the suggestion of her best friend and former college roommate Meg. After a few weeks of fairly ordinary therapy sessions, dealing with her intimacy issues, Kat found herself—and Meg—being drawn deeply into a BDSM relationship with Paul. Eventually both became his collared, live-in slaves, participating in the BDSM lifestyle 24/7. In time they were joined by Courtney, a young woman Kat recruited at Paul's request to aid him in Kat and Meg's training. In turn, the three of them became part of an extended polyamorous, omnisexual Dominance and submission family that included Ondine, a high-powered advertising executive and longtime friend of Paul's who moonlights as a submissive "model" on a voyeur chat website specializing in kink, and Claire and Tom, his slaves that he kept at Star Fall, the clothing-optional BDSM resort he owned in the Caribbean.

After about a year of serving Paul, Kat got it into her stubborn head that she wanted to marry him. And when Kat set her mind to something, she almost always got it. First, she drew her fellow slave's into her conspiracy. Claire was

the toughest nut to crack. She and Tom had been with Paul the longest, and Paul had a special relationship with her.

It was now February. Things had taken a significant turn in December during a visit by Paul and his New York-Connecticut based slaves to Star Fall. Claire agreed to help and, during a Saturnalia celebration, when the natural order of Masters and slaves was upended, she commanded Paul to marry Kat. Paul acceded, but things did not end neatly there. Claire also ordered him to marry her as well. She had researched a complicated scenario involving Brazil that made that possible. Meg, Paul's lawyer, still had to bless the arrangement, and shortly Paul, Kat, Claire, and Meg would be traveling to Rio de Janeiro to begin sorting everything out.

At home in Connecticut, Paul and his live-slaves had worked out a rotation as to which of the three would share their Master's bed. Thus it was Kat one night, Meg the next, and then Courtney. The two not with Paul on any given evening were free to enjoy each other. This routine was comfortable and worked well. Normally the rotation was more or less inviolate. Inevitably, however, there were interruptions. Meg, an associate at a prominent law firm in New York often had to work late, and she would sometimes stay over in the city. And Paul's investments required frequent trips out of town. This was one of those times.

Paul had to fly to Star Fall to attend to some business related to the expansion underway there. And Courtney had gone home to visit her parents, leaving Kat and Meg alone for a leisurely weekend. The pair was naked except for their collars, as they always were at home.

As they curled up on the couch, Kat took the opportunity to confide in Meg something that had been nagging at her since the unexpected engagement party at Star Fall in December. Kissing Meg, she whispered, "I love you, Meg."

"And I love you," Meg responded.

“I know you do, sweetie, but I want you to know that I mean something more. You’ve been my best friend since college. When I first began seeing Paul as a therapist, I was surprised—no, that’s too weak a word—I was floored but thrilled when you brought out my bi side—”

“You always knew I was bi,” said Meg, a little confused.

“Since those first two amazing times in my apartment in the city, we’ve only gotten closer, and we’ve come to love each other in a different and deeper way. I mean I got you involved in all this,” Kat said, gesturing around the room. She was fumbling.

Meg stroked Kat’s cheek tenderly. “I know all that, honey. Everything you’re saying is true, but you’re not making a lot of sense. What am I missing?”

Leave it to the lawyer to want to cut to the chase, thought Kat. “I wish I was marrying you and Paul, rather than Paul and Claire.” There, she had said it!

“But you’re not,” Meg replied. There was no trace of bitterness in her voice. She was simply stating a fact.

“No, I’m not, but I wish I were. The whole thing with Claire on Saturnalia took me completely by surprise. I just don’t want it to change anything between us—between you and me.”

Kat was still stumbling, and her friend decided to try to throw her a lifeline. “Both you and Master assured us that it wouldn’t, and I believe and trust you both without qualification. Are you getting cold feet about this weird double marriage that Claire cooked up?”

Kat hesitated. “No, it’s not that. I know you’ve said you’re OK with it, and I believe *you*. You and Ondine are even planning the wedding. But I need to know that you’re really OK with it. I love you, and I *need* you. Nothing will ever change that,” she said, gazing longingly into Meg’s deep blue eyes. Tears started to form in Kat’s eyes.

Meg stroked her friend/lover’s cheek again. She left her hand there. “I need you, too, my love. And I’m fine—really.”

Kat turned her head and kissed Meg's hand. "Do you remember when Master punished us for the Courtney birthday fiasco?" she asked, referring to the time Meg convinced her to go behind their Master's back to fulfill Courtney's birthday wish to see Meg have sex with two men.

"I remember," Meg replied. This time there was a note of bitterness in her voice. "I thought we weren't going to speak of that again."

Kat put her hand on top of Meg's on her cheek. "We're not, but remember how worried you were that Master would dismiss you and send you away?"

"Yes," was all Meg said. The lawyer no longer knew where this was going.

"In that moment, I was scared that he might. And I vowed to myself in that instant that if he did, I would leave, too, and we'd go away together."

Meg smiled a wan little smile and leaned in and kissed her. Kat forged ahead: "What you don't know is that when I first tried to enlist Claire's support in my plan to marry Paul, it set off some strange competition between us that I still don't understand. Certainly, at the time, I was totally confused. She said crazy things like that she 'owned' Master, and that he would do anything she asked him to do. She said that one word from her, and he would send you away and forbid us from ever being together again."

"She *said* that?!" The smile had left Meg's lips.

"She did. It was a hollow threat. If she had tried, I would have left too to be with you. I just need you to know that if she or Master ever tried to do that, I'll leave them."

"But you'll be married," Meg the attorney pointed out.

"I'd divorce him. I choose you. I'll always choose you!"

Meg wrapped her arms around Kat and pulled her to her, kissing her deeply. As they parted, but still holding her tight, Meg said, "And I choose you, my love. Now let's stop all this foolish talk and go to bed."

Meg rose and took Kat's hand, leading her upstairs. They spent all that day and the next making tender but passionate love.

On Monday, Paul and Courtney returned home. The foursome resumed their familiar routine uninterrupted for the next few weeks, and Kat and Meg spoke no more about remote possibilities. They didn't need to. But the conversation had drawn them even closer, if that were possible.

## Chapter Two

### *A Return Visit*

The normally leisurely routine was interrupted once again, however, one Saturday by the arrival of Claire, a partner in and general manager of the resort. Claire was from French Polynesia and now worked in the Caribbean. She absolutely *hated* the cold, and Connecticut in February was for her the equivalent of Cocytus, the frozen lake reserved for traitors in Dante's ninth circle of hell. But she had to come up four times a year for Star Fall board meetings regardless of the weather.

As usual under such circumstances, Claire showed looking like a petite polar explorer. As she peeled off layer after layer, she cursed her very existence. "Why the *fuck* did I ever leave Moorea?! Now that I'm a partner, we have got to move these *fucking tedious* exercises in so-called corporate governance to the island. I've been lucky so far that I haven't died on one of these wilderness treks. No more trips to this fucking shithole. Never again!"

"Bringing you up here is a lot cheaper than flying the rest of the partners to Star Fall," Paul interrupted.

"But--," Claire began to protest.

"And if we're going to finish the new resort facility by December, we don't have a lot of spare cash to throw around," said Paul, referring to the expansion underway to create a space separate from the main hotel, which would cater exclusively to a BDSM clientele.

By now Claire was naked and had put on her collar. This, coupled with the well-heated house, always made her feel better. "I see your point, Master, though I will never know what you see in this barren place," she said with resignation.

Paul put his strong arms around her and kissed her passionately, hugging her close. This always made her feel better, too. Then he crossed into the kitchen. As he departed, Kat came up. "Hello, my beautiful Polynesian

fiancée,” she said, wrapping her arms around Claire and kissing her as hungrily as Paul had. In the complex relationship that Claire thought she had worked out, not only would she and Kat both be married to Paul, but they would also “sort of” be married to each other.

The women heard the pop of a champagne cork from the kitchen. They knew that celebration of Claire’s arrival meant that their Master’s favorite, Bollinger R.D., would flow freely. He emerged, carrying three flutes. “I assume, Claire, after your Arctic ordeal you don’t want anything cold just yet. You and I will have Bruichladdich,” referring to his favorite single-malt scotch. He gave Meg’s and Courtney’s to them. Before, however, he delivered Kat’s to her, he pressed the cold glass against Claire’s left nipple. She shivered and turned away.

Paul smiled, handed Kat her wine, and went to the bar. He grabbed two crystal Old Fashioned glasses and poured himself and Claire a couple of fingers of scotch each. Normally, he would offer a toast in honor of Claire’s arrival. Instead all he said was, “I have been too lenient with you, Claire, for far too long, and living so far away from me for such long stretches has caused you to forget my discipline. He put down his glass, and as he handed Claire hers, he began the ritual of ownership. Placing his hands on her buttocks, he demanded, “Whose ass is this, slave?”

“It’s your ass, Master,” came the required reply.

Cupping her breasts, he asked, “Whose tits are these, slave?”

“They’re your tits, Master.”

Placing his right hand between Claire’s legs and fingering her labia, he said, “And whose cunt is this, slave?”

“It’s your cunt, Master.”

“That’s better, slave. The last time you were here, I let you off without riding the Sybian, another example of my leniency with you. For your insolence earlier, however, you

have just earned yourself and all three of your sisters an appointment with the Hitachi.”

“Nooooooooo!” Kat and Meg protested, almost in unison.

Claire replied only, “Yes, Master, if that is what you wish.”

“It is, and you will be last, after having watched me torture your sisters with it.”

Only Courtney, the youngest and most brazenly randy of Paul’s “horny bitches,” was happy at the prospect. She clapped her hands and jumped up and down.

The Hitachi Magic Wand was a foot-long deep muscle massager with a rubber head a little smaller than a tennis ball that became popular in the late sixties when a sex educator named Betty Dodson recommended it as a women’s masturbatory aid. Paul used it in his practice to treat chronic anorgasmia, a sexual condition in which a person cannot achieve climax. Pressed against the clitoris and turned on high, like the Sybian, it could be used to torture a slave with an unrelenting series of orgasms.

When the group had finished their drinks, Paul snapped leashes on the women’s collars and led them upstairs to the master bedroom. He started with Courtney, the only one eager for the experience. Instructing her to lie on the bed, he tied her up in the “T-bone” position, in which the slave’s wrists are bound together and the arms are extended and tied directly above the head. The legs are then tied extended completely out to the side, perpendicular to the body or as close to it as possible. The slaves’ youth and the naked yoga their Master required of them ensured that they could stretch their legs all the way out. The idea is to render the slave totally open and accessible, completely vulnerable.

After binding Courtney, Paul undressed. He then picked up the Hitachi. “Now, slaves, as with the Sybian, you need not ask for permission to climax. They will be coming too fast and furious. Just let them wash over you like waves.” He pressed the vibrator against Courtney’s clitoris and turned it

on low. Courtney moaned softly. Then, without warning, he cranked the thing up to full speed.

Courtney convulsed once and squealed. Then she settled down, closed her eyes, and smiled broadly. She was totally blissed out. Then her characteristic screaming began.

Paul kept the vibrator on high and pressed against her clit for several minutes. Then he turned it off abruptly. Courtney pouted. "Is that all I get, Master?" she asked.

Kat glanced at Paul's member. It was hard and had reached his fully engorged nine-and-a-half inches. "Yes, slave," he replied. "You enjoy it way too much. I'll have to discipline you another way after I finish with your sisters." With that he cut Courtney loose and helped her to her feet.

Courtney looked at Kat and Meg and grinned. "Thank you, Master," she cooed.

Meg was up next. Of the three of them, she was the strongest willed, but she liked the overstimulation from the Sybian or Hitachi only rarely. Paul bound her in the same fashion. Pressing the vibrator against her, he did not even begin at the slow speed but cranked it all the way to high immediately. After a brief lull, Meg began to buck as best she could, given the circumstances of her bondage, and pull at her restraints. Unlike Courtney, she made little sound. She did not want to give her Master the satisfaction. Instead she simply gritted her teeth and scrunched her face as orgasm after orgasm rolled over her.

It was Kat's turn. Her attitude about the device was substantially similar to Meg's. As Paul attacked her cunt with the Hitachi, she strained and flung her head from side to side, but other than a few groans, she made no noise.

"That only leaves you, Claire," Paul said. "Are you ready?"

"As you wish, Master," she responded as she assumed her position on the bed. After a minute or so of being tortured by the vibrator, she began to thrash. She screamed, "Oh, God...Oh, my fucking Gawd!" She strained

at the cords binding her so hard that Kat feared that she's break the bed.

At last, Paul ceased his tortured. Cutting Claire loose and helping her up, he surveyed his over-pleasured slaves. "That only leaves properly disciplining Courtney," he said. Sitting, he ordered Courtney across his lap.

As soon as she was in position, he began to spank her. He delivered sharp blows to her buttocks, alternating between cheeks. He did not allow his palms to linger but continued crisp blows. After every half dozen blows or so, he stopped and rubbed his palm over her ass, soothing it. Then he would resume the attack until her his bottom was bright red. He slid his hand between her legs She was already sopping wet from the Hitachi, and the spanking only made her more so. He fingered her, causing her to wiggle. Then he gave her one more light tap as a signal to get up.

"Thank you, Master," she repeated.

Paul stood. He was still erect. His penis twitched involuntarily from the excitement. "Kat, come here and kneel," he instructed. Kat eagerly complied. He stroked her hair. Her face was directly in front of his huge member. He continued, "You know I think you give the best head of any of your sisters, though under your tutoring they have improved greatly."

"Thank you, Master," she said with a grin, looking up into his eyes.

Paul also knew that Kat loved to fellate him to completion and that she felt he gave her that pleasure far too rarely. "I want you to drink my cum, slave," he commanded.

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master. Make my mouth a receptacle for your pleasure. May I use my hands?"

"Yes, slave."

Kat put her hands on his buttocks and pull him to her. She hungrily licked his cock all over, knowing he liked lots of tongue. Then she took him all the way into her mouth and

down her throat. She lolled her tongue as best she could under his shaft as she moved her head back and forth on it.

Paul could last a long time when he wanted to. But he was over-primed from Claire's arrival and the excitement of their session. After a few minutes, he placed his hand on the back of Kat's head, holding her down on his cock. He tensed and poured his semen down her throat.

As Paul released his grip on her head, Kat continued to suck him dry. Then moving off him, she licked the last drops off his slit. Paul had told his slaves that he considered semen to be a sacred substance. No drop should ever be wasted. It must always be injected or eaten. At first, Kat had thought that kind of creepy, but over time she had come to accept it. And she loved his taste too much.

Paul smiled down at her and patted her cheek. "Very good, slave."

"Thank you, Master. Thank you for giving me the blessing of your sacred cum."

Turning to Claire, Paul asked, "What was it you once said about your sister, Claire? That she always wants dessert before her meal?"

Claire grinned an evil leer. "Yes, Master," she said.

Helping Kat to her feet, he said, "Well, it appears that she's done it again." He smiled that broad smile that Kat loved so much. "Now, all you horny bitches get downstairs. I'll make us some dinner."

With that the four women left the bedroom. Paul looked with approval at their shapely forms as they bounced down the stairs.

Dinner was a simple and relaxed affair, just roast chicken accompanied by cold potato salad and haricot vert. Of course, there was ample champagne to add to the festivities.

After dinner, they all shared a nightcap. Then Paul announced that it was time for bed. It was Kat's night in the rotation. Claire's presence did not disrupt that order.

Whenever Claire was present, however, she always shared Paul's California king bed with him and whoever's turn it was.

As they all retired upstairs, Kat was giddy. This was the first time that she would be alone with the two people to whom she had become engaged at Star Fall. There is a saying in BDSM circles that the best bottoms make the best tops—that is to say that the best submissives often also make talented dominants. Over the course of the past year, Kat had seen first Claire, then Meg and Ondine, come out as switches, persons who can enact either submissive or dominant roles. At one point, Kat wondered if all Paul's slaves but her were switches. She and Courtney, however, remained staunchly in the sub camp. Entering the master bedroom, Kat felt confident she would see Mistress Claire tonight. She did not have long to wait.

As was usual when the three of them were together, Paul had Claire and Kat start with each other. Propped up on pillows at the head of the bed, he watched as he languidly stroked his erection. The women kissed and fondled each other. Kat loved the look of her pale hands on Claire's petite, dark body. Then Claire reached down and tweaked Kat's nipples hard. As Kat moaned, Claire put her mouth next to her ear and whispered, "Have you missed your Mistress, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress. This slave has missed her Mistress very much. I have missed Mistress' touch and her taste," Kat purred.

"What else have you missed, slave?"

Kat knew where this was going and what Claire wanted to hear. "I have missed your discipline and correction, Mistress."

"You have, slave? Is that what you want?" Claire asked, lechery obvious in her voice.

"I want only what you want, Mistress," Kat breathed.

Turning to Paul, Claire said, “Master, our slave craves my discipline and correction. May I discipline her?”

“As you wish, Claire,” Paul responded. His statement was notable for the fact her called her Claire and not “slave.”

Claire rose and ordered Kat off the bed. “All right, slave, put your palms on the bed and stand ass-out.”

“Yes, Mistress,” replied Kat, complying.

Claire retrieved a riding crop and brought it down hard on Kat’s ass. She knew Kat liked the crop, so much of this was just performance. Even so, she struck hard, stinging Kat’s buttocks. “Is that what you’ve missed, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress. This slut has missed it so much.”

Claire struck again. “What are you, slave?” she asked harshly.

Again, Kat knew the proper response. “I’m your filthy whore, Mistress.”

“Say it again, slut,” Claire commanded.

“I’m nothing but your filthy whore, Mistress.” Claire knew how much her relatively mild verbal abuse turned Kat on.

“Yes, slave, you are nothing but Mistress’ filthy whore. Never forget it.”

“Never, Mistress. This whore needs your sweet cunt too much,” Kat replied.

All the while, Mistress Claire continued to crop Kat’s ass until it was burning and bright red. At last she stopped. Stepping forward, she ran her hands briefly over Kat’s buttocks. “Master,” she said, “your slave’s ass is red and hot, just the way you like it.”

They all knew Kat was one of those rare women for whom anal was the preferred method of penetration. They also knew Paul liked anal sex after disciplining his slave because of the warmth it generated.

Claire climbed back on the bed. “Now lick your Mistress’—what did you call it—‘sweet cunt?’”

“Yes, Mistress, thank you. I live for your sweet cunt.” Kat put her head between Claire’s legs and began to perform