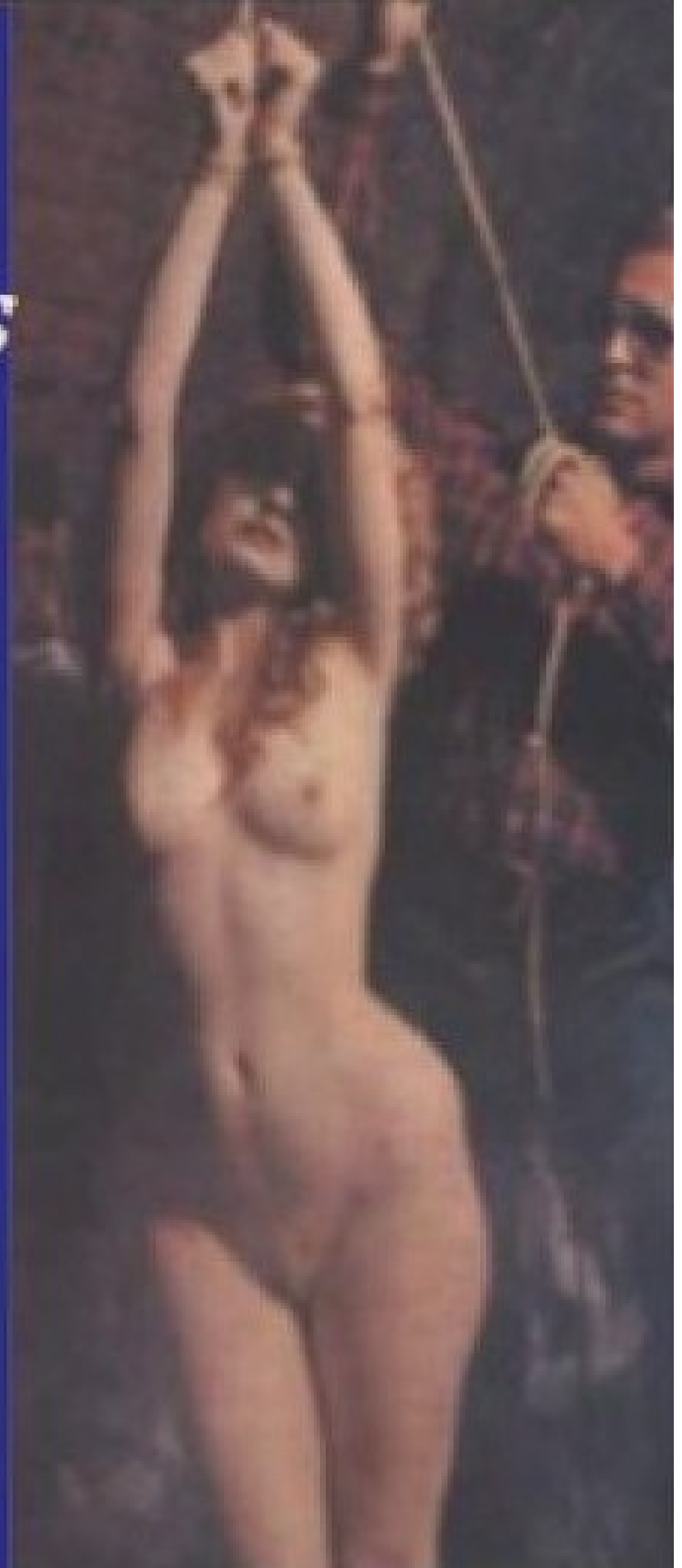


*Her  
Uncle's  
Toy!*



# **“Her Uncle's Toy”**

by

**Argus**

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## One

"In here."

Jill started to turn her head idly and then gasped as Peter's hand on her arm yanked her sideways and swung her around. She looked up to see the Boys notice on the door just as it was pushed aside and Peter pulled her inside.

"What the fuck," she said, more a statement than question.

"C'mon," he said, pulling her quickly down the row of stalls and then into one.

"The Boys room. Yuck," she said idly.

He shoved the door closed behind her and latched it, then his heavy body crushed back against it as his lips came down on hers, his tongue thrusting inside. She stared at his intense face as his tongue flitted about within her mouth, and her hands, pushed up against her shoulders, slid higher to move behind his neck.

His own hands were on her bottom, squeezing and kneading it through her skirt - but only for a moment. Then they yanked the skirt up to fondle her buttocks directly. As she was wearing a silk thong his hands were unimpeded as they groped hungrily at her soft, ivory skin, and she grunted as his body pushed her even harder against the door, his chest crushing her soft breasts back against her rib cage.

He pulled his lips back, chewing along the nape of her neck as one of his hands rose and gripped her hair, pulling back roughly. She gasped softly, her heart pounding now with excitement. She loved, thrilled, to rough tough guys. The dull, boring polite ones were so insipid, so unexciting. Young and beautiful and wildly alive, she intended to enjoy herself thoroughly, no matter what anyone thought.

Then his lips were back against hers and she barely understood what was happening as he spit something into her mouth, then followed it with her tongue. She felt it at the back of her mouth, small and hard, and then it was gone as she reflexively swallowed. Her eyes widened and she pushed hard against his chest, trying to twist free.

After a long moment he eased back, a dark grin on his face.

"What the fuck was that?" she demanded.

"A pinky," he said tauntingly.

"What the fuck is a pinky, you asshole?"

In answer his big hands grasped her head and yanked her towards him, and his lips crushed hers again as his big, powerful male body crushed her back against the door. She struggled weakly for long seconds, then gave up as she began to once again return his kisses.

His hands slipped off her head, and in a trice were on her breasts, squeezing roughly through her blouse. In another trice they were thrusting up and back, opening her blazer wide and shoving it back over her shoulders. She let it fall down her arms, grasping it before it could hit the dirty floor, and idly raised it, dropping it over the hook beside her without pausing her kisses.

She felt a great heat in her loins, and a pounding excitement in her heart as Peter's hands raced over her body. She let her own hands slide down his back and squeeze his bottom through his tight trousers as she groaned into his mouth.

She felt slightly light-headed, then, but paid it no heed. Peter yanked her backwards, sitting on the toilet and pulling her down atop him so she straddled him facing him and the tank behind. He jammed his mouth in against her breasts and she ran her hands excitedly through his hair.

She felt hot, physically hot, and gasped weakly, barely noticing now as he quickly undid the buttons down the front of her blouse and pulled it open. He yanked it off, wadding it up and jamming it against the pipes behind him, then undid her bra. She hardly noticed that either, panting from the heat, her eyes beginning to lose focus. Then his hands were at her skirt, undoing the catch. She grabbed at it as he pulled it up her body, out of a barely sensed realization that she was not in private, and that she had never intended to go this far with him. Not here anyway.

The bra skirt was gone, and he ripped the string on her thong to tear it free, and then she was nude, but for her polished black shoes and white knee socks, and his mouth was on her nipples, his teeth biting into the soft white flesh of her firm young breasts as he sucked furiously at the small pink buttons and she groaned in excitement and confusion.

He undid his zip and his big hands lifted her bottom up easily. She gripped his shoulders weakly, and then groaned aloud as he sank her down onto his staff. She felt the pressure against her sex, felt herself parting, felt the thick girth of his cock as it pushed into her body, and then groaned in delicious pleasure as she was

impaled upon it, as she sank lower and lower and felt it driven higher and higher into the moist depths of her body.

"Oh! Oh" she whispered. "Oh yes!"

His fingers dug into her bottom again as he chewed on her nipples, areolas and breasts. It hurt where his teeth bit into her soft, sensitive flesh, but the hot, rhythmic sucking had her eyes rolling back despite around her. She was so hot, so intensely hot. She had to be utterly naked. Eyes blurring, she reached down, undoing her right shoe, shoving down her sock, kicking them into the corner. She swayed, but did the same to her left while Peter concentrated on sucking and chewing at her breasts.

The feel of the cold gritty floor on her bare feet sent a rush of excitement through her mind, and she trembled with lust as she raised herself slowly, feeling the soft sucking sensation as her pussy clung to his shaft, feeling the delicious tactile pleasure as his thick cock rasped across her pubic lips.

His fingers dug harder into her bottom, lifting her up powerfully, then sinking her down so that she once again reveled in the deep, steady impalement, gloried to the inner sensations of his cock thrusting aside the soft, elastic walls of her sex and pushing deep into her body. Her head rolled back as he lifted her strongly, then bobbed forward as she sank once again.

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom hard and she gasped at the sting.

"Move your ass, slut. Ride my cock!" he barked.

She moaned but obeyed, her legs wobbly as she put pressure on them, her hands grasping at his shoulders as she helped raise herself.

Again she reveled in the blissful caress of his cock as it slid across the taut, gripping mouth of her pussy, then groaned as she sank back down atop it. Up and down she rode, the heat almost unbearable, the pressure inside her skull causing her to moan softly.

She felt the orgasm blossom within her like an expanding ball of fire, and only his lips on hers kept her from crying out in joy and jubilation as she came. New energy poured fire into her veins and she rode wildly up and down, her bottom slapping against his thighs as she grunted and moaned in delicious pleasure.

As the orgasm faded so to did her strength, and she went limp across his shoulders as she moaned in weary afterglow. But Peter was far from finished, and cursed, rising with her in his arms, turning quickly, and then settling her down onto the toilet. He slid his hands off her buttocks, down onto her thighs, and forced them up and back sharply, jamming them back to raise her bottom hard.

She blinked up at him wearily as he let his shoulders take the pressure, gripping his cock and pressing it against her upraised pussy, then gripped her legs once again, forcing them firmly back as he began to thrust into her. She groaned softly and he picked up the pace, pumping quickly and smoothly down into her as her head rolled slowly, eyes mere slits.

His hips worked with growing speed and pressure, even as sounds outside the stall signaled the arrival of others. She looked up through glassy eyes, mouth slack as he thrust down into her. He forced her legs back more sharply, sliding her down almost onto her back on the toilet as he pounded his cock down into her slight young body. A toilet flushed down the row, helping to cover her small, dazed grunts as his hips slammed against her raised bottom.

The door opened and closed, and male voices spoke jokingly to each other as he continued to hammer down into her, his cock a triphammer.

Jill looked up, blinking her eyes, trying to clear them, wondering what was going on. She smiled to see him, and remembered, smiling against at sight of his cock as he pumped into her. Her bare toes were pressed back against the concrete wall behind the toilet now, and her back ached from her uncomfortable position.

Yet she felt a hazy cloud of pleasure and contentment gripping her.

Her hands reached up weakly, trying to grasp at him, to pull his head down against her, but her hands could not quite seem to find it, and swayed back and forth before weakness dropped them to her sides, then off to the floor on either side of the toilet. She grunted softly with each hard blow of his hips, feeling the sawing motion of his cock as it hissed in and out of her body, feeling the deep, dull ache as the head jammed deep inside her.

Then suddenly he had stopped. He was talking, but his words made no sense. And then there was another face there, one she did not know, and she smiled in uncertain greeting, wondering who he was.

Hands lifted her to her feet, and she swayed weakly. Then the boy was sitting on the toilet and the hands settled her atop him, and she was penetrated again,

sighing in pleasure as she felt his cock sliding up into her.

His mouth chewed and sucked on her breasts as he thrust up into her, his hands lifting her up and down. She felt pressure against her anus, then something, a finger, pushing into her there. She twisted her head weakly, only to have it yanked to one side by hands in her hair. She cried out in pain, and found a cock thrust into her mouth.

She blinked at the hairy abdomen of - someone, then felt more pressure against her anus, thicker pressure.

The cock in her mouth pushed deeper, and her hand rose to bat feebly against the body behind it. She grunted suddenly, eyes widening as pain attacked her from behind. A hard thick something was being thrust up into her rectum, and she could not turn her head or twist aside. She felt pushed forward against the boy in front of and below her by a heavy weight, and the thing in her bottom was going deeper, causing cramps and aches to ripple through her system.

She half choked on the cock in her mouth, again reaching, trying to push back the boy beside her. More pain as her head was twisted back by the hair. More pain as teeth chewed cruelly at her nipples and breasts. More pain as the cock behind her thrust the final inch into her body and she felt cramped and full and aching. Hands yanked her up and down on the cock below her, and the world seemed to spin, the haze closing in.

Soft, whispered, excited male voices echoed off the concrete, filled with obscene exclamations of joy and delight. Hands raced over her, squeezing and fondling and groping as she was twisted back and forth between boys who faded in and out of her vision, doubling and tripling as her vision blurred.

The two cocks in her belly seemed to be fighting with each other, twisting back and forth, in and out. She felt an ache deep in her abdomen as she was stuffed and then stuffed again, the movements hard, furious, excited. Cocks pulled out, then thrust in again. Hands released her, then grasped her again. The features of the strange boys around her swam and changed.

And then she was alone, slumped on the toilet, still dazed, feeling sore and bruised, but still hot. Her mind swam weakly for some time, then a voice was calling to her, a deep masculine voice. There was a man looking down at her, an older man with a beard, frowning. He slapped her face, which stung her, and she moaned, turning her head away.

And then the door closed, and he was groping at her breasts. She felt her legs lifted up and pushed back again, and his eager face came closer to her. She felt herself penetrated as he began to thrust into her, and she looked up, glassy eyed, into the grimace of pleasure on his face as he worked his hips and drove his cock down into her bruised sex.

She recognized him, or thought she did, and after some moments placed him as one of her teachers, but not which one. Her vision and mind continued to tumble and swim, and then she was alone again.

\* \* \* \* \*

James Collins did not consider himself to be a particularly cold or arrogant man, though others did. He believed himself to be a man of modest tastes and abilities who nevertheless expected and required that others comport themselves with a particular measure of dignity. An intelligent man, he understood that not all others could match his depth of intellect and breadth of knowledge.

Nevertheless, he found himself constantly disappointed by the dull stupidity he encountered in his fellow man, and the barrenness of thought which guided their lives. The great mass of humanity were, in his opinion, ignorant in terms of both knowledge and behavior, tactless, thoughtless, lacking even the most basic knowledge about the world around them, its history, and the purpose of the civilizations great men had constructed before them. They were a great herd of cattle rushing to and fro at the direction of whoever spun them the most fanciful tails. They lived their dull, menial little lives of no merit, accomplishing nothing, and then disappeared as if they had never been.

He himself had long since given up on society and most of its lumbering, ignorant inhabitants. He had taken the money left to him by his father, a great man, even if few acknowledge it, and isolated himself in a quite comfortable old Edwardian home just outside London.

There were only two acres of land surrounding the old home, but he made good use of them, turning most of the front into a complex and beautiful Japanese water garden. He had built a high rocky ridge at the extreme rear of the property, and carved out a lovely little quite natural seeming pool at its base. Water flowed smoothly and merrily down the rocks to splash and bubble into the pool, which was surrounded by bright, leafy trees and shrubs.

To ensure that he was not disturbed by dull witted visitors he planted and grew a thick hedge around his property, which he trimmed off at some twenty feet in

height. Just outside that hedge he had a fence built, only half that height, but considerably more dissuasive to trespassers and the curious. Within this little world James prospered, spending his time on gardening, and his manuscript, which he was writing and which he intended to be a learned discourse on the subject of the failings and weaknesses of the human mind.

James had a family, which consisted of a brother he detested, a sister-in-law he thought a particular example of boorishness, and four miserable brats the two of them had conspired to produce, and which he had successfully avoided seeing for almost five years. His sister-in-law insisted on sending him regular pictures of the brats, along with updates on their accomplishments. His brother insisted on writing him long letters about his dull, pointless life, and the irritations and disappointments thereof.

Among the brats was a female of considerable physical attractiveness. He had noticed this shortly after she had reached adolescence, for while a stern man James was not unswayed by female beauty, nor forsaken by lust. The girl had become more attractive with each new picture, her curves becoming more pronounced, her clothing tighter and more revealing.

In fact, he had been inspired to include her in his manuscript as an example of the indiscipline of females, particularly young females, who seemed to find it necessary to display their bodies as indecently as possible merely for the reassurance male interest gave to their poor sense of self worth.

Her name was Jillian, and she and the difficulties she caused had begun to figure more and more prominently in his brother's letters. She was, reading between the lines, an almost wholly undisciplined, recalcitrant, disobedient and slatternly girl. She had been arrested on several occasions for a variety of misbehaviour with her peers, including vandalism and the shoplifting, and had been caught by her parents both in the possession of and under the influence of narcotics.

The last picture he had of her was of a slight girl, only shoulder high to her younger brother and father, wearing a tight, thin tank top over braless - and clearly quite generous and firm young breasts, a ring in her pierced navel, and a pair of trousers cut so low he marveled her pubic hair was not visible. In addition she was wearing multiple earrings, displayed a pierced tongue, and was smirking unpleasantly at the camera. Her hair, which had once been a neatly trimmed blonde, had been hacked off roughly at the shoulders and dyed a bright, glowing and unnatural shade of red.

She was, by the reckoning of law and society, an adult. At least insofar as she had fulfilled the basic requirement of aging. She had not passed out of high school,

however, and indeed, had failed her previous year. Nor was she capable of supporting herself, never having held, nor, so far as he could determine, looked for, employment of any kind.

Nevertheless, she was clearly still deep within adolescence, showing little sign of emotional or intellectual maturity to match her physical maturity. She was an excellent example of what happened when you spoiled children, when they were not challenged, nor given any responsibility. She was, in short, a spoiled brat, and was unlikely to change.

What had caused James to ponder on the girl were the growing number of letters from his brother speaking of the desperate need to get her out of her current environment, and away from her current peer group. He also bemoaned economic circumstances which prevented he or his wife from moving away from their current residence.

Clearly, the fool was attempting to interest James in taking the girl on. Certainly she would be far from her present environment, as his brother had moved to America twenty years previously and the girl was a native of the city of Chicago. James's home was just outside of London, in England.

Under normal circumstances he would have thought nothing of ignoring his brother's barely veiled hints. He had little interest in him or his family, nor did he feel any sense of responsibility towards them. He cared little what the little tart did, including becoming a prostitute, which seemed her most likely calling.

There were two reasons he was giving serious thought to issuing an invitation to the girl. In the first place, she would make an excellent subject for testing his theories on the proper application of discipline on recalcitrant youth, of a firm hand to bring the young into line.

As she was still quite young, her mind was quite malleable. She had neither the breadth of experience, nor the wisdom to make proper judgements, and would be easily influenced, especially by someone whose knowledge of the human mind permitted him to shift her thinking in the direction he desired.

And what did he desire for this girl? What could he do with her, or, for that matter, to her? What could he persuade a slatternly girl to do here alone with him, locked in his house? That she was his niece was almost irrelevant. She was a sexually attractive female, and James would not allow any inane societal dictates to stand in the way of his physical pleasure.

If he got the weak-minded girl here how long would it take him to persuade her to do as females had done for time immemorial, and barter her body for the protection of a powerful male?

Oh he could use strong discipline to produce the kind of young person society and her parents would approve of. That would bring some small satisfaction.

But did the world really need another worker ant pushing forms and documents from one pile to another all her life, and dropping a couple of brats - no doubt outside the bounds of matrimony - to consume her meager pay cheque and crowd her tiny flat? Did the herd need another member?

Hardly.

So what else could he produce? The girl clearly hadn't the intellectual ability to do anything of substance. That relegated her to manual labor, which, of course, meant the use of her body. As she was slight and weak, the only intelligent use of her was as a source of physical pleasure.

How strongly could he bend her mind to his way of thinking? And what methods would he use? A good strong cane applied to the seat of her pants, for one. That would bring any adolescent into line quickly enough, but would simple obedience satisfy him?

What else could he produce? Perhaps the opposite of what society dictated, with its ludicrous beliefs in feminism and democracy. The idea of equality between men and women was preposterous. Women were too emotional, too weak in spirit and body.

And society's morality? Equally ludicrous, and dated. What was the point of encouraging females to chaste, to limit the use of their bodies only to those males who plied them with presents and flattery? Women were meant to be used sexually, and that was the task to which they were most suited. At least, attractive young women like his niece Jillian.

What could he do with young Gillian's mind? And what manner of female did he wish to produce?

He felt his groin stirring at the thought, and turned his mind to an image he had always found greatly arousing; the image of a naked female kneeling before the man to whom she owed obedience. That obedience was what women ought to be showing, and were not. Perhaps he could show Jillian how inferior she was to men,

and how grateful she ought to be for the sustenance provided for her. And, he admitted to himself with frank honesty, perhaps after he had forced her submission he could enjoy himself with her lithe young body, a body clearly designed to please men.

Once he had her there, locked in his small world, at his mercy, he could do as he chose to her, punish her as he wished, force her to comply with his wishes, his requirements. But rape was hardly something to which James aspired. Unless it was the rape of her mind. He wanted to turn her from a smirking, useless slatternly delinquent into something else.

His mind brought forth the image of the naked, kneeling female again, and suddenly she sprouted red hair. Could he turn his young niece into a submissive sexual plaything? She was already no doubt the sexual plaything of young men, but young men were crude and simple in their tastes. She would have little familiarity with the more sophisticated and perverse tastes of a man like James.

There would be just the two of them there, the soft, weak mind of a female, and the strong, powerful, disciplined mind of James Collins. There was no question of which would win out.

So he called his brother, and began to hint that he might be willing, out of a sense of family obligation, to provide a home for the girl. He was unsurprised that his brother jumped gleefully at the thought. Clearly the girl had been making his life even more miserable than his letters had implied.

"Very well then," he said. "But I do warn you that I am of the old school. Jillian will be expected and required to do well in her studies. Failure through lack of effort will result in corporal punishment. It was good enough for me, and, I daresay, for you, and it might just snap the girl out of her laziness and insolent refusal to apply herself."

His brother's eagerness to be rid of the girl had his words tumbling over themselves as he hastened to reassure James that though he, of course, and his wife, did not approve of corporal punishment, they understood that perhaps such application could have its uses with extreme cases.

And so he agreed, and then prepared, and planned, and sought special new equipment and tools with which to apply the special kind of discipline he thought most fitting for such a female. These included implements of discipline and restraint, and a few complex mechanisms whose availability and ease of purchase surprised him.

No doubt their mere existence would surprise young Jillian.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jill would have fought against it more strongly if she had not felt so terribly embarrassed to be around her parents.

They didn't know what had happened, not entirely. They knew what the school told them, that she had been found naked and stoned in a boys bathroom stall. Taking drugs was, of course, prohibited by the school's "zero tolerance" policy, and she was instantly expelled.

No one talked much about the obvious corollary between her nudity and whatever sexual activities with whatever boy she had taken part in. The school had demanded the name of the boy involved and she had, of course, pled ignorance. She had no idea, she said, about how she'd wound up naked in there. Most probably the pinky she'd downed had made her hot and she'd taken her clothes off for that reason. And the vice principle would not lower himself to pointing out the obvious marks of semen spotted on her face, breasts and groin.

As an adolescent, Jill had sought for an image, something to make her popular with the other kids, and had latched onto the not particularly rare act of tough insouciance. She dyed her hair a bright red, in a ragged, casual cut, taken up smoking, wore tight clothes, and mocked everyone who was too 'straight', particularly adults.

She had adopted that role so well it was now impossible for her to abandon. She never admitted a weakness, never admitted to hurt when someone treated her badly, or to concern when she was insulted or disappointed. She slouched and grinned and shrugged and went about her life with an air of contempt and unconcern for those who treated her badly.

She had never intended to have sex with Peter, certainly not in a bathroom stall at school. That vile, filthy bastard! If she could have gotten her hands on him she would have squeezed his balls until they burst!

And she certainly had never intended to let herself be gang banged - gang raped, she told herself in the solitude of her mind. According to her girlfriend Andrea the story which was making the rounds was that she had had sex with Peter and eight others in the Boys room after losing a bet.

To Andrea she admitted she had been drugged, but she could not bring herself to tell anyone else, especially not an adult. Her rough girl persona would simply not allow it, for to do so was to admit she had been victimized, helplessly and scornfully used as a sex toy by those scum. And that was so at odds with her rough girl, smirking image she could not bring herself to speak of it.

Better to have the school think of her as a slut, to have her parents think of her as a drug taker, even to their deep suspicion she had been having sex with a boy in the bathroom. Better that than break down weeping and admit that like any stupid, helpless little girl she had been stripped and done by a bunch of jeering boys. She could not do that. She would not do that. Let them think what they wanted, their suspicions were still less shameful and humiliating than reality.

Bastards! Fucking bastards! Especially that miserable, hated, pious hypocritical bastard Jennings, may he rot in hell. Her Science teacher had been among the frowning faces which had glowered their disapproval for her as she had been escorted from the school by her parents. But she remembered the leer on that face after he had found her, the excited, hurried looks about to make sure he was alone, and then the way he'd taken advantage of the situation to rape her semi-conscious body himself.

Going to live in England for a while was something she would have fought kicking and screaming the previous week. Now she wanted to get away from the staring eyes and suspicious glances. She knew almost nothing about her Uncle James, other than he was supposed to have money and lived alone in a big house. From what she could determine from her parents he was religious and conservative, which did not bode well for fun and games. But she could ignore his rules and regulations as easily as she did those of her parents.

The house, when she saw it, was a bit of a shock. To begin with, she couldn't see it. They drove down a wide street of fairly large, nice homes, all with fences and hedges out front, and then came to - well, it looked like an enormous hedge behind a very high steel fence. Her father stopped at the gate and pressed a button on a call box. A camera looked down from overhead, and he talked into it, smiling. The gate slid aside, and they drove up a cobblestone drive into a large, deeply shaded yard.

There were flowers everywhere, and a small stream of water, perhaps three feet wide, meandering in and out among the rocks and flowers, crossed by a little bridge sprouting Japanese lanterns. It was beautiful, and eye opening. The thought of living there suddenly did not seem so bad.

They got out of the car, her father's eyes avoiding her as they had since her most recent "adventure" as he called it. Whenever the topic of her and sex came up she could sense his discomfort, the way his mind squirmed away from it. Were she more innocent she would have had no suspicions about that, for what father wanted to know anything about his daughter and sex. But Jill had always been suspicious of boys and men, ever since she'd sprouted and they'd begun to circle around her like wolves after a lamb.

It irritated her to no end the way so many of them tried their slick words and acts to worm their way into her affections. She knew full well what they were after, and their weasely ways fooled her not at all. She could see their lust in their eyes as they passed over her breasts and body, even those who tried to pretend they cared nothing for her body.

There had been a time a year earlier when she'd been in her bedroom before her mirror, her hands up behind her head as she had examined the look of pulling her hair back. She had been wearing nothing but a small thong, and had suddenly looked aside to see the door had been opened, her father standing in it, staring, shocked by her nudity. Of course he had apologized profusely and jerked back the moment she had seen him, but she had recognized the look in those eyes.

Not that she could blame him exactly, she thought grudgingly. She was pretty darn hot, after all, hot and sexy. And what male seeing her like that, her rounded buttocks posed attractively, her breasts bare and upthrust, well, what male would not have known an instant sexual attraction? Perhaps, she told herself a little smugly, he had not quite noticed how much of a woman she had become prior to that. But seeing her like that had robbed him of any illusions. She was hot!

The door opened and she blinked at the size of the man there.

"James," her father said, greeting him gladly and shaking hands.

Her Uncle James was well over six feet tall, broad shouldered, and heavily bearded. Jill looked up at him doubtfully, licking her lips and almost venturing a little smile of greeting. But then she restrained herself, falling back into her slouch and look of unconcern, putting on a little pouty look as she looked carelessly about.

"This is Jillian," her father said.

Jill looked at him scornfully, and with some approval noted her Uncle James do the same.

"How do you do?" her Uncle James said.

"Okay," she said, casually shrugging.

His face was cool, but - did she catch something in his eyes there? Perhaps, she thought a tad smugly, he had not been aware of how much she had grown in the six years since he had seen her. Not grown up, she thought unhappily, for she remained five feet high, but grown nonetheless.

He showed her and her father around the house, and she was impressed, though she did not, of course, show it. The house was very masculine, but richly decorated, and the grounds were fabulous. The big pool out back with the waterfall had her itching to sunbathe, though she would have to wait until he was out somewhere to do it in the nude.

Her father seemed eager to leave, and she was just as glad to have him gone, and have those eyes stop swerving back and forth to avoid looking at her. And then he was gone and she was alone with Uncle James, and thought once again that she saw a flicker behind those cool eyes.

"Well ah, I guess I'll go up to my room," she said.

"Not so fast," he said. "I think I had best apprise you of the rules around here first."

Naturally, Jill reverted to her tough persona. She sighed, rolled her eyes, and slumped back in teenage disrespect.

"Have you ever been in the U.K. before?"

"No."

"Here in the U.K. we tend to believe that sparing the rod spoils the child."

"What?" she asked in confusion.

"Corporal punishment is something you need to bear in mind."

Her face took on a look of amused disbelief. "Corporal punishment!? What, are you gonna spank me or something!?" She laughed in contemptuous delight.

"If you act like a child you shall be treated like one," he replied calmly.

"Yeah, I bet you'd love to spank me," she taunted, looking for that flicker in his eyes again. Was she locked in with a perve? The idea worried her only a little. He was, after all, her uncle, and so there was no danger from him.

"I think you're a bit old for a spanking," he replied.

"Don't be so sure," she teased, feeling more confidence now.

"However, a woman is never too old for a strapping."

She rolled her eyes and gave a little laugh.

"You think I'm joking?" he asked softly. "You should have talked to your father. He would have told you I have absolutely no sense of humor."

She frowned up at him doubtfully.

"While you are under my roof, you will not use obscene language. You will study your lessons every day, and I will assist you to ensure you do not fall even further behind in your education than you already have."

"Yeah, yeah," she said, rolling her eyes.

"You will also dress as a young woman ought to, and not in the revealing clothing I have been informed is your current habit."

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" she blurted in amazement.

"No, and to show you have serious I am... " He reached for her, and her hand rose to fend him off. He simply gripped her wrist and yanked her back.

"Hey!"

He pulled her hard, swung her about, and fell back into a nearby high-backed chair, pulling her with her so she fell belly-down across his lap.

"Let me go! Are you crazy! Let go of me!" she screamed.

There was no buzz to her mind now, and she squealed and twisted as she felt his hands grip the back of her low slung trousers and yank them down. She squealed in shock and embarrassment, grasping at them as she felt the tight waistband sliding over her hips, and squeezing down her plump buttocks as Uncle James forced them

lower. They pulled at her thin silky thong as they went, and she felt that going with them until they were down past her thighs.

She felt a sudden blaze of shocked embarrassment knowing her bottom was now bare to this almost complete stranger, and struggled wildly in his grip as her face reddened.

"You pervert bastard! I'm gonna have you arrested!" she screamed furiously.

"You were warned about language," he said calmly.

She cried out as his hand cracked down against her wriggling bottom and stinging pain snapped at her. She cursed, her hands shooting back, trying to interpose themselves before the next blow.

But she felt her wrists taken in an iron grip and suddenly they were pinned together at the small of her back in one big hand.

"Don't!" she cried helplessly, heart pounding, pulse racing.

She saw him reach down to his belt and undo it, and for a moment knew a surge of fear that he would rape her. But then he simply doubled the thin leather belt in his hand, and her fear took another direction.

The belt slashed down against her bottom and she screamed at the intensity of the stinging pain, kicking her legs feebly and writhing from side to side. Again the belt cracked down, and now began to strike her steadily, a sharp, repetitive stinging that seemed to grow worse with each additional blow.

Jill was frantic, still deeply embarrassed at his view of her bare bottom - and whatever else he could see from his angle, and now twisting desperately against the pain being inflicted on her. She was trying to keep her thighs tightly clenched together and twisting from side to side, and her hips half fell off his lap.

She gasped, eyes bulging as she felt a big hand grasp her inner thigh so high up that the edge was pushed firmly against her sex, and lift her back into position firmly across his lap. New humiliation flooded her, even as she tried to shakily assure herself his touch there had been accidental.

"Stop squirming, Jillian. You won't avoid your punishment," he said.

More blows landed, and she cursed in pained frustration, which in turn brought more blows. She was utterly helpless to avoid the strap, and her eyes filled with tears of rage, frustration and pain as the steady Crack! Crack! Crack! of the belt echoed around the room.

"Please!" she cried, embarrassed by the desperate plea even as she vocalized it.

She was a tough girl, after all. The image she had created for herself should have had her calmly, sneeringly accepting his strapping. And yet never before had she imagined the pain from such a thing would be so sharp, so stinging. Her bottom glowed with the heat of pain, and each new blow sent the heat higher.

The blows halted, and she bit her lip to keep from sobbing, her chest rising and falling furiously, her breath ragged.

"Now perhaps you will understand that when I say there will be no foul language I mean it. Perhaps you will begin to get a taste of real discipline," he said.

Oh how she hated his smug, condescending words! She was an adult! He had no right, no right to treat her like this!

He released her wrists and she tumbled off his lap, immediately reaching down for her trousers and yanking them up even as she lay on the floor. She twisted and jumped to her feet, then ran for the stairs, still fighting back tears of rage and humiliation.

"Bastard!" she screamed as she hurried up the stairs.

She rushed up the stairs and into the room he had shown as hers, slamming it furiously behind. Her bottom hurt terribly and she moaned, rubbing at her teary eyes as she touched her bottom and winced. She locked the door, then stripped off her pants, backing against a mirror and turning her head to see her reddened buttocks.

It was not so bad as she had feared, she thought, rubbing at tears again. That miserable bastard! When she told her father - but no, she could not do that, she realized with a sudden miserable understanding. It would be just as humiliating to have to tell her father that Uncle James had strapped her bare bottom as it would have been to have admitted she had been gang raped.

And there was absolutely no guarantee he would share her outrage. He had made clear his anger at her misbehavior for many years. He must know what Uncle James

was like, and had told her many times that she would not be able to fool around with him as she had at home, that he was a stern man who believed in discipline. He would probably tell her she deserved it!

"Fucking bastard!" she cried in rage, trembling fingers moving lightly on her throbbing bottom.

And then the door, the locked door, opened, and Uncle James strode in.

## TWO

Jill gasped in shock, whirling away and trying to yank up her trousers even as he stalked towards her. Panic hit her suddenly and her fingers scrabbled at the floor as he loomed over head. He reached down, grasping the bottom of her trousers, and yanked. She cried out as she was upended, her legs flying upwards as her trousers slid down their length, and then off entirely.

Her legs dropped back to the floor, and she scrambled desperately towards the bed, trying to crawl beneath. But a huge hand grasped her by the hair and she screamed as she was yanked up and back, forced to her knees and then her feet. Her hand shot up and back to his wrist, trying to ease his grip and were captured and pinned together behind her neck, her head forced back.

"I told you that there would be no use of foul language," he said calmly, as if she were not standing there wearing just a tank top.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she gasped, twisting frantically.

"Now you have a choice, Jillian. Are you listening to me?"

He forced her head back farther and she gasped in pain.

"Yes! Yes!"

Clearly you must be punished for this new breach..."

"No! I didn't mean it! I forgot!" she cried.

"Your choice is to bend over and take your punishment in a forthright and obedient manner, or be held in place for twice as many blows. Which would you prefer?"

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean it!" she cried again.

"That is irrelevant. The purpose of discipline is to ensure that you gain some measure of control over your future actions. Now do you want ten blows or twenty?"

"T-ten," she whimpered.

"Very well then. You will stop fighting and take it properly, accepting that you deserve the punishment you are receiving."

He dragged her over to a narrow desk and then shoved her belly down across the back of a chair which was pushed into it. This served to further elevate her bottom, and she cringed in near hysteria at the view this would present to him.

"I will release you, and you will hold yourself ready for punishment," he said.

He let go of her wrists and she moaned, starting to rise, then halting. Her lower lips trembled and her heart pounded. Sweat stood out on her forehead and between her breasts, and she was acutely, terribly aware of the view of her bottom and sex he had. She tried to keep her thighs tightly clenched

She turned her head, though she could not bear to meet his eyes, and saw that he had, not a strap or belt, but a long, thin, flexible stick or switch of some kind.

He drew it back, and she clenched her jaw, burying her head in her hands. She heard the sound of the stick as it cut through the air and then the loud, sharp Crack! as it struck her upraised bottom.

The pain was shocking, far worse than the strap, and she screamed, tears forced from her eyes now as she twisted up and away. He reached for her and she twisted away, trying to dart for the door. He grasped her tank top from behind, and as she tried to twist away it was forced up over her head. She fell to the floor, shocked into new embarrassment now as she realized she was now entirely naked, her breasts exposed.

She clamped her arms over her breasts, springing up and trying to run, but again screamed as he grasped her hair from behind. Instinctively, as before, the pain brought her hands shooting up and back, and, as before, he quickly grasped them, pinned her thin wrists together, and forced them back behind her neck. This forced her head back and her back to arch, and she sobbed as he turned her around so that her nudity faced him fully.

"English children have been punished in this manner for generations," he said contemptuously. "I will not tolerate your hysterics."

"Let me go! Let me go!" she screamed, her voice breaking now as sobs wracked her body.

"You will now be given twenty blows instead of ten. The more you struggle the harsher will be your punishment."

He turned her body away from him, and she was flooded with relief that his eyes were no longer on her bare breasts and sex, but then she felt a thin strap go around her right wrist, then her left, and felt it pulled tight. He pushed her against the chair once again, bending her forward, then forced her hands up and forward, reaching across the desk to the wall behind it. There was a pipe there, and he wrapped the strap around that and tied it.

Jill found that her wrists were tightly bound, and moaned as her breasts pressed down against the desk and pillowed out beneath her. Her bottom was further raised up over the high back of the chair, and she saw him stand back and raise the stick once again. She could not bring herself to speak, and turned her head down, sobbing, humiliated.

Crack!

"Owww!" she screamed.

The pain was even worse than the first one, and she twisted frantically, kicking out at him instinctively.

He paused, and then bent, and she felt her ankle grasped and pulled wide, another lace or strap wrapped around it and binding it to the left of the desk. Her right ankle was then lifted and spread and bound to the right leg of the table. With her legs spread open and her bottom raised she knew an even deeper, more terrible sense of humiliation, for her sex would be extremely visible to him, this big, older male who stood behind her.

It was impossible to ignore that, even as the stick slashed across her bottom again and the pain ripped into her. Her sex felt as though it gaped, terribly vulnerable and bare. She had recently shaved her pubic region in order to fit more easily into the thin, slinky thongs and G-strings she liked to wear, and only a thin strip of pale blonde hair was present to hide her tight, bare little slit.

Crack!

"Stop it! No! That hurts!" she cried.

"That is the idea, young lady," he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Tears flooded her eyes and spilled out onto the table, and her body jerked and twisted to the blows. The pain was jagged, shocking and sharp, and she cried out again and again as the switch cut across her upraised buttocks.

Never had she felt so mortified and helpless and shamed as the blows continued to land. The pain was terrible and intense, but not so badly as the terrible shame. Her self image as a tough girl, mocking those who were unhappy with her, was shattered as tears continued to spill from her eyes and her uncle continued to bring his switch down across her aching bottom.

"Stop it! Please! I'm sorry!" she said, her voice breaking.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"I won't curse again! Oww! Please! Don't! I'm sorry!"

Her voice broke into sobs now, as the pale ivory flesh of her buttocks turned from pink to red. And surely, surely he must stop, and yet he did not.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Jillian was no longer begging, but merely sobbing powerfully, the sobs shaking her body and interrupted only by cries of fresh pain as each new blow landed.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He halted, and she continued to sob.

"Are you sorry for your foul language?" he asked calmly.

She continued to sob and he brought his open hand down hard against her red bottom.

"I asked you a question."

"Yes," she said, stretching the word out into half a dozen sobbing syllables.

"Then say it."

"I'm s-s-s-sorry," she sobbed.

"For what?"

Her sobs were easing, but continued, and he slapped his hand down across her bottom once more.

"What are you sorry for?" he asked.

"F-for c-c-cursing," she moaned.

"For using foul language?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Then say so. At once, if you please."

She moaned and sobbed, and she felt the thin wood smack down sharply across her aching bottom.

"I'm s-sorry f-for using f-foul language!" she half sobbed, half cried.

"And you promise not to do it again."

She repeated the words he had required of her, stuttering and sobbing as she stood sternly behind and looked down.

"And you will comport yourself as a proper young lady from this point on," he said, giving her bottom a little squeeze.

She dutifully repeated his words, stuttering, sniffing and whimpering through them.

"And you will stop dressing like a slut, and wear the clothing I choose for you."

"Please," she moaned.

The switch cracked down on her bottom and her tears spilled afresh.

"You will make that promise," he said.

"I promise!" she wailed.

"You are here to learn discipline, Jillian, and I will ensure you do so. As nothing else has had any impact on you, we will see if corporal punishment succeeds where all

else has failed. I shall expect you to behave politely, and with modesty at all times. Any deviation from the rules I set will draw a strapping, a caning, or worse."

She felt the stick slide between her thighs and push up against her displayed sex, and gasped, trembling, teary eyes widening.

"I have heard stories from your parents about your slatternly ways," he said.

The edge of the stick pushed up harder and her jaw clenched as she trembled.

"You will not be permitted beyond the fence until I am assured you will not be throwing yourself at the nearest male you encounter. I understand the lust which grips young females, but you will learn to control it."

The stick seemed to be sawing back and forth along her slit now, even pushing up hard enough to sink between her pubic lips.

"You are an attractive female in breeding age, with good hips and breasts," he said. "Naturally any man who encounters you will wish to breed you. It is up to you to show the strength of character necessary to resist such advances. You do not help this cause by dressing in a sluttish manner, in tight, revealing clothing."

He turned away and moved to her suitcases, then opened them and began to rummage through the thin silk and lace thongs, bras, and G-strings, frowning and glaring at her as he did so. He turned to her tank tops, midriff baring shirts, her tight, low slung jeans and trousers, shaking his head in disapproval. "My brother should have known better than to let you wear such sluttish clothing," he said. "Wearing these is nothing more than a sign to every male who sees you that you're ready and willing to be bred."

He closed the suitcases, picked them up, and walked from the room, leaving her alone and bound to the desk, still sniffing and trembling, her bottom glowing with pain.

She was alone for at least fifteen or twenty minutes, long enough to gain control of herself and halt her tears, long enough to begin to twist against the straps binding her, and to wonder how long he would leave her bound in such an obscene, revealing, vulnerable position. Long enough for her to ponder dazedly on the sexuality of her position, and to feel a new sense of shame - and, oddly, a strange, dark little sense of awe and excitement.

He returned and her embarrassment flared as he walked across the room to her, holding a bundle of clothing.

"These belonged to my Aunt," he said, setting them down on the desk beside her.

"They are somewhat old, but still clean, and can be made cleaner. It will do for clothing until I can purchase you something new and decent to replace your old clothing. You will have a new wardrobe and a new attitude. I shall see to that, young Gillian."

He knelt behind her, and in the midst of her misery Jill realized that his face would be but inches from her nakedly displayed sex. New shame rose, and with it more of that dark, nasty sort of awe.

She felt the straps unbound from her ankles, and quickly closed her legs as he rose. He bent over her, and she felt his groin pressing into her naked bottom, again wondering dazedly if he meant anything by it, but telling herself that of course he didn't. Did he?

He untied her wrists and pulled back, and she twisted away, grasping at the bundle of clothing and trying to hide herself behind it.

"Making dinner will be one of your duties now," he said. "I will expect you in the kitchen at four thirty sharp. I will show you where everything is, and will instruct you on the menu."

With that he turned and walked away, closing the door behind him.

Quivering and trembling, Jill stared at the door for long seconds, then looked down at the clothes he had given her. There were several dresses, clearly made for young girls, but no underwear. They all smelled of mothballs and dust and she wrinkled her nose at them. She was loathe to wear them, but there was nothing else and she was desperate to clothe herself.

She picked up one, a blue dress with puffed sleeves, and pulled it over her head and shoulders. It was tight at the shoulders, and even tighter at the chest as she tugged it down over her bare breasts. It fell along her lower chest and belly, and halted at her rounded hips until she tugged it down.

She hurried across to the door and closed it, locked it again, then lifted over a chair and propped it beneath the doorknob before going to the mirror.

The dress was clearly made for a girl, and a girl who was, moreover, taller than her miserable five feet, for the skirt was far shorter than any she had ever worn.

Of course, minis were not worn very much in Chicago, and they would not have fit her image anyway, other than a leather one she had contemplated once, so she had never worn them. Yet still, this skirt was shorter than those she had seen, descending not much lower than her buttocks.

She turned and bared her bottom to the mirror, wincing at the sight of the ugly, criss-crossing red lines the switch had left on her flesh. Her entire bottom was red, yet the places where the switch had struck were even darker.

She let the skirt down and turned, snarling at the image. The dress was ridiculous, a little girl's dress, with puffy sleeves and lacy ruffles. Yet it was clearly too tight for her very adult chest, for the front strained out and her nipples were clear little indentations in the thin, pale blue fabric.

She reached down and peeled the dress up and off, then, nude, strode to the bed and picked up the next. This was a pale yellow, with small pink flowers. It was without the ruffles and lace, but when she pulled it down she gasped at how tight it was across her chest, hips and bottom. It was slightly longer than the other, but that seemed small consolation. It was made of even thinner material, and hugged her like a second skin.

Stupid bastard!

She did not dare say the words aloud, but knew a fierce sense of superiority over the stupid man that he thought these were more conservative than what she had worn.

She peeled the dress up and off - not without difficulty - and turned to the third dress. This was a ruffled, white top attached to a short, loose tartan skirt. It had a high puffy neck of lace which pushed up beneath her chin. The top part was more elastic than the other dresses, but made of thin white. And so tight was it across her breasts that it was partly opaque, clearly showing her nipples. The bottom was at least looser, which was of benefit to her throbbing bottom, but she could not imagine wearing it where anyone could see.

Bastard! Bastard! Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!

She glared at herself in the mirror, raging at him for the pain and humiliation he had caused her, for his arrogance and his ignorance and his stupidity. She looked at the

other two dresses, but decided to wear this one for now, only because the bottom was looser.

She looked around the room, then stalked to the table by her bed and snatched up the phone. She held it to her ear and put her finger to the buttons - and then froze.

She could not tell her father without further humiliation. And if she did, if she humiliated herself in that way, there was still no certainty he would care. He would not understand how shameful and degrading and painful it had been to be - switched - on her naked bottom. It would sound mild, and he might even think she deserved it. Besides, she thought, he would still be on the road on his way to the airport. Then he would be flying back home, and no doubt be working more overtime to make up for the meetings he had missed.

She set the phone back and turned away.

She went into the bathroom, examining the large tub and shower enclosure, then the sink and mirror. She opened the medicine cabinet and was surprised to find it very well stocked. There were several creams and ointments to treat cuts, burns and bruises, and she seized on one, gently applying it to her burning bottom.

She moved restlessly around her room, turning on the television and flicking through the channels, then gazing out the window into the back garden. It was sunny and beautiful, but it did not improve her cheer.

She turned and threw herself onto the bed, on her stomach, feeling sorry for herself for quite some time and thinking on how she could repay her parents and her uncle for what had been done to her. She could run away, she thought, but had no money, and did not even know where downtown was, or, for that matter, London.

Surely she could get some kind of job, she thought, but knew it was a foolish thought. She had no papers, no passport, no resume, no work history, no references, no nothing. She probably needed some English version of a Social Security number, too.

Then perhaps she'd just be a prostitute or something. That would show them!

She glanced sullenly at the bedside clock. It was Four-Forty. Her heart gave a little lurch and she slipped off the bed, hurrying to the door. Then she halted. She could not go downstairs wearing the dress she had on. She peeled it up and off and put

on the blue one, grunting as she tugged it down over her hips. She hurried out into the hall and then down the stairs to the kitchen.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw him standing there in the middle of the kitchen, holding a pocket watch in his hand. Her face reddened as he looked at her, and she thought again of what a lewd, helpless, naked position he had bound her into there across the desk.

"I said Four-Thirty," he said, snapping the watch closed.

She tried to shrug. "I didn't notice the time," she said, her voice low and sullen.

"That is because you lack self discipline," he replied coldly.

She rolled her eyes sulkily away.

"Do you know why you are here?"

Jill did not answer.

"You are here to learn discipline. You are here to learn obedience. You are here to learn a sense of self responsibility."

She looked down sulkily at the floor.

"Because you were late, you will be punished."

Her head jerked up in alarm and her heart began to beat faster. "I was only ten minutes late!" she exclaimed. "I'm an adult! You can't keep hitting me!"

He laughed scornfully. "An adult? You're a child in an adult body, a willful, spoilt child who has never had a job and is doing poorly at school due to laziness and inattention."

He turned away and brought out a short, thin strap, and Jill began to back away.

"Hold out your hands," he said calmly. "The punishment will be quick and simple as befitting a minor transgression."

Jill halted, relieved, suddenly, to find he was not intending to beat her bottom once again.

"But I was only a little late," she said, cursing herself at the way her voice quivered.

"You shall learn to be on time," he said. "Now hold out your hands."

She hesitated.

"I have already demonstrated for you that resisting proper discipline will only bring you twice as much. Do you wish a further such demonstration, Gillian?"

"No," she whispered.

"No Sir, or no Uncle James," he said sternly.

"N-No, Sir," she gulped.

"Put out your hands, palms up. As before, you will be punished as English schoolchildren are punished. Try not to act as if you're being killed," he said, sniffing disdainfully at her weakness.

Her face flushed and she held her hands out together, stiffly watching the thin strap.

He raised it and brought it down swiftly across her hands.

"Oww!"

She cried out in pain, jerking her hands back.

"Because you failed to hold your position that one will not count," he said. "If you fail again you will be receive twice the number. Do you understand?"

She held her trembling hands up, her eyes starting to tear.

"I asked you a question, Gillian."

"Yes, Uncle James," she gulped.

The strap slashed across her palms and she jerked violently, tears spilling from her eyes now. She held still, trembling, as the strap came down again, then again. She clenched her teeth against the pain, hands shaking badly now. Another blow landed. Then a final blow cut into the soft palms of her hands and a sob escaped her.

But he was done, lowering his hand and turning away. She brought her hands in beneath her arms, wincing and gasping in pain as he put away the strap.

"Now then," he said, as if nothing had happened. "This is where the canned food is stored. Here are the plates and dishes. Here is the cookware. Over here is where the vegetables and fruits are stored..."

She stood quietly as he showed her where things were stored. He then told her that he would have a steak, rare, with onions and a small salad. She was forced, at that point, to confess her almost complete lack of knowledge about cooking.

"You don't know how to cook?" he demanded in seeming astonishment.

Cooking was what her mother's cook did, or the cook at school. She shook her head fearfully.

"Call yourself an adult," he sniffed. "Well, we have any number of cook books here, and you will learn how to cook. I will aid you in this as I will in all your other lessons. When I am done you will not only be a disciplined young lady, but a learned one."

This meant, of course, that he must stay in the kitchen with her, showing her how to cook, demonstrating, pulling her in close, watching while she stirred and shook and cut. It unnerved her when he stood immediately behind her, looming over her, looking down over her head. She could smell him, sense his heat. Sometimes he took her small hands in his, guiding her as she stirred at the proper pace, or cut at the proper thickness.

She could not ignore his big male body pressed against hers, while clad in the tight, thin little dress. She wondered again if he might be after more than discipline, if he might be other than a brutal English pig of a man who thought she must be "disciplined".

She made dinner under his close supervision, and then they ate at a large table, separated by a dozen feet. She sat gingerly, wincing at her sore bottom, but the salve seemed to have helped a great deal.

"These dresses you gave me," she said warily. "They uhm, don't fit."

"They don't have to fit. I will be getting you new clothing shortly. They will do until then."

She tried again. "But they're too short."

"No one is here to see or care."

She frowned. "But they're more... revealing than the other clothes of mine you took away."

"I disagree. Your clothes are designed to highlight and accentuate parts of your body, to hold them out on display in order to attract male attention. As such they are a symbol of the wanton and sluttish behavior you engaged in back home."

She flushed angrily at his unfair characterization.

"These, while admittedly small, are of a cleaner, purer nature. Clearly that one is too tight across the chest." He put a fork into his mouth and chewed as he looked at her. "Your breasts are too large for it," he said. "You are short, as a girl, but you have large breasts. But better this than the immodest clothing you wore earlier."

He fed himself another piece of steak and chewed thoughtfully before swallowing. "I have noticed the skirt is too short, and too tight across your hips and bottom - "

"Oh, you noticed," she said, low and sarcastically.

He stiffened and glared at her, and she froze.

"Do I hear insolence from you?" he demanded.

"N-no!" she blurted.

"No sir or Uncle James," he snapped.

"No sir!"

"You will learn to behave as a proper young lady and not an insolent slut!" he said, jabbing his fork at her.

"I'm not a slut!" she protested.

"I have heard otherwise. Do you even know how many men have lain between your legs?"

She flushed in embarrassment and anger, her mind thinking back to the incident in the toilet stall, then shying away.

"You make it sound like I'm -"

"A slut," he said, putting another piece of steak into his mouth.

"I'm not! I hardly slept with anyone!" She was certain he could not know about all the boys in the bathroom.

He snorted contemptuously.

"I'm an adult!"

"You are a schoolgirl. Repeat that."

She glowered at him.

"I gave you an order. You will obey me or be punished."

"I'm a schoolgirl," she said sullenly.

"You will modify your tone or be punished for insolence."

She swallowed nervously.

"Again."

"I am a schoolgirl," she said, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Again."

"I am a schoolgirl."

"Is that wrong? Incorrect? Have you completed school when no one was watching?"

She looked down at her plate.

"You are not an adult. You are an indisciplined schoolgirl with a slatternly appearance and a sluttish mindset. All of which will be changed."

His words angered and embarrassed her, but she did not dare argue.

"Adolescents have a fascination with sex and nudity," he said. "We shall do something to cure that." He ate another piece of steak. "We will do something about that hair, as well."

She raised her head warily. "What's wrong with my hair?"

He snorted in disgust. "It's a putrid, ridiculous color, and a mess, as well. Did you hack it off with scissors?"

"I paid seventy five dollars for this cut!" she protested.

"Your father paid, you mean. The more fool him. You are blonde. I noticed that from your pubic hair. So you shall be a blonde again."

She blushed at his words, cringing again at the knowledge of the lewd view he had had of her as she had lain bound across the desk, legs spread.

"And you will have a more ladylike cut to your hair. I will have someone in to take care of that."

"I should have the right to whatever style of hair I want and whatever clothes I want to wear," she said sullenly.

"When you are an adult you will have that right. As you are a schoolgirl you do not. Say it again."

"What?"

"You are a schoolgirl."

She glared at him. "I am a schoolgirl," she said.

"Sir," he snapped.

"I am a schoolgirl, sir."

After she washed the cookware and dishes and cleaned the kitchen counters, she was required to wash the floor, as well. Then she was dismissed to her room for the evening. She watched television, without really seeing it, then stripped off the tight, uncomfortable, smelly dress and showered before climbing into the large four poster bed and laying on her side.

She had not imagined things would be as bad as this, and contemplated how she might escape and get back home. What had happened to her passport? Surely her father had given it to Uncle James. If she could find it, and get some money, she could get on a flight home and then simply refuse to return. What would her parents do? Nothing, as usual.

She was surprised to fall asleep, as she had not expected to. That sleep was deep, but not dreamless. She was troubled by an uneasy dream of sexual abuse, a strange, swirling mixture of images which veered between her hazy memories of her gang rape, and the cold, cruel punishment of Uncle James.

In her dream she was bound bent over, as she had been that day, and Peter and his friends took turns whipping her bottom and mocking her. Then they raped her, one by one, thrusting themselves into her defenceless body as they mocked her for her weakness and slutish ways.

She woke at the height of that dream to find her body inexplicably aroused, her nipples rigid, her sex throbbing, warm, and moist. Her hands squeezed her breasts lightly, dazedly, then moved down to her groin, where she moaned in pleasure at the touch of a finger against her engorged clitoris.

In the hazy world of half wakefulness, she stroked herself there, spreading her legs wide, raising her knees, closing her eyes as she began to roll her hips. Images came to life behind her closed eyelids of herself, naked and bound tightly, being used by brutal men, men who lusted after her, and thrust their cocks into her helpless body.

A picture of Uncle James appeared, and she imagined him staring at her as she had been the previous day, staring at her sex, at her raised bottom, his cock growing stiff. In her vision he unzipped and dropped his trousers, then thrust himself into her, calling her slut and whore as he raped her, his cock enormous as it pounded into her body. He loomed over her, crushing her down against the desk, his hot breath in her ear as he raped her, and she felt like a toy in his hands, a helpless schoolgirl.

She came, gasping, bucking her hips up, back arching as she drove two fingers deep into her hot, wet sex and pumped them rapidly in and out.

## THREE

She lay quietly, her mind awash in thoughts of puzzlement and self loathing, wondering why on Earth she had thought that hideous man raping her would be exciting, when the door was flung open and Uncle James strode in. She gasped, grasping the covers to make sure they were firmly in place about her neck.

"It's Five-Thirty. Time to get up and prepare breakfast," he said.

"Five thirty!?" she exclaimed.

He smiled thinly. "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. Now get dressed and come downstairs and I shall instruct you in how to prepare breakfast. I will give you five minutes. No more."

He frowned warningly and left.

Jill got up slowly, watching the door in case it opened again, then slid out of bed and grabbed at the yellow dress. She pulled it on and down, then stood up. Five minutes, he'd said, and if she were late he would no doubt strap her hands again. They still stung a little from the strokes he had given her the previous evening.

She used the toilet, brushed her hair, then hurried downstairs to find him standing in the kitchen, watch in hand. She felt a shot of alarm, but he snapped it closed with a nod and turned towards the counter.

"Now then," he said. "You will get bacon, eggs, ham, bread, and buns for a simple breakfast to start the day."

As before he was very close, this large, looming man standing behind her, and she was constantly aware of every touch against her body as he instructed her in cooking.

They ate together, after which she cleaned everything up. She was then instructed to vacuum all the rooms in the house, which she did with poor grace, and then to dust. He then sat her down at a table to learn Latin. She protested, of course, at the uselessness of learning such a thing, but he ignored her.

"Latin disciplines the mind," he said coolly. "You will learn it, and I shall hear no further protests."

He set her several chapters to read in a text, and exercises to complete, then left to get her new clothes. As soon as he was out she sprinted to the window to watch, and observed the gate opening and his car pulling through. The gate then closed, and she felt a great sense of relief.

"Bastard!" she said loudly. "Fucking asshole bastard!"

She set about searching the house, and quickly found her clothes. She found no money, but did discover several expensive watches - and her passport. She could sell the watches somewhere, she thought.

She stripped off the dress and put on her own clothes, then attacked the dress, ripping at its thin fabric. She did the same to the other dresses, using scissors to slice them up before leaving.

She strode down the path to the front gate, then halted, cursing herself. The hedge was twenty feet high, the fence, on the other side, easily ten. Twice her size. The fence was made of thin, close set bars ending in sharp spear-like points.

She hurried back to the house, searching for the control for the gate.

She found what she thought must be it, but there was a place for a key - which she lacked. She hurried around back to the pond and gazed at the pile of rocks, then carefully, slowly, and with great difficulty, began to climb. She was almost to the top when she slipped, giving a scream as she began to fall. She pushed herself back and fell straight down, landing in the deep water rather than against a rock, as she had feared.

Dripping wet, cursing furiously, and starting to feel a raw fear in her belly, she tried again, but now she was soaking, dripping water, and found the rocks even more difficult to climb. She headed back to the house to dry herself and change, then tried to get into the garage, where she was certain there would be another control box for the gate, and possibly a ladder or other tools.

The door was locked, but thin. She found a large chair and smashed it against the door repeatedly, a great fury building inside her now, and being spent on the breaking of the door.

She broke through, and found a ladder within. She gasped for breath, shoving her loose, tangled, sweating hair back from her forehead, then opened the garage exit and with some difficulty dragged the ladder down off its hook and then across the garage and out across the lawn.

She struggled to raise it and drop it against the tall fence, then quickly began to climb. She had not set it properly, however, and one of the legs slipped into a small hole. She struggled for balance, and then the ladder fell, throwing her against the hedge, from which she bounced and landed heavily on the grass.

She lay dazed for some minutes before, groaning, she tried to shakily sit up. The whirring of the gate drew her eye, and she saw it slide aside as a car drove through. The gate closed and the car stopped.

Uncle James climbed out, stared at her coolly, then walked across the lawn to where she lay.

"Have you completed the assignment I gave you?"

Jill shook her head tiredly.

"You are wearing the clothing I took from you. Did I not make myself understood regarding this?"

A wave of frustration, pain and anger washed over her. "Fuck off," she said.

He grasped at her and she tried to roll away. As before, he gripped her hair. This time, not raising her, but holding it firmly in his hand as, bent, he forced her to crawl forward across the lawn, gasping, protesting, begging, and crying in pain all the way into the garage, where he found the damaged door and chair.

He stripped her clothes off her effortlessly, though she tried to slap and claw at him at one point. This earned her a slap to the head which set her ears ringing, and he had no difficulty pulling her hands together and then binding them in front of her.

Whimpering fearfully, she was forced up the stairs to her room, where he discovered the torn dresses. He shook his head angrily, then raised her arms high, binding her wrists to one of the footposts of her bed. He left her that way for several minutes, while she caught her breath and fought back tears, while her anxiety and fear grew.

Her bottom was still sore. Would he strap her again?

He returned with a thin belt in his hand, and grasped her arm, turning her face towards the post. She made no attempt to protest, nor to beg his forgiveness, knowing he would ignore them. Instead she tried to brace herself, angrily

determined to ignore the pain. He was correct, she knew, in that schoolboys and schoolgirls had been punished in this manner. She would bear it.

She cried out in shocked pain as the belt cracked across her shoulders. She had expected another beating to her bottom, a child's punishment, and was left breathless by the pain, her body twisting sharply. Another blow slashed across her lower back, and again she cried out, her body twisting and turning away.

This left her front exposed, as she had naively thought this would impede his fury. But she had not really considered nor understood, and the belt cut across her belly with a sharp, jagged snap of pain which threw her back against the post. Shocked once again, she stared at him, eyes wide, and screamed as the belt swung again, cutting across one breast.

Her body spun and jerked against the post, and the next blow landed across the centre of her back. Again and again and again the belt cut into her back, moving up and down as she sobbed and cried and then began to beg and plead for forgiveness. The beating went on and on, every blow followed by another, until, weakened and dazed, she only grunted at the fresh blows, her wobbly legs dropping her so that the straps binding her wrists cut deeply into the flesh, and she was all but hanging from them.

He left her then, slamming the door behind, and after a time Jill wearily got her feet under her and took the pressure off her wrists. Her hands were numbed by then. She could only wish her back was, as well. It ached terribly, and tears fell slowly from her eyes, tears of pain and misery as she stood against the tall post, head bowed.

Hours passed as she stood in place. Noon came and went, and the afternoon wore on. The pain faded slowly, but never left her. Naked, arms bound above her, she stood in place, limbs cramping and spine stiff. She turned and placed her back to the post for a time, not caring if he entered and saw her that way. The wood pressed against the welts on her back, however, and she was forced to turn again to face the post.

The base of the bed was a long, flat polished footboard, almost hip high to her, and angling downwards at the edges, where it met the footposts. She attempted to climb over it, hoping to sit on the bed and ease the pain in her legs, but she could not pull herself sufficiently far from the post for that. She was forced to sit uncomfortably on the narrow top of the footboard, which ached her already sore bottom. She could not sit for long before the discomfort forced her to her feet, but it eased the cramps in her legs and back somewhat, and so she sat several times.

And she was sitting when he opened the door and came in. She could do nothing but stare at him. Sliding off, which was her first instinct, would have only uncovered her body further, and so she stared, anxious, wary, and fearful.

"Did I give you permission to sit?" he demanded.

She did not answer.

"From now on you will do only what I tell you to do," he said harshly. "Anything else will draw punishment. Am I clear?"

She nodded jerkily.

"I asked you a question," he snapped.

"Yes, Uncle James," she gulped.

He glared at her, then abruptly gripped her left leg, lifting it up forcefully and throwing it forward so that she was turned towards the post. She came down hard and screamed as the narrow edge of the footboard was driven up into the soft, sensitive flesh of her mons.

Her body slid down the angled wood until it was jammed in against the post, and an instant later Uncle James gripped her ankles, strapping them together. He turned, then, and left, and she sobbed and writhed in growing desperation, trying to pull herself off the footboard.

Yet she was a short girl, and her bound feet did not reach the floor. She was straddling the narrow edge of the footboard, which rose a good eight inches above the surface of the mattress. There was nothing for her to get her feet on, and the angle of the board kept her pinned against the post.

She was astonished, disbelieving that she could not change her position, and as the pain against her sex mounted she began to cry out for her uncle, who, she was sure, could not have realized what her new bound position would involve.

She cried out again and again, in growing desperation as the pain mounted. She tried to shift her weight, but could only put it on her tailbone, which very quickly began to ache fiercely. Each time she relieved the terrible pain by leaning forward the sharp wood drove more deeply into her sex, cleaving her tight pubic lips and jamming painfully up against her.

She used her arm muscles to pull herself up higher along the post, which eased the pain completely, but only for a very short time. Very soon her arm muscles weakened, her fingers slipped, and she was down again, straddling the sharp edge of the board. Again and again she pulled herself up, tears spilling down the front of her body, and again and again she fell back, until the muscles in her arms were too overworked to lift her at all.

Tears filled her eyes, tears of rage and frustration, and then tears of pain. She sobbed and jerked and bounced painfully, trying to pull free. She began to scream for her Uncle, began to scream out her apologies and begging him to release her. She screamed until her throat was sore and her voice hoarse, yet it did nothing to ease the pain, which grew more terrible with each passing minute.

The pain was a terrible, dull ache, endless, cleaving deep into her groin. She moaned and trembled and shook. Every movement made the pain sharper and she tried to be still, hoping desperately her uncle would soon return for her.

Hour after hour passed, and the pain beat at Jill in endless waves, numbing and dazing her mind. Beads of sweat trickled slowly down her face and over her aching back and between her rounded breasts. Her eyes were dull and glassy, and her breath came in small, uneven pants.

And then suddenly Uncle James was there beside her, and she felt a wave of wonderful relief as she gazed up into his eyes, knowing her agony must be at an end.

"Women have often been punished in this manner in the past," he said, looking down at her. "It's appropriate, given the wicked nature of the female."

She gasped as he grasped her hair, forcing her head back, forcing her weight back onto her tailbone.

"It is the source of both strength and power for the female, and also the source of their weakness."

She felt his fingers down between her legs, just between her and the post, pressing against the wood where it was jammed against the top of her sex. His fingers seemed to trace a line back and forth against her there at the top of her sex, caressing her clitoris.

"I'm sure that your slatternly nature is the source of much of your rebelliousness," he said. "Perhaps we must treat that nature before we can properly establish a

sense of discipline and obedience in you."

Moaning, the dazed young woman felt his big, soft fingers stroking gently against her clitoris. She wriggled weakly, groaning at the pain against her tail bone. Yet the sense of pleasure in her groin was delicious.

She had felt it often enough that afternoon. It was the relief of pain.

Each time she had rolled her weight back onto her aching tail bone she had felt that wonderful, soothing sense of relief from the soft meat of her sex. And each time she had been forced to roll her weight back forward she had felt the same soothing, wonderful relief from her tail bone.

Now as he held her head back by the hair, and his fingers deftly manipulated her clitoris, her groin began to throb with heat, and her mind seized on that pleasure with desperate need, using it to ward off the pain still burning against her tail bone.

Her legs jerked fitfully, and she gasped and moaned unthinking, confused. Her clitoris swelled and throbbed, and her breathing began faster and harsher as her uncle manipulated her body.

"Please," she whispered, not even knowing for what she asked. "Please."

The relief of pain, the continuation of pleasure. She did not know.

She moaned, her head lolling back as her uncle's fingers stroked against her clitoris, and her hips began to jerk fitfully.

He released her hair, and her weight rocked forward. The pain faded from her tailbone, and the narrow edge of the board cleaved the lips of her sex and ground against her bruised, aching flesh. Yet her uncle's fingers remained in place, stroking softly and gently against her clitoris. She felt his left arm go around her, his hand sliding in beneath her arm to cup her left breast and knead it gently.

Then, on the edge of climax, his fingers pulled back, and his other hand rose to knead her right breast. She sank slightly further forward, and felt the wood against the top of her slit, against her clitoris. She moaned and ground herself against it, her thighs closing around the post as she began to buck and jerk and jam her clitoris against the board.

The pain was dulled, clouded, the pleasure hot and fierce, as she began to ride the narrow edge of the board, gasping and sobbing, clenching her legs again and again,

half bouncing on the edge until she felt the glorious pleasure scream upwards through her body and a climax tore at her mind.

Her head fell back bonelessly, jerking and lolling as she writhed and twisted and bucked in feverish sexual heat. Raw, fiery ecstasy burned through her veins and lashed her already dazed, scattered wits to fragments. She felt her breasts crushed against the post from either side, rolling harshly against the rough, carved lines of the wood as his hands squeezed them together cruelly.

The climax seemed to go on and on, and she clung to it frantically, convulsions wracking her aching body.

And then, slowly, it faded. Her uncle drew his hands back, and she was alone once again.

Hours passed. Jill's entire groin was a throbbing ache. Her every movement, however slight, sent sharp daggers of pain lancing into her body. The sweat of agony was on her body, and her hair was matted against her skull. Her breathing came in short, ragged gasps and gulps.

The light in the room began to fade as evening set in, and then flared anew as the lights were turned on and Uncle James returned.

She moaned, her head rolling up and towards him as she fought to gather enough breath to plead for mercy.

She grunted instead, as he once again gripped her hair and forced her head up and back.

"Are you starting to understand that your wilful ways will no longer be acceptable?" she heard, the voice sounding overloud and echoing in her throbbing skull.

She felt his fingers at her sex again, but she was beyond any moral outrage or embarrassment, beyond any care about anything but the pain. Her clitoris was raw and sore, for it too had been jammed against the wood, and she sobbed anew as his fingers stroked across it. Yet there was an aching pleasure there, as well and her body responded instinctively, her hips rutting weakly.

Her body found the softness of his fingers a blissful contrast to the harsh, heavy pressure of the wood, and that odd little dark hunger which had been deep in her mind seemed to expand and stretch out as she looked dazedly up at him. He was a

large, powerful male, cruel and strong willed, and hadn't she been attracted to such men - or at least, boys - for some time?

And there was something bizarrely exotic and arousing about being held a naked prisoner by a big powerful male, a man who was almost a stranger, a man old enough to be her father.

Not, of course, that she was capable of any rational thinking on the psychology behind her body's responses, nor cared. Her eyes rolled weakly and she grunted through her aching, raw throat and moaned at the pain of her tailbone even as the pleasure began to build up in her throbbing groin.

He removed his fingers, and released her hair. She tilted forward again, striking her head on the bedpost and blinking dazedly. He bent and untied her ankles, then reached above her and untied the strap which bound her wrists to the post, then lifted her trembling, sweat-soaked body into his arms and carried her into the bathroom.

A warm bath had already been filled, without her noticing, and he bent and set her into it. The relief of pain, the complete relief of the terrible ache which had bit into her groin and tail bone for so many hours, began to fill her body with an exquisite sense of bliss. And then his soapy fingers were between her legs, stroking gently. As gentle as they were, however, they stung, and yet the sharp little sting was an almost pleasurable sensation in the midst of her delicious relief, and soon her legs were spreading and her back arching as she gurgled in mindless pleasure. An orgasm sent shudders through her body, and as his fingers continued to stroke another followed on its heels, then another, as she writhed and twisted in the water, sending wavelets lapping over the edge of the tub.

His soapy hands moved over her breasts, kneading and massaging them, rolling her rigid nipples between thumb and forefingers until they ached, and another orgasm wracked her body. He lifted her gently from the water, brushed her hair, then carried her back into her bedroom and set her on the bed. He turned her onto her stomach, then sat beside her and applied a soothing lotion to her back.

She had virtually forgotten the pain of her earlier beating, the stripes across her back almost negligible compared to the fierceness of the pain in her groin, but now she felt a relief of an ache she had hardly noticed, and moaned softly, tiredly.

He moved his slippery fingers down onto her buttocks, again massaging the soothing lotion into her tired, aching flesh. His hand moved between her legs, gently caressing her thighs, and her legs twitched apart, then further, as his fingers

moved directly across her bruised sex. She moaned in pain at the touch, then shuddered in relief as the anaesthetic affects of the cream took hold.

Her hips rolled slowly, then upwards, and his fingers stroked up higher beneath her to reach her clitoris. Small moans and gasps escaped her slack lips and her bottom pushed higher still, until she was unknowingly thrusting it up and backwards in instinctive invitation to be mounted. Her hips continued to roll and her bottom to push insistently out and back as his fingers stroked across her sex, and then another orgasm had her crying out in pleasure, buttocks rutting back as his fingers pierced her and his thumb stroked across her clitoris.

And then he was gone and she lay sprawled naked across her bed, gasping exhaustedly, eyes closed. Soon she slept.

## FOUR

She woke to pain, and, groaning, rolled and stared up at the ceiling above. For long moments her mind was awash in confusion, then awareness fell about her and she gasped as the events of the previous day came flooding back to fill her with shame, anger and an anxious fear.

She sat up, wincing, her groin a hot ache. She twisted and slumped, then pushed herself quickly out of bed. She swayed weakly, holding to the night table for long moments, then spied the lotion he had left there. She grasped for it, knocking it over, then righting it and opening the top. She quickly scooped out a thick wad of cream and gingerly slipped her fingers down between her legs, gasping and wincing and moaning as she ever so gently applied it to her bruised groin.

The cream took effect quickly, and, while not eliminating her pain, soothed much of it. She moved shakily to the distant mirror and examined herself, surprised to see little sign of what she had endured. There was a thin red line angling diagonally across her belly, and another across her upper chest and left breast. That was it.

Until she turned. Now she saw far more red lines, the welts across her back making her wince and bringing their pain to the fore.

She reached back and gingerly coated them with cream, then did the same to the ones on her bottom and front. It was clear, she thought, that her uncle was a lunatic, and that she would have to get away immediately. She would call her parents and tell them - tell them -

Having her bottom strapped would still not draw great sympathy.

She had no idea how she could convey the agony of being made to straddle the bottom of her bed most of the day, and would have been far too humiliated to even try. If she thought her parents had looked at her oddly before, well, that was nothing compared to how they would look at her if she drew such a picture for them.

He had beaten her back, however, and that was something she could use. Surely they would never tolerate him doing such a thing to her. They were opposed to any kind of corporal punishment, or at least, always had been in the past.

Grabbing a towel from the bathroom, she wrapped it around herself, then stood (sitting was still problematic) by the bedside table and placed a call home. She

rehearsed how she would relate events and the tone of her voice.

Even now she could not bring herself to whine or snivel like a girl.

Yet shouting angrily would only alienate them. She would try to be calm, and yet still express her outrage at her treatment.

Her mother answered and she felt a wave of nostalgia and homesickness at the voice. How many times she had hated to hear that nagging voice, and yet now it seemed so wonderful.

"Mom!?" she gulped. "It's Jill."

"Gillian," her mother said coldly, in that familiar tone of disapproval she used when she knew Jill had done something wrong.

"I -"

"Your uncle has already told us about your latest exploits," her mother snapped.

"But I -"

"Really, Gillian, smashing up an antique chair in order to break down a door? Have you lost your mind? Do you know how much that chair cost? Your uncle was livid!"

"But Uncle James -"

"Spare us your complaints! You were ordered to stay in the house and study. And instead you decided to ignore your studies and take off. Isn't that right?"

"Yes but -"

"And almost killed yourself falling from the fence. My God, Gillian, when are you going to grow up!?"

"Do you know what he did to me?!" she demanded hotly. "He used a belt on my back!"

She heard her mother sigh. "He told us. He's very sorry for that lapse. He was intensely angry at the way you destroyed his furniture and frightened that you almost killed yourself the way you did. He was aiming for your bottom, but you kept twisting and turning."

"That's not true. You should see my back!" she cried desperately.

"You'll survive, Gillian," her mother said unsympathetically. "You're lucky he didn't have you arrested. I swear to God I don't know how you came to think you could do whatever the hell you wanted in life. I'm just glad your brother and sister don't take after you."

"Do you know he tore my clothes off!?" Jill blurted angrily, embarrassed even as she said it.

"He told us you tore up the clothes he gave you to wear."

"They were..." Saying they were too small sounded far too petty and she knew it would win her zero sympathy.

"Your Uncle James is a deeply religious man, Gillian. He's offended by the sleazy outfits you brought with you and -"

"They were not sleazy!"

"He had gone out to buy you new things and your reward was to break down a door and smash his furniture? I can't believe you, Gillian!"

"Oh you can't believe me but you believe a dirty old man who gets his jollies groping me!"

"Oh don't be a child. James Collins is such a prude he probably closed his eyes. The very thought he would want to touch you is insane. Your head is far too swollen, young lady. You're a pretty girl but not that irresistible."

"But mother -"

"You are staying there until you learn a little self control. Do as you're told and obey your uncle. He is a harsh man in some ways, and simply will not tolerate the kind of willful disobedience and laziness you've been showing us the last several years."

"So he can beat me all he wants!?" she exclaimed.

"You're not a little girl, Gillian," her mother said coldly. "Don't go smashing furniture and you won't get your bottom strapped."

"You fucking bitch!" Jill snarled in disbelief and rage. "You don't give a shit about me! You never did!"

"If you're going to talk like that there's no point in our even continuing this conversation. Grow up, Gillian."

With that the connection was broken, and Jill stared in disbelief at the receiver before slamming it down in its cradle. Almost as furious as her mother's response was the fact that she could not bring herself to reveal the true extent of her uncle's behavior. She could not bring herself to tell her mother of the way he had fingered her the other day, for to do so would almost require she admit to the orgasms that touch had brought, and she could never do that.

She hated them, hated them all! Her mother, her father, and especially her uncle! With that she ripped the phone out of the wall and hurled it across the room. It struck the mirror and smashed it, raising glass onto the floor.

The instant the phone left her hands she tried to will it back, then to will it to change course, but instead watched in horror as it struck the mirror and shattered it, holding her hands against her mouth as the pieces rained down. A few moments later she heard the thump of heavy feet on the stairs, and terror struck her immobile. She stared at the door with mounting dread, then bolted for the bathroom, locking it behind her and quivering in fear on her knees, her shoulder pressed against the door.

After long moments she heard his voice on the other side of the door.

"Gillian," he barked. "Come out of there this instant!"

She stayed where she was, hands on the doorknob, as if she could prevent it from turning.

"If you don't come out of there I will come in and get you, and things will be much worse for you," he called.

"I-I didn't mean to break it," she called, hating the timorous sound of her voice.

"Come out of there at once."

How long could she stay in the bathroom? Not long, but the memory of the terrible pain the other day prevented her from unlocking the door.

He seemed to go away, at least for a few minutes, and she allowed herself to dare to hope he had given up. Then she felt what sounded like a key in the door, and gasped, leaping to her feet and grasping the doorknob. It began to turn, and she

fought to hold it steady, but his strength was too great. The door was flung back and she stumbled back and fell, her towel flying loose. An instant later he was upon her, grabbing her arm and yanking her to her feet, then out into the outer room.

"It is clear you have a violent disposition which you must learn to control," he said.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" she cried panicky.

"You won't be beaten for this, Gillian," he said. "You will instead be given time to reflect on your errors. A quiet time we used to call it."

He bound her wrists and led her towards the bed and she cried out.

"No! Not against the post again!"

She twisted and fought, but he led her easily to the foot of the bed.

This day, however, he turned her back to it, then bent her over. The rope which bound her wrists was quite long, and he circled her waist, tied it, then fed the remains between her legs, then up high on the post before binding tying it in place. He bound her ankles together, then stood up, glaring.

"Now you will consider how obedience and moderation will best reflect the feminine virtues," he said.

He left here then, in considerable relief, were she truthful. She was in no pain other than the residual effects of the beating and straddling from the previous day. She was bent over a little, but not far, and the rope was not too tight around her wrists or ankles.

As the minutes passed, however, she found her stooped position growing more and more uncomfortable. She tried to straighten, but the attempt brought the rope pushing up harshly into her sex, and she instead bent over further, loosening the rope and easing her back mewhat - for a few moments. She bent over further, at a ninety degree angle, but again, this was not a position she could long hold.

She bent all the way, head between her legs. The line was now slack, but the blood was soon rushing to her head and giving her a headache.

And this position too soon began to ache her back. She straightened with effort, grunting, and then gasping a little as the rope pulled up tighter against her sex. Yet it was not so bad, and as more time passed she tried to straighten further. The ache

in her back became fierce, and she groaned and bent her knees. This allowed her to straighten her back - which gave her long moments of sheer bliss.

But, of course, she could not hold her position long and soon had to straighten her legs. This forced the rope up between her legs again, with enough pressure to force it in between her pubic lips and up tight against her aching sex. This was not nearly as painful as the wood had been, for the rope was, in comparison, soft and malleable.

Yet against her bruised flesh it felt quite, quite sore.

Still, she bore it as best she could, for the ache in her back was the fiercer.

She had smashed the wall mirror on the back of the door. However, the large mirror over the dresser set against the right wall was directly opposite her, and she was in position to see herself clearly.

Her breasts were squeezed together by her arms, thrusting out much more prominently than usual, and her hands, bound at the wrists at her abdomen, seemed almost to be fingering herself until she abruptly turned them up. She could clearly see the rope rising from between her legs, up the cleft of her buttocks, and then higher, to the post, and thought once again that Uncle James' punishments were not designed solely to chastise her but also out of some perverse sadistic sexual impulse.

Even if that was crazy. Even if her parents did speak of him as a religious man. He could claim all he wanted that he had merely applied a soothing cream to her groin, but she was quite - almost - certain that was a lie.

Or perhaps he merely hated women. He had strapped her bottom, caned it, then punished her sex, and even her breast. And now again this rope which angled up against her sex. Somehow that made the exercise somewhat darkly erotic, even if no more pleasant. She imagined herself a poor, helpless female being tortured, literally tortured, by a cold, cruel woman hating man, soon, no doubt, to be raped repeatedly.

It was silly, of course, but fantasies need not be likely, and anything which drew her mind away from the discomfort of her back and groin was useful.

She bent further, releasing tension from the rope which went between her legs. She reached up, trying to force her hands lower. They were bound to the rope around her waist, of course, but extending her fingers she was able to slowly ease

the rope out from between her reddened pubic lips, then ever so gently stroked her finger across her entrance, still a little slippery with the cream she had earlier applied.

Her back ached more, but the release of pressure felt delicious against her pussy, and she ever so lightly stroked her finger up and down her furrow she found a new source of distraction from the pain. Again her mind played with the fantasy of herself as helpless sexual prisoner to a lewd, evil man, and she let the tip of her middle finger push slowly up into her pussy. The rope around her waist was taut now, but she fought to push her hands lower, grunting as she eased her fingers slightly lower, pushing her finger deeper, then twisting it around inside her sheath.

Her mind was not thinking particularly clearly. She had neither eaten, nor drank a thing since the previous morning, and the long terrible pain of the previous day had been both mentally and physically exhausting. Comforting herself was a wonderful distraction indeed, and she let her fingers trace back and forth across her clitoris as she pumped the first two joints of her middle finger in and out of her sex.

Her pleasure grew and arousal gripped her, her breath coming faster and hotter as she added a second finger, pumping them steadily in and out. Her mind swanned back and forth through imagines of Peter, other boys she'd known, then Uncle James, remembering the touch of his fingers on her body, and the pleasure they had brought.

She straightened more, drawing her fingers out of her body, feeling the rope grow taut and push up against her sex. She straightened still further, groaning as the rope pushed in between her pussy lips and up tautly against her body. Groaning, she began to tense the rope again and again, working her legs and shoulders, straightening in quick little motions which brought the tension rising and falling again and again.

Her fingers stroked more quickly against her clitoris now. She straightened further, letting the rope tighten against her wrists. Now it was running down directly across the top of her sex, against her clitoris, and she slowly worked her wrists from side to side. The pain rose, but the pleasure soared, and she gasped repeatedly, pain and pleasure intermingled as her body began to thrum with wildfire sexual heat.

She straightened almost fully, the back of her head actually pressing against the post. Her arms were forced down by the pressure of the rope, so that her shoulders seemed to shrug, and the rope pulled up tight between the lips of her sex. Her arms pulled from side to side, and the rope ground against her swollen little button as the climax neared.

The door opened.

She halted almost at once, gasping, eyes wide, as her Uncle James strode across the floor, holding a broom and dustpan. He set them down and approached her, frowning, and despite the new embarrassment she felt at being seen in the nude she felt a dark little hunger within her, wondering anew if he felt lust and desire for her.

He stared at her silently, and her face turned more and more red under that remorseless gaze.

"I can see," he said softly, "that your slatternly ways are strong indeed."

Jill swallowed, anxiously wondering if he had seen her movements before she had halted, had understood.

"I can smell you," he growled. "I can smell the sex heat of you."

Her face turned a beet red, and her eyes dropped away, mortified.

"I do not know what your parents will make of this," he said.

She gasped, horrified at the idea of him speaking to her parents about her that way.

He grasped her arm and jerked her over so that she bent, then his hand darted between her legs, fingers pressing up against her sex and running along her tight furrow. They came away sopping and he rubbed them across her face as he looked down contemptuously.

Horrified, she stared down at the floor.

"Do you really need something inside you that badly, girl?" he demanded. "Is your whore's body so desperate to feel itself used? Is your sheath so vacant, your legs so eager to be spread around a man's torso?"

He pulled on her hair and she gasped in pain, her bound feet squirming forward across the floor to ease the pressure. He looked down at her feet, then snorted in disdain, took the end of the rope around her ankles, and pulled it forward, binding it against the leg of the desk. He left her then, gasping, bent at more than a ninety degree angle, the rope up tight between her legs, sunk between her wet pubic lips.

She stared at the door breathlessly, then turned and stared at the mirror across from her. A small electrical bolt seemed to strike her as she saw herself so bound,

so lewdly bound, the rope rising from between her legs, her breasts hanging freely beneath her. It struck her as darkly erotic, even as shame and pain twisted around within her anxious mind.

Her head hung low now, the blood rushing to it, and began to ache and throb. She twisted slightly, wincing as the rope ground over her clitoris, yet the sexual hunger began to return, to flow through her veins, and she gasped softly as she began to slowly roll and grind her hips, causing the rope to rub from side to side against her sex.

A part of her was disgusted with herself, yet the sexual hunger would brook no resistance.

And then the door opened again, and this time she knew it had been open for long seconds before she had noticed, and her humiliation rose powerfully as she raised her head and stared between her ragged red bangs at her uncle.

"Slut," he said. "It's clear your sexual hunger must be treated even as your lack of discipline must be remedied."

She gasped as she saw what was in his hand. It was green, long, thick and rounded, and she identified it as a cucumber. He moved past her and twisted her around, then jerked the rope to one side, causing her to cry out in pain. A moment later she felt the pressure of the thick, cold vegetable against her opening.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "No!"

And yet she felt it sinking into her, felt her aching sex spreading wider and wider as he jabbed the cucumber against her. It was far thicker than any of the cocks which had ever penetrated her, and she groaned aloud. Yet the groan was not entirely in pain, for she was now filled with a desperate sexual hunger, and the wild dark fantasies and eroticism of being penetrated by her powerful uncle sent a terrible thrill through her dazed mind.

"No! No!" she groaned aloud as her pussy lips spread wider and wider. The lubrication of her sex was now coating the front of the cucumber. Her uncle twisted the vegetable sideways, rubbing it, sawing it back and forth over her wet opening. The cool of it soothed her pain, even as she gasped at the stimulation.

Then he turned it about and thrust it into her again. She groaned and her head jerked back, her face pulled into a rictus of pain and pleasure as the vegetable slowly pushed deeper.

"Ungh!"

It was now inside her, her pussy opening stretched wide. The long length of the vegetable began to push through them. Her uncle pulled it back several times, then thrust forward once again, driving it deeper and deeper. And instead of yelling, instead of protesting, instead of screaming and cursing, all she could bring herself to do was moan and gasp amid the terrible turmoil of wicked sexual heat and terrible humiliation.

Oh it was so deep! She had never felt so full, so bloated, so stuffed. She could feel the aching walls of her sexual tube stretched wide around the thick girth of the vegetable, which felt so hard and heavy within her belly.

"Perhaps this will give you something else to think about," her uncle said.

"Ungh!"

He thrust the thing in sharply and she felt an ache deep inside as more of the cucumber pushed through her taut pussy lips and into her abdomen.

And then the rope was being pushed against the end of the cucumber, and he released it so that the tension pulled taut, forcing the cucumber even deeper.

The door slammed, and she moaned dazedly, gasping for breath, groaning with the fullness within her.

Long minutes passed as her mind swam through the shock and anxiety, the shame and hunger, her pussy slowly adjusting to the thick intruder. Then her fingers reached up, straining back and she felt a fresh burst of sexual electricity as she felt the thing protruding from her body.

She ran her fingertip along her straining opening, feeling the thickness, and thrilled to it. God, it was so big!

She shuffled her toes forward, groaning as the rope pulled even more tightly against the cucumber. She felt it slowly, slowly grind forward deeper into her sex, and her fingers quivered and trembled as they searched out her clitoris, found it, and began to stroke.

The climax was shocking in its strength, more powerful than she had ever experienced before, more all encompassing and mind shattering than she had ever imagined an orgasm could be. Her shoulders jerked up again and again, her bound

wrists tugging on the rope, forcing it harder and harder against the cucumber, forcing the cucumber harder and deeper into her sex.

Ecstasy filled her, a wild, raw, animalistic sexual abandon which had her mouth open and cries of intoxicated pleasure filling the room.

Her body jerked again and again as lurched against the rope, jamming it against her sex. And the pleasure, the ecstasy, was a fire that consumed her.

And then a hundred little needles of pain intruded as a hand grasped her hair and yanked it up and back, and her cries of pain were silenced as a thick male organ was thrust into her open maw. It was no cucumber, but it in its purplish red hunger, was thick enough to force her tongue down against her lower mouth as it slid between her lips and forward across it.

She stared at the black material of his trousers, at the long thick shaft pushing forward into her mouth. And then her eyes bulged as the head choked her, gagged her, pushing into the back of her mouth and beyond, into her throat. She watched the dark fabric getting closer and closer, even as the orgasm continued to rage within her body and mind, even as the sense of aching fullness filled her throat and was driven lower and lower.

A part of her recognized what was happening, and another terrible dark thrill ripped through her as her uncle's cock was driven deep into her throat. Then her face was pressed firmly against his groin, against the dark material of his pants. Her lips were up against his zipper and his cock filled her mouth and throat.

"Slut," she heard, the sound a far off echo. "Whore."

She could not breathe, but did not care. The orgasm continued, and it did not seem to matter if she died then and there. She watched the thick cock sliding out of her mouth, her eyes crossed as his groin drew away. Then it thrust forward, sliding deeper into her throat, and her face was again jammed against his abdomen.

Back and forth, in and out, he thrust himself into her mouth and throat as her orgasm slowly wound down. The back and forth ache in her throat seemed a pale thing, nothing worrying, nothing painful, and as the climax faded a wonderful sense of languor gripped her so that she could hardly keep from falling to her knees, even with the pull of the rope against wrists and pussy.

He pumped with long, steady strokes, his cock sliding over her tongue, even the part of it down her throat. Up and down, in and out, sawing through her straining

lips and through her throbbing throat. Her vision began to blur and fade and her chest ached from lack of air, but she still did not care. And his cock continued to pump in and out, faster now, her face crushed again and again into the fabric of his trousers.

And then he pulled back, and she felt the swollen head of his cock come out of her throat with an audible wet slurping sound. It came free of her mouth a moment later, and she coughed and gagged and gulped in air as she held it in his fist, the other hand still holding her head up by the hair.

He pulled a little harder on her hair, tilted her head up a little further, then thrust himself back into her mouth and immediately down her throat. He buried the last inch of his long, thick cock in her, and jammed her face against his groin.

Now with the wild sexual heat faded she began to feel the discomfort in her throat, and the sense of gagging and panic at the lack of air.

She moaned, but silently, as he pumped back and forth, watching his saliva coated cock move in and out of her view as her face was rammed into his trousers repeatedly.

And then another slurping sound as his cockhead pulled free into her mouth. Moments later she felt her mouth fill with liquid and swallowed convulsively.

"Swallow. Swallow, she bitch," he muttered.

And then he pulled himself free of her mouth and released his grip on her hair. Her head fell immediately, and she groaned as she was alone again, dazed, gasping, aching, and bewildered.

After long minutes, with much of her scattered mind now fitted back together, she stared in continued shock at the floor below, her mind playing back what he had done to her again and again and again.

She felt a sense of outrage and anger, of humiliation and resentment. Yet her memories were clouded by memories of that terrible, wonderful climax. And the shame at what he had done was tinged by the shame at what she had done.

She licked her lips, tasting his come, and marveled that he had pushed it right down her throat, that he had raped her very throat with it. He was so - raw and crude and powerful. He was a bastard!

He was a vile, filthy, sick, perverted bastard! But a strong man with broad shoulders, a cruel man, a man who got his way.

His cock had been so big!

Her trembling fingers searched along her sex, moaning to feel how little of the cucumber remained. The entire length save the narrower end had been driven into her belly now, and her mind's eye, recalling how immense the thing had been, felt a crackling heat at knowing how deep the thing must be.

She ran her fingers over her abdomen, pushing, probing, imagining she could feel the hard, thick vegetable inside herself.

She heard the door open and struggled to raise her head. Too late, and his hand yanked it up as he looked down into her dazed, frightened eyes.

"I will break you," he said, in a voice which was terrifying for its deadly seriousness. "And remake you."

He would break her?! What did he mean!?

## FIVE

He pulled her hair wider and thrust something thick into her mouth, thick and rubbery, which pressed down against her tongue and back deep, threatening to choke her. It was attached to a heavy strap which he pulled tight around her head and buckled into place. Then she heard the click of a lock as he drew his hands back.

A moment later the rope went slack and she tumbled to her knees.

He pushed her face down against the floor, and she felt his fingers at her sex, tugging at the cucumber. It was slowly withdrawn, leaving her vacant, and then he rolled her over, unbound her ankles and legs.

She stared up at him, watching his big hands approach, holding a thick leather collar. It went around her throat, and buckled in place.

Again she heard a click behind her ear. A leash followed, snapping to a ring on the collar as she stared up in disbelief. Then he rolled her over with his foot and produced a short quirt, which stung her bottom with a sharp blow.

"Get up. Onto all fours," he barked.

Moaning through the thing in her mouth, she obeyed, trembling, shaking, and feeling a strange surging wash of intense emotions; fear, shame, anger, frustration, and a dark excitement.

"Crawl," he ordered.

He pulled at the leash, and struck her bottom, and she cried out into the gag, crawling forward along the rug, then out the door as he led her into the hall. She crawled down the hall, breasts swinging beneath her, then to the head of the stairs.

The quirt struck her bottom again, and she winced in pain as he started down the stairs, and she crawled awkwardly after.

No time to think, no time to adopt, no time to consider, no time to understand.

She crawled down the stairs, through the main hall, into the kitchen, the quirt striking her bottom whenever she slowed so that she hurried as much as she could. Down another flight of stairs, these hard, cold stone, hurting her bare knees. Down

into darkness and cold which made her shiver. Across a cold stone floor, with walls made of rough, round stones mortared together. Dust and cobwebs over everything as she crawled at his feet, eyes wide.

There in a dim corner lay a post of metal, bolted to the floor. It was thick and hip high. At its top was a meter long horizontal bar, and two large rings at opposite ends. Uncle James turned her, forcing her to sit on the floor with her back to the post, then pulled her hands back behind the post, where she felt soft, supple leather straps surround her wrists and buckle together tightly.

Then he stood before her, attaching what must be similar restraints to her ankles as he looked on silently, eyes wide, mind shocked.

He gripped her ankles and lifted them up, up higher, higher still, forcing her legs back until her feet were over her head. Then one-by-one he clipped the restraints around her ankles to the rings at opposite ends of the bar. He stepped back.

She stared up at him. She was slumped down on her lower back, her legs up and back and spread wide, her feet actually behind her head now as her groin and buttocks were raised up and displayed to him in the lewdest possible position. She felt a deep and terrible shame, and at the same time a quivering sense of hungry anticipation. He would take her now. Rape her, thrust his big cock into her while she lay in this lewd position.

He had propped a mirror directly across from her, only a few feet away, and for long seconds she stared at herself, transfixed, shocked at how horribly, wantonly exposed she was, her legs spread so wide, her sex so very open, even her anus quite clearly visible as her buttocks were lifted and spread wide.

Yet instead he only looked at her. He turned away, moving to a distant, dark corner, then returned, unraveling an electric cord.

"This is plugged into a timer," he said with an unnaturally casual voice.

He knelt on one knee and she saw the long, thick object in his hand. It was not so thick as the cucumber, but it was certainly large.

She grunted as he thrust it into her, grunted again, quivering, as he pulled back and thrust deeper, grunted a third time, staring up at him, eyes bulging, as he pulled back and thrust it sharply, as if it were a weapon, driving it painfully deep into her belly.

The thing began to buzz, and he removed his hand, standing. He stared at her for long moments, meeting her huge brown eyes, then turned away and faded into the darkness. She heard his feet on the stairs, then the heavy metallic clang of the door closing above.

She stared at herself in the mirror, at the stone walls around her, dazed, wondering, amazed.

Her back soon began to ache, but not greatly. Her legs grew cramped, but not terribly and the buzzing in the pit of her belly began to make her insides quiver in tune to its insistent call. What was in her mind to respond to such a call, in such a place, under such conditions? She was as bewildered by her own reactions as she was to her uncle's actions. He was her uncle! He ought not to be doing such things to her!

Bastard! Pervert! Sicko!

Her lower body trembled and she felt awash in lust. The vibrations brought her up to the edge of climax, yet would take her no further.

For the vibrator he had driven into her pussy was not quite close enough to her clitoris. Though her little button quivered with the vibrations, the stimulus was not quite sufficient to push her over the edge.

Instead it kept her in a state of dark sexual hunger and frustration where, instead of the righteous anger which should have been foremost in her mind a continuing series of lewd fantasies played out behind her eyes.

The vibrator went silent, and she stared across at the mirror, a dark thrill rolling through her every time she saw herself.

After a time she began to calm her pounding heart, began to think.

Then the vibrator started again, and the fresh vibrations made her moan and squirm. She saw herself in the mirror, saw her bottom twist and grind, and fresh embarrassment filled her even as her hunger rose. Yet as before, though the heat rose to a delicious, almost painful intensity, she could not quite come.

The vibrator held her in a state of high pitched sexual need for long, long minutes, then went out, and she groaned miserably. So this was to be her torture, to be raised up again and again to the edge of bliss, only to be denied. Her uncle was a cruel man.

She had much to tell her parents now, she thought. There could be no acceptance of this. Her mother could not possibly try to justify her uncle's behaviour if she told her how he had raped her with a cucumber and a dildo, how he had raped her mouth, her throat, how he had abused and used her, made her crawl naked, leashed and collared.

If.

She tried to imagine herself making such an admission, telling her mother what had been done to her, or worse yet, her father. She could lie, deny she had come, not even once. But even so she would never be able to face them again. Even if they believed her at once, summoned the police, freed her, she would never be able to look them in the eye, knowing what they knew.

The vibrator started up again, and soon had her moaning and panting. Would her father be aroused, she wondered dazedly. Would he get an erection thinking about her with a cucumber up her pussy, her uncle's cock buried in her throat? Would he grow aroused at the mental image?

She remembered how he had looked at her, imagined it anew, imagined him coming into the room, angrily ripping the thong from her body, bending her over...

Almost. Almost. She was so close to her climax, the beads of sweat trickling down her forehead, down between her breasts.

The vibrator halted and she screamed softly into the gag, trembling.

She tried to sustain the heat, her pussy squeezing down repeatedly on the vibrator, yet it slowly faded away. It seemed an eternity before the vibrator started once again.

An hour passed, or was it two. She did not know. She floated, as if in a state of half sleep, her sexual heat rising to feverish pitch again and again, never quite fading away, never quite reaching the peak she so desperately needed.

She heard the metallic clack of the lock overhead, and her head twisted up and aside as hope, embarrassment, anxiety and anticipation raced around inside her mind. Her uncle appeared, and fresh shame gripped her as he stared down at her lewdly exposed sex and bottom.

"Slut," he said, holding the thin quirt in his hand. "You have tempted even me with your lewd, seductive body, tempted me into incestuous thoughts and deeds."

Fear made her stomach roil, yet her hunger rose, and the vibrator started up once again. The lust on his face was apparent now, and she felt her own lust racing up to match.

"Dirty, filthy girl," he said. "Wanton trollop."

His foot pushed forward, the toe rising, and she gasped as the bottom pushed against the base of the vibrator protruding from between her pussy lips. He pushed down and pain speared her as the vibrator, the nose already pressed against her cervix, was forced down harder and harder.

Her lower body wriggled and rolled in pain as she stared up at him in anguished desperation.

"Whore. She slut. I can smell your heat, can see the juices leaking out of your body."

A terrible shame and a terrible lust gripped her, all intertwined with the pain as he pressed his foot down against the base of the vibrator.

And then he brought the quirt down on her right foot.

The sudden, sharp pain shocked her, and she moaned softly into the gag, eyes wide as she tried to beg him for pity, for mercy. Her ankles were held in a tight grip, the flat of her feet completely exposed to him. The quirt hissed down on her foot again and this time the pain was even sharper as she jerked and cried out.

"Slut! Whore! Vile, filthy animal! You think I can't see this is a position you adore, with your legs spread wide and your sex exposed. You want me, don't you? You want me to plunge myself into your overheated body, to use you, to rape you as you deserve!?"

Again the quirt hissed down, this time on her other foot, and she squealed and cried out, the stinging pain beginning to push aside her sexual hunger and the pleasure which clung to it. And yet even as it did his words struck deep into her mind and heart, shocking her, outraging her, inciting her own dark hunger.

"Bitch! Whore! Dirty little cunt!"

The violence of the obscene words were shocking to her. Oh she had been called such things before, but always by other people her age, always in anger, never with a real seriousness behind them. This was no friend, but barely an acquaintance,

and no boy or girl, but a man grown, a man she barely knew at that. But of course, the real impetus was that she was bound and naked and so lewdly displayed before him, so exposed and ready for him to use her any way he desired, to rape her.

The quirt struck the sole of her foot and she cried out in pain.

"Dirty little bitch. Look at how wet your cunt is. Look at it squeezing down around that vibrator."

Crack!

"Whore! You love being raped, don't you? Dirty little rape toy! Filthy little animal! I should rape you now! I should ram my cock into that filthy little fuck hole of yours and fill you with my seed!"

Crack!

It hurt. It hurt terribly, and tears filled her eyes as she twisted and writhed, and yet the sexual heat only seemed to rise higher.

"I'm surprised my brother hasn't already fucked you. I'm sure you'd love it. Wouldn't you, slut? I see it in your eyes!" he said triumphantly. "You want him, don't you, whore!?"

Crack!

"And your brother? Has he raped you yet? Has he mounted you like a bitch in heat, rammed himself into your dripping fuck hole? Have you crawled naked through the streets, thrusting your sex up at every dog which comes across you?"

Crack!

The words were shocking and outrageous and terrible. She felt a terrible humiliation at them, and yet even so the dark heat roared like a furnace, and even as the tears trickled from her eyes she felt a terrible need in her sex, and squeezed her pussy desperately around the vibrator.

Crack!

Oh fuck it hurt! She sobbed into the gag, beseeching him with her eyes.

"Miserable little bitch, strutting around showing off your round bottom, your big titties and hot little sex. Thrusting it into the face of every man you come across,

taunting him into evil and carnal desire!"

Crack!

Her feet were on fire, and she screamed, then, the gag making it possible, making no restraint necessary, she screamed again, loudly, powerfully.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her uncle dropped the quirt and then fell to his knees before her.

She stared at him, tearing eyed, sobbing, a wild hope and fear suddenly screaming up within her. He reached down to the vibrator and yanked it back, then thrust it in again. Pain and pleasure filled her belly, and he yanked it back once more, thrusting it deep. In and out, faster and faster, pain and pleasure tearing at her mind as she twisted and thrashed and screamed there on the floor.

He buried every last inch inside her, then tore at his trousers. His erection came out thick and hard, the veins throbbing, and he drew it down against her sex, rubbing the head back and forth along her furrow, over the base of the vibrator. She was so near at last, so very near, that she strained upwards.

And then he pushed himself against her anus instead, and she shuddered. First she felt disappointment, then a howling excitement.

Yes! That was what she deserved! She deserved to be sodomized right there on the floor with her ankles over her head! Fucked up the ass by a cruel, lust-filled man!

She felt his hardness sinking into her, and stared up at his cruel face as it sank deeper and deeper. Already stuffed full with the vibrator, she groaned at this new penetration. Her memory flashed back to her drugged raping in the boys room, the distorted memory of two cocks inside her, churning her insides into stew.

Cramps rippled through her, but she didn't care. She stared down, whimpering, moaning, her head twisting and flailing as he rammed his cock deeper and deeper, then gripped her ankles and began to tear himself in and out.

It ached so terribly and so wonderfully each time he buried the long, thick length of his manhood in her rectum. The shame continued to throb somewhere at the back of her mind, yet the hunger was too fierce, all consuming. Each time his hips slammed against her upraised buttocks she cried out in pleasure, the heat twisting inside her mind, clawing at her senses.

He thrust faster, harder. She came. She saw stars. Literally. Her head lolled back and blinding multicolored lights filled her mind. She was blinded by their strength as a hurricane of churning sexual pressure exploded within her mind and body. Her body shook violently as convulsions wracked her, her muscles spasming again and again as one climax followed another, parading across her blasted senses to the tune of savage rutting stroke of her uncle's cock, the powerful, aching force of his hips slamming down against her buttocks, the deep, soul searing purr of the vibrator thrust so painfully deep within her belly it was now jammed directly against her womb.

She came and came, screaming soundlessly into the gag.

\* \* \* \* \*

James pulled his spent cock from his niece's anus, gasping for breath as he pushed himself up and back. He sat on his heels, staring at her, a little dazed.

The girl herself was far more than a little dazed. She was barely conscious. He felt a tremendous sense of conquest, of victory. He did up his pants, grinning tiredly, then looked around the basement before turning his eyes down at the girl again. He pondered her for a long minute, considering his next move.

He moved forward, bent, and tugged the vibrator out of her pussy, then released the clips locking her ankles up and back and unclipped her hands. He stood, gripping her hair, and she cried made a muffled cry of pain, her dazed eyes swirling as she fought her way to her knees. Fingers tangled in her hair, he moved forward across the floor, the girl clutching at his wrist, making muffled cries of dazed pain, her knees crawling frantically along to keep up.

He released her hair and she dropped heavily to the ground.

They were between a pair of steel support posts. Chains dangled from both, high up, and he caught at one and brought it over, clipping it to the girl's ankle restraint. The second was clipped to her other ankle, and he grinned, locking her wrists together behind her back once again.

He turned to a crank on the wall and ran his eyes up the length of her chains, up through the rings set high in each support post, across the ceiling, then down the wall to the crank. The workmen had wondered at the need for the crank. He turned it smoothly, and the chains slowly went taut. The girl moaned, laying on her back on the floor, eyes closed, head rolling slowly.

The chains began to pull now, and she was dragged slowly across the floor. Then her feet began to rise, lifting her legs with them. She slid further along on her back, and then her bottom rose from the floor.

She was dragged a little further on her shoulders, then that too slowly rose up into the air as she moaned through her gag.

Her head left the floor and her eyes stared at him imploringly as he continued to turn the crank. Her legs gaped wide as she hung upside down, then wider still as he continued to turn the crank. He halted, locking it in place and paced across to her.

His hands moved slowly over her groin and bottom, fingering her narrow slit thoughtfully, then he moved to a nearby chest, smiling tightly. He took a roll of duct tape and returned, pulling for a long piece and placing it tightly over her mound and abdomen. He looked down into her eyes, then yanked the tape away suddenly.

She screamed into the gag, her body jerking violently, and he felt another sense of power, of conquest, of control. He had nothing but contempt for the girl, for her mental and physical weakness.

Even so, he felt immensely superior, placing another strip of duct tape across her sex and ripping it free. There were few hairs left, but he tore them out by the roots, then put another strip, and another, smiling at her as he removed all traces of pubic hair.

The slit looked so neat, now, so clear and bare. The point of her existence now was so obvious to any who cared to examine her. He opened a cabinet on the far wall, a recent purchase, and examined the gleaming instruments within. He took from it a long flog with strips of braided leather, and returned to her, showing her the device. Her eyes stared at him, and again he knew a thrill of power.

But tormenting her, though enjoyable, surprisingly sexually enjoyable, in fact, was not the only purpose here. He got the vibrator, plugged it in and returned, then threw down the whip, almost as if he had only been pretending. Instead he turned on the vibrator, and began to use it as it was meant to be used, not thrusting it into his whore niece, but gently, slowly caressing her groin with it, sliding it over her sensitive flesh, circling her clitoris teasingly.

He watched her hood slowly push away as if by magic, the clitoris swelling and enlarging, pushing out to taste the pleasure more clearly. Yes, he would have the aid of her own body in his conquest.

And her own mind before he was done. What did she have to live for, anyway, a life as a secretary - if she was lucky? Marrying an insurance salesman, perhaps, then divorcing after a few years, searching desperately for "Mr Right" while leading a dull life of drudgery?

And if he offered her a life infinitely more exciting, as well as much simpler? No need to support herself. No need to search for jobs or careers. No need to catch the train to work every day in the cold and rain. No worries about stretching her meager pay cheque. No decisions. No anxieties.

Oh yes, he would have much more interesting things for her to do. The breaking of females was turning out to be delightfully pleasant. Once he broke her thoroughly he would have a better opportunity to indulge himself with others.

He sank the vibrator down into the girl's sex, noting how wet the slut was. He squatted down in front of her, smiling, then began to circle first one erect nipple, then the other.

"Enjoying yourself, my little slut?" he asked softly. "Are you starting to get any inspiration, hmm, inspiration about the direction your life should take?"

He switched nipples, smiling congenially. "Hmm, little slut? Is this better than typing up letters or taking dictation? Better than filling out forms or waiting on some fat customer in a shoe store?"

He plucked her nipple in his fingers, twisting it from side to side as he rolled the vibrator over the other.

"Odd how you had your belly pierced, your ears pierced, your tongue pierced, but not these nipples. Have you ever thought of piercing your nipples, little slut?"

What an excellent idea! He looked down at her and imagined where and how he could pierce her, much like a man with a new toy, or, perhaps a girl with a doll, imagining how to dress it up. He was undergoing a mental shift, and was, more and more, coming to think of the girl as his toy, his plaything, and not all as a human being, much less a relative or member of his family.

He returned to the cabinet. There were a number of items in it he had not closely examined. He had simply placed a call, and his attorney had ordered a great mass of things for him related to what was called, apparently, BDSM.

He took out a leather pouch and opened it, the corners of his lips drawing up into a deep smile as he saw the stainless steel within. He picked up one of the long needles, then unfolded a piece of paper with instructions.

"How quaint," he whispered.

He thrust the vibrator back into the girl, then found another and buried it in her rectum before going upstairs with the needles.

Following the directions, he boiled the needle for several minutes, then located ice cubes and pure alcohol before returning to the girl.

He knelt before her, setting down his instruments, his small bowl of ice, and the alcohol. Donning plastic gloves, he picked up a cube of ice and rolled it slowly over one already erect nipple for a long minute.

The girl made mouth noises he took to be complaints of some sort, but he paid her no heed, thoroughly enjoying himself.

He soaked a cotton ball in alcohol, then used that on the nipple before picking up the needle. It was very fine, for the initial piercing.

He pinched the areola to make the nipple stand out more, then carefully placed the needle against the side of the nipple, several centimeters back from the tip. The instructions said to thrust quickly to minimize pain, but he pushed the needle into her flesh slowly, examining it, ignoring her growing muffled squeals.

He could actually feel the flesh parting as the needle pushed slowly through her nipple. Then - success! The needle emerged on the other side! He slid it back and forth for several moments, then withdrew it and picked up the larger needle. This was one less sharp, and yet thicker. He pushed it through, forcing it in, forcing the hole wider as he slid it back and forth. Then the third needle, forcing the hole wider still.

The rings he had available just then were not what he wanted. But they would do for the time being. They were earrings, had been his mother's. The instructions suggested stainless steel or gold. These, of course, were gold. The simplest he could find. He placed one into her nipple, then turned to the other breast.

In short order, that was pierced, as well, and a second ring hung from it. The girl's belly was already pierced, as was her tongue. He stood, examining her sex. Her

clitoris was still quite swollen, the hood still drawn back. Despite the pain of her piercing she remained aroused, a true wanton.

He washed the clitoris with alcohol, then, after a moment's consideration, pinched his fingers in, placed the needle against one side, and thrust sharply.

She squealed loudly and her body twisted and writhed in violent response, but the needle was already all the way through. Too much agony would have turned her mind away from her own salacious lust, and he did not want that. He enlarged the hole and placed another ring there, then dropped to his knees to examine her face.

It was pale, her eyes teary. He patted her cheek soothingly, rather like a man pets his dog. "Almost done," he said with a smile.

He rubbed at her nose with the alcoholic swab, pinched her nostrils, then placed the needle at the wall between them. He thrust the needle sharply through. Best to be professional, after all, but the flesh here was more resistant, and he had to twist the needle as he pushed harder before it was through and out the other side.

"That's a good little bitch," he said jovially, now consciously expressing the thought the girl was his dog.

Humming to himself, he left the girl that way, returning his instruments, going upstairs, and having a shower before making lunch. Afterwards, he searched through some of the catalogues his attorney had sent, found the rings he wanted, and placed an order.

He returned to find his pet, unsurprisingly, where he had left her. He thought about removing the gag, but decided not. He liked her speechless for the present. It helped preserve the illusion she was a mere animal, a creature, a pet.

He examined her sex and found to his delight, that she was still quite wet. He pumped the vibrators in and out in alternating patterns, chuckling to himself in amusement at his pet's response, then took the one from her sex and let it stroke slowly over her newly pierced clitoris. The toy made the ring bounce and shake, and soon thereafter the girl began to do the same, clearly reaching sexual climax.

There was, apparently, no end to her whorish desires.

He removed the toys and let her recover for a few minutes while inspecting his cabinet. He picked up the vibrators and once more began to work her into a state of

excitement before burying the two toys in her body. He then picked up the whip and brought it down lightly against her groin.

The girl jumped and twisted, and his groin throbbed appreciatively.

This was quite enjoyable indeed! He swung the whip down again, enjoying both the sight and feel of its impact, and the girl's response.

He swung several more times with moderate strength, getting the girl used to the feel of it. To go too hard, too quickly would distract her from the lust in which her mind was wrapped.

He paced around her and swung the whip sideways to strike her back, then circled to her front and lightly whipped her breasts several times before turning again to her sex. He brought the whip down overhand several times, with growing force now as her body twisted and writhed and bucked.

"Vile girl," he called. "Filthy girl! Perverse girl! Do you not think your slutish behavior should be punished and strongly punished?"

Thin red lines were appearing along her thighs, groin and buttocks now, as he circled to her rear, and resumed his whipping. He ran a hand over the smooth, red flesh of her mons, his fingers following the contours of her puffy lips, the tight, neat line of her revealed sex, with no hair to intrude. He ran his hands over her splayed buttocks and tapped at the vibrator thrust to the base in her anus.

He resumed his whipping, circling her body slowly, whipping her with growing strength, but concentrating on her sex and groin.

He halted, moved quickly to the wall and turned the crank, lowering the girl to the floor. Crossing swiftly to her he removed the chains from her ankles, and her feet dropped bonelessly to the floor. He then unclipped her wrists and attached the chains to them before striding back to the wall.

He turned the crank, and watched the girl as it lifted her to her knees. Her chin was on her chest and her eyes half closed as she groaned in confusion and pain. Being hung upside down for so long and then turned over so quickly would have caused nausea, but since she had not eaten in quite some time he was unworried.

The chains dragged her to her feet, then off them, and she hung there, whimpering, her slender body stretched out before his eyes quite attractively. He picked up the whip, and smiled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jill moaned weakly, her head falling back as she stared up at her wrists above her. They ached, and her hands were growing numb. Her arms hurt, and her shoulders were rapidly beginning to ache.

She dropped her head low, staring down the length of her body at her toes dangling and twitching just above the floor. A powerful sense of dark, sensual heat rolled through her mind and she shuddered.

She hurt. Her pierced nipples were throbbing, and her groin was far worse, a hot, sharp ache which would not recede. Her eyes blinked through the tears which continued to fill it as a result of her aching nose. Yet as she hung there by her wrists she was filled with an irrepressible sense of shocked sexual delight, delight at the outrageousness and wickedness of what her uncle was doing.

She cried out softly, half pained, half excited, as the whip struck her back. Her legs scissored below her and her hips twisted. She moaned into her gag, then cried out, louder, as the whip struck again. She felt, suddenly, a sense of freedom, which was odd even to her confused mind. The whip struck again, another sharp series of flickering bites across her lower back, and she screamed, screamed without restraint, her back arching, her legs flying back and then forward.

It was as if the gag lent her an ability she had never owned. She could scream at the top of her lungs now, and it would not matter.

She did not need to repress anything, to be brave, to beware of others hearing and being disturbed. She could scream in pain, in pleasure, in excitement.

The whip struck her upper back and she screamed, her hips bucking.

The whip slashed in harder, the pain making her cry out involuntarily. The whip cut into her bottom and her hips and her ribs. The long leather strips curled around her ribs beneath her arms to snap at her breasts and cause her to twist violently.

She was being whipped! She was hanging by her wrists and being whipped!

Again the whip flew in, snapping at her bottom and back, at her shoulders and ribs and hissing around the edges of her body to bite into her abdomen and belly and breasts. She screamed and kicked and twisted against the flickering crackling stings of the little leather strips, exhausting herself, making herself go hoarse.

Her flesh throbbed all over, hot and sore, as from a sunburn, and still the whip cracked down. Her pussy squeezed against the vibrator still buried within her, and she moaned dazedly, her mind swimming in confusion, excitement, embarrassment and pain. Yet a dark fever was upon her and she basked in her own degradation, her own abuse, as her uncle continued to beat her, continued to rain blows down against her helpless flesh.

He halted, and she felt his heat behind her, felt his warmth through his shirt as he pressed his body against her aching flesh. His arms encircled her, his hands on her belly, rising slowly up to cup and squeeze her aching breasts. His fingers were splayed wide, pushing her breasts up and then together as his hot breath beat against her ear.

"I will make you mine," he said. "I will make you worthy of me. I will give your whorish life a purpose beyond what it would have otherwise achieved."

His fingers rose and slipped into her rings, tugging and twisting them until her nipples burned and her eyes teared. Then a hand moved down between her legs and he pulled the vibrator out, moving it against her ring there. Soon she was screaming again, bucking wildly, wantonly, mindlessly climaxing as the power of her heat burned away at the frayed edges of her consciousness.

He moved away and she hung limp, shuddering breaths wracking her body. She felt him at her feet and blinked teary eyes down to see a mass of black as he pushed something up around her leg. Tight and enveloping, it slid higher and higher up her leg, over her knee, and up her thigh. She felt her foot slip into a soft, leather cocoon, then the cocoon tightened as he closed a zipper up the length of the thing, a boot of sorts, she thought.

A second such object was placed around her other leg, tugged slowly up its length, over her knee, up her thigh all the way to her groin, to just below her smarting buttocks, then zipped tightly. He lifted her right foot up and back, pressing her heel against her outer thigh just below her buttock, and then a sort of leather sack was slid up around it and cinched tightly in place. The same was done to her other leg, and then he began to lower her slowly, lower her until her knees made contact with the stone below.

She continued to ease lower, unable to balance herself on her knees, and with her feet bound up behind her, she sagged forward, tilting forward, her head hanging, until her aching breasts pillowed out against her against the cold stone. She moaned weakly as her uncle released her wrists, encased her arms in the same

kind of leather as he had done with her legs, then forced her wrists up and back to her shoulders and bound them there.

He removed the vibrators, unstrapped her gag, then slowly worked it out of her mouth. She coughed and moaned, her jaw aching from the time it had been forced apart. She was temporarily unable to close her mouth, and a moment later that condition was made permanent as he forced a kind of leather ring in between her teeth and buckled it in place.

He reached in and gripped her tongue. She tried to draw it back and succeeded, only to draw a glare.

"Put your tongue out!" he said angrily.

And it seemed to her she must obey, and did so. He examined the tongue stud, made a soft grunting sound, and unscrewed it, removing it. He replaced it with a ring which had a two inch line attached. The line was attached to a weighted bell which pulled at her tongue and forced it to remain down across her lip.

He crushed her sweating, matted hair up against her head and pulled a tight leather cap over it. The cap pulled lower, becoming a hood, pulled down below her jaw, and then strapped and buckled in tightly beneath. She blinked through thin slits, slits which were covered in a thin dark plastic resembling sunglasses.

He attached two more weighted bells to her nipple rings, and another to her clitoris, then with a sharp slap, forced her to her knees and elbows.

She stared around in confusion, panting weakly, her tongue and clitoris especially aching from the pull of the weighted bells. He attached a leash to her collar and forced her to crawl along. She was most awkward now, her bottom raised, her front low. The bells tinkled lightly as she moved, swinging and pulling at her nipples, tongue and clitoris.

He led her to the mirror and showed her the faceless creature he had made of her, a creature with prominent breasts dangling beneath, a well displayed, bare sex, a creature with no face, for the black leather hood had no features, even the eye slits hidden beneath a uniform black. Only the thin mouth was visible, a black hole showing nothing but a pink tongue protruding.

Her revealed flesh seemed especially pale against the black, though it was more red than white, with what seemed hundreds of thin lines tracing across her sides and shoulders, her breasts and buttocks and groin.

"Turn, whore."

He tugged on the leash and forced her to turn and twist, to examine herself before the mirror.

Then she saw him kneel behind her. She saw him draw out his cock, and watched with a strange sense of detachment, as if it were not her at all in the mirror, as he prepared to mount the faceless creature shown there.

She felt his cock sliding up and down against her sex, then grunted as he thrust himself into her body. She continued to stare, feeling at the same time his every touch, and yet still that odd detachment as she watched him mounting another.

His cock. He was using her strongly now, and her lust began to spiral up once again. How outrageous, how wickedly, shockingly outrageous that he had done such a thing to her, that he was using her so cruelly. She watched the thick, red, heavily veined cock as her uncle thrust into the faceless creature in the mirror, and grunted as she felt his hips slam against her bottom.

The bells tinkled softly as she rocked back and forth, jingling more powerfully when his hands reached in and strongly mauled her breasts, or when his hand moved beneath her to flick and stroke at her clitoris.

She felt herself climaxing again, not powerfully, but with a raging sense of passion and fulfillment which caused her to moan helplessly.

She sagged weakly from the orgasm, then felt it rising again as he continued to pound his cock into her. The continued swinging of the bell below her was causing her nipples and clitoris a stinging delight, and the heavy pumping of his cock was irresistible.

She came again, and then again, and a third, or was it a fourth time. A long, dizzying series of climaxes rippled through her already shell-shocked mind as he continued to ride her, his hands racing over her, his hips pounding against her rump.

What had she become? And what did he intend? They were vague thoughts which swam weakly through the churning flood of excitement and emotions within her battered mind, and were then lost, drowned beneath the intoxicating pleasure of sensual heat.

## SIX

She did not know the time or the day. She did not think, or daydream, did not fear or worry, did not wonder or ponder. Her mind floated through a black haze filled with flickering white lights.

No word had been spoken to her in some time, though she did not worry about or even realize that. She felt pain here and there, hunger, thirst, and pleasure.

She was on her knees, her legs spread. Her arms were pulled up and back behind her and attached to something solid there. Something pulled at her nipples, pulled them up and forward. Something similar pulled at her clitoris and belly. Her head was drawn up and back by something pulling at her aching tongue. Beneath her was - something.

It was both hard and malleable. She straddled it as she had straddled the edge of her bed at one point, yet it was not solid but segmented. It felt like pearls, but much larger, and more widely spaced. It rose up before and behind her, her body's weight holding it down beneath her.

At some point she had realized that she could feel pleasure by moving her hips slowly back and forth along this line of pearls, both pleasure and pain, for drawing her hips back tugged at her clitoris.

She did not consciously desire a climax, but her mind and body desired pleasure, and almost instinctively, her hips worked slowly and gently back and forth along this line, and she moaned at the feel of the slick little round pearls as they slid across her clitoris, along the slit of her body, and up across her puckered anal opening.

As she moved her nipples pulled against whatever was bound to them, which ached and caused them to sting and throb. But after awhile the throbbing heat seemed began to feel pleasurable and then her hips worked more powerfully.

Hands moved her, twisted her, lifted her. She was placed on all fours again and mounted, grunting as she was used. Then she moaned as she was lifted up by the knees and hung upside down.

Time passed, and she was lowered, and mounted again. Her head was pulled back and a soft, hot, moist cock slid through the ring and over her tongue, then down her throat, to pump casually in and out for some minutes as she squirmed and

coughed and choked and tried to breath. It withdrew and she gulped in breath, then coughed and swallowed as liquid spit into her mouth.

She swallowed instinctively, then eagerly, parched, dehydrated. It tasted foul and made her throat burn. Even through the leather she could smell urine. She did not realize she was drinking urine, however, nor would she have cared.

Her arms were drawn back and bound, her back arched painfully.

Her breasts were whipped until they burned like fire. The vibrators pierced her. Another rolled her swollen clitoris back and forth. She came again.

After a long time a voice spoke to her, stern and forceful, and ordered her to do things. If confusion or weakness slowed her a sharp, biting pain bit into her bottom or thigh. She crawled on all fours and on her belly. She licked and suckled at feet and toes and the gritty floor.

If she slept it was a troubled sleep. Loud sounds, bangs and howls and sirens startled her awake every ten or twenty minutes. Slaps and pinches brought her dazed mind alive. Pain, hunger, and thirst gnawed at her.

And then she was made to crawl up the stairs and into the light. She had been virtually blind for - a long time, for the small bare bulbs of the basement did little through the dark plastic lenses covering her eyes. Now she could see, could feel the warmth of the upstairs. She crawled along behind him into a large toilet and into a shower stall, kneeling as he gently bathed her.

Her body was soapy, and slippery, and he masturbated her, his fingers stroking carefully across her engorged clitoris until she bucked back frantically.

He dried her, and she crawled along on her leash into the kitchen, where water and food were set out on bowls. She hobbled forward eagerly, slurping at the water, then wolfing down food which, though foul-tasting, eased the sharp ache of her belly for the first time in - a long time.

He petted her leather covered head and said soft, gentle words of affection to her, then let her crawl back into the living room and lay down at his feet as he sat in a large chair. The soft, warm rug felt delicious against her battered flesh. She had felt nothing but cold hard stone for - a long time.

Light and warmth and comfort filled her and she felt content as she dozed off.

She woke to his fingers between her legs, rubbing softly. She moaned and squirmed in excitement, spreading her legs. He eased her onto all fours and she spread her legs, raising her bottom as he slid himself into her.

Afterwards, she was given more water, and felt a need she had not for some time. He walked her out into the garden, and she marveled at the heat of the sun on her skin, and the fresh air on her tongue. A plethora of bright, beautiful images filled her eyes, eyes which had seen nothing but dim, shadowy stone for - a long time.

She had spent so long in a haze, long with her senses deprived of anything but hunger and thirst, pain and pleasure. Everywhere she looked was the pleasure of something new, something different, something bright and beautiful. He removed her leash and she crawled out into the garden, exploring, dazed by the abundance of life, of warmth, of sound and beauty and light.

She nosed in among bushes and flowers, tongue still hanging out, bells tinkling lightly as she moved. She felt a need produced by the water she had been given and moved in to deeper bush, spreading her legs wider as she urinated. Then she moved out again, continuing to explore the garden.

She moved closer to the pond, staring at the water tumbling over rocks, then lay back on the soft grass, her knees and ankles spread wide, basking in the warm touch of the sun.

After a time her uncle came out, naked, and he led her into the water. He supported her body as she tried to paddle around, moving her knees and elbows in and out, but she knew she would sink immediately if he released her.

He laughed and brought her back to shore, turned her onto her back and then began to lick and suckle at her breasts and nipples. To her astonishment and delight he worked his way down between her legs and she began to twist and writhe in heat as his tongue rolled across her clitoris.

He licked her to repeated climaxes before sliding up her body and thrusting himself into her, and she gloried to the deep penetration of his hot, warm manhood, rocking her knees up and back in time to his hard thrusts.

As the sun set he brought her back into the warm, bright house and let her rest for another small period. When she wakened she found he was not alone. There were several other men there with him, all gathered in a semi circle around her, staring excitedly. She felt a little ripple of excitement as she roused and rose to all fours,

and then, following her uncle's orders, began to grovel before the men, licking at their feet and raising her bottom in invitation.

Soon she was the centre of their lusts, with hands moving all across her body. They thrust their organs into her every orifice, one, two and three at a time, groping and slapping and pinching as they surrounded her. For hours she satisfied their lusts, and felt the pleasure of her own lust rise and fall and rise again.

Afterwards her uncle washed her, then set her to bed in a small dog-like bed in a corner of his bedroom. She slept peacefully, sighing in contentment.

The next day dawned with her uncle whistling her awake. She rose and crawled across the floor, climbing into his bed, and began to mouth his cock, sliding her lips up and down its length as it swelled and hardened, taking it into her throat and sucking until he exploded.

Then with a slap on her bottom he rose and left the bedroom. She slowly followed, crawling along in his wake, making her way down the stairs and into the kitchen, where she watched him make breakfast.

He let her out into the yard to do her business, and then she returned to find her own breakfast and water in bowls on the floor. She finished them eagerly, then crawled across to the dining room where she found him eating his own breakfast. He fed her tasty bits and pieces of sausage and buttered scone and she licked them from his fingers and gulped them down gladly.

He let her out into the back yard once again and she crawled to the edge of the water and lay back on the grass to enjoy the sun. Then he brought her in again to show her a small television set in a corner of the den. It was close to the wall, and a large, thick cock had been fastened to the wall. He chuckled as he showed her how to back up against it, then to use her nose and tongue to press the buttons on the remote control.

The video was a pornographic one, of course, but her mind had been so deprived of entertainment, other than physical, for so long she stared at it, entranced, becoming aroused as she saw the women being used, two, three, four and more at a time, thrusting her bottom back against the wall as she gasped in pleasure.

Later, she crawled about in the garden again, enjoying the sun and relaxing. After a time a sound startled her, and she rolled her head, eyes widening as she saw a woman in a bikini approach.

"Well, well," she said, smiling. "James said I'd find a surprise out here and he wasn't kidding."

She sat down beside Jill, and Jill automatically tried to smile back, but failed, of course, due to the leather bit in her mouth. The woman reached out to her, running her hands over Jill's body, fingering and twisting her nipples.

"We're going to have such fun," she said.

And they did, for the woman proved to have a far more talented tongue than her uncle, and had Jill writhing in ecstasy in no time at all. Then it was Jill's turn, and her tongue, now seeming to have grown surprisingly long, slithered up and down the woman's sex and probed deep into her pussy before lapping at her clitoris.

The woman seemed delighted at the length of her tongue, which, because of the pull of the weight, was now long enough to touch her own nose. The woman removed the line to let Jill pleasure her, but then clipped it in place again afterwards, giggling as she told Jill that soon her tongue would be so long women from all over would be drawn to her.

Jill did not stop to wonder at having sex with a woman, though she never had before. It was a fun thing, and felt good, and issues of morality and preference did not really enter her mind any more.

Later that evening the woman used a crop on Jill's bottom, then mounted her, using a thick strap-on dildo as her Uncle James thrust his own cock down her throat.

The next morning the woman removed the hood from her head, where it had been for - a long time, and Jill's eyes fluttered at the sudden brightness. The woman hugged and kissed and comforted her, then the two made love before she led Jill into the bathroom and washed her hair.

It felt wonderful to have clean hair at last, for it had itched at her for - a long time, but Jill felt strange now, out from behind the hood. Her face was no longer masked to the woman, or to the men who arrived later that day to use her. And so she was strangely embarrassed, squirming mentally as their eyes had ravished her. She had been deeply aroused, however, and been delighted at the hard use to which she had then been put.

Two days later her uncle removed the leather bindings from her ankles and wrists, and she moaned in agony as her long disused limbs were slowly straightened out. The cramps were intense, and even with the massages given her by Karen, the

woman who had first visited her in the garden, she felt quite sore for quite some time.

It felt very odd to be walking. The world appeared so very different from such a great height. She became dizzy quite easily at first, and had to hold onto things everywhere she went for fear of falling. It seemed unnatural to be so high.

The next day her uncle took her to a hair-stylist. She was dressed, for the occasion, in a short, pleated, tartan skirt, white knee socks, black patent leather shoes, a white blouse and a blazer. However, beneath the skirt she wore a thin silver chain around her waist and between her legs, holding the two dildos in place in her rectum and pussy. Another silver chain circled her breasts, running through her nipple rings, pinching her breasts in and back.

Her reddish hair was dyed blonde again, and cut into a neater, more girlish style. Then she was taken to another shop, where she was placed in a chair in a back room and her legs were drawn up and apart in stirrups. A woman then used a laser to depilate her pubic area.

"It is time for you to take up your studies," he said, as she stood before him. "You will do so with a determination you have not previously shown. I will expect great progress, and the kind of marks you last received will not be tolerated. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Uncle James," she said.

She knelt before him, nude. She wore a latticework of thin leather straps. They pressed in firmly against her back and belly in a diamond pattern which altered only at her breasts. There the straps were circular, and formed a neat border to both breasts, squeezing in around the edges to push them out even more firmly and roundly than their youth would have supplied.

The straps descended between her legs, where they pressed against the base of the butt plug buried in her rectum.

"I have drawn up a schedule for you to follow. You are free to ask me questions at any time, once you have taken all other steps to discover the answer yourself. I am quite a knowledgeable man, but my time is valuable. I do not wish to be bothered simply because you are too lazy to look up an answer in the book. Understood?"

"Yes, Uncle James."

He handed her the schedule and then pointed to an old fashioned school desk he had obtained for her use. It had clearly had many years' use, and yet just as clearly it had been recently altered to his specifications. Two newly driven screws protruded from the desk near its edge. Two rings were set somewhat further apart and a little further from the edge. There were similar rings set in the legs of the chair, as well as a chain dangling from one side of the back.

Of course, the most obvious alteration lay with the chair itself. A large hole had been bored in its seat, and thrust up through this hole was a long, thick, realistic looking male phallus of black plastic. Its purpose was more than obvious.

"Take your seat," he said.

"Yes, Uncle James."

She moved to the desk and slid the chair slightly, then, spreading her legs and straddling the chair before sitting slowly back. She reached behind to grasp the thick phallus, tugged the strap back from her sex, then guided herself down onto it. She felt a little shudder of pleasure and excitement as the pressure rose against her sex, then repressed a groan as she sank slowly back down onto the thing, taking it deep within her sex.

Her uncle reached in and gripped her right nipple, removing the ring, then did the same to her left. He put a hand against her back and pushed her forward, pressing her breasts down onto the desk, then twisted one of the screws free and squeezed her nipple, pulling it forward and setting it over the screw hole.

He pushed the sharp screw down against her nipple, and she gasped and winced as it dug into her flesh. The screw was slightly wider than the hole in her nipple, and pinched as her uncle began to twist it down, biting into her sensitive pink flesh. She did not attempt to move away, however, and he ignored her gasps of pain, even using a screw driver to force the screw in tighter.

He took the same action with her other nipple, then moved back.

"You will study these books for the next four hours. I will test you on what you have learned after that time."

He then turned and left the room, and Jill examined his schedule.

The first item was English. She was to read the first four chapters of a book and then report on those chapters. The book in case was titled "Pony Girls", and had an

odd picture of a nude and artfully decorated woman standing before a cart. She opened it and began to read the tale of a woman who was enslaved and forced to act as a pony, pulling carts and servicing her masters. It was quite an exciting story, and she found herself growing quickly aroused.

She tried to reach down to her sex but was unable to. Her uncle had fastened her wrist restraints to the centre of her latticework of leather straps. She could move her hands a little bit away, but not far enough to reach either her clitoris or her nipples.

She was able to move herself up and down on the thick black phallus, however, so long as she kept her breasts pressed against the desk where her nipples were screwed. And in a short time she was able to reach climax, gasping and moaning as her eyes raced over the page.

Somewhat calmed, she then wrote the report her uncle had required before turning on to the next item on the schedule. This was History.

The book in question focused on the dark ages, and in particular on the religious persecution of the inquisition. Page after page detailed hideous, and often sexual tortures inflicted on women by the priests of the inquisition, often accompanied by graphic pictures, and again she found many of them extremely arousing.

After that came Geography. She studied places where the slavery of women was common, the types of punishments inflicted upon them. She read of the harems of the Middle East, and the way women elsewhere were beaten and forced to completely hide their filthy, sluttish faces and bodies so as not to arouse males.

At lunch her uncle tested her on her knowledge, and she felt a surge of joy at his satisfaction and kind words, at the touch of his fingers as he combed them through her hair, caressed her cheeks, and fingered her clitoris. He released her nipples and she set herself on all fours to be mounted, gasping in delight, her mind filled with the thoughts and images of her studies as he used her roughly and powerfully, climaxing twice before he finished.

He let her crawl into the kitchen to eat, then spend a half hour in the back yard at the pool, swimming and sunbathing before returning to her studies.

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"I wish you'd let me know you were coming, Paul," James said. "I wouldn't have let her go on this field trip had I known -" he shrugged helplessly.

"It was a spur of the moment thing. Do you know when she'll be back?" his brother asked.

"Not until day after tomorrow. But I'm sure we can find something for you to do in the meantime. You'll stay with me. Perhaps we'll go out and see a bit of the town, enjoy ourselves."

They sat and chatted for a time, and then he and James drove into London. James brought him to a few of the touristy places, and then, as day turned to evening, they ate at his club. Afterwards he suggested with a sly smile, that he show his brother a few of the sights seldom visited by tourists.

His money had not bought him entrance to the de Sade club. His ownership of a nubile young female who could be shared with the other members, however, had. He had loaned Jill to one of the members the previous evening. In return, he would be given the loan of the other member's slave the next weekend.

At present, however, Jill was at the de Sade, though not in a situation likely to be recognized by his brother.

Paul seemed awed and not a little excited as they made their way through the dimly lit club, staring at the female flesh on display. In some cases literally on display.

One lovely blonde girl, nude of course, had her arms bound together behind her. She was hanging by her widely spread ankles, and also by her bound wrists, which pulled her upside down torso up and back. Her large breasts hung down nicely, weights dangling from clips biting into her nipples.

Her head was pulled back, her long hair bound in a tail and wrapped around a chain which hung from the ceiling. A man stood before her, thrusting his cock in and out of her mouth. Another stood behind, slowly bringing a whip down against her exposed sex. He halted, then stepped forward to sodomize her.

"My God!" Paul exclaimed softly, shaking his head in amazement.

"It's a completely different world, is it not?" James said genially.

They moved on to where a tall young Asian woman stood on her toes, impaled upon a thick metal post. Her wrists were bound together behind her back, and she stood on her toes, her heels pressed against metal pedals set into the base of the frame erected around her. Her nipples were bitten by clips which pulled them up

and out, attached to thin wires which were in turn holding a metal weight just above a contact switch.

A group of men and women surrounded her, chatting softly, watching her legs tremble. Each time her heels eased back onto the pedals she let out a yelp through the gag filling her mouth, and lurched forward. Each time the metal weight made contact with the contact switch below she let out another yelp and jerked her chest back.

"I don't understand," Paul whispered.

"The pole is electrified," James said. "So are the wires attached to her nipples. If she lets her heels down onto those pedals the electricity begins to flow up into the pole, and thus up into her belly."

"My God!"

"Similarly, if that weight there touches the metal pad beneath electricity flows up through the wires and into her nipples."

As they watched the girl's trembling legs dropped her heels again. She screamed into her gag, her body arching violently, the silken black hair seeming to rise briefly around her before she lurched forward.

"As her legs weaken it will be more and more difficult to keep up. She'll settle back onto the pedals more and more frequently, and the power will get worse."

"Won't she be hurt?"

James shrugged. "She's a slave. I'm sure her master won't allow any permanent damage, but really, pain is what she craves."

He could see the excitement in his brother's eyes, and he was unable to lead him away for a time as they watched the Asian girl jerking and shaking for longer and longer periods of time. Eventually she fell fully back on her heels and stood there, shaking violently, head thrashing as the power surged up into her sex.

Only then did a sleek looking Arab man come forward to remove her from the device, and only then would Paul consent to moving on to the next exhibit.

And there was Gillian, though her father did not know it. She was wearing a hood and hanging by her wrists. Their longer stay at the previous exhibit had caused

them to arrive later than James had anticipated, and so Jill's beating was well underway.

The member he had loaned her to was a tall, sleek Black woman. She had already covered the girl's body with thin red lines from the flog and cat. Now she lowered the hooded girl and placed her against a Y-shaped wooden frame. Her wrists were strapped up and apart and then a thick metal bar which was flush with the frame was pushed out into her belly. This forced Jill's bottom up and back until her toes were barely touching the floor.

The black woman held a long thin riding crop now, and she brought it down savagely across the girl's beautifully positioned bottom, then she turned and called out to the watching crowd, asking for volunteers to degrade her filthy slave.

Several men immediately moved forward, and one by one, as the Black woman watched haughtily, they thrust their cocks into Jill's rectum and sodomized her while Paul and James looked on.

"Very nice," Paul said, his eyes devouring the scene.

"Lovely bottom, isn't it?"

"Gorgeous ass," Paul replied.

After five men had used her, the Black woman began to lash Jill's bottom with the crop, raising welt after welt across the smooth pale flesh as they looked on. James felt immensely amused at his brother's excitement, watching him out of the corner of his eye as Paul watched his daughter sodomized and then beaten.

The Black woman halted, then moved forward. The bar pulled back into the post and then Jill, sobbing audibly through the gag, was turned around. Now another, higher bar was pulled out, thrusting her chest out.

"Wow," Paul whispered. "Is that dyke going to whip her tits?"

"I expect so," James replied.

"Gorgeous tits. I can think of things I'd rather do to them."

"Me too."

The Black woman started on Jill's belly, criss-crossing it with welts, then worked her way up to her breasts. The surrounding crowd thrummed with excitement as the

welts began to fade into view, as the perfect breasts bounced and jerked under the impact of the thin leather, as the girl's muffled howls resounded through the small room.

Then the girl was unbound. She dropped to her knees, sobbing, clutching at her breasts. Her arms were immediately pulled back behind her back, however, and she was knelt before her mistress, who spread her legs and raised her skirt to show her shaved sex.

The girl's tongue pushed up and out, and Paul whistled at how long it was.

"That's unnatural!" he gasped, eyes wide with excitement.

The girl's long pink tongue slithered up and down the Black woman's sex, then pushed inside her. The effects were quick to appear as the Black woman moaned and gasped and rolled her hips against the bound woman's tongue.

Now it was the turn of the other woman in the crowd to pleasure themselves with the hooded girl, and they were eager to experience her long tongue. One by one they straddled her face, gasping, giggling, moaning and sighing as that well muscled, elastic tongue drove deep into their pussies and drove them to climax.

Gillian was then lifted onto and bent back across a small, narrow table, not unlike a serving cart. With her legs and ankles bound back and down, her shaven sex exposed, the Black woman pushed the cart around, inviting the men to make use of her. Several did, and then James nudged his brother. "What do you think? Want to try her?"

"Are you crazy?! I couldn't!"

"Why not? Who's to know?"

"I simply... couldn't," he gulped.

"I could."

And when Jill was pushed closer he unzipped and moved to her head. He grinned at his brother, feeling a great smug satisfaction as he pulled the girl's gag and thrust his cock into her mouth and down her throat. He could see the movement of his cock inside her throat as it pumped steadily in and out, and ran his hands coolly across her breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples.

"You should give this little slut a try," he said invitingly.

His brother licked his lips excitedly.

"Come on. Live a little before you die."

He pulled back and spun the cart about, bringing Jill's pussy up against himself and placing her head before his brother. The Black woman moved in, grinning, tugging on his brother's arm and leading him into place. James thrust himself into Jill's pussy as the Black woman unzipped his brother and drew out his throbbing cock, and he watched gleefully as his brother thrust it into Jill's mouth and the girl sucked dazedly.

"Down her throat man. This is a whore made to be used. She has no other purpose in life."

Paul groaned as he stared down at her. He pumped his cock with growing excitement, then reached out trembling hands and began to grope his daughter's beaten breasts.

James thrust faster into his niece's sex as he watched. It took little time before his brother's eyes rolled up and he exploded, pouring semen into his daughter's mouth. But his excitement was such he remained hard, and as James finished he eagerly moved around to bury his cock in Jill's pussy, lurching forward and hunching over the hooded girl as he pumped furiously into her body.

"God what a hot slut!" he panted. "What a tight cunt!"

Jill's head hung over the far end of the cart, and another man thrust his cock into her open mouth as her father pounded away between her splayed thighs. The two men ran their hands over her breasts again and again before they spewed their excitement into her body then the cart was pushed on to the next eager viewer.

"I can't believe I did that," Paul said, blushing as he did up his trousers.

"No one here is shocked," James assured him, watching two more men thrust their cocks into his trembling young niece's body.

"Man, I knew there were hot little whores like that in the world but that's the first time I met one."

"Oh I'm sure you've met them before. You just didn't know it at the time. It's not always entirely obvious what a slut a young woman is."

They moved around the club, watching other demonstrations, then sat and drank and chatted for a time before getting up again.

By this time Jill, led by a leash, was crawling through the club licking at people's feet. As before, members were invited to make use of her, and no few did.

"Want to use her again before we leave?"

"Could I?"

"She has a very tight little rear hole."

"Wow! I've never... you know, done a girl in the backside before."

"Now's your chance."

He gestured the woman over and watched as Jill's long pink tongue lapped at her father's feet. He doubted the girl even knew who he was as the hood she wore had no eye holes, not even shaded ones.

Soon she was turned, and Paul mounted her from behind, first thrusting himself into her pussy and riding her hard, then slowly working his cock into her rectum and pounding away.

## SEVEN

Two days later Jill returned. She was clad in a conservative woolen dress which fell to her knees, and her father was quite pleased at the change in her appearance. Though she appeared tired, she assured her father she was fine, and winced only slightly as he hugged her, pressing her well whipped breasts against his chest.

Paul was delighted at her returning to her natural hair color and a more presentable style, and congratulated James on knowing how to discipline young girls. She sat down gingerly, both because of the stripes across her bottom, and the thick dildos buried in her anus and sex and took the glass of "milk" offered her by James with a thanks.

Paul chatted on about his family to her, and even joked to James that he ought to send his younger daughter Penny across for a similar dose of discipline. To which James smiled and stated he would be quite happy to have her.

Meanwhile Jill sipped at the glass of semen which had been purchased at the club, swallowing the thick, creamy white fluid under her father's eyes, and blushing only slightly with the heat and excitement rising inside her.

To be stuffed as she was, with dildos, and drinking semen under her father's very eyes, was wickedly exciting, and despite the ache of her flesh - and the nipples and clitoris which were being squeezed by cruel clips, she felt her insides hum with power and heat as she swallowed again and again.

She listened as Uncle James encouraged her father to send Penny over for a visit and thought of what her impudent young sister would think of being chained naked in the cellar. Would Penny come and come as Jill had? And what would it be like to suckle on her sister's nipples and lick at her sister's quim? For surely Uncle James would make sure the two of them spent a lot of time together.

"You sure you wouldn't like to come back now?" her father asked.

"Well, I would kind of like to see Phil and Tony again," she said, referring to the two spike-haired boys her father hated the most.

She saw her father's face cloud over at once and dropped her eyes to her glass of semen.

"But it is very nice over here," she said. "I wouldn't mind staying."

"Perhaps that's best," her father said quickly.

James held up his glass and Jill instantly leapt to her feet, taking it from him and going to the bar to refresh his drink, then returning.

Her legs started to bend and she halted at his frown, barely in time from dropping to her knees to present it.

Later that day her father changed into his swimsuit and, equipped with sunblock, chair and book, padded across the yard to the pond to enjoy the sun. James watched him amused, then crooked his finger at Jill, who rose quickly to her feet.

"Strip," he ordered.

She opened her dress down the front, then shrugged it off to reveal the chain about her breasts, and the other between her legs. Her revealed flesh was whip marked from neck to knees but her nipples were swollen with heat and she almost immediately began to breath more quickly.

"Knees, slut."

Jill dropped to her knees and at his nod reached for his trousers, unzipped, and took him into her mouth. She took his prong deeper and deeper, then swallowed it, sliding her lips up the long length to the base of his groin.

James pushed open the window and called out to his brother.

"Would you like a drink, Paul?" he asked.

Paul turned to look at him, but of course, could see nothing below the level of the window.

"I'm fine, thanks," he called, waving cheerily.

"Very well. I'll just set your daughter back to work then. It is a school day, after all, and she still has much to learn."

He dropped his eyes and his words. "Don't you, you sluttish little bitch?"

"You're a fine teacher and example for her, James," her father called.

Jill slid her lips back from his cock, gasping slightly. "Yes, Uncle James," she said, panting.

James gripped her by the hair and forced her back onto his cock, sheathing himself in her throat and pumping as he looked out at his brother.

Stupid fool, he thought contemptuously.

He left the next day, and Jill, filled with an even larger pair of dildos, waved him goodbye, quite happy to remain with Uncle James.

What would she return for? To finish school and then go on to more school, and then to a dull, drab job somewhere, riding the train to work like the rest of the commuters, growing old and flabby before her time? Uncle James had shown her a wicked life of dark, terrible excitement, and while the pain was sometimes more than she could bear, and the humiliation and degradation occasionally made her want to fall into a dark hole, the sheer excitement and heat of it all was tremendously arousing.

Her uncle James was the smartest, most handsome, most powerful man she had ever met. She had no intention of ever leaving him, and already she was considering how she could gain his consent to have his children.

Life was good now that Uncle James had taught her her place.

**End**