

## THE ACADEMY

by Argus

### C H A P T E R   O N E

She heard water dripping off in the distance...somewhere.

It was dark down here. The only light was a small red one directly over her head. The rest of the stone-walled room was in darkness.

That mattered little because of the large, padded blindfold which covered her eyes and most of her forehead. In fact, little of the girl's head could be seen but her tousled chestnut hair, for a heavy ball gag was deep in her mouth, and it was attached to a wide leather strap which covered most of her cheeks and slipped around to buckle behind her head.

She was naked, her body lushly beautiful, her full young breasts thrusting proudly upwards with the vigour of youth, her long, perfectly sculpted legs stretched down below her as she stood on her toes. And if they seemed to tremble and shake it was only because she had been standing on her toes for so very long.

Beads of sweat trickled slowly down her forehead where her hair was matted to her damp flesh, down her chest between her high rounded breasts, down her trim belly and flat abdomen, and down onto the thick, shining steel bar that rose from the floor below her to pierce her smoothly shaven vaginal orifice.

The bar was very deeply buried within her, and quite thick. The flesh around it strained tautly, clinging to the cold mirrored surface of the gleaming steel.

The girl's arms were behind her back. Heavy leather straps were buckled around her wrists, as well as around her arms both below and above her elbows, pinning her arms together and forcing her proud young breasts out.

As if to help in that task two metal clips were attached to her small pink nipples. They had sharp, jagged teeth and were very tight, biting into the tender flesh. Wires were attached to them, pulling them outwards, tugging on the girl's nipples so that they stretched.

The wires led slightly up and then joined together as they slipped over a small wheel attached to a bar in front of her. Then the single wire descended a foot. Attached to it was a small but heavy metal weight that quivered a half inch above a round metal plate.

The girl's back was arched sharply, as if she was afraid to let the weight touch the plate. And indeed as the exhausted looking girl's chest momentarily eased forward the metal weight slowly descended and made contact. There was a crackling sound, as if sparkling electricity was suddenly released.

She screamed then, howled, shrieked, though the sounds were slight because of the heavy ball gag jammed into her mouth. Indeed, the room was almost silent, the distant sound of water dripping from a pipe louder than the muffled howls coming from the girl in the darkened corner. She jerked her body back but the weight hesitated, as if magnetically locked to the contact. Her desperation was

great, however, and as her nipples stretched out it finally yanked free, breaking the contact.

She stopped screaming, groaning softly, tears trickling from her wide blue eyes, wetting the already damp blindfold.

She swayed weakly, blinking her eyes.

Her legs trembled: her feet shook.

Her feet were strapped tightly into place on the floor. Her heels were several inches higher. Just below them were two small metal pedals which were obviously meant to be depressed. Her heels touched them now and then, but always jerked quickly up.

Almost always.

Her eyelids sagged weakly behind the blindfold, and her heels came slowly down, made contact with the pedals, then, slowly, the pedals pushed back.

The metal bar which pierced her seemed to hum. Her eyes bulged and she screamed into the gag, jerking her heels off the pedals. The movement rocked her forward and the weight made contact with the plate. There was another crackling sound and again she howled, arching her back violently to force the weight up.

Light filled the room suddenly and a tall, beautiful woman came through the door. She smiled at the girl and stroked her damp hair.

"Well, my dear," she said. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

The girl's head twisted frantically towards her and she moaned beneath the gag. The woman chuckled, then slid a hand down onto belly, sliding it in between her straining thighs to stroke against her sweating sex where the bar pierced her.

"Getting a charge out of life now, Simms?" the woman asked with a sneer.

She stepped behind her and pressed the tip of one pointy shoe down on one of the pedals.

The girl began to shriek and tremble.

The woman smiled, pressing lower, and lower...pressing the pedal down to the floor.

The younger woman howled and shook violently, screaming in an undulating howl, her entire body convulsing as the older woman watched in cold pleasure.

"Yes, perhaps another few hours and you'll be more cooperative," the older woman said with a smile.

She released the pedal then walked away, snapping off the light behind her.

The girl sobbed quietly.

## C H A P T E R   T W O

Queen Anne's Academy had been built to educate the daughters of the English nobility more than a hundred years earlier. In those days, as in these, it

specialized in turning out, not the most learned of women, but women who were disciplined in body and mind, women who would know their duty, obey their husbands, and be a credit to their families.

It taught how to act, how to behave in the many different kinds of social situations and functions, how to maintain one's dignity and composure. At St. Anne's, girls were taught the propriety of many different kinds of actions, and how to avoid bring disrepute down on their husbands due to ill chosen words or activities.

It was easy to see why, in a world where teenage girls were, in many respects frivolous, inattentive, shallow, flighty, and self-absorbed, Queen Anne's was considered an excellent school.

It was also easy to see why Penelope Pepperdine found herself accompanying a stern faced man into the lobby one fine September morning. The man, one of her father's aides, had long since grown tired of having to respond to the many plights and problems caused by his employers impertinent, troublesome daughter, and had heard that Queen Anne's was the perfect place to correct the behaviour of such a wilful girl.

Penelope, a short, slender girl with a narrow, elfin face and an unruly mop of long, tangled red ringlets, looked around her at the ancient stone walls and heavy wooden ceiling beams with a rebellious glint in her bright green eyes.

"What a dump," she sniffed disdainfully.

"This place costs a bloody fortune, Pepper," The aide, Jack Simmons, said. "And maybe it'll teach you a little discipline.

"I have lots of discipline, Jack, when I want to use it."

"Which isn't often." He put a hand on her back and gave her a slight shove into the Headmistress' office.

"Don't touch me." She turned and glared, shrugging off his hand.

"You don't want another lesson, do you, Simmons?" she purred.

Simmons curled his lip as he scowled down at her, but drew back, wary about what kind of scene she might throw up if pushed. She had, on previous occasions, done everything from pretending to be his lover, to accusing him of being a kidnapping molester. Nor were physical assaults out of the question. She had kicked him in the ankle when she was five. At ten she'd been able to reach his knees. Nowadays - .

"Try for once in your life to act like a lady," he hissed.

"But I'm not a lady, Jack," she replied with a smirk. "I'm a brat. You've said so yourself."

He jerked his head towards the office and she smirked again and strolled past him.

The office had a wide, low counter running its length, office staff on the far side, and some chairs on this one. An old, frail looking woman stood on this side, accompanied by a tall, willowy blonde girl in a tight green summer dress.

Simmons eyed the girl discretely, eyes lingering over her long, gorgeously tapered legs, sliding down to her sweetly tapered ankles, then shifting upwards once more, up past her impossibly narrow waist to where her full, firm breasts pushed out against the thin material covering them.

He took his eyes away quickly when he caught Pepper looking at him with a knowing, amused expression. He looked across the counter at the office staff, waiting to be served.

"Hey, service!" Pepper shouted, thumping her small fist on the counter.

Everyone in the room turned to stare at her as she grinned impudently.

"Will you please behave!" Simmons hissed.

"In what way, Jack?" she asked, her small, pouting lips turned up into a crooked smile.

"Act your age!" he growled.

"Like you, drooling over the blonde? Bit young for you isn't she, Jack?"

The blonde, as if hearing, turned her head slightly, eyeing Simmons through cool, seductive blue eyes. She tossed her head slightly, brushing a few fine strands of golden hair away from her eyes, then turned away, her fine aquiline nose giving her the profile of a finely sculpted bust.

He glared daggers at Pepper, then turned quickly as a woman walked over to them.

"May I help you, sir?" she asked in a stiff, nasal tone.

"Ahh, yes, I am Jack Simmons, aide to Lord Philip Pepperdine. This is his daughter, Penelope, here to enrol."

"Of course, sir. One moment please."

She left, he presumed to get some papers. Pepper bent over, her elbows on the low counter, small chin in cupped hands. It could have been an unconscious movement which thrust her small round bottom out. It could have been an instinctive effort at balance which eased her legs apart. Simmons had never been able to determine how much of her taunting was deliberate.

But the sight caused him to draw in his breath, especially as she was wearing thin, tight trousers which went taut across her lovely, firm bottom. Especially as they were thin and tight and white enough to quite clearly reveal, in such a lewd position, the dark outline of the thong she wore beneath.

Fucking slut, he thought. His mind filled with images of him gripping her thick red hair, slamming her face down against the counter, and ramming himself into her to the hilt. Oh how her eyes would bug out then! Or maybe not. Maybe she was used to it. It would not surprise him at all if among her numerous other character flaws the girl was a slut who spread her legs for every young man who wished to take her.

Her pants faded, and a cane appeared in his hands. It cut down across perfect ivory flesh, and her petulant, sneering voice now rose in shrieks of pain as he drew red welts across her buttocks. Again and again her small bottom jerked and twisted to the sting of the cane. And then he was against her, ramming himself into her as she squealed in pain. Then pleasure. Then pain. He filled his hands with her high young breasts and forced her to shudder in ecstasy, then he dug his nails into her nipples and filled her eyes with tears as his hips pounded in against her rump.

Her head turned towards him and she cocked one eyebrow as if in amusement. He looked quickly away, swallowing, his mind emptying of fantasies. Could she know? She probably suspected, the insolent brat. Probably thought she knew just what he'd like to do to her. A single confirmation, anything she could use against him with her father and he'd be out of employment.

Pepper turned her eyes away, smirking. She had a very good idea what Simmons would like to do to her. Sophisticate though he presumed himself to be she rather doubted it was much different than all the other men and boys wanted. Not that she minded such thoughts. It titillated her to know they all wanted her. Though she hadn't any idea why.

She eyed the blonde Simmons was still trying to keep in his sight. She felt a bit of jealousy rear its head. The girl was tall, had gorgeous, straight blonde hair that flowed in perfect precision across her rounded shoulders, and, unless she stuffed her bra, an outstanding figure. Now there was the girl she wished she was, the kind of girl men ought to be lusting over. Why on Earth so many of them showed such odd interest in her was beyond her understanding.

Pepper had never been able to tame her wild red hair, which whipped about her shoulders in loose, often tangled ringlets. She was barely five feet tall naked, and though she was far from flat chested, her breasts were on the smallish side, though quite high and round and, needless to say in one her age, firm. She hadn't the long, luscious legs of the blonde, nor the casual elegance.

"I'm sure you'll be very happy here, Taylor," the old woman said to the blonde in a quavering voice.

"Don't worry, Grandma. I'll get by fine," the girl said, even her voice low and melodious.

Pepper snorted to herself. Dumb blonde, she thought, though really, the girl had an extremely intelligent look to her. That would be so unfair, she thought, to be tall and gorgeous and also smart as well.

She looked hopefully for pimples, but the blonde's creamy complexion seemed perfect and unblemished. She didn't even have the small sprinkling of freckles Pepper had along the bridge of her nose. Yes, the blonde was the essence of what men ought to be lusting after, and no doubt did. Yes, the tall, elegant blonde no doubt drew scores of suitors, all of them handsome and witty and charming and kind.

The kind of men who lusted after Pepper were - odd, she thought. She had a wild, fey look to her, though she did not know it, and that look often drew wild, untamed male eyes.

The woman came back with forms for Jack to sign. She ignored Pepper entirely, as if she didn't exist. Pepper glared at her considering saying something outrageous to get a rise out of her, but the blonde's eyes scanned over her, catching her briefly before passing on, and Pepper held herself in check, not wanting to do something juvenile in front of the mature seeming girl.

Another woman came to the counter and presented a paper to the old woman, then turned to the blonde.

"Miss Connor, here are your schedules and a list of rules and regulations for the Academy. You will also find a map of the facilities and a requisition for clothing from stores, which is down the hall.

"Thank you," the girl said, taking the papers.

"You are expected to acquaint yourself with all rules and regulations, and be properly uniformed by the time classes begin in the morning. Demerits can lead to corporal punishment."

The girl nodded regally and Pepper turned to Jack as he finished signing a paper with a flourish.

"There," he said, smiling happily. "I'm sure Penelope will be well looked after here."

What he wanted to say was, I'm glad the brat is your problem now and not mine.

Then what the other woman said slid through to her brain.

"Ah, excuse me," she said. "You mentioned corporal punishment?"

The two women behind the counter, as well as the old one in front of it turned to glare at her.

"Corporal punishment is instituted for impertinent girls who defy the rules of this institution," one of the woman said sternly. "And obscene language is one of the certain methods of acquiring the demerits required for such punishment."

Jack smiled inwardly. Penelope's father would not approve, but of course, if he didn't know - . He contemplated the brat getting a firm cane across her spoiled bottom and felt a sigh of pleasure. If only he could witness such an event. He had detested her for years now, the whiny, spoiled, miserable little -.

"Yes, well, do try and talk like a lady, will you, Penelope," he said pleasantly.

"Oh, up yours," she sniffed, as if sensing his thoughts. "Anybody tries to hit me is gonna get a fist in the snoot."

Simmons decided to get out while the getting was good. "Well, I'm sure you'll be happy here, Penelope. Good bye, and good luck," he said, backpedalling, then turning for the door.

"Yeah, thanks a lot," she said sarcastically.

"Miss Pepperdine," the woman said icily.

"Yeah?"

"Your schedule, map, rule book, and requisition form." She held out the papers and Pepper took them unhappily.

"You may follow Miss Connor. You shall be sharing a room with her."

"You're kidding," Pepper groaned. "No offence," she said to the blonde, who gazed at her with a slight frown.

"None taken, I'm sure," the blonde replied coolly.

Needless to say, Pepper was not enthusiastic about sharing a room with her. It didn't look like she had any choice, however, as she followed the girl down the hall and then downstairs to get her uniform.

"Please disrobe," the woman said, though it was clearly an order.

Pepper probed the side of her cheek with her tongue, considering, then decided to give in. She undressed at the same time as the blonde, unhappy with the comparison.

"Completely," the woman said.

Both girls blinked in surprise. Taylor, clad in a simple white set of bra and string bikini panties, looked around uncertainly, as if searching for a source of appeal. Pepper, wearing black thong and half bra folded her arms over her chest rebelliously. "Why?" she demanded.

"Undergarments are often designed to support and adjust," the woman said coolly. "We want the actual measurements given by nature, not what is held in check by nylon and elastic."

"Silk, actually," Pepper said.

"Now," the woman said firmly.

Had the blonde not been there Pepper would have been less reluctant. As she watched the blonde remove her bra she swallowed, feeling an unfamiliar rise of sexual interest in her belly. The blonde's breasts were quite large and yet absolutely beautiful. They did not appear to sag at all. What was more her twin nipples actually tilted slightly upwards. Pepper was not normally attracted to females, but this one certainly had her interest.

But it wouldn't do to stare, and so she quickly removed her own bra, feeling inferior as she did, for while her breasts were almost perfectly proportioned to her body, were high and firm and well shaped, they were quite a bit smaller than the blondes, and, she thought, almost boyish in comparison.

They stood side by side, naked, uneasily shifting their weight from foot to foot, wanting to cover themselves as much as possible with their hands and arms but unwilling to demonstrate their uneasiness in front of strangers.

Pepper watched the woman slide her tape around the blonde's chest and slowly adjust the tape upwards until it was neatly placed over the girl's nipples. She thought the woman was taking an awful lot of time and being awfully careful, but perhaps it was only her imagination. The blonde's face was turning red, though, and Pepper smirked to herself at this sign of shyness, of weakness.

When the woman drew the tape back the blonde's nipples were erect, and Pepper grinned in amusement. The tape went around Taylor's waist, then her hips. Then the woman knelt in front of her and measured her inseam. Pepper watched the fingers holding the edge of the tape rise to the blonde's sex, so that the knuckles actually pressed lightly into the furry little thatch of blonde hair covering her neat slit.

She swallowed uneasily at that, enjoying the blonde's red faced discomfort yet aware the woman would soon be measuring her in a similar manner.

"Thirty eight D, twenty-four, thirty-six," the woman said as she rose. Inseam of thirty-four and a half inches."

Then it was Pepper's turn, and she did her best to show a casual lack of interest as the tape went around her chest just at the base, then higher, cutting across her small pink nipples. She tried to casually inhale to expand her chest, but the woman merely looked at her, holding the tape in place, waiting for her to exhale again. The tape was made of some rough material which scratched at her soft skin, particularly her nipples, and the woman was holding it tightly, even, rubbing it slightly from side to side. Or was that her imagination?

Naked, she felt strange, somewhat embarrassed, of course, but with a low sexual undertone she did not really understand.

The woman whipped the tape aside so that it hissed across her nipples and Pepper bit her lip lightly. Best not to get any demerits her very first hour here.

And worse, she noted. The stimulus, combined with the chill air, her nudity, and the low sexual undertone she felt had combined to make her own nipples erect. They were small pink dots normally, yet when erect thrust out almost a half inch from her small breasts.

She looked away, determined not to blush as the blonde had. But then the woman was kneeling in front of her, her face next to Pepper's neatly trimmed pussy, her knuckles sliding upwards and actually pressing against her sex as the woman's fingers held the edge of the tape.

She was about to say something cutting, first day or not, when the woman rose and picked up her pencil.

"Thirty four B, twenty-one, thirty three," she said.

So she was thin, no, slender, so what, Pepper thought resentfully. She was short, after all.

"You are both off sized," the woman said, scowling as if it were their fault. "But not that much. Still, until we have something specially made your uniforms will be slightly small."

She handed them each a short dress. "We wouldn't give you uniforms too large for they would look awkward, baggy and untidy," she said.

The dresses were indeed small, and tight. They were of thin white cotton trimmed with high blue collars. Blue piping went down each side and around the hems, as well. The dresses drew in quite tight at the waist, but also across the bottom and chest. The hems were surprisingly short, almost to the point both of them considered a complaint.

Yet neither did. Never in their young lives had they had to complain a school skirt was too short. It had always been the other way around, with them constantly trying to adjust them to make them look more modern. Still, even though both wore minis on occasion, neither would have worn one quite as short as their the hem of the uniforms. Both had to run fingers along the hems to reassure themselves they were actually long enough to cover what was necessary to cover.

Their bedroom was small, stone-walled, and contained a wooden bunk bed and a work table, as well as two dressers and one closet.

"The Hilton it ain't," Pepper sighed unhappily.

"I've seen worse," Taylor said, tossing her bag on the lower bed.

"Who said you get the lower bunk?"

"You want it?"

Pepper frowned. "Well, no."

Taylor frowned back at her but Pepper ignored it, dumping the armload of clothes she'd been handed onto the work table.

"This place is like a fucking prison; bars on the window and a door thick enough to hold back Arnold Schwarzenegger," she grumped.

"We'll survive," Taylor shrugged.

"I'd like to do a little more than survive, Taylor. I'd like to have a little fun in life."

"I'm sure we will, Penelope, it's jus..."

"Puhleeeese, don't call me that," Pepper moaned. "My name is Pepper."

"Pepper? Well, I guess I don't blame you." Taylor grinned. Pepper frowned, even the girl's teeth were perfect, her lips sensuous and full. She found herself wondering about Taylor, whether she played both sides of the field.

Pepper had spent most of her life in boarding schools, most of them female only, and though she was straight, playing around with lesbianism was not unknown to her. She had, in fact, done more than a little groping and petting and kissing with one of her roommates at her last school, and if the year hadn't ended when it did, who knows what might have happened.

Taylor looked so calm, and poised, so self-confident and conscientious, Pepper doubted she'd ever indulge in anything like that. The girl probably got perfect marks in everything and was as well-behaved as a robot.

Ah, well, she thought, who knew what the year would bring. And since it was her last before graduation, well, she'd make do.

Taylor's outward appearance of composure and self-confidence were not matched on the inside. She was, in truth, a timid and high-strung girl, always worried about making the right impression, about not making mistakes, not making a fool of herself.

Pepper would have been astonished to find that Taylor was jealous of her, that she wished, dreamed of being as brash and impudent as the saucy little redhead. But she was too well-mannered and too worried about what others would think of her.

In fact, as the days went by she found herself becoming more and more jealous and admiring of the spunky girl. True, Pepper seemed constantly in trouble, always collecting demerits, and flirting dangerously with corporal punishment, but she was so filled with life, so cocky and so much fun, that Taylor tried, in small ways to imitate her.

So when Miss Wein told her that she hadn't handed in her English assignment, and would therefore be docked five demerits, Taylor not only protested but continued to protest when Miss Wein made it clear she wasn't interested.

"I spent hours doing that assignment," she glared. "You can ask my roommate!"

"I'm not interested in your excuses, Miss Connor. You will redo the assignment and have it ready by tomorrow morning."

"I can't possibly! I have another assignment to work on tonight."

"You should have thought of that before and done this one on time."

"I told you I did it and handed it in."

"If you had handed it in I would have it. You're lying," the woman said icily. "I will have to give you another five demerits."

"I'm not lying!" Taylor exclaimed in outrage. "You lost it!"

"Impertinence brings ten demerits points," Miss Stein glared. "Now get out at once."

"Shit!" Taylor cried, stamping her foot as she turned to storm out of the room.

"Stop!" Miss Wein cried. "What did you say?"

"Nothing," Taylor said, glowering at her.

"Another lie. Five more demerits, and five more for lying."

"You're such a bitch!" Taylor scowled.

"You will see the floor mistress this evening for punishment," Miss Wein said stiffly. "Now go."

"But I..."

"Go!" she snapped, pointing at the door.

Taylor cursed under her breath this time as she marched out of the room. It wasn't fair! She'd done a great assignment and handed it in on time. It just wasn't fair.

That evening she went to see the floor mistress, Miss Kruger. Kruger was a real bitch and she wasn't looking forward to whatever the old crone had in mind for her. She hadn't paid much attention to the corporal punishment thing, since she'd never supposed she could ever do anything to receive such punishment, but calling a teacher a bitch to her face might just be enough. How many stinking demerits had she gotten anyway?

Miss Kruger was a tall, broad shouldered woman with a large nose and straight black hair. She wore a stiff black dress, and even at the best of times gave Taylor the creeps. She was rumoured to be a dyke, too.

She made Taylor come in and stand on a small rug before her desk, then closed the heavy door behind her.

"So, fifty demerits," she snapped. "Using obscenity in front of a teacher, lying to a teacher, and cursing the teacher. You are quite a wicked girl."

"I lost my temper. I'm sorry," Taylor said meekly.

"Not good enough! You must be taught to behave! To respect your betters! To obey authority!"

Taylor lowered her head submissively.

Kruger came up close to her and slid a hand under her chin, raising it as she looked at her thoughtfully. "You are a lovely girl," she said, eyes flicking up and down. "Lovely girls are presented with many... temptations... they must have discipline."

Her hand slid down off Taylor's chin, stroking the side of her throat, then reluctantly pulled away.

"Remove your jacket," she ordered, turning her back to Taylor. Taylor obediently, if anxiously, removed her jacket and put it on a nearby chair.

Kruger turned back, holding a thin, flexible wooden switch in her hand.

"Hold out your right hand," she ordered.

"Please," Taylor gulped. "I promise not to do it again!"

"Hold out your right hand," Kruger ordered again.

Taylor gulped fearfully, then slowly raised her hand.

"Hold it out flat. This high." Kruger lowered her hand so it was about waist high, then stepped back slightly. She swung the switch down and it cut into Taylor's hand.

She cried out in pain, leaping back, clutching her burning hand as she fought back tears.

"Weak," Kruger sniffed derisively.

"It hurts!" Taylor cried, her hand burning with pain.

"Hold out your hand," Kruger ordered.

"Please!" Taylor begged. "I promise! I'll be good!"

She was nearly panicked as she thought about repeating the terrible pain.

"Ten strokes with the switch," Kruger glared. "Then you will behave."

"Please! I'll... I'll do something else! Clean toilets or sweep hallways or something!" Taylor begged. Her hand still burned with fire.

"Something else, hmmm," Kruger smiled thinly. "The janitor does the cleaning."

"Something! Anything!" Taylor begged.

"Perhaps something could be arranged," Kruger smiled, coming forward.

## C H A P T E R     T H R E E

She took Taylor's wounded hand in hers and lifted it to her lips, then kissed it lightly.

"I kiss the pain away," she said, smiling, licking her lips as she looked the blonde up and down.

She took the hand and turned it over, then slowly brought it up against her own chest, pressing it into her right breast.

Taylor's insides were spinning and twisting in shock and alarm. She knew what the woman wanted... vaguely, and recoiled from the very thought. Even if she was inclined towards women she didn't find Kruger in the least attractive and, in fact, was frightened of her.

But she did not protest as Kruger pressed her hand into her breast and moved it around, nor when the other woman's free hand slid under Taylor's right breast and cupped it, then squeezed lightly through the thin uniform.

She was gripped by terrible indecision. What could she do? The mere thought of the flashing, blastwave of pain that had come from her hand made her want to do almost anything to avoid it. How bad could things be with Kruger anyway? So she had to kiss the woman and maybe let herself be groped a little, that was better than getting nine more cuts from that awful wooden switch.

She still trembled as Kruger caressed her breast through the thin fabric. And when the German woman's fingers slid onto the buttons and began to undo them she

tried to pull back. Kruger glared, holding her wrists, pressing her hand into her own breast.

Taylor halted, icy fear gripping her belly as the woman's eyes bored into her. She stood stiffly as Kruger undid the buttons down the front of her dress, then pushed it back over her shoulder. Her face flushed with embarrassment as the woman looked down at the cleavage of her creamy breasts, then reached around behind her to undo the clasp of her bra.

She shuddered as it came free. Kruger muttered something in German, then finally released her hand so she could pull the blonde's bra completely off. Taylor was hideously embarrassed, but fear held her still as Kruger stroked her bare breasts, her fingers moving lightly along the round orbs.

"Such lovely skin. So soft," Kruger said, her voice husky.

She began to squeeze the soft mammaries, mashing them together, then upwards, then fingering the round nipples. She bent then and her lips slid onto Taylor's right nipple. Taylor gasped in shock, almost running.

Kruger slid a hand around her back, sliding her fingers up and down her spine as she sucked on her nipple.

Taylor kept telling herself that it wasn't that bad. It was better than the terrible pain. It didn't hurt, and nobody needed to every know anyway. It would no doubt be over soon.

But Kruger's hand, the one around her back, was easing up beneath the short skirt, and in seconds her fingers were pressing against her soft sex.

"No I... I don't..."

"Shhhh," Kruger said, raising her head. She pressed her body against Taylor and put her arms around her, then kissed her on the lips. Taylor kept her lips tightly closed as Kruger's tongue sought entry, until the woman pulled back and glared fiercely, then she loosened her lips and shuddered in misery and shame as the woman's tongue slid into her mouth.

Kruger's hands moved up and down her back, then slid down onto her bottom, into her panties, squeezing her soft buttocks, kneading the fleshy meat. Her lips pulled off Taylor's, slid down onto the nape of her neck and chewed the flesh as she sucked roughly.

Kruger stepped back slightly, eyes narrow, hungry, arrogant. She slid a hand under Taylor's right breast and squeezed it. Her other hand slid down her belly, then pushed her dress over her hips and let it fall down around her ankles. She eyed the thin bikini panties, then slipped her fingers down between her thighs, cupping her pubic mound through her panties.

She gripped Taylor's arm suddenly, jerking her forward against her desk, shoving on her back, bending her over.

"This is how we punish the little ones," Kruger said with a smirk, stroking Taylor's buttocks.

She slid a finger into the panties and slid them down, baring the round, ivory flesh, peeling the crotch out from her tight pussy lips.

Kruger's hand immediately slid in against Taylor's mound, squeezing and rubbing the hot, puffy flesh.

She dropped to her knees, pulling Taylor's panties down to her ankles, then jerking them off, sliding her dress off as well. She kissed Taylor's ankles one by one as she lifted them, then slipped off her shoes and socks.

All the while Taylor fought nausea and shame, light-headed with the shock of what was happening. Any pain would be better than this, she thought, dazed. This is too disgusting, too revolting, too degrading..

She felt Kruger's hands sliding up and down her inner thighs, pulling them further apart, then something soft and warm and wet slid up the length of her tight cleft.

She cried out in revulsion, tearing free, staggering backwards. She fell, off balance, gripped a lamp and pulled it down with her as her ass hit the floor heavily.

Kruger leapt to her feet, glaring at her as the blonde scurried backwards, eyes wide with fear.

"No!" she said. "I won't! Leave me alone!"

"Stupid girl!" Kruger snarled.

"Don't touch me! You... You dyke!"

She reached the wall and pushed herself up, cupping her pussy with her right hand, her left cupping her right arm and hand covering her breasts. She looked wildly from side to side, staring at the door behind the grim faced woman, looking for a way out. She was panicked, not thinking straight.

There was another door behind her. She turned and scurried across the room to it, jerked it open and rushed inside.

The room was dark and cold. The stone walls bare. There were construction supplies scattered around, saw horses, paint pails, tools and plywood.

But there was no way out but the way she'd come in. She turned to find Kruger in the doorway, looking furious.

"Get away from me, you pervert!" Taylor screamed.

"Pervert? You little slut!" Kruger snarled, lashing out.

Her open hand struck the side of the girl's head, knocking her backwards.

"You think you are so special? Hmmm?" Kruger barked.

Taylor tried to fight free but the heavy German woman shoved her against a wall, then, glancing to one side at a saw horse, turned back to her with an ugly sneer.

"Stupid little girl," she jeered. "You don't want to have love with me? So be it! You shall be punished instead! Punished like a little child!"

She twisted the naked blonde around and shoved her belly into the sawhorse, trying to bend her across it.

"Noo! Get off!" Taylor cried.

She tried to push away from the sawhorse. Her leg came up, her foot shoving at the sawhorse, but Kruger gripped her, jerked her upwards. Her foot missed the sawhorse, sliding over it. Kruger staggered forward with Taylor practically in her arms.

Taylor's leg scraped against the top of the sawhorse as she slid over it, then Kruger managed to force her right arm up behind her back and gripped her thick blonde hair in her other hand, forcing her head back. She yelled in pain,

awkwardly straddling the sawhorse, the hard, rough wood digging into the soft flesh of her inner thigh.

"You want to ride the horsy?" Kruger sniggered.

She jerked Taylor to one side, and the blonde yelled in surprise as her soft mound came down smack on the top of the sawhorse. All her weight came crushing down on her soft, puffy pussy pad as Kruger held her firmly in place.

"Dyke! You call me a dyke?!" Kruger hissed. She let go of Taylor's hair, instead gripping her shoulders in both hands and almost leaping on her back. She shoved down hard, crushing the girl's sex against the sawhorse. Taylor's breath exhaled in a long, quavering gasp of shock. Nausea and dizziness poured through her body as she shook spastically.

Kruger forced her to bend forward, rolling her pussy mat on the thin edge of the sawhorse, forcing it to jam right up against her clitoris, crushing the little button as Taylor choked and gasped and cried out in pain and shock.

Kruger pushed her all the way forward, so her chest fell against the sawhorse. She held her in place, ripping some cord off the floor and tying it to one of the legs of the sawhorse. She wrapped it several times around Taylor's dangling, twitching right wrist, binding it to the leg.

She found other cords laying around, and, holding the moaning, dazed girl's body in place with one hand, wrapped her other wrist to the opposite leg of the sawhorse, then moved back and pulled the blonde's legs back.

She tied her ankles to the lower legs of the sawhorse, high up near the crossbar.

"Good? Hmm?" she sneered, slapping her hand down hard on Taylor's behind.

"Ohhhhhh! Uuhhhhhhhh," Taylor moaned, shifting feebly, pulling at the cords, trying to free herself. She raised her head weakly.

"Wha... what... what are you... Let me... gooo," she moaned, still dazed and more than a little stunned by what had happened.

"You must be punished," Kruger said huskily.

She turned and left the room. Taylor moaned, her arms and legs pulling at the cords. Most of her weight was now on her chest and belly, though her mound was still pressing much harder than she would have liked into the sawhorse. Still, her head began to clear a little.

She pulled with more strength against the cords holding her wrists and ankles, shaking the sawhorse.

Then Kruger stepped into the room again. Taylor turned to stare at her in shock. Kruger was naked. No, not quite. She wore a pair of thigh high spike heeled leather boots and a pair of matching elbow length gloves. That was it though. She wore nothing else, and in her hand she carried... a... a thing.

It was about a foot long and made of soft, gleaming leather. The tip sprouted about a dozen long thin leather thongs. Kruger smiled cruelly as she slid next to the sawhorse and showed the wide-eyed, frightened girl her toy. She slid it along the blonde's soft, vulnerable skin as she stood over her.

"Since you do not wish to make love for me, you must be punished for your naughty ways." Kruger smiled hungrily.

"No! Let me go! I'll tell the headmistress! I'll tell my grandmother!"

"I think you will tell not a soul," Kruger said.

Kruger slid the thing up and down Taylor's quivering body, then lifted it up. "I use zees against zee naughtiest girls." She leered.

"Don't hurt me!" Taylor whimpered.

"Ahh, but I gave you a chance to not be punished, und you called me a dyke."

"I'm sorry," the blonde gasped.

"You will be more sorry still."

She dropped her left hand onto the girl, sliding it up and down her spine, then down between her legs. She pushed a finger against Taylor's cleft, trying to wriggle it inside.

"Don't! Stop that!" Taylor gasped.

Instead Kruger raised the leather whip and slashed it down hard against Taylor's vulnerable behind. The thongs cut across her flesh with a terrible, burning snap, and Taylor screamed, jerking down and forward in response. She screamed a second time as her soft, sensitive sex mashed against the rough edge of the sawhorse.

"Slut," Kruger sneered.

She brought the whip down again, the thongs bit into the blonde's buttocks in a dozen places, making her howl in agony and grind her pussy on the sawhorse again.

"Pleasee! Stop it! STOP IT!" Taylor screamed, then burst into tears as the thongs slashed across her round cheeks again, then again, and yet again.

Each time the pain slammed her groin down and forward as she instinctively tried to pull herself away from the blow. She was hurting herself almost as much by mashing her pussy against the sharp edge of the sawhorse as Kruger was doing whipping her ass.

"No!" she screamed, raising her head and howling in rage and maddened pain. "Aghhh!"

Kruger smiled, lashing the thongs down on her buttocks again and again, then slowly moving up the length of her body, criss-crossing her buttocks, then her lower back, then her shoulders with angry red lines of pain.

Only when the girl's howls and shrieks and her maniacal thrashing and straining had lessened, turned into weak cries and feeble bucking and trembling, did Kruger stop. She moved around to the front of the sawhorse, where the blonde's head hung down and gripped a thick mass of golden blonde hair.

She dragged the moaning blonde's head up, lifting it so she was looking up at her.

"So, you like your punishment?" Kruger sneered.

Taylor whimpered and twitched, her body and mind overflowing with pain.

"You want me to stop? Hmmm?" Leek me."

Kruger held the girl's head in her hands and pushed her crotch forward. She mashed Taylor's pretty face into her groin, rubbing her mouth up and down on her bubbling hot cleft.

"Lick! Lick it!" Kruger snarled, grinding herself into the blonde girl's face.  
"Lick it! Lick my pussy!"

The dazed girl's tongue slid out tentatively and made contact with Kruger's slit.

"Yess! Yeessss!" Kruger growled, grinding harder. "Lick! Lick!"

Whimpering in pain and fear the dazed girl began to lick at the German woman's cleft, her small pink tongue sliding weakly over the moist fur and up along the drooling crack.

"Harder! Harder!" Kruger growled.

Tears trickling down her cheeks, Taylor licked at the woman's sex, her tongue sliding up and down the pussy slit as she obeyed Kruger's orders and directions. She pushed her tongue in deep, scooping out the German's warm cream, then slid her lips onto the woman's clitty and sucked it as Kruger cursed her and threatened an even worse beating if she didn't do better.

Kruger has no pussy hair, a fact that made things easier for the bleary, miserable girl. Her tongue flicked steadily over the woman's clitty as Kruger ground her loins in against the blonde's face. She let go of her hair briefly, her hands sliding over Taylor's shoulders, then down her sides and onto her breasts.

Her breasts hung down as firm and perfect as always, one on either side of the hard wooden sawhorse. Kruger's fingers crushed them, making the soft, malleable flesh ooze out between them. She mashed them up against the sides of the sawhorse, grinding them cruelly against the rough wood as Taylor sobbed in pain.

"Suck! Suck me!" Kruger growled, crushing and twisting the soft flesh.

Taylor licked desperately, pain numbing her mind as she worked her tongue like a machine. Soon Kruger was moaning in pleasure, her voice thick and heavy with passion as she ground herself into Taylor's face. She crushed the blonde's breasts as she came, cursing in German and mashing her pubic bone against Taylor's nose.

"Yess! Yessssss! Yessss!" she hissed, her hole pouring cream into the girl's mouth as she came.

She stiffened and arched her back, holding onto Taylor's breasts to keep from falling back, twisting and tearing at the soft, sensitive flesh. Then she relaxed, closing her eyes briefly as the come drifted away.

She slowly eased her grip on the blonde's breasts, then stepped back a pace, panting for breath. She reached behind her and picked up the whip again, smiling cruelly.

"Don't hurt me," Taylor begged pathetically.

"Of course not." Kruger smirked.

She moved forward, running a gloved hand along Taylor's wounded flesh, stroking and squeezing her throbbing buttocks. She turned the whip around and poked at Taylor's sex with the handle.

"You know what this is called? It's called a Cat O' nine tails. These are the tails," she said, sliding a finger through the thongs.

She twisted the handle roughly, forcing it into Taylor's sheath. The blonde girl gasped and shuddered in pain and fear.

"My pussy, and your pussy."

Kruger cackled in glee, jerking the cat back, then roughly jamming it forward, spiking it deeper and deeper into the blonde's belly.

Taylor cried out, jerking forward on the sawhorse, grinding her pussy down painfully.

"You are no virgin," Kruger admonished, pumping the handle in and out of the shivering girl's slit. "Dirty little girl."

She pulled it free, then put it down on an overturned box. She moved forward, bent, and untied first one wrist, then the other.

"Poor little girl," she said mockingly.

She lifted her up and back, and Taylor, at first thankful, gasped and struggled as she realized her weight was all coming down on her pussy again.

But Kruger easily pushed her back, forcing her upright. With her legs still tied to the upper part of the sawhorse, up high near the cross beam, almost all the poor girl's weight was coming down on the top of her pussy mound.

She jerked and trembled, trying to pull away, her head trembling, her mouth opening and closing as pain tore through her.

"You keep quiet, hmmm?" Kruger said. "Don't make trouble."

She ground the blonde down on the sawhorse cruelly. "You make trouble for me, you get trouble back," she hissed.

## C H A P T E R      F O U R

Pepper was surprised to find her roommate in bed when she got back from dinner.

"What the hell are you doing in bed, blondie?" she asked.

Taylor didn't respond. She lay on her belly, an arm curled under her cheek. She looked awful and Pepper knelt beside her in concern.

"Hey, are you all right? You look terrible."

"I'm... all right," Taylor groaned.

"You look sick. Want me to get Kruger?"

"NO!"

"Okay, okay. Don't tear my head off."

"OOhhhhhh."

"What happened?"

"K... promise you won't tell anyone?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Anyone!?"

"I promise. I promise. What the hell happened?"

Taylor eased back the sheet on her back and Pepper's eyes went wide with shock as she saw the angry red lines criss-crossing the blonde's back.

"Holy shit!"

She gently peeled back the sheet, dismayed to see the welts and scratches go lower and lower. Taylor's behind was even more marked than the rest of her.

"What happened?" She gasped.

"Kruger."

"She did that? Why?!"

"She... Never mind."

"I won't tell anyone, Taylor!"

Bit by bit, face red with embarrassment, Taylor related how she'd allowed the German woman to grope and undress her, then how she'd tried to back out, cursed her, and been tied up and whipped.

"You have to tell the headmistress," Pepper said.

"No! God, imagine what would happen? They'd tell my grandmother! It'd be all over the school! I couldn't face anyone!"

"Jesus, Taylor, you can't let her get away with this!"

"I can't tell anyone, and neither can you. You promised!"

"But she's crazy! God, a whip! Your poor back!"

"It will get better."

"You'll miss school tomorrow."

"I'll say I'm sick."

"Kruger's the one that's sick. She really made you sit on the edge of a sawhorse. God, didn't that... I mean, how's your uh..."

"It hurts too," Taylor said, dull eyed.

"We have to get back at that dyke bitch."

"Stay away from her, Pepper, or she'll hurt you too. And don't tell anyone."

Turning the other cheek had never been one of Pepper's talents, and with her friend laying upstairs in pain, revenge was what was uppermost on her mind. She knew how embarrassed Taylor must be, but she simply couldn't bear to let the German woman get away with such cruelty.

She thought about going to see Kristin, one of the teachers she got along with. Kristin was young and new at St. Anne's. She was cool and funny and Pepper trusted her, but Kristin was just an assistant teacher while Kruger was a senior floor mistress.

So instead she went to see the headmistress. She told her all that Taylor had told her, amending it slightly to make Kruger look worse and Taylor better. To her surprise Ms. Johnson was neither outraged nor particularly upset. Her response was to tell Pepper to mind her own business.

"How can you say that?" Pepper exclaimed. "You should see Taylor's back!"

"What people do in the privacy of their rooms is not our business, Pepperdine," Johnson said sternly.

"What? You're acting like Taylor was doing all this willingly! She was practically raped! No, she was raped!"

"Then let her make a charge and I will investigate it."

"She's too embarrassed."

"Unless she comes and sees me there's nothing I can do, Pepperdine."

"But Kruger's a sicko! She's dangerous!"

"Watch your lip, Pepperdine," Johnson glared. "I will not have you going about slandering one of our teachers, particularly a respected senior teacher like Miss Kruger."

"But..."

"You only have second hand information. You saw nothing yourself!"

"But Taylor's back..."

"There are people who enjoy that sort of thing you know."

"Not Taylor!"

"Then let her file a complaint."

"But she won't!"

"Then mind your own business!"

"It is my business. She's my friend!"

"If she and Miss Kruger were involved in some way, sexually that is, it's not my concern. I know that's unusual in that many schools concern themselves with their student's sexual morality, but here at St. Anne's we are more concerned with public perceptions than private behaviour. What people choose to do in the privacy of..."

"But she didn't choose to do anything!" Pepper exclaimed in frustration.

"She was due punishment because of insolence and the use of obscenity. If she feels Miss Kruger administered too harsh a punishment let her come to me and we will discuss it."

"You don't think a cat O' nine tails is too harsh!?"

"I see no such object. Now get out, Pepperdine. I'm losing patience with you. And I warn you, keep your mouth shut. I will not have gossip of this sort floating around the Academy."

"I want to call my father."

"No personal telephone calls are permitted except in the case of an emergency," Johnson said coldly.

Furious, Pepper stormed out, trying to think of who else she could tell. If Johnson wouldn't do anything there was nobody else at the school who could, except maybe Father Thomas, the pastor. Well, she would try him.

Father Thomas, a round faced, middle-aged man was duly shocked and appalled by what Pepper had to say, and promised to make enquiries about it. Pepper waited some days, but nothing happened. She pestered Taylor but the blonde girl just wanted to forget about it and was angry and embarrassed whenever Pepper brought it up.

Pepper wrote a letter to her father, telling him all about what had happened, but didn't know how long it would take to work it's way through all his assistants and secretaries.

So, when she and Kristin were talking a few days later, she told her about it. Kristin was stunned, and found it hard to believe. At first she was sure Pepper was joking, but after she'd been convinced she was sincere, promised to see Johnson about it.

The next day after school Miss Parker, one of the teachers, asked Pepper to help her get some supplies for next day's class. She shrugged and agreed, following the woman down the long hallway.

They went downstairs into the basement, which roused Pepper's curiosity since she'd never been able to get down here. The section of the building they were in was little used, and locked away from the main parts.

"Ceiling sure is low," she observed.

"People were shorter back when this was built."

She moved to a corner and to Pepper's surprise reached up to the wall and pushed hard against a stone with both hands. The wall swung open and she smiled as she beckoned Pepper forward.

"Wh...what is it?"

"Just a sub-basement. Don't worry. There aren't any spiders here."

"This must be the dungeons were," she grinned.

"Maybe so," Parker said.

"Maybe we'll find a dead body, or run across a ghost," Pepper said as she walked down the dimly-lit stairs.

"I'd rather not."

"Not very good lighting down here," Pepper complained.

"Watch your step."

Parker opened a door and ushered her in, then came in behind her and closed it.

The room wasn't very large, or very well lit. Some of it lay in dark shadows. Pepper stopped dead at the sight of Miss Kruger sitting by a table. She backed into Parker and spun around in shock and fear.

"Well, little Pepper," Kruger growled.

Again Pepper spun around, staring at Kruger.

"Wha... what's going on?" she gulped.

"You were told to mind your own business, Pepperdine. Weren't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Pepper said.

"Liar," Kruger growled.

"Miss Johnson made it clear she wanted no talk about the incident," Parker said sternly.

"I... I don't know what..."

"Yet you went to Father Thomas, then to Miss Miller, and you tried to send a letter to your father about it."

"What? You opened my mail?" Pepper glared.

"We open everyone's mail, in or out."

"That's illegal!"

"You have no rights, slut!" Kruger snarled, getting to her feet.,

"You get away from me, you queer bitch," Pepper yelled.

"There are many lessons a young woman must learn at St. Anne's," A new voice said. Pepper jerked her head around and saw a movement in the shadows, a figure coming forward.

"She must, above all, learn discretion, and obedience," the voice said.

Pepper's jaw dropped in shock as she saw the woman come forward into the light. It was Ms. Johnson. She wore a tight black corset that pulled her waist in and shoved her full, naked breasts up and out. She wore black stockings that were held to the corset by straps, like on a garter belt, and high stiletto heeled leather boots.

She had a studded leather collar around her neck, and wore a black watchman's hat with a swastika on the front. Black leather gloves covered her hands and extended almost all the way up to her shoulders. And in one black gloved hand was what could only be the thing Taylor had described to her, the cat O' nine tails.

"Y... you get away from me!" she cried, trying to back away from all three women. She blushed furiously at the lewd and blatant sexual nature of Ms. Johnson's attire, and tried to look anywhere but at her. Her heart pounded with fear and her blood raced, adrenalin flooding her system.

"You find us disgusting," Parker said. "Revolting."

"You think you're better than us," Johnson said, coming closer.

"I don't! I just... I just don't... don't want..."

"Take off your clothes," Parker said.

"No! Get away!"

Kruger, Parker and Johnson moved forward, cornering the small, frightened young woman. Kruger grabbed her and Pepper through a roundhouse punch, knocking the woman back. But Parker gripped her from behind and though she fought furiously Pepper soon found herself face down on the hard stone floor.

"Don't touch me!" she shrieked "I'll tell my father! He'll put you all in fucking jail!"

She felt her shoes jerked off, then her socks. Her dress was raised slowly up her body, unbuttoned, then yanked over her head. She kicked and screamed and clawed and bit at them but was too small and weak to keep herself from being stripped naked.

As her panties came off and her bare bottom was revealed she felt a flood of shame and humiliation, and fought back tears. Then her bra was torn away and she was dragged to her feet by the hair. She cried out in pain, trying to cover her naked body, but they seized her hands and pulled them out in front of her, wrapped rope around her wrists.

"No! Don't! Lemmiego! Lemmiego!" she screamed, kicking and thrashing desperately.

She was twisted around and rammed into the side of the table. It slammed into her belly, knocking the wind out of her. She collapsed across it, groaning and coughing and choking. A fist gripped her hair and forced her face down into the hard wood as her wrists were pulled straight out above her and the rope tied tightly around her wrists.

"Okay, get her up," Parker said, panting for breath.

They jerked her off the table and across the room, then held her up beneath one of the low wooden beams. The end of the rope that was tied around her wrists was flung up across the beam, then pulled down and pushed through a steel ring fixed to the wall.

Pepper moaned, her breathing starting to come back as they pulled her arms up high above her head and tied the rope off at the ring. She was not hanging from her wrists, exactly, but had to stand up very straight to keep the rope from cutting into her wrists.

The three women stood back and watched as she regained her breath and realized her position. She looked wildly around her, skin red with embarrassment as the three women eyed naked, exposed body.

"You fucking bitches!" she screamed. "Let me go!"

"Look at her little titties," Kruger gloated. "So round, just like apples."

"Oh, they're bigger than apples," Johnson smirked. "And a lot more tasty I bet."

"You have such a lovely little slit, dear," Parker said. "It looks so neat and clean."

Pepper felt mortified at their words, at being so naked and exposed in front of them like she was. She pulled vainly at the rope, trying to free her wrists.

Parker moved forward, a crooked smile on her face. She stood in front of the redhead, then slid her hand up behind her head and gripped her hair, jerking her head up and back. Her lips came down on Pepper's, crushing them.

Pepper's eyes bulged in shock as she felt the woman's tongue slip into her mouth. Then she tried to tear her head free and found she couldn't. She squirmed and twisted, then tried to shove the thick, wet tongue out with her own, then finally bit down on it.

Parker cursed and jerked back, holding her mouth.

"Fuckin' dyke," Pepper snarled.

Parker cursed her and slammed her fist into her belly, making the redhead cough and choke, and groan with pain. Parker moved back and Johnson stepped up behind her.

"You'll have to learn respect, girl," she said, running a hand up and down the slim young woman's back, then down onto her small, boyish bottom.

She stepped back and raised the cat, then swung down hard. Pepper felt the thump against her back, then a split second later pain and fire tore through her. She screamed in agony, her body thrown heavily forward by the force of the impact.

She lost her footing and briefly hung by the wrists. Her feet scrabbled at the cold stone floor as she fought the searing pain, then the cat slashed down again. Again she was blasted by pain, thrown forward against the rope.

She shrieked in pain, her back burning with tortured nerve endings.

"Loud little slut, isn't she," Parker snorted.

"It's the stone walls," Johnson grunted, raising the cat again.

"I like hearing them scream," Kruger said.

The cat cut into the girl's back again, throwing her forward as her screams echoed off the walls. Parker moved forward with a ball gag and jammed it into Pepper's mouth, then buckled the strap behind her head.

"That oughto shut her up a little," she said.

"Get that little ass," Kruger smiled.

Johnson swung the cat down and lashed Pepper's buttocks with the leather thongs. The redhead howled, her hips shooting forward, feet flying off the ground and swinging briefly before dropping back. Again the cat hissed through the air and blasted pain into the screaming, sobbing redhead's body.

Pepper had never believed there could be so much pain. Her back and buttocks felt like they were bleeding from a thousand cuts, cuts that had molten oil poured on them. Every time the cat bit into her the fresh, scalding agony blasted through the fiery curtain of pain that enveloped her mind and body.

Again and again Johnson brought the cat whipping down against her back and buttocks until the sobbing redhead hung from her wrists, unable to stand any longer.

Then Johnson stopped. They all moved in on her, looking down with merciless, glinting eyes.

"Feeling a bit less cocky, dear," Johnson asked. "More inclined to obeying your betters?"

Pepper could only sob in reply, her pain-filled body trembling as it hung there helplessly. Parker stroked her forehead, shoving the matted red hair aside. She ran her hands over the girl's body, cupping and fondling her breasts, tweaking

her small pink nipples, then easing down between her trembling thighs to cup her pussy mound.

She straightened a finger and slowly worked it up into Pepper, probing for her cherry, when she found it she smiled triumphantly at Johnson.

"Cherry," she said.

"We'll have to do something about that, won't we," Johnson grunted.

## C H A P T E R   F I V E

Johnson went to the wall where the rope was tied and undid it, then slowly lowered it. Pepper's body slid down until she was on her knees, hands still held high above her by the rope. Her head hung low, sweat and tears both trickling down her face. Kruger took her gag out and jerked her head back by the hair, drawing a gasp of pain.

"Well, Pepperdine, what's it to be?" Johnson demanded. "Feeling more cooperative? Going to do what you're told?"

"Answer!" Kruger snapped, jerking on her hair.

"Ye...yes," Pepper gasped.

"Excellent. You can start by paying me back for all the effort I'm expending on you," Johnson said, pushing her crotch in front of the redhead's dazed face. "I expect an eager performance."

Pepper stared blearily at the woman's puffy snatch and its light coating of dark hair, trying to understand what she had said. Kruger jammed her face into Johnson's snatch then, rubbing it up and down against the headmistress's hot, most pussy.

"Suck her, slut! Stick your tongue out und lick her pussy!" Kruger snarled.

Pepper weakly obeyed, her tongue going out and lapping at Johnson's cleft. The three women stood over her, leering and giving instructions, slapping and cuffing her whenever she faltered or hesitated. After Johnson had come Parker stripped off her pants and took her place. Pepper had to lick her off too, then Kruger.

The rope was pulled down from the roof and the exhausted redhead collapsed on the floor, panting and moaning, her glistening white body twitching and trembling as she curled up in a fetal position.

"We're not finished yet, little slut," Parker smiled, looking down with the other two women. "Headmistress."

"I'm ready," Johnson said, adjusting the strap-on dildo she had pulled on.

"Get on your hands and knees, Pepperdine," Parker ordered, nudging her with her foot.

"Please," Pepper groaned.

"On your hands and knees, slut!" Parker growled. She drew back her foot and slammed it into Pepper's belly. The force of the blow rolled her completely over and made her curl up even tighter, coughing and moaning in pain.

Kruger gripped her by hair and crotch, jerking her up onto all fours and steadying her there.

"Kneel there like a dirty little bitch in heat," Parker leered.

Pepper knelt in place, head down, eyes hardly more than slits as she trembled in pain and misery. She didn't know why they wanted her like this but had no strength or will left to resist them. She felt Johnson's hands on her aching, burning buttocks and clenched her teeth at the added pain, but did not try to pull away.

She felt Johnson's hand slide in between her thighs and cup her pubic mound, then squeeze it several times, but didn't much care. Pain was far, far more important than shame now.

Johnson pulled her thighs a little further apart, then the bedraggled girl felt something hard rubbing up and down against her pussy opening. It began to press against her, more and more pressure coming down against her tight cleft.

She squirmed a little, panting and moaning at the discomfort, but couldn't move away as the pressure became painful and her pubic lips began to sting. She felt them being forced inwards by whatever was pushing against her. She tried to crawl forward but a hand quickly gripped her hair and held her in place.

She gasped in pain as the thing was jammed into her, her pussy lips forced back as it pierced her body. She shivered, then moaned as the thing moved into her, forcing her closed, elastic pussy tunnel to pull open, sliding deeper into her with each passing second. She squirmed helplessly, her breathing coming faster as she realized she was being raped.

Tears trickled down as she felt the hard, round object press against her hymen, then she let out a wail of despair as it tore through.

"There goes her cherry," Johnson crowed.

"Fuck the little bitch's brains out," Parker laughed.

Johnson's hands gripped her narrow hips and she thrust in hard, drawing another gasp of pain from the redhead. She felt the rounded object jam even deeper inside her, and as she knelt there it moved higher and higher, bloating out her tight sheath, driving deep into her body.

It twisted from side to side, making her yelp and moan. She turned to look behind her now as her hair was released and saw Johnson wearing some kind of strap thing that had a long thick black rubber dildo sticking out of where her pussy was. She'd heard of dildos, but not one you could wear.

The rubber cock lurched higher, spiking up into her belly as Johnson buried the entire ten inches inside the trembling, moaning girl. She pulled back then, sliding inch after inch of dark rubber cock out of the girl's tightly clasping pussy, then she thrust in hard, jerking back on the redhead's hips.

Pepper let out a cry of pain, her head flying back and her upper body rising up with a lurch of shock. Then she fell back, moaning as Johnson tore the dildo back down her pussy channel. The other two watched, waiting their turns as Johnson began to work the girl's pussy open, began to fuck into her, rutting, riding her like a bitch dog in heat.

The glistening black cock pumped steadily in and out of Pepper's cleft, Johnson's bare hips slapping against her buttocks as the headmistress fucked her. She clenched her teeth against the pain, but that was all she could do.

After she had thoroughly ripped open the girl's pussy Johnson stood up and removed the dildo. Kruger took it from her and put it on, then she took her place. She placed the tip against Pepper's swollen, puffy opening, slid the head in, then thrust savagely, jerking back hard on the girl's body.

Pepper cried out as the dildo speared her, stabbing deep into her belly. Her head flew back as Kruger yanked her, then snapped forward and down. Kruger tore the dildo back, then rammed it deep, pulling back on the redhead again.

Again Pepper's head snapped back with a cry of shock and pain, and again flopped forward. Again the dildo rammed brutally hard into her sheath, and again her small, suddenly frail body was yanked backwards, her head snapping back, then forward.

Her neck was like rubber now as Kruger fucked into her with savage glee, her powerful arms yanking the small redhead back to meet each thrust, her hard, thick hips smashing into the girl's tender behind to throw her forward again.

The thick black dildo pistoned back and forth in Pepper's pussy tunnel as Kruger cursed and growled and sniggered in pleasure. When the exhausted redhead's arms dropped her down onto her face Kruger simply continued to thrust, holding her hips up.

Pepper's head bounced and jerked on the floor as the German slammed down into her. Her pussy, her entire groin felt like one deep, burning pit of fire had been cut into her, and all she could do was sob and beg for mercy.

Kruger finally stopped and as she moved back the redhead slid bonelessly to the floor, panting for breath. Her bound hands slowly and weakly slid down her body to her groin and she tried to cup her wounded pussy with one trembling hand.

"Well, you've been royally fucked now, Pepperdine," Johnson grinned. "Hope you liked it."

"Stand up, Pepperdine," Parker ordered.

Pepper couldn't and Parker and Johnson had to seize her under her arms and drag her to her feet.

"You seemed very, very impressed with Taylor Connor's being on that sawhorse, Pepperdine," Parker said. "We knew you'd want to experience it first hand."

Kruger dragged an old sawhorse into the light. It was rickety, and paint was flaking off all over the thing. Parker and Johnson half carried, half dragged the girl over beside it and held her up until she could stand on her own.

She huddled there beside the sawhorse, slumped over, trembling, cupping her pussy with one hand.

"But wait, an added delight," Parker said.

Pepper gasped as she was gripped by the arm and twisted about, then forced belly down across the saw horse. Her legs were spread and she felt fingers at her aching sex. Then Johnson came forward, smiling cruelly and holding up an object. At first the sight merely puzzled the dazed girl. It was a large green cucumber.

"Mustn't neglect your veggies."

She moved behind her, and Pepper began, too late, to struggle. The woman only laughed mockingly, strong fingers holding her trembling thighs wide as the thick

cucumber was slowly forced up into Pepper's so recently violated sheath. Her complaints were ignored or met with sneers as the woman jammed the cucumber in harder and harder, slowly forcing her already raped sex wider than ever before until the thick vegetable could finally slide into her shaking body.

Pepper sobbed brokenly as the vegetable was thrust deeper and deeper, her insides aching and cramping as her elastic sheath was stretched wider and wider. She felt her insides bloating out with its thickness, felt the walls of her sex pushing against her internal organs.

"Please! Please!" she gasped, staring at the tear stained floor beneath her head.

Rough fingers gripped her clitoris and pinched, and the world spun as nausea filled her.

More laughter, and the cucumber was thrust yet deeper, so that the cramps grew more painful.

Then a hand gripped her hair and yanked her up and back. More hands gripped her arms to steady her as she stumbled and staggered. She looked down to see that most of the cucumber had now been forced into her sex. Only the rounded end, about an inch or so of green vegetable remained, protruding from between her taut lips.

"Get aboard, Pepperdine," Parker ordered.

"Please... I'll be good," the redhead whimpered pathetically.

"You will when we're done with you," Johnson said. "Now climb aboard.. or do you want me to get the cat again. I haven't whipped your breasts yet. I assure you, that's an exquisitely painful experience."

Pepper felt a flood of fear at the mere mention of the cat. She gripped the sawhorse with one hand and tried to raise a leg over it. But she was too weak and disoriented to manage it. Parker and Johnson finally lifted her over the sawhorse and set her down on it.

Pepper gripped the wood before her, standing on her toes as she felt the edge of the cucumber jam against the wood.

"Spread your legs."

"Please I - ."

Kruger hooked her foot in behind one ankle, and Johnson did the same to the other, slowly, tauntingly forcing her legs wider. Then Parker gripped her arms and pulled them behind her back, binding them together as the pressure on the cucumber grew more and more painful.

"Please!" she cried, pain and desperation lending her sudden strength. "Please! No! Don't! Please!"

She felt a shift within her belly, and then, so that she almost felt she should hear the sound of it grinding upward, the cucumber was forced even higher into her aching belly. The pain was indescribable, and she screamed until her throat ached, until her breath was gone.

Her ankles were pulled up and back behind her, fastened to the legs of the sawhorse. Her sex jammed down onto the wood, and the cucumber rammed up higher still. Her entire body shook with convulsions

"It's not so bad," Parker whispered into her ear.

She cupped and stroked Pepper's breasts and let a hand slide down to finger her anal opening.

"You'd love it if some man put a cock that big into you."

"Cock lover," Kruger sneered.

The world spun around her, the pain terrible, but slowly steadying, as if something within her had adjusted, accepted the massive vegetable.

Across the room, Parker and Johnson began to make love, both of them keeping their eyes on her as she twitched, jerked and shuddered. The pain within her eased, but the pain without began to worsen as the pressure of her body bore down on her soft sex.

Minute by minute it grew more and more unbearable, and tears trickled down her chest and over her nipples to drop below her. She had given up fighting now, totally at their mercy, broken, and desperately wished only to please them so that they would stop hurting her.

Parker came, and then Johnson - loudly, and the pain continued to grow, leaning her a desperation she had never known. She twisted and jerked and threw her weight forward and back, whimpering and moaning as she tried to ease the terrible, continuous pain. But Kruger stood by, ensuring she found not relief, smiling mockingly at her desperation.

The other two walked over now, both naked, and with a smile, Johnson began to unbind her ankles from the rear legs of the sawhorse. But then she and Parker simply folded her ankles up and back against her thighs and bound them there instead.

"Do you want to be forgiven, Pepperdine?"

"Please!" she whimpered.

"Then you will obey us."

"Yes! I promise!" she exclaimed.

Her arms were untied, and she immediately grasped the wooden beam in front of her, easing the pressure of her sex against the hard wood.

"Let us see you ride the horsey," Johnson said.

"I don't understand."

"Ride it," Parker said.

"I don't... I don't know what you want," she moaned.

"We want you to grind that soft little pussy down on the horse," Parker said.  
"Let's see it."

"I'm sorry," she begged. "I won't do it again. I won't tell."

"Right now you'll do as you're told or we'll take the cat to your dirty little cunt," Parker hissed.

Pepper turned away and looked down at the rough looking surface of the sawhorse, then, holding her breath and gripping the wood tightly in her white fingers, she slowly dragged her pussy forward.

It stung fearfully and she fought back new tears as she pulled her soft, aching sex across the rough wood until it was right against her hands.

"Now back," Parker said.

Pepper groaned and trembled, then she shoved with her hands, slowly pushing her pussy backwards along the edge of the sawhorse. She felt slivers bite into her pussy and began to cry. Paint flaked off against her pussy and thighs, falling to the floor below.

"Forward again. Move your ass!" Johnson shouted. "Go faster or I'll get the cat and show you just how fast you can go!"

Her arms straining, Pepper dragged herself forward along the wood, more paint flaking off as her pussy meat ground over it. Sweat stood out on her forehead and her chest heaved with exertion.

"Faster, slut!"

"Pleeease," Pepper sobbed, grinding her pussy back and forth on the wood.

"She need some encouragement," Parker said.

"Noooo," Pepper sobbed, her soft flesh scraping back and forth, back and forth.

"Oohhh God it huuuuuuuurts," she cried in a choked, pain-filled voice.

Johnson picked up the cat and moved over behind her, then slashed it down on her back as hard as she could. Pepper shrieked in agony, lurching violently forward on the horse.

"Faster! Faster!"

Desperately she pulled herself back and forth along the rough sawhorse, sobbing, eyes wild and bulging as she lurched back and forth as fast as she could. Paint and wood slivers tumbled from the crossbeam as her pussy grated over it.

The cat whipped down on her back again, lending her a surge of strength. Her mound, crushed down against the wood, slid back and forth like the wood was gleaming polished steel, sawing maniacally against the dry, rough wood as the women laughed.

"Now bounce! Bounce up and down while you ride. This is a horse, slut!"

"Bounce!" The cat lashed her back and she screamed, her mind blasted to a near animalistic frenzy. She bounced up and down on the wood, smashing her vulnerable, sensitive sex down again and again and again, cramps ripping into her belly as the cucumber was somehow forced even deeper.

"Keep sliding, whore, ride that horse!"

Her pussy burned horribly, but fear and mindless pain drove her on. The cat bit into her again and she sobbed and sped up, sawing her pussy across the rough wood. Again the cat slashed across her, and again, but the pain was somehow less.

No, it wasn't less, but the pain in her pussy pad was now too much. She felt like she was sitting on a buzz saw, like it was biting into her crotch, cutting up into her flesh, sawing her in half. She lurched to a stop, sobbing as the cat whipped against her again and again, but she couldn't move, her pussy was just too hot, too agonized, the slightest motion sent fire screaming through her body.

Someone slapped her face and she tumbled off the horse and onto the floor, where she lay groaning and weeping and trying to clutch her tortured pussy.

## C H A P T E R     S I X

Taylor stood passively as Kruger slipped the rope around her chest, just under her breasts. She tried to pretend she wasn't here, tried to ignore Kruger and what she was doing.

She stood in the back room behind Kruger's office. The place had been cleaned up since she had been in here before, and now was carpeted, warm, and well-lit. The furniture in it was far from normal, however. Taylor didn't even want to guess what some of the handmade wooden objects were.

She was terrified of Kruger. The lines on her skin had faded, as had the pain, but the pain in her soul had not. She didn't dare argue with the harsh woman, or any of the other mistress's for that matter. What little aggressiveness she'd possessed had been whipped out of her.

Kruger was tying the ropes around her body in an intricate series of lines, above and below her breasts, criss-crossing her chest, over her shoulders, then down between her legs, around her thighs. The odd thing was, though the ropes were tight, they didn't bind either her arms or her legs.

"Lovely," Kruger breathed, tying off a last knot and stepping back to admire her work.

The ropes cut into Taylor's flesh, especially under the breasts and between her legs, but she did not protest. She stood still, trying to pretend Kruger wasn't in the room.

"On your knees," Kruger said.

Taylor trembled with restrained emotion, then slowly sank to her knees. The rope cut up into her soft pink pussy with every movement, but it was far, far from the terrible pain she had experienced before.

She leaned forward and began to lick Kruger's pussy slit, as she'd done earlier, as she'd done the other day, as she'd done most of last week, not just with Kruger but with other women as well. It made her almost physically ill, but she had no choice. Her tongue slid up and down the woman's slit, wriggling up into her box, then slithering over her clitty.

Kruger stroked her hair and sighed in pleasure as she stood over her.

"Pretty, little girl," she sighed. "You goink to be having fun tonight, ehhhh."

Taylor didn't know what she was talking about. She just hoped that, whatever the dyke bitch had in mind for her, it didn't hurt. Taylor couldn't stand any more pain. She'd do anything not to feel pain again.

She slurped on Kruger's clitoris, sucking heavily as the woman clutched her hair and groaned in pleasure. She slid a pair of fingers up inside the woman's slit, pumping them in and out, just as she'd been taught.

Kruger ground her pussy into her face, coating her cheeks and nose with her pussy cream as she came. Taylor licked passively, not caring.

The woman stepped back and smiled happily, then went to a nearby shelf and pulled down a pair of leather restraints.

"Hands," she snapped.

Taylor raised her hands, putting them straight out in front of her as Kruger buckled the two thick leather restraints around her wrists.

"Sit," Kruger ordered.

This was unusual, but Taylor obediently sat down on the rug and watched warily as Kruger unwound a long thick length of rope. She came over and squatted in front of the blonde, then wound one end of the rope around her thigh, half-way between her knee and crotch. She looped it around the leg, then ran it up through the ring on her wrist restraint, then around and through it again.

Taylor was wary and puzzled. Kruger measured out a long length of rope with her arm, then ran it through her other wrist restraint, locking it to that, then down to loop around her other leg. Taylor didn't understand it. She had plenty of room to move her hands and legs, even though the rope was tightly bound to all of them.

Then Kruger picked up another rope. This one had a hook on one end. She put the hook through the length of rope between Taylor's wrist restraints, then pulled it up above her head. Taylor pulled her head back and watches as Kruger slid the other end of the rope through a ring set into the crossbeam above her.

She pulled it taut, then ran the rope to the wall and locked it to a sort of pulley wheel. Taylor still had no idea what was going to happen. Kruger started to turn the wheel then and the rope got tighter and tighter. She gasped as pressure jerked her arms up. Yet her wrist restraints were fastened by a short length of rope to her legs, so they couldn't be raised even as high as her shoulders.

Instead her whole body was raised, lifted up off the floor, inch by inch until she was swinging in mid-air, her behind a good three feet or so off the floor. Her legs were pulled up and apart, and held there by the ropes, her toes pointed at the ceiling. Her pussy was blatantly, and lewdly exposed to anyone who glanced her way.

The rope squeezed tightly around her legs as she swayed there. She tried to move her arms, and found she could, but only slightly, and only with great effort. It was a bizarre, and awkward position, and not made any better when Kruger stepped between her splayed thighs and leered down at her.

"I should do you with my dildo," she leered. "but you'll get plenty of that tonight."

She slipped her fingers into the rope cutting into Taylor's sex and pried the two ropes apart, exposing her cleft.

She went over to the shelf and came back with a ball gag, jamming it into Taylor's mouth. She strapped it around her head and then went to the door and left. Taylor swung slowly, mewling plaintiffly into the gag, wondering anxiously what Kruger was planning to do with her.

She felt a spark of anger and outrage at what was being done to her. She didn't need to put up with this shit from this filthy witch!

But then she remembered Parker and Johnson carrying Pepper into their room and tossing her up on her bed. The little redhead had been more badly whipped and brutalized than she had. It had taken three days before she would even whisper about what they had done to her.

Miss, Mackenzie, the school nurse, had come in and spent what seemed like a long time massaging some kind of lotion into the girl's back and buttocks and groin, especially her groin, but it had been some days before Pepper had been able to lay or sit down without pain.

No, Taylor didn't dare defy the evil dyke bitches. She would bide her time until she had a chance to escape, then she would expose them all for the vicious, sadistic perverts they were.

Johnson came into the room then, followed by... by several strange men.

Taylor turned beet-red as the men all stared lustfully at her. There were four of them, all well dressed in suits and ties. Johnson led them over to stand in front of Taylor, and she cringed back from the look of carnal heat in their eyes.

"See, as I told you. She's an exquisite creature," Johnson said.

"What a cunt!" one of the men exclaimed.

"Nice, real nice," another said, licking his lips.

"From us, to you, gentlemen," Johnson said. "Do with her as you will."

The men all began to get undressed as Johnson turned to smile at the quivering blonde girl.

"Taylor dear, these gentlemen are from the local department of education. They're here to make sure we're taking good care of you girls. We always pass our inspections with flying colours, though, so don't worry."

She turned and left the room, closing the door. Taylor jerked fitfully at the chains, but could do nothing but watch as the four men stripped naked around her.

The first, a short, tubby man, finished and moved between her legs, eyes gleaming as he roamed up and down her body.

"Nice fucking body," he said. His hands moved roughly over her, kneading and squeezing her breasts, then slipping down to cup her buttocks. His cock was hard and thick, pointing at Taylor's cleft as he stood there. He took it in his hand and rubbed it up and down her exposed slit, then slowly sank it into her.

His hands went beneath her, down to her buttocks and he jerked her forward, swinging her easily on the rope, driving his cock up into her with a smooth stroke.

"Ahhhh, tight pussy," he gasped, thrusting in repeatedly.

"Feel that skin," another sighed, stroking her breast. "It's soft as butter."

She was swung back and forth in fast, short arcs, sliding along the short man's cock as he humped into her. He bent forward and began to lick and suck and chew on her throat as his cock moved inside her, his tongue sliding up under her ear as he grunted in pleasure.

He fucked steadily for several minutes as the other men watched and waited, chatting to themselves. The fat man grunted and groaned and stuffed his cock deep into her belly, his humping speeding up as he came. Then he sighed weakly and slowly pulled his cock free.

The next man got in between her legs. He was taller and thinner. He smiled down at her as he pressed his cock against her slit, then he buried it in her with

one hard thrust and began to fuck hard and fast. Like the first man he swung her back and forth as he fucked, making his cock piston in her cunt as she mewled helplessly.

Her pussy pad was still sore from riding the sawhorse, and his hard fucking was making it ache again, but there wasn't anything she could do or say. She might as well have been a piece of furniture as she hung there, a fucking machine with no mind.

She wondered if the men knew how she'd been whipped and abused. She doubted they'd care.

The second man finished and the third, a black man, took his turn, thrusting into her with sudden, hard strokes. He rammed forward, his hands tight on her hips and jerking her forward to meet his thrust, then he slowly let his cock slide out until just the tip was inside, then slammed forward again.

After some minutes of hard, stabbing thrusts he suddenly began a high speed pistoning as he crushed her body against his and bit down on her shoulder. She thought she felt his come shooting up into her as he moaned in pleasure and slowed to a halt.

The fourth man took his place and began to fuck her. The other three, still naked, were sitting down, sipping drinks, and watching idly as they talked.

It was totally bizarre to Taylor. They were so calm, so non-chalant. It was like they were in someone's basement playing billiards or something. Did they do this often? Apparently so. None talked to her or acted like she was even in the room...except to fuck her, of course.

After the fourth man had dropped his load the first man got up and came over. He chuckled as he stepped in between her thighs and ran his hands over her body. He followed them with his eyes, obviously appreciating the contours and texture of her flesh.

He gripped his cock then and rubbed it up and down her pussy slit. It wasn't hard, though it began to stiffen as he rubbed it against her. He slid a finger into her hole and wriggled it around as he rubbed, then added a second, then a third. Taylor watched with growing calmness.

It wasn't like she was bored, of course, but in the half hour the men had been in here with her most of her embarrassment had faded, and since they'd shown no sign of wanting to hurt her, her fear had faded too.

She grunted as the man slid his cock up into her, then watched as he began to pump in and out. It didn't feel bad, really. Her pussy seemed to squeeze naturally around the thing, and though it was hard, erect, that is, it wasn't HARD. It certainly felt much better than the dildos Kruger had used on her in the past couple of days.

It also felt better as it moved back and forth in her silky pussy channel than the plastic and rubber cocks had. She remembered fucking Tom Jarvis last year, and how good it had felt. She sighed weakly and turned her head away, wondering how long she was going to be hanging around like this.

The man finished after some minutes and the second man began to fuck her. He finished and the third moved into place. Taylor began to feel more and more calm now. As she relaxed she found that the cock sliding in and out of her pussy felt kind of... well, kind of good.

She wondered what her Grandmother would say if she saw her like this. This whole thing was so totally perverted, so disgusting and filthy. She was trussed up like a pig, and lewdly prepared for the men's sexual amusement.

The man continued to pump her, his thick cockmeat sliding back and forth, back and forth, in and out, sawing between her pussy lips, grinding up against her clitoris. She sighed and let her head fall back, concentrating on the growing pleasure that was making her loins throb.

She raised her head again, looking down at his cock as it pumped in and out of her slit. It looked so... so sensual somehow, she thought, her head buzzing now with arousal. A part of her thought she was totally crazy, that she was acting like a whore for enjoying the fucking. After all, she was being raped... sort of.

She squeezed down with her pussy muscles experimentally, and gasped as the pleasure grew even greater. She felt the tension of the ropes against her breasts and noticed now that they were swollen and hot, the nipples hard and buzzing.

When the man slid his hands onto them and squeezed tightly she groaned in delight and pleasure.

He began fucking harder, his thighs thumping against her own, against her rounded behind. His hands reached down and cupped her buttocks, pulling her against him, swinging her on the chain as he pounded his dick into her pussy. She tried to squeeze her pussy down in a steady rhythm, sucking on his cock each time he pulled it out.

Then the man came, dropping his sperm in her belly. Taylor imagined it must be steaming and hissing as it met her furnace of a womb. He pulled out and she eagerly waited the fourth man. He calmly stepped into place and inserted his prick, then began his own pumping. She groaned in delight, shivering with sexual lust now, her head falling back as she closed her eyes and chewed on the gag.

She moaned and murmured into the gag, her pussy burning up with crackling sexual pleasure as the man rutted into her. Her arms and legs kept twitching as she instinctively tried to close them around the man. Her pussy boiled with power, the heat a shimmering envelope that made her body pulsate and tremble.

She knew she was going to come, and though she was appalled at her own conduct, welcomed it, grasped for it, tried to bring it in faster.

Then the orgasm crashed into her, blasting up from her pussy and ripping through her twitching, shaking frame as her nervous system disintegrated in a shattering kaleidoscope of blinding colors. She let her head bounce and jerk as the climax washed over her, glorying in the raw, untamed pleasure.

One of the other men had given her a quick third fuck after that, but she'd hardly noticed him, languorous and dreamy in the afterglow of the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had.

## C H A P T E R   S E V E N

The men had dressed and left, still without directing a single word to her, though they had talked to each other about her, saying what a fine piece of ass she was and how tight her hole was. She hung there for ten minutes or so before Kruger came in.

Taylor felt fear stirring inside her at Kruger's ugly look.

"Fucking whore!" the German shouted then, scaring the blonde more.

"So, you like having your pussy fucked, hmmm?" Kruger glared.

Johnson came in then, smiling in amusement.

"Now, now, Kruger, so the girl's a slut, is that supposed to be a surprise?"

"She never came with me!" the German protested angrily.

"Well, some girls are just naturally attracted to cocks, Kruger, especially blondes."

"I fucked her!"

"They like real cocks, dear unless you prepare them well."

"What you mean?" Kruger glared.

"Bring over that shower massage."

Taylor was hanging in a corner of the room over bare stone. A small sink was nearby and a shower massage with a long hose was attached to the faucet. Kruger turned it on and handed it to Johnson, who pressed it in between Taylor's thighs and soaked her crotch.

As Taylor watched in apprehension the headmistress took soap and washed her pussy, sliding her fingers deep inside her and stroking her flesh. She rinsed it off with the shower massage, then turned it off. She patted her dry with a towel, then dragged over a chair and sat down with her head between Taylor's thighs.

Her hands stroked Taylor's buttocks then the insides of her thighs. She ran a finger up and down the blonde's cleft, then slowly eased her fingers up inside as she leaned forward. Her tongue moved lightly against Taylor's clitoris, then began to lick with more pressure.

Taylor was astonished. Since Kruger had begun to abuse her none of the women she'd had sex with had shown any interest in pleasing her, only in her pleasing them. She'd licked Kruger, Taylor, Parker, Johnson, Hernandez, Fitzgerald, and some women whose names she didn't even know, but none had licked her.

In fact, no one had ever licked her before. She paid careful attention to what Johnson was doing, watching raptly as the woman's tongue caressed her clitty, then dipped into her slit. Johnson peeled her pussy lips apart and exposed the glistening pink flesh inside, then began to lick and suck energetically.

Taylor continued to watch as Johnson's tongue lapped over her sensitive pussy flesh. Before long she began to feel those same sensations of pleasure as she had when the last few men were fucking her. It grew and grew, much faster than it had before, until her entire lower belly was quivering and shaking with lust and heat.

Then an explosion seemed to almost blow off the top of her head as her sex blasted a searing wave of ecstasy up her spine. She writhed, even in the chains, her head thrashing and shaking as the power rose higher, peaked with cataclysmic abruptness, then slowly eased off.

She suddenly realized that she'd been holding her breath, that she'd forgotten how to breath. She expelled a deep gasp of air, then inhaled sharply, her chest heaving as Johnson continued to suck and lick on her pussy flesh.

A few minutes later she came again, even more powerfully as she shook violently. Her head bounced wildly up and down as her entire body flared with super-charged heat.

And still Johnson kept licking, sucking, nibbling, tonguing. Soon Taylor was once again quivering with lust and sexual tension, her sweat-soaked body overheated and half drained from the orgasms that had already torn through it.

Johnson abruptly stood up and walked away. Taylor mewled in denial, her slitted eyes widening as she felt the vacuum at her groin. She would have begged Johnson to come back and continue if she could. She did beg her, but the gag muffled her words.

But then Johnson turned from what she was doing and Taylor saw a thick black strap-on dildo at her groin. She shivered with anticipation as the woman came back and stood between her thighs.

"All ready, slutty girl?" Johnson grinned lewdly. She rubbed the head of the rubber prick up and down Taylor's sopping opening, then slowly eased it inside. Taylor groaned in delirious pleasure as Johnson slowly buried the long, fat length of rubber in her twitching sheath.

Johnson began to thrust slowly, teasingly, the dildo moving with agonizing laziness. Taylor begged her to go faster, but of course, her mouth was still gagged.

Johnson's hands slid over her body, kneading, squeezing, stroking. She fingered Taylor's nipples, twisting them from side to side, pulling them outwards from her taut, swollen breasts. She slid her hands down onto the blonde girl's buttocks and began to swing her in against her forward strokes.

Taylor groaned in delight as the dildo moved into her with greater speed and power. She jerked and twitched in an orgiastic delirium as Johnson thrust into her with more authority, more speed, more power. The dildo pounded down into her overheated body, each stroke hurling her higher and higher.

Her hands strained in desperation, her fingers reaching for, straining for her breast. She managed to get the tips of her nipples in between her fingers, and pinched them hard as Johnson pistoned the dildo in her pussy.

Then she came again, spasming and shaking in ecstasy as the fiery sexual heat overcame her body and mind. She screamed into the gag, again and again, her mind blasted by a raging flashfire of sensual pleasure that seemed to go on and on and on. She felt her consciousness fading, felt herself getting light-headed.

Then the orgasm eased and slowly faded, leaving her exhausted and totally drained. She moaned as Johnson slowed her pumping motions, then stopped and eased the dildo out.

"See," Johnson said. "You can make her come if you want. She's a slut. They're all sluts. The question is, why would you want to?"

"Much effort for no gain," Kruger grunted.

"Exactly. Well, there are strap-ons that have a little pad just over your clitoris so that when you ram it into the little sluts it grinds over your clitty. That's rather enjoyable, but no, you're right, it's far too much effort."

She slipped off the dildo and moved over to a shelf. She lifted up a riding crop and slipped it through her fingers, smiling as she padded back to where the blonde was hanging. Kruger smiled and gave a grunt of approval as Johnson moved in front of Taylor, raised the crop, then waited.

Taylor sighed and opened her eyes. She smiled up dreamily at Johnson.

It was several long seconds before she noticed the odd position of Johnson's arm, followed it up to her hand and saw the crop there. Her eyes widened as she realized what it was, then when she realized the obvious intended target she screamed in denial.

Johnson smiled and swung the riding crop down hard. It splatted directly into the warm, moist entrance to Taylor's puffy sex, and the blonde's screams echoed around the room even through her gag.

Johnson slashed down again and again, aiming directly at the girl's slit. She did not neglect the rest of the blonde pussy pad, of course, nor her inner thighs. She rained blows all over the girl's crotch, smiling in delight as the blonde thrashed hysterically in her chains, screaming repeatedly.

When her arm grew tired she handed the crop to Kruger and she took over. She too concentrated on Taylor's pussy, but also lashed the crop down on her belly and breasts. The CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! of the whip as it cut into the girls' soft flesh was the finest music to their ears.

Kruger stepped back and stood to one side, to where Taylor's foot stuck out, then she carefully aimed her next blow at the centre of the small white foot. She chuckled as the blonde howled in agony. She well knew how much pain could come from the bottom of a foot.

She swung the crop a dozen more times, then shifted to her other foot, lashing that as well. Finally she moved back between the now barely conscious blonde girl's legs and lashed her pussy some more. Tired, she backed away, handing the crop back to Johnson. Johnson smiled and raised it, slashing Taylor's pussy again.

## C H A P T E R   E I G H T

Kristin Miller was upset. Fresh out of college, the young teacher had thought herself extremely lucky to land a job at St. Anne's academy. Things had all been going very well until the past couple of weeks.

It had started to go badly when Pepper Pepperdine, one of her brightest young students, had come to her with an astounding tale of abuse by one of the senior teachers. It had been so lewd and disgusting that at first Kristin had been sure the girl, a known mischief maker, had made it up.

Still, she'd seemed so serious that Kristin had felt it necessary to at least check it out. She'd gone to see the student allegedly involved, Taylor Connor. The girl was sick in her bed, as she'd been for a couple of days. But she was healthy enough to deny everything the Connor girl had said.

She pointed out what a smart-ass the redhead was, and how she loved to take people in with jokes. Kristin half believed her. Only the fact that she had not volunteered to show Kristin her back to prove that she had not been struck, and the obvious pain any movement caused her, made Kristin wonder.

She'd mentioned the Pepperdine girl's allegations to the headmistress, who, like Taylor, had reminded her that Pepperdine was a trouble maker and a known practical joker. Still, she'd promised to speak to Connor to verify that she'd not been attacked.

Then Pepperdine had turned up sick. After she'd missed classes for the second day in a row Kristin had gone to see her, and found her, like Taylor before her, oddly apprehensive in her presence, and very, very slow and cautious in her movements. She'd denied flat out that anyone had hurt her, but had kept the bedding tightly around her.

Kristin's suspicions grew, and she began to notice some odd looks passing between teachers and students, looks she'd ignored or not noticed before. Now they appeared in a new and sinister light. Could there be, she wondered, some kind of systematic sexual molestation going on?

Her suspicions weren't helped when one of the girls she knew best said, in a low hurried voice, that Pepperdine had been "punished" by the headmistress for gossiping about Kruger. The girl had refused to elaborate and had hurried away in fear.

Now Kristin didn't know who to turn to. If the headmistress was involved than obviously she wasn't going to be of any use. She needed to talk to somebody else about the situation, but didn't know who to trust. How many of the teachers were involved?

It was then she thought of father Thomas. He had been here for some years. Surely he would know if something odd was going on, and know who to get in contact with to rectify it.

She headed to the chapel after her last class, her long legs striding quickly as she hurried to lay her burden off on someone of authority. She was, after all, nothing more than a junior assistant teacher. Tales of sadistic lesbian abuse were far more than she wished to have to deal with herself.

"Father Thomas?" she asked, hurrying into the chapel. "Father Thomas?"

She went through the chapel searching and calling his name.

"Yes?" a pleasant voice called at last.

"Father Thomas. I'm so glad I found you. I was hoping we could talk for a few minutes."

"Of course, Miss Miller. About what?"

"Well, er, it's rather private. Could we..."

"Of course. Come this way."

He led her through a small door, then down a shadowy, musty hall to a small stone walled room.

"Sit down, sit down," he smiled, pointing at a small wooden table and chairs. "Can I get you something?"

"Oh, uh, no, Father, thank you."

"Well, then, what can I do for you? Problems setting in? Homesick?"

"Oh no, father, nothing like that."

She studied him apprehensively as she sat across from her. She didn't want to make a fool of herself. It was entirely possible the Pepperdine girl and the Connor girl had collaborated on some kind of elaborate practical joke.

Still...

She laid out her fears for Thomas, telling him about the apparent pain both girls were in, how they denied any improprieties, but how another girl had calmed Pepperdine had been punished for gossip. She added her fears and the suspicions she had off the way some of the teachers and students were behaving towards each other.

"Yet, you have no real evidence," Father Thomas pointed out.

"I know, father. That's why we should inform the authorities, so there can be an investigation to clear the air."

"Well, I suppose it's possible that such an investigation might help. I have heard the odd rumour myself."

"But how do we call the authorities? The only phone at the academy is in the office."

"Well, I go into town occasionally. I can stop in at the uihm, the supervisor of schools, and see if he'll look into things."

"Supervisor of schools?"

"Well, yes, there is a uhm, local government body that is responsible for the condition of schools, including boarding schools."

"But that's for educational requirements," Kristin protested. "Surely it's the police we should see."

"Oh, goodness, no. If we were to contact them there could be a terrible scandal. Even if nothing was going on the rumours could destroy us."

"Well, I disagree, father. Only the police can investigate thoroughly. They're trained to investigate this kind of thing."

"But the school's reputation..."

"It's the girls I care about, not the school," Kristin scowled. "And if you won't do anything I will."

She stood up and Thomas stood with her, looking at her with concern.

"Miss Miller, please consider the..."

"All that interests me is the safety of the girls, Father. I have no choice but to contact the police."

She turned and headed for the door, Thomas coming after her, trying to talk her into waiting.

"My mind is made up," she said, not turning back.

Suddenly something slid over her head and pulled tight around her throat. She cried out in shock, automatically grabbing at it, trying to pull it away.

Thomas held on to the thing from behind and though it was not, as she'd first thought, tight enough to choke her she could not pull it away.

"Father! Father, what are you doing!?" she cried, struggling wildly. He clung to her, holding the belt, or whatever it was, around her throat.

Then he let go of the belt, but she still couldn't pull it free. He gripped her wrists and pulled her hands up suddenly, jerking them up behind her back.

"Let go! Let me go!" she cried, as he rammed her into the wall. He pulled down on her hands, forcing her wrists together behind her neck. He held them together with one hand, and pressed his body into hers to pin her to the wall, then she felt something slipping around her right wrist.

"What... what are you doing!?" she screamed.

"Just hold still a few seconds longer," he grunted, slipping a tight leather... something around her wrist. He let go of that wrist and she felt another leather... something going around her left wrist. She tried to grab at him with her free wrist, but found it was not free. Though he wasn't holding it the leather thing around her wrist seemed to be fastened to the back of the... the thing around her neck.

It was a collar, she realized, dazed. He'd put some kind of leather collar around her. Then she heard a click and he sighed with relief, easing back. She tried to move her other wrist but found it too was tightly encased in the leather thing and that it was clipped or locked, or in some other way fastened to the back of the collar.

Her elbows pointed up and out and her wrists were tightly locked to the back of her neck. No matter how she pulled and struggled they would not come free. Thomas turned her around, then shoved her back against the wall hard.

"Why are you doing this?! Are you insane!?" she cried.

"Not insane, no, but I cannot allow you to make such a grave mistake, my dear."

"I'll have you arrested!" she cried.

"I hardly think so," he smiled. He reached behind her and she heard a metal clinking of some kind. Then he stepped back. She tried to move away from the wall and found she couldn't. The leather things around her wrist were now somehow locked to the wall... by some kind of chain, she realized.

Thomas smiled at her in a very smug, self satisfied way, watching her strain against the bonds.

"If you don't let me go right now I'll scream," she yelled.

"Oh, go right ahead, my dear Miss Miller. Nobody will hear you through that door."

"What do you intend to do then, keep me here forever?"

"Oh, of course not. Don't be silly. No, just long enough for you to change your mind about our little school."

He pulled a drawer out of the table and took out a pair of scissors, then came back to her. He smiled as he slid his fingers into the hem of her dress, pulled it up, then began to cut the material with the scissors.

"You're mad!" she gasped.

"Not at all. Not at all. But you can hardly become familiar with our ways here unless you take an active part in them," he smiled.

He cut her dress all the way up to the neck, then pulled it open in front to expose her undergarments. She blushed furiously as he blinked in surprise.

"Well, well, well," he mused. "Perhaps you'll fit in here better than you thought."

She could have told him that she'd missed her laundry day and hadn't found time to do her washing for several days. She could have told him that the thick, black, somewhat conservative dress she had to wear had made her long for something a little sexy, to remind herself that she was a healthy, attractive young woman.

But she doubted it would matter. She doubted he would understand the limited space she had for clothes in her small room, and why she really had only enough underwear to get from week to week. She doubted he'd understand why she'd even brought the one set of sexy lingerie she was now wearing.

As he cut away the dress completely, all she could think of was how humiliated she was, as his eyes roamed over her body.

She had on a lacy black bra, that was really no bra at all, but just a support garment. Instead of cups, it merely had soft, quarter cups that pushed up from below, leaving her breasts almost entirely bare. She had a matching black garter belt with black stockings held up by garters. Instead of panties she had on a G-string.

He cut her dress off completely and threw it in a corner, then stood back to admire her figure.

"Lovely, just lovely," he sighed, eyes lighting on her breasts.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "You're supposed to be a man of the cloth!"

"Oh that, well, I'm not really. I was defrocked years ago."

He laid a hand on her belly, stroking the soft skin, then bent and began to suck on her right nipple.

Kristin pulled desperately at the bonds around her wrists, fear giving way to terror as the man's mouth sucked heavily at her nipple.

His hand slid down her belly and he gripped her G-string, then tore it off, the small elastic ripping easily. She cried out in fear and shame as his hand cupped her naked pussy, squeezing repeatedly.

He stepped back and went to the table again, opening the drawer. Her chest heaved as she watched him fishing around inside. She continued to pull against the chains holding her wrists, but got nowhere.

Thomas turned back to her, holding... of all things, clothespins. He smiled gently, then opened one and pressed the jaws around her right nipple. Kristin gaped, not in fear but in absolute shock. She couldn't believe he was about to.

Then she cried out in pain as he let the jaws close on her nipple. It crushed her tender little pink bud, the powerful spring mashing it down.

"Oooooowwww! Take it off! Take it offff!!"

"Not yet my dear," Thomas smiled.

"It huuuuuurts!"

"Of course it does. It's supposed to."

He snapped a second clothespin on her left nipple. Again she felt the searing pain as her nipple burned like fire. She cried out and her hands tore against the wall again and again, but couldn't get free.

Thomas slid a finger into her pussy, jamming it up into the tight, dry tunnel as Kristin yelped and tried to kick out at him. He shoved her hard with his body, too close to kick.

"I'd advise against doing anything rash," he glared. He pulled back and when she kicked out at him he grabbed her leg, jammed it wide and rammed his knee up into her pussy., She let out a gurgle of agony and pain and nausea, slumping down against the wall.

"I did warn you, my dear," he said.

He rubbed a finger along her slit, then pulled it open and slid the jaws of another clothes pin around the bottom of her left pussy lip. The pain was blinding when he let it go. She screamed now, her ass bouncing against the wall as she shook and thrashed in the desperate need to escape.

Thomas pulled her other pussy lip out and snapped another clothes pin around that. He giggled as she cried out in pain, squeezing her breasts as she squirmed and began to weep. He went to the table and picked up several more objects. Two were round little metal balls with wires attached. One was a sort of little metal pyramid with a wire and clip.

He wrapped the wires around the clothespins that were snapped to her nipples, then let the balls dangle. She realized they were extremely heavy for their size, and pulled down hard on her nipples.

"Why are you doing this?" she sobbed.

"Because I like it," he smiled.

His fingers slid up and down her slit and peeled it open, then he bent, the last metal weight in his hand. He found her clitty and attached the clip holding the last weight, then let the teeth snap shut. This clip had little metal jaws, and they bit into her clit with agonizing pain.

She screamed and writhed in misery and fear and pain, the heavy weight pulling down on her clitoris even as the sharp jaws bit in with awful pain.

"So pretty," Thomas smiled, watching her shake and jerk in spastic agony.

He watched, chuckling lightly.

"Pleeeeeease!" she sobbed. "Pleeeeee take them oooooofff!"

"Don't they feel good?" he asked in mock surprise.

"NOOOOOOOOO!"

"Oh, dear, that's too bad."

"Pleeeeeeaseee!"

"Hmmm, if I take this one off, can I suck on your nipple?" he asked, tugging on one of the clothespins.

"Yeesss! Yesss! Anything!"

He pulled the clothespin off her right nipple and she groaned as his lips came down around it. He licked and slurped on the aching nub as his hand stroked and squeezed her breast.

"Do you like that?" he smiled. "Would you like me to suck your other nipple?"

"Yesss! Yesss! Pleease!"

He slid the clothespin off and she wept in relief. He bent and sucked on that nipple, licking and slurping and nibbing with his teeth, lapping like a cat, then blowing cool air on it, then sucking again.

"Pleease," she gasped.

"What?"

The.. the other ones."

'You want me to lick your pussy, Miss Miller?"

"Y...yes," she gasped.

"I should call you Kristin, shouldn't I. May I call you Kristin?"

"Yes!"

"Would you like me to lick your pussy and clitty?"

"Yeeees! Oh God! Pleeeease!"

"Let's not bring him into this."

He slipped the clothespins off her pussy lips, then began to slide his tongue up and down her slit. He peeled her pussy lips open and wriggled his tongue up into her pussy, then closed his lips to either side and started sucking.

"My clitty," she whimpered.

"Oh yes, you want that sucked, don't you?"

"Please," she moaned.

He slowly opened the tight steel jaws of the clip, bringing a cry of relief from the young teacher.

'Whoops," he said, as they slammed closed again.

"AHhhhhhhrrrrghhhhH!"

"Sorry, little dickens slipped," he laughed, opening the jaws again. "Does this hurt?" He said sympathetically. "I know what will make it feel better."

He began to lick his tongue across her clitty, slurping and lapping wetly, his tongue, as he had said, feeling comforting against the wounded fuck button.

"You and I are going to have a lot of fun, Kristin," he smiled.

Pepper picked up her books as the bell rang and headed for the door. Holly joined her at the door, nudging her to get her attention.

"Hey, wanna go crazy glue ol' Johnson's office door?"

"No."

"Ahh, c'mon, Pepper, you're no fun any more."

"I have homework to do."

"Since when do you bother with homework?"

"I have to get good grades or my father will keep me here forever."

"You can get good grades and have fun too."

"No, Holly. Find someone else."

"Chicken."

"If you say so."

She walked slowly towards the dorm section. Though most of the marks had faded from her flesh, her pussy was still raw and sore. She didn't even wear panties beneath the short tight dress.

She ignored a couple of calls from other girls as she moved back to her room. Once inside she closed the door and put her books away, then hung up her jacket. She went over to the bed and slowly and carefully sat down. It hurt a bit, but not as much as the hard chairs in the classes had.

She turned lay back and sighed with relief as the pressure came off her pussy mound.

Then there was a knock at the door and it opened. Carol Masters stuck her head inside.

"Hey, Pepper, Parker wants ta see you in her office."

Pepper's heart skipped a beat and fear gripped her bones.

"Ya hear me?"

"Yes," she said softly.

Carol backed out and closed the door.

Pepper lay there for another minute, as long as she dared, then carefully got up, put on her jacket and made her down back into the school section and upstairs to Parker's office. She knocked, her heart in her throat.

"Come in," Parker called.

She opened the door and went inside, her expression as neutral as she could make it.

"Ah, Pepperdine, come in and close the door," Parker said. "And lock it."

Pepper did as she was told, then stood in front of Parker's desk.

"Just wait until I finish grading these things. Oh, you can take off your clothes. That'll save us some time."

"Yes, miss," Pepper said.

She unbuttoned the tight dress, reached down cross handed, and gripped the hem, then slowly peeled it up her body and over her shoulders. She put it on a hook, then took off her shoes and socks, and finally removed her bra.

She stood naked in front of Parker's desk as the woman continued to grade papers. At one point Parker looked up and frowned. "Stand straight, Pepperdine," she snapped, "arms at your side, head back, chest out."

Pepper obeyed fearfully, her anxiety mounting. She prayed all Parker wanted was for her to suck her off again. That wasn't too bad and usually didn't last very long.

There was a knock at the door and Parker looked up.

"Who is it?" she called.

"It's Samantha Evans," a small voice called.

"Let her in, Pepperdine," Parker said.

Pepper looked at her in surprise.

"I said now, Pepperdine." Parker glared.

Pepper went to the door and unlocked it, then, standing behind the door as much as possible, slowly opened it. The other girl, a lissome brunette about her age, looked in with wide, fear filled eyes.

"Come in, Evans," Parker ordered.

Samantha stepped inside and saw Pepper's nudity. She gulped in surprise and moved to one side as Pepper closed the door. The redhead tried to cover her naked pussy and breasts but Parker ordered her to come around the desk.

She obeyed as Samantha stood uncertainly by the door. Parker gripped her wrist, pulling her around and sitting her down across her lap. Pepper winced as her pussy came down, but didn't dare protest.

"Strip off, Evans," Parker smiled, her hand sliding under Pepper's breast and stroking it.

"Yes, miss," Samantha whispered, red faced.

Pepper was embarrassed herself, and didn't want to look at the girl, but Parker gripped her jaw and turned her head deliberately towards the brunette.

So she watched as Samantha stripped her clothes off and then stood naked in front of the desk as she had a few minutes earlier. She made Pepper feel inadequate. She wasn't as pretty as Taylor, say, or Pepper, for that matter. Her face was... all right, but nothing special. She had a truly outstanding body, though, with enormous round breasts that had giant brown nipples.

"Sit back in that chair, dear," Parker smiled, pointing at a straight backed wooden chair set a couple of feet back.

Samantha slowly sat down, her legs together, her hands in her lap.

"You don't have to sit so straight, dear," Parker smiled. "Slump down a little."

Looking a little confused, and wary, Samantha shifted down a little, slumping in the chair.

"Now, raise your legs and drape them across the arms of the chair," Parker smiled.

Her hands were stroking Pepper's breasts, rolling her nipples between her fingers, kneading her buttocks, and sliding up around her shoulders and neck. She slid her fingers through Pepper's hair, then pressed a finger against her small, pert mouth.

She pushed the finger against her lips and Pepper let it slid through, then started sucking as the woman pumped it in and out.

"Sweet little dear," Parker cooed.

She turned back to Samantha and frowned. "Pull your legs back dear, more... that's it, and slump down a little more. Good."

Samantha was lewdly exposed to their gaze, her pussy slit quite obvious since her hair had all been shaved off. Pepper continued to look at her, afraid she'd make Parker mad if she turned away.

"Now let's see you play with yourself," Parker said. "Masturbate for us, dear."

"Miss?" Samantha squeaked.

"You heard me, Evans," Parker snapped.

The girl looked stricken, gripped by fear and uncertainty, but then, her eyes glazing over, she slid her hands down her body and in between her thighs. She began to rub her pussy as Pepper and Parker looked on.

"Squeeze those big fat breasts of yours," Parker smiled. "And finger fuck yourself for us."

Pepper heard the other girl's gasp of shock and saw her face turn even darker.

"Squeeze those fat tits," Parker growled. "Don't you understand English, you stupid little slut?"

"Yes, Miss," Samantha moaned, blinking her eyes rapidly.

"Then do it, and shove those fingers up your puss to the knuckles. We want to see a good hot session."

Samantha looked mortified, but her hands slowly moved up to her breasts and she began to squeeze them.

"Harder, slut. Mash those titties for us."

Samantha's hands mashed and squeezed her breasts, pushing them up, then down, making the thick, soft meat ooze out between her fingers.

"Don't forget your cunt," Parker admonished, slipping a finger against Pepper's anus and slowly wiggling it up inside.

Tears began to trickle down Samantha's face as she slid a hand down between her legs and slowly eased a finger up into her hole. She pumped it in and out as we watched, sniffing in misery.

"Two fingers," Parker said.

Samantha eased a second finger up into her crack, forcing them both in to the knuckles. She pumped them in and out as she squeezed her breasts with her other hand.

"Three fingers," Parker smiled.

Samantha put a third finger together with the first two and thrust herself with them, shoving them up deep, pumping them back and forth as the older woman slid a finger up deep into Pepper's asshole.

"I bet you can get a fourth finger in that dirty, slutty hole," Parker smiled.

Samantha grunted, but fear leant her strength and she was soon sliding four fingers in and out of her pussy.

"Now the fifth."

"Please," the girl whimpered.

"All five, shove your hand up your cunt."

"I... I can't," Samantha whimpered.

"No? Want to bet I can't get mine in? Do it!"

Samantha groaned as she tried to force all five fingers inside her pussy. Pepper watched in fascination as she slowly wriggled and twisted and pushed all five fingers in. At fist it was easy, of course, but the deeper she pushed it the harder it became. Soon she was groaning in pain as she tried to get her knuckles inside. Her breath came out of her in short, sharp pants as she strained her pussy lips.

Then she let out a cry, half relief, half pain, as her knuckles passed through her pubic lips. Her hand slid deeper and deeper, and then it was in to the wrist and her pussy closed a bit. She groaned in relief.

"Lick me," Parker said, slapping Pepper's behind. The redhead slid off her and dropped to her knees between her legs, then lifted her skirt up as the woman spread her legs. Parker wore no panties and Pepper slid her face in under the skirt and began to lick her snatch as the woman slouched down and raised her own legs just like Samantha had, draping them across the arms of her chair.

"Deeper," she said, "Shove it deeper."

Pepper was grateful she couldn't see as she licked at Parker's snatch. She sucked on her clitty and pushed her tongue in deep as the woman stroked her hair.

"Deeper," she said.

"I can't," Samantha wailed.

"You can. Close your fingers into a fist, that'll give you more room."

"I can't."

"Then I'll do it with mine."

Samantha began to weep but slowly and painfully got her fingers closed into a fist, then she slid it up deeper, bending over.

"Don't hide your pussy. Pull your legs back. Slump down more."

Samantha slumped lower, bringing her legs back, her knees touching the back of the chair as she pulled her pussy up. She shoved her fist in deeper, groaning in pain as the thick, bony hand ground against her cervix.

"So pretty," Parker cooed. "Now your asshole. Shove your other hand up your asshole."

"No, miss," the girl sobbed.

"Do it!"

Sobbing in misery Samantha put the fingers of her other hand against her asshole and slowly began to shove them inside.

Pepper continued to lick Parker's pussy, glad it was the other girl who was doing that and not her, and hoping that if she did a good enough job, Parker wouldn't include her in the fun. She heard groans and cries of pain from across the desk, but tried to ignore them as she sucked Parker's slit.

"That's enough, dear," Parker said, pulling up on her hair.

Pepper blinked her eyes in fear, but the teacher was practically ignoring her as she stared across at Samantha.

"You can go now, Pepperdine."

"Yes, miss," Pepper said, quickly scurrying back to her clothes. She tried not to look at the sobbing brunette slumped low in her chair, one hand up her pussy and the other buried in her asshole.

She pulled on her socks, stomped on her shoes, pulled her dress on and buttoned it. Parker got up and came around the desk, smiling, taking off her clothes. Pepper shoved her bra into a pocket, then headed for the door.

"Pepperdine."

"Yes, miss?"

"Go and see Miss Kruger. She'd like a few words with you."

Pepper's head nearly stopped.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes, miss," she whispered, voice quavering.

"Close the door behind you, dear."

She opened it and went through, then turned to close it. Just before she pulled it closed she saw Parker standing over the chair, pulling Samantha up by the hair and jerking her face into her pussy.

She closed the door and headed back to the dorm.

"Come in," Kruger barked.

Pepper stepped inside and closed the door behind her. Kruger smiled cruelly. "into the other room, slut, and take off your clothes."

"Yes, miss," Pepper said meekly.

She walked past her and into the other room. Once inside she took off her dress and looked for someplace to put it. Then she saw the sawhorse.

She froze, staring at it. Her eyes got wide and her body began to tremble and shake. She couldn't move.

Kruger came in and up behind her. She slid her hands under Pepper's arms and cupped her breasts, squeezing roughly as she bit and sucked on the side of her throat.

"The sawhorse, my sweet? Not to fear. That is not for you tonight."

She undid the buttons down the front of Pepper's dress, kissing and nibbling on the nape of her neck. Her hands went down to the hem, then eased it slowly and teasingly upwards until her naked sex was revealed. She cupped and fondled the redhead's pussy for long moments before peeling the dress the rest of the way up and off. All the while Pepper stared at the sawhorse, unable to tear her eyes away.

When she was naked, Kruger gripped her hair, not roughly, but firmly, and turned her around to pull her in against her body. She crushed her lips down on Pepper's, her tongue sliding inside her mouth as her hands kneaded the girl's soft buttocks.

She stepped back then and slid a soft velvet scarf out of her pocket.

"Hold out your hands," she ordered.

When Pepper obeyed Kruger wrapped the scarf around them several times, binding them together. She pushed her down onto her knees then and calmly slid her own dress up and off. She was naked beneath except for her bra. She quickly took that off too and then stepped forward again.

She pulled Pepper into her groin and the redhead began to lick up and down her slit, her hands held in front of her chest as her tongue slurped upwards into the woman's cleft. Her round white behind stuck out as she bent over, and when Ms. Johnson came in the room provided a delightful sight.

Still, she didn't do anything but lean back against a wall and watch as Kruger swayed in place, grunting in pleasure as she gripped the girl's red curls.

"You're such a glutton, Kruger," Johnson said.

"MMMMMMMMM," Kruger moaned, her head going back as she humped into Pepper's face.

"You'll wear the tongues out of half the girls at the Academy," Johnson snorted.

"Lick meee," Kruger sighed, spreading her legs more and grinding her pussy forward as she arched her back.

Pepper slid her fingers up into the drooling pussy opening as her lips sucked on Kruger's clit bud. Kruger groaned in appreciation, humping fast, her hands pressing against the back of Pepper's head to keep the hot sliding tongue working in her snatch.

Johnson went past them and into the other room, and the sound of music came through the open doorway. It was not loud enough to overcome Kruger's moans and grunts and sighs of pleasure however, which only became louder and more expressive as her pleasure mounted.

When she came, her pussy milk poured out onto Pepper's face and the redhead had to suck down repeatedly, her tongue scooping out masses of creamy honey.

"Hurry up, will you, Kruger," Johnson said. "We have to get her ready."

"Fi...finished," Kruger gasped, straightening and staggering back.

She sat against her desk for a few seconds, regaining her breath, then motioned at Pepper to go into the other room. Pepper thought about running but there was nowhere to run to.

She shuffled into the other room, looking around warily.

"Come here, Pepperdine," Johnson said, pulling her over into the corner of the room.

There were two very odd looking things there. One was bolted to the ceiling. It was a kind of metal tube fixed to another metal tube, with some kind of spring or other attached to the two of them. There was a thick metal ring on the end of the lower tube, who's purpose, knowing the dyke bitch teachers, Pepper figured, was to hold a rope or chain for a girl's arms.

But it was the other thing there in the corner that really caught her eyes. When she saw it she looked up at Johnson with an incredulous expression, then turned to run. She only got as far as the door before Kruger grabbed her and through her back.

"Please," she whimpered. "Don't make me. Don't use that on me!"

"Of course not, sweetie," Kruger said. "We will not force you to use our little toy."

Pepper didn't believe her as she was pulled back into the corner. She stared at the thing in horror and fear.

It was a sort of steel dildo, with a round ball on top. It was incredibly thick, with sharp steel spikes protruding all around the sides. It was somehow bolted to the floor, on the end of a supporting shaft so that it stuck up about three feet high off the floor.

She continued to beg them not to force her down on it until Johnson finally stuffed a thick ball gag into her mouth. The two women made her stand directly over the evil looking dildo while Johnson wrapped ropes around her wrists, binding them even more tightly than the scarf.

She then raised the rope above the girl's head and slid it through the ring on the end of the rod thing above her.

They took measuring tape and measured her legs exactly, then laid out more rope and cut it to measure. Johnson and Kruger then each took a leg, tying one end of their ropes several times around her thighs, just below the crotch. They pulled the ropes straight out to either side of her and ran them over hooks that protruded from the walls, then down straight and around two other hooks that were directly below the first two.

Each then grabbed one of Pepper's ankles and pulled them slowly apart. Pepper thought at first she would hang there in mid-air, but to her surprise found herself easing downwards. She looked up and saw that the rod with the ring on it, the one she was tied to, that is, was sliding downwards with her weight.

She jerked her head down to the ugly dildo below her and saw it getting closer and closer to her pussy as she sank down. She quivered and shook with fear, yelling into the gag as the two women pulled her ankles further and further apart.

Then they carefully tied her ankles to the ropes that were coming down from the hooks. Her legs were far apart, but she could stand on them and was still at least six or seven inches above the dildo.

The women then stood up and stood back, watching her and smiling.

"I suppose you're wondering what all this is in aid of, Pepperdine," she grinned. "It's really very simple. as long as you stand up there you don't have to worry about our little cunt scraper down below. Unfortunately, as you're probably beginning to notice, it's hard to stand up with your legs spread like that.

"Of course that spiked dildo is a powerful incentive, if you want to keep your slutty little pussy from being ripped to shreds. On the other hand, the ropes below your crotch help to bear your weight in a small way, yet they're attached to your ankles. So they put a lot of pressure on your ankles, trying to pull them apart, you see.

"Sooner or later that weight will pull your ankles apart and you'll slide down onto that dildo. The rods above you are on a heavy spring, but it's set to allow some movement. At your weight, it will let you down a good foot before reaching the end of it's spring."

"And then," Kruger snickered. "It will pull back."

"Yes, once the spring reaches its end it will re-cock. That is, it will snap back up hard to the point it was when we first attached you to it. Of course, by the time it reaches the end of the line, you'll be fully impaled on our little joy toy here, and so it'll rip it free of your pussy and probably tear out half your guts with it."

"So all you have to do is be strong, stand up, and keep your pussy safe and sound."

Another woman arrived then, along with Hernandez. The two came over to chat with Kruger and Johnson, and they all went and got drinks and snacks at a nearby table. Parker came in, leading Samantha Evans on a leash. The miserable looking brunette was naked and crawled along beside Parker. A kind of tail was sticking out of her asshole, swinging from side to side as she moved. Her heavy breasts hung below her like udders. Two heavy weights were attached to her nipples, dragging them down and swinging as she moved.

Two more women arrived, both teachers Pepper knew only vaguely. One was accompanied by a thin oriental girl who was quickly stripped naked. As others watched, one of the woman snapped thick metal shackles around the girl's wrists and ankles, then linked them with chains.

Meanwhile Pepper found that Johnson had been telling the truth about how hard it was to keep up. With her legs apart like they were it was very hard to stay up, and would have been even if her own weight wasn't pulling on her ankles, trying to force them wider.

She could not pull her ankles together because of that weight, and because in the position she was in she really didn't have a lot of leverage. She tried to pull, but most of her weight was on them. The spring loaded rods above her provided very little support at all beyond keeping her hands up above her.

The minutes ticked past as the women set about their little party. Samantha was paraded around the room, patted on the head, had her tail pulled and her breasts groped. She was urged up into the laps of several of the teachers, to be stroked and petted and groped.

The other girl was similarly fondled and groped, but also bent over and had her wrist restraints clipped to her ankle restraints while several women took turns caning her bare bottom.

Pepper's legs were shaking with fatigue, the muscles and tendons in her groin burning like fire from the effort of holding her aloft. She felt her left leg weaken momentarily, then gasped as the rope tugged her ankle a little further apart before she managed to hold it down.

She whimpered in fear as several of the women turned to watch her. They had all been keeping an eye on her, of course, waiting for things to get really interesting. There was still some space between her pussy and the metal dildo, but not much, and they began to pay more attention as the girl's legs shook visibly.

Then her other ankle gave way and she dropped a full inch. She cried out in terror as she felt her pussy pressing against the round ball at the top of the dildo. Her legs were even further apart now. That was one of the terrible things about the ropes, the lower she got, the wider her legs, the wider her legs, the harder it was to maintain her position, and the lower she got.

Her legs shook more and more, terrible pain burning up her groin and thigh muscles as she tried to stand up, but slowly, helplessly, she felt the round ball forcing her pussy lips apart, easing up into her. She sobbed in terror as the ball slid into her and her pussy lips felt the shaft behind it.

All the women were gathered around watching now, big smiles on their lips. Several were jerking off as they watched. Johnson held Samantha in between her legs and had the big titted girl sucking her pussy as she stared at Pepper's gash.

The shaft slid into her, then she felt a sharpness against her pussy lips as the first spike reached it. She cried out in pain as the spiked scratched over her pussy lip and into her belly. Then another spike scraped across, and another, and another, and another.

Each one slid up into her round hole, clawing at the soft, silky lining of her pussy walls as it moved into her. She sobbed tearfully, feeling the spikes scratching along her pussy lining as she slid further down on the dildo. The spikes felt like they were cutting her flesh, and she groaned in pain and fear.

Her pussy walls were straining to accommodate the thick, hard steel dildo, the spikes threatened to slash the lining of her love tunnel open like razor blades. The pain mounted, as did the fear. The slightest movement made her yelp in pain, and she was sure that only the very slow downward movement of her body kept her pussy from being cut apart.

She knew, though, that when she got down far enough the spring-loaded rod holding her arms up would rip her upwards and yank her off the dildo in an instant, tearing her pussy along the spiked dildo so fast it would probably rip her apart.

Her chest heaved and she looked imploringly at the gathered women, mutely begging them not to let her die, but they only watched with lust in their eyes, groping each other as they watched and waited.

She slid lower, despite her best efforts, weeping with the pain and helpless. She felt another spike slide into her and grunted in agony, then she felt the shaft narrowing and her eyes bulged as she realized she had the whole thing up

inside her. Her pussy mound pressed down against the top of the supporting shaft, and suddenly there was a click above her.

She screamed as the rod snapped up and jerked her arms skywards. Her pussy shot up the spiked dildo, the spikes tearing at her insides, clawing out through her pussy lips. The agony blasted through her mind as she felt her impending death, then the rounded metal ball popped free of her and she stopped, several inches above the thing again.

She wept and cried and moaned in pain, her insides burning, ruptured, torn to shreds and pieces. She shook and trembled and clenched her teeth against the waves of pain as the woman watching her applauded.

Unable to help herself, she lowered her eyes to see the blood pouring out of her pussy.

But there wasn't any. In fact, the spikes really weren't sharp at all, they just felt that way to her sensitive pussy. Her poor pussy had certainly been hurt, but was entirely intact...and ready...as her weight began to pull her downwards once again.

## C H A P T E R      E L E V E N

Father Thomas spent long minutes sucking and licking on Kristin's breasts. His tongue moved all around each orb, round and round, circling ever inwards until he reached the fine tipped nipple. Then he lapped like a hungry cat, again and again, before closing his lips and sucking like a baby at its mother's breast.

He cut her bra off, to lick at the undersides of her breasts, then slid his tongue up along her shoulders and along her throat. He sucked and licked at the nape of her neck, and up to her earlobes, where he sucked and licked and chewed some more.

He seemed in absolutely no hurry, despite the bulging erection pushing out against the front of his pants. Nothing Kristin said deterred him in the least, not the whimpering begging, the angry cursing, or the commonsense logic. He just kept licking and sucking and stroking her body.

He eased his way downwards, his tongue sliding easily from side to side along her belly to her belly button. He ripped her garter belt off, leaving her with just her stockings, and slid his hands between her legs to cup her ass cheeks as his tongue moved lower and slid through her tangled pubic hair.

Then he was at her pussy, sucking and licking all along the slit, his finger slowly pulling her lips apart so his tongue could lap across her glistening pink inner flesh. His eyes were wide and bright as he gazed appreciatively at her soft flesh and worked his tongue up into her fuck opening.

He slid two fingers up inside her and pumped them in and out as his tongue concentrated on her clitoris. He licked continuously at the little fuck button, then closed his lips around it and sucked hard. He blew out a stiff, sharp breath of air then, right against her clitty. Again he sucked, then blew, then

licked his tongue over it. He held it in his lips and made strange sounds, making his lips vibrate. He gently closed his teeth and gnawed from side to side.

Kristin was not really in fear of him, though she was wary because of the knee he'd rammed into her pussy earlier. But she saw that as retaliation for her attempt to kick him, and didn't see him as a violent man. Besides, she still thought of him as a man of the cloth.

She was outraged, though, by his free use of her body, infuriated at being bound and abused like this, shamed at her exposure before his eyes and the way he had groped and fondled and licked the most private parts of her anatomy.

She kept waiting for him to stop his licking and rape her, but he seemed in absolutely no hurry, his lips and tongue and fingers patient as they moved against her pussy. She could not help thinking of the laughter and snickers if she told her friends of this, that a man had tied her up and licked her pussy for what seemed like forever.

She doubted they'd be very sympathetic. They would claim she had had a nice dream, that it was her sexual fantasy or something. "Send him to me next," was their most likely response.

Thomas had spent almost half an hour sucking and licking at her pussy, his fingers probing gently and expertly inside. Kristin had to admit the man knew his business. She'd been licked a few times, but never by one so patient or so good with his tongue and lips. If this had been a date, she'd sure have given him high scores.

But it wasn't a date, dammit, she thought. He had no right to tie her like he had and then suck and lick breasts and pussy.

Not that it hurt, of course. In fact, she was starting to get quite a pleasant buzz from down there. Her rage and fear, and even her embarrassment, had given way to something that was closer to aggravation now, and as her emotions had stabilized, his tonguing had begun to have an effect on her clitty.

She realized with a start, that her breasts were hot and swollen, her nipples stiff and sticking out hungrily. She could feel her pussy beginning to lubricate as short spasms of pleasure made her guts quiver and shake.

She cursed herself, trying to restrain her body's natural impulses, but as time passed and Thomas continued she began to feel the heat seeping into her from her pussy opening. Her breathing came faster and faster and her legs parted unwillingly.

Thomas kept licking and the pleasure mounted. Kristin's head fell back against the wall, her eyes half closing as the waves of heat rolled up her body.

"What are you...ohhhhh," she gasped. "S...stop."

Surprisingly, he did, standing up in front of her.

"You want to be fucked, don't you, girl?" he smiled.

"N...nooo," she gasped.

His hand shot in between her legs and cupped her pussy, squeezing repeatedly as she groaned and arched her back. He chuckled and undid his pants, letting them drop at his feet. His cock was hard and thick and stiff with lust as he rubbed it against her we snatch.

His hand moved under her buttocks, lifting her left leg up, spreading her for his cock. She moaned in denial, trying to summon the will to yank her legs back,

but couldn't seem to find it. His cockhead pressed against her oily cleft and slowly sank into her, piercing her willing body.

He held her leg up high as he drove his cock deep into her tunnel. Kristin felt a deep outrage, but also a deep, burning pleasure and satisfaction as he pussy was filled with hot, man-meat. She groaned in delight as his cock filled her, and her head rolled back weakly.

He cupped her buttocks, mashing his lips down against hers as he half lifted her in his hands and began to grind against her. His cock was buried to the hilt and he began to thrust with slow motions as her legs dangled to either side.

"Nooo," she groaned, trying to fight the deep, gut-wrenching flames of heat and passion that were burning up the length of her spine. But then her tongue was sliding against his, pushing into his mouth as her legs came up around him and clutched him tightly.

She humped against him, groaning and gasping for breath as he humped into her with sharp, fast thrusting motions. Her guts churned and heaved and twisted in a turmoil of sexual lust as the flames grew higher and she whimpered in sex heat.

His hands on her bottom jerked her in against him as his cock pummelled her cervix. She felt herself rising, felt herself about to climax. She didn't want to come, to give in so absolutely, but she needed it, needed it more than breath.

She choked and gurgled in ecstasy as the orgasm boiled through her, frying and crisping her nerve endings as she danced and shook and thrashed in the grip of the all encompassing climactic release. Her legs jerked spastically around him as she delighted in the hard, steady fucking of his thick cock.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ohh! Oh Goddd! Ohh fuuuck!"

He rammed into her, his cock pounding up into her guts as she wriggled and jerked and whimpered in the grip of the sexual conflagration. Her head jerked and twitched and her eyes rolled back as she gave a final groan of delight and her body went stiff.

He continued hammering his cock up into her as she slowly relaxed and her eyes closed. He felt his cock nearing its own rocket ride and with a flurry of hard thrusting motions he came, his jism blasting up into the hot, sucking depths of her body.

He sighed and backed away, letting her legs down. They dangled and she slumped weakly, unable to support herself at first.

"Ba... bastaaaard," she groaned.

He shook his head in reproof. "You've still got a long ways before you can truly appreciate us, Kristin."

He moved against her and reached up behind her, undoing the leather restraints from the wall and pulling her away. He clipped them to the back of her collar again then led her out the door and down the long hallway.

She began to regain some of her strength and sense, refusing to go downstairs when they arrived at a narrow stairwell. A few slaps on the ass produced the pain necessary for her to change her mind, and left her in shock at just how much a hard slap on the bare ass could hurt.

He led her down a long, winding staircase and to a long, low ceilinged place beneath the chapel.

"What is this place?" she gulped fearfully.

"Somewhere pretty girls come to be trained."

"What?"

He pushed her along and turned into a small room with a thick door. There was no furnishings in the room beyond a wooden chair. There were, however, chains hanging from the wall, and several wooden braces and stands of puzzling purpose.

He led her against one of these, a tall wooden T-shaped framework with some kind of leather strap set in the middle of the horizontal bar. There was a small stool set in front of it, and he pushed her on the stool then reached behind her and unclipped one of her restraints from the collar. He held her wrist firmly as he removed the leather restrain, but then to her surprise, wrapped several loops of rope around her wrist.

"I prefer rope," he explained. "They're more visually satisfying."

"What?" she blinked.

He smiled and pressed her hand up against the left arm of the T, then tied the rope against the end. He unclipped her other wrist and pulled that out too, tying it to the other arm of the T. Her arms were pulled up and out to either side, which was scarcely any better than before.

He removed the collar around her neck, then pushed her head back across the top of the wooden T and pulled the strap out, sliding it around her throat, then fastening it back against the wood behind her. He smiled, then moved back and kicked the stool out from under her.

She tried to cry out but the strap under her throat dug in and strangled her. She hung from her wrists, her legs dangling, kicking and flailing in mid-air as they sought purchase somewhere. There was none, however. Her toes were a good foot off the floor.

"Perhaps a little time alone will calm you down," Thomas said. He turned and went out the door, then closed it behind him. Kristin gurgled and choked, her legs continuing to kick helplessly for some minutes before settling down below her. The strap did not really choke her, though it felt like it was. She had enough air, so long as she didn't try to breathe too fast or deep.

Her wrists burned with pain as the ropes dug into them, and soon her arms and legs and feet were aching too. She moaned weakly, the strength draining out of her as she hung there on the frame. Her legs dangled impossibly far below her, hardly even a part of her, just weight that dragged her down.

Hours passed, though she had no way of keeping time. She prayed Thomas would come back, no matter what he did. He could fuck her as much as he wanted so long as he let her down again.

She was almost in a daze when he showed up finally.

"How are we doing?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

"Please," she gasped, raising her head. "I'll do whatever you want, just let me down."

"Not yet my dear. We need to see a substantial change in you before that happens."

"You can fuck me. I don't care. Do whatever you want," she panted.

"But I am, dear," he smiled.

He went to the corner and unscrewed what looked like a metal vice from another wooden frame, then came back to her.

"I don't have the same kinds of devices the ladies do," he said apologetically "but I make do with what's available."

He unscrewed the big screw of the vice, opening the small round jaws wide, then slid the U-shaped thing up against her pussy. He shoved it up high, so her cleft came down on the back bar and the screw was pressing against her lower abdomen, just a couple of inches above her pussy hair.

"Now this may hurt a bit," he warned as he began to turn the screw.

"Why?" she whimpered. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I can," he smiled, turning the screw more. She felt the pressure of it against her soft abdomen, then grunted as Thomas jammed the bar up harder into her gash, forcing it between her pussy lips. He jerked it forward, pulling the back screw against her spine, then continued to screw.

The screw pushed in against her abdomen, going deeper and deeper. She depressed her belly as much as possible but it kept growing tighter, pressing against her, crushing her flesh inwards.

"Stop," she gasped. "It's too tight."

"Still a little ways to go," he said.

He kept turning the screw and the pain mounted. She groaned, then cried out, begged him to stop. The screw kept turning, pressing into her lower belly, harder and harder. She screamed in pain, her legs kicking out, but he was too close and merely pressed them back with his own body.

She thrashed and shook as he tightened the screw still further. It felt like it was cutting through her flesh and digging down into her belly. Still he turned the screw as she howled in misery and pain.

Then he stepped back, and watched as she danced and shook and screamed in pain. The vice held her lower belly in a brutal grip, crushing sharply into her soft flesh and spine as the bar dug up into her pussy.

"Good, very good," he smiled. "I'll be back tomorrow."

"NOooooOOooooo!" she screamed, as the door closed and the light went off.

## C H A P T E R      T W E L V E

Pepper screamed in agony as the rod yanked her back up and her pussy ripped free of the spiked prong. Tears trickled down her cheeks as her chest heaved and her body trembled in pain. Almost immediately she began to sink down again, her legs too weak to support her.

Within seconds she felt the rounded ball forced through her lips and whimpered in anxious anticipation as the spikes grated through behind it. She slid remorselessly down, her ankles pulled further and further apart until her pussy gulped in the last inch of the shaft.

She howled as the rod jerked her up again and her pussy tore up from the prong. Again she began to sink, mewling in misery and pain, her pussy on fire now, a raging conflagration of agony as her soft, vulnerable insides were scraped and scoured by the rough spikes.

The ball popped through her numb pussy lips and she sank down onto the spiked dildo, taking it deep, her body impaled on the metal thing until...

'AHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhrrrrrgggghh!!!' she shrieked, her arms and spine aching as the rod abruptly yanked upwards, her pussy jerked off the dildo in an instant.

The women were still gathered in the corner, but now were mostly naked. They sat in each other's laps, curled up on their sides on the floor, pussy to ass, stroked and groped each other's pussies and titties, but kept their eager eyes on Pepper as she slid up and down on the spiked dildo.

She sank down faster and faster, mewling pitifully as the dildo slid up her pussy, screaming in agony as the rod pulled her free. The women watched and smiled. Their excitement grew, and soon they became involved in each other, sucking each other's tits and pussies, turning away from the muffled howls of the red haired girl as she rose and fell, rose and fell...

"How do you feel?"

Pepper's swollen eyes opened slowly, fluttering. She looked up into Taylor's concerned face, then groaned softly.

"You don't look too bad. What did they do to you this time?"

"Don't...ask," she whispered.

"Poor Pepper," she said, stroking her forehead.

Pepper shuddered and her trembling hand eased downwards towards her groin.

"Look," Taylor said, gathering together her courage. "I uh...I have an idea to get us out of here."

"Nobody can get away," Pepper moaned.

"But they have to let us go eventually!"

Pepper turned on her side and groaned.

Taylor looked at her, then away.

"There must be a way," she said again softly.

"Miss Twain said...by the time we leave we...we won't want to," Pepper groaned.

"There is a way to get out now."

"Those bitches watch us too carefully, and all the doors are locked."

"Yes, but I can get a key."

Pepper blinked her eyes at her doubtfully.

"I have to eat out Miss LeForest each night after dinner. She almost always hangs her clothes on the back of her chair and then props her legs up and apart on the tables while I eat her. Her keys are usually in her blazer."

"Those aren't the keys for outside doors," Pepper groaned. "You know that."

There had been escape attempts made before, and all the girls knew the results. The mistresses were very keen to ensure no girl left before she had been properly indoctrinated.

What that meant was before they had either brainwashed her or attained enough blackmail material - usually in the form of videos and pictures of lewd and often illegal sexual activities - to make sure they never spoke of what they'd done and seen.

It was well known that the keys carried by the mistresses opened only office and dorm room doors, and not the heavy double-locked outside doors.

"Miss LeForest is Miss Johnson's secretary," Taylor said quietly.

"Sooo?"

"So she has the key to Miss Johnson's room."

Pepper closed her eyes tiredly.

"One time when I was in there Miss Johnson had her window open."

"So?" Pepper repeatedly weakly.

"So she also had the metal grille over it open, because someone was painting the frame earlier. She closed it and locked it as I stood there, then tossed the key into the top drawer of her desk."

Pepper sat up on her elbows, swallowing several times before talking.

"How do you know it's still there?"

"It was only a few days ago. I've been thinking of it ever since."

"I didn't know those grilles could even open. Does LeForest's open?"

"Most of them don't. I checked. Most windows have bars across them, actually. Only a few have heavy metal grilles like Miss Johnson's, and almost none I've seen open at all."

Pepper stroked her thigh and winced.

"Oh what does it matter? It'll never work."

"Of course it will!"

"Taylor, they turn the electricity on the fence on at six O'Clock."

"Not they, she, Miss Johnson."

Pepper shrugged.

"Whatever. She's in her office until then. You'd never get past her."

"What we need..." she stopped, her heart pounding. "What we need is to distract her. We need to get her out of her office before she turns the power on."

"But you can't get the keys until six. Unless you don't use them until next day."

"She'd notice long before then. It has to be at six. My idea...my idea is for someone to distract her around five thirty and keep her attention long enough for someone else to take the keys over there, let herself into her office, unlock the grille, then climb over the fence and make it through the woods to town."

"You mean keep her attention somewhere else," Pepper snapped. "The only time that bitch leaves her office for any length of time, aside from inspections, is when..."

"When she and a few others are torturing someone."

"If you think I'm going to volunteer for that you're crazy!"

"No," Taylor said quietly. "I thought I'd do that."

"You? But you have to eat out Leforest."

"LeForest is weird for blondes," Taylor said. "If you dye your hair...and there's lots of that around...you can show up at six and do her instead. She'll be so happy to see you as a blonde she won't mind the substitution."

Pepper looked at her and Taylor shrugged.

"I've never been very athletic, Pepper. I know I'd never be able to climb down from that window without killing myself, and I sure wouldn't make it over that fence."

"How do you intend to distract them for that long?" she whispered.

"There's only one way," Taylor said, eyes blank.

The feel of the cricket bat hitting Johnson's head was more satisfying than any orgasm. In the movies the woman would have crumbled, of course, but in real life she only cursed and grabbed her head, staggering back from her desk. Taylor rushed around it and wacked at her again, but the tall woman raised her arm to block it. Again she swung but Johnson snarled in fury and grabbed at the bat, tearing it from her hands.

Taylor squealed in unfeigned terror, turned and ran.

"You little whooooooorreee!" Johnson howled behind her.

Taylor ran down the hall and down the stairs. Becky Schmidt and Annie Juarez were on kitchen duty so their room would be empty. It wouldn't hide her for long, of course. There was no place to hide here.

She cowered under the bed, waiting, glancing at her watch, praying this was not all for naught, that Johnson hadn't turned on the electricity to the fence before rushing out after her.

Five minutes passed, then ten. She barely breathed as she heard voices in the hall. Fifteen minutes gone.

She heard doors opening and closing, voices coming closer.

She glanced desperately at her watch. Twenty minutes.

The door opened and her heart seemed to stop. Feet came into view, moving quickly. They opened the closet and quickly closed it, then a face appeared under the bunk.

"I found her, miss!"

More feet rushed into the room, and she saw Miss Relnik's angry face, then Mr. Steel, one of the custodians.

"Come out of here, whore!" the woman spat.

Taylor shook her head, cowering back.

Steel sneered contemptuously and got down on his belly. He reached his long arm in and she batted and scratched at it frantically. He cursed, but grasped hold of her long hair and yanked hard.

Taylor screamed as he dragged her out by the hair, then flung her bodily across the room.

Miss Relnik rushed to her side and reached down to grab a fistful of hair, kicking her pointed shoe into the girl's ribs.

Taylor screamed again, twisting onto her side, and Relnik cursed and stomped her foot down onto the girl's breast where it rested against the stone floor. She pushed her weight onto it, pulling up on her hair, yanking brutally hard as Taylor shrieked in agony and batted at her ankle.

"You little slut! You'll be punished for your behaviour! We'll make you sorry you were ever born!"

They dragged her to her feet and marched her along the floor, past a number of staring girls, then across to the main part of the building and down several flights of stairs to where the dungeons were.

She trembled in terror, for there were many tales of the dungeons, and the girls who wound up in them, girls who were often never seen again.

In a dark round, closed-in room, the walls and floor ancient stone, Miss Johnson and Miss Kruger waited, along with half a dozen other staff members. Miss Johnson had a bandage on the side of her head and a look of pure hatred on her face.

Together, Steel and Relnik tore her clothes off, then dragged her across to a simple frame made up of two by fours. One was nailed to the floor, to a wooden stand, the other rested horizontally across it.

They placed her against it, her back against the wood, then pulled her arms straight out along the top piece. Her wrists and arms were strapped tightly to the wood, then her ankles, knees and thighs were strapped to the vertical piece. Her long hair was wound into a thick braid and pulled back hard, causing her to scream in pain.

No gag was forthcoming this time, however, for Miss Johnson wanted to hear her screams.

Her hair was pulled way back, and a cord was tied to it, then bound to a ring in the back of the post.

The staff members watching licked their lips appreciatively at how the big breasted girl's round orbs were thrust up and out so attractively.

So defencelessly.

Miss Johnson started with a paddle, a ping pong paddle with the rubber stripped from it. She started on the right breast, and the sound it made as it struck the soft flesh echoed around the room an instant before the blonde teen's howl of pain.

CRACK!

Carefully, precisely, and in no particular hurry, Miss Johnson cracked the paddle down against the blonde's right breast again and again, pausing long enough to enjoy each note of the girl's scream before striking again.

CRACK!

"Aaarggghh!"

CRACK!

"AARrrrgghh!"

CRACK!

"AAAaggghhhh!"

After a dozen blows the white orb had changed to red, and she started on the left. Again the crack of wood on flesh rent the air as that breast too wobbled and shook and jiggled and reddened angrily.

After a dozen blows Ms. Kruger stepped forward with a cat, and the thongs whipped through the air to slash across her breasts and belly and abdomen as the post shook to her desperate struggles and the air was filled with her screams of pain.

Miss Twain was next, a thin riding crop in her hand. She sliced it down on the fat round breasts, eyes filled with glee, for she herself was flat chested.

Then Miss LeForest used her cane on the purplish red mounds of pain.

Her legs were unstrapped, then lifted high, her ankles bound to the far ends of the horizontal post next to her hands.

The staff now had a new target, and first her buttocks, then her pussy mound itself cracked and jerked and reddened as canes and crops and lashes and crops bit into them.

The soles of her feet came next, heavy canes used to batter each.

When she fainted smelling salts roused her and the beating continued.

Cattle prods raped her vaginally and anally, their electric charges setting the dazed girl's body shaking and thrashing.

Miss Johnson moved forward, a pair of sheers in her hand and snapped away at the rich, soft blonde hair, cutting it off close to her skull. Mr. Steel then used an electric razor to shave it down to stubble. Finally the barely conscious young woman was lifted off the frame, her arms and legs pulled wide as she was hung by her wrists.

Miss Johnson stepped behind her as the rest of the staff gave her room. She held a long coiled bull whip in her fist. It was rarely used for obvious reasons.

She swung her arm back, then lashed it forward. The long whip hissed through the air, and then with a loud crack of noise cut across the former blonde's shoulders.

She screamed with the breath driven from her chest, her mind stunned by the howling agony that tore through her, by the force of the terrible blow that cut into her flesh.

Again the whip lashed down across her back, producing the same result.

The staff watching cupped their crotches and squirmed in delight as they watched angry red welts began to appear across the girl's back. More and more of them lined her pale white flesh as Johnson whipped downwards, down across her perfect round buttocks, down onto her thighs and the backs of her knees, and even her calfs.

She moved in front of her, face filled with anger still and the whip began to lash the front of the girl, from chest to abdomen, sparing not even the breasts which had already been so brutally tortured, cutting across her ribs and sides, and then directly against her bare pussy mound as she flicked the whip with expertise built up over long years.

Taylor was unconscious and past rousing long before she finished, but nobody saw fit to point this out to her.

They carried her body to a distant room, then flung it in and locked the door. Inside, Kristin stared in horror at the beaten, battered girl, holding her hand over her mouth in shock.

## C H A P T E R     T H I R T E E N

"Have you heard anything?"

Cheryl shook her head slowly and Pepper bit her lip worriedly.

She'd waited until Johnson was gone, then used the keys to get into her office. The key to the grille was right where Taylor had reported it would be, and the rope she'd brought - there was always plenty of rope around - let her down to the ground ten feet below.

But when she'd gotten to the fence she had heard it humming threateningly, and tossing a small piece of metal she'd brought for that purpose set off sparks.

There'd been no choice but to rush back to the office, climb up the rope, close the grille and window, and put back the key. For good measure she'd also tossed Miss LeForest's keys under the bed Taylor had been found hiding.

She'd waited, frightened for Taylor, for her to be carried back to the room after her beating, but she never had. Questions about her brought beatings. It was said she'd been expelled, but few believed that.

There were dark rumours she'd been taken into the dungeons below, and nobody seemed to know how to get there.

Pepper knew, of course, because she'd been there. She trembled at the memory of Johnson, Parker, and the others whipping and raping her that first time. The problem was there was no way

to get down there. The door to the hall there was always locked,  
and she remembered Parker having to unlock the stairs as well.

Pepper had only one hope. She had closed the grille tightly, but not locked it. She hoped Johnson had not noticed it, hoped an opportunity would come to her during the day when the woman would leave her office and Pepper would somehow be nearby. She'd even secreted some rope under the heavy stuffed chair in the corner of the woman's office.

Of course their schooling was strictly regimented, and no girl dared skip a class, nor even lunch, where they were watched over by the steely eyed mistresses.

In the meantime she had a new roommate, and strict instructions from Miss Johnson on how to act around her. The mistress had her eye on Pepper now because of how Taylor had behaved, so she did her best to behave like a total slut for them, not complaining about anything. In fact, she tried to pretend she enjoyed their cruel

games, and she thought they might actually believe her.

The problem was they had no recruited her to seduce new girls, girls who came from poor families and who they wanted to break into things quickly. Pepper wasn't sure what they planned for these girls but it worried her.

Susan Moore looked around the old stone lobby with a dour look of disapproval. She'd been enjoying herself with her boyfriend on the beaches of Rio when the cops had arrested him for robbing a jewellery store. They were going to put her in a special school since her parents were dead. Instead they'd told her this place had volunteered to take her. What a dump. It was in the middle of nowhere, with no guys in sight.

"This sucks," she said.

She wore a skin-tight mini-dress, her braless breasts pushing out hard against the thin lycra material, her nipples, as big as strawberries, fat and obvious. Her smooth, creamy thighs were visible almost all the way up to her crotch. Her round ass pushed out against the dress.

Twenty minutes later she found herself in a room with a redheaded girl named Pepper, who didn't seem to be too much of a dweeb. In fact, when Susan tried to embarrass her by stripping off her dress... supposedly to try on the uniform, the redhead had watched her, not looked away with a blush.

"You have big breasts," she said.

"Uh, thanks," Susan grunted, surprised.

"Your nipples sure are big."

"Hey, d'ya mind?"

"Mind what?"

"You some kinda queer or somethin'?"

"You never had sex with a girl before?"

"Well...uh,.. I mean, maybe. What's it to you?"

"You're probably a virgin," Pepper sniffed.

"Oh yeah, right. That's why I was shacked up with a guy in Rio when the cops found me."

The redhead didn't seem overly impressed by that.

"So? You ever make it with a girl?" Susan sneered.

"Lots of times."

"Yeah, sure."

"I have. I've fucked lots of guys, and girls."

"So I guess I turn you on, huh," Susan said, posing lewdly, sticking her ass out and spreading her legs.

"You're okay. I'll have sex with you if you want."

"Ha. In your dreams, dyke. I like getting popped." She slapped her pussy in demonstration.

"I have a dildo."

"What?"

The girl pulled out a long thick black dildo and Susan stared at it in shock. "Holy shit," she murmured.

"It has straps too. I can strap it to myself and fuck you."

"Forget it! Anyway, you're full of shit. You could never get that up you, you little dwarf."

"Want me to show you?"

"Yeah, sure," Susan snorted.

She started to turn away but then saw the girl flip up her skirt and lay back on the bed. She stared in astonishment as she bared her shaved pussy and spread her legs. She watched the dildo slide up and down the girl's slit, then slowly twist from side to side as it sank down inside.

"Holy shit," she whispered, her eyes going wide.

She swallowed nervously as the redhead buried the big dildo in her pussy and began to pump it in and out. Despite herself she was becoming turned on. She'd never made it with a girl, but had thought about it, and her boyfriend had been trying to persuade her into a threesome with a local girl.

When the redhead sat up, the dildo way up her pussy, then stood up and walked across to her, she'd just stared.

The girl dropped her skirt, then pulled her blouse up and over her head. Naked, she pressed her body against Susan, her small firm breasts pushing into Susan's bigger ones, her arms going around the stunned blonde as she pressed her lips against Susan's.

Susan started to push her away, but then halted, trembling with newly awakened lust. She groaned as the redhead slid her hand down onto her joy button and began to stroke her fingers rapidly across it. They staggered back to Pepper's bed, their naked flesh rubbing and rasping together as their tongues slid through each other's mouths.

Susan pressed her body down onto the little redhead, kissing passionately, rubbing her fat breasts back and forth against the other girl as she moaned in pleasure.

Pepper let the dildo slide out between her pussy lips, then, taking a hand off the blonde's ass, she gripped the dildo firmly and pressed it against Susan's slit. She gripped the back of the girl's head firmly, mashing her lips up as she shoved the dildo into her.

Susan gasped and struggled briefly as she felt herself pierced, but then she sank back down with a groan as she felt the fat dildo slide up inside her pussy. She humped back, grunting repeatedly as Pepper pumped the dildo inside her snatch.

When she came, it was with a powerful blast of shocked pleasure that left her drained and exhausted.

Pepper rolled her over and lay on top, kissing her lightly.

"Have you ever tried bondage?" she asked.

Susan panted for breath and shook her head weakly, hardly realizing what Pepper had said. She felt her wrists pulled up and placed near the posts, then felt cords wrapped around them.

She had, in fact, done some bondage with her last boyfriend, so wasn't alarmed when she found her wrists bound. She watched as the redhead bound her legs apart as well, then strapped the dildo onto herself.

Soon she was writhing and groaning, pulling against her bonds as Pepper thrust down into her. She hardly noticed the door opening and two of the teachers coming inside, then stripping. When a pussy dropped onto her face she began to suck awkwardly, not caring who it was.

Susan looked around her, dazed. She felt... strange. Her vision was hazy and her hearing seemed filled with echoes. She was naked, at least, almost so. There were... ropes around her body. They encircled her breasts, squeezing them painfully, making them mash out hard and fat. They dug up into her bare pussy with painful force.

She tried to reach for them, to pull them away, but couldn't seem to move her arms. Her hands were high up behind her back, and couldn't move.

She was not alone. There were a number of people in the room, though they all had clothes. Ms. Johnson was there, and Miss Parker. The others were all men. They were calling out numbers to the women, as if in competition.

She knew them, but couldn't remember why at first, then she remembered they'd all fucked her.

That had been...good.

Susan blinked her eyes stupidly, wondering what was going on, why she was standing here naked. She was uncomfortable, and wished someone would either let her go back to bed or come and fuck her.

Then a tall, white haired man came over to her and gripped her hair. He tilted her head back sharply, his eyes gleaming as he looked down at her.

"You belong to me now, little slut," he smiled.

He led her down the hall, and outside to a waiting limousine, then put her inside and closed the door.

"That was much easier than normal," Parker said.

"And much faster," Johnson nodded. "Using Pepperdine is a big help."

"What about the next girl?"

"Already on her way, was expelled from her last school. A real troublemaker, but a looker. And no family."

"Good, hope she goes as well as this one."

"They're all sluts, Parker. You've been around long enough to know that. One way or another we can train them."

"So long as it stays profitable."

"There's always a market for girl meat," Johnson said. She flicked her cigarette on the ground, turned and went back inside.

## C H A P T E R      F O U R T E E N

Kristin imagined she could still feel the pain. She had, as Thomas promised, hung up all that day and all night. Only in the morning did he come and cut her down. She was delirious by then, and could hardly even feel her hands and arms, much less use them.

Thomas had smiled gently, sympathetically. He had helped her across the room to a wide bar that hung by a pair of chains from the ceiling. He had to hold her up long enough to get the leather restraints back around her wrists, then chain her wrists to the corners of the horizontal bar.

She hung there by the wrists again, but not for long. Two chains hung below the bar, and attached to them was a kind of leather mat. It dangled behind her as she hung there, but Thomas gripped the bottom of the mat and pulled it up between her legs. Two more chains that were attached to the lower corners were pulled up and snapped to the top.

So Kristin was, more or less, sitting back on a hammock of sorts, though her legs were wide open and her pussy completely exposed. It was infinitely more comfortable than where she had spent the night, and she groaned in relief, fluttering her dazed eyes.

She was hardly even aware of Thomas as he pulled his pants down and jammed his cock into her. She turned her head to the side, her eyes half closed, still twitching occasionally with the pain that the vice had created. There was an angry red circle on her lower belly, and it still felt like it was on fire.

She didn't much care that Thomas was fucking her. It didn't hurt at all. He stroked her breasts and swung her back and forth on the odd looking swing, sliding his prick back and forth in her belly as he sighed in pleasure.

He dropped a thick load inside her, then pulled out and left her alone.

He came back around noon, shoved his cock up her pussy and fucked her again. She moaned and pulled weakly at her bonds, staring at him in confusion.

"Wa...w...water," she croaked.

"Of course, dear," he smiled, fucking harder.

She breathed slowly, still weak and dazed. He finished and left her alone again.

He came back after classes were over, and fucked her once again.

"Wa...waaaateer," she whimpered, her flesh dry and pallid, her throat like a desert. She could hardly swallow, and felt her tongue swelling up in her mouth.

"It's only been twenty-four hours or so, dear," he smiled, fucking into her. She grunted weakly at each thrust, then sighed as he finished and pulled out. Again he left her alone.

He didn't return until the next morning. She was only half-conscious and didn't wake up any until he'd been fucking her steadily for five minutes.

"Waa...wa...ww...waa.a...attee...eerrr," she gasped.

"Of course, dear," he grunted, thrusting in repeatedly.

"P...p...leeaasse,"

"I'll get you something to drink," he grunted, ramming his cock up to the hilt and blasting his sperm into her.

He sighed and pulled out, leaving the room again. This time he came back in a few minutes, a jar of liquid in his hands. It wasn't water though.

"Do you know what this is?" he smiled, hefting the jar. "It's sperm. I got it from a sperm bank. It's rejected stuff, supposed to be for experimentation. I'm sure you'll love it. It's been frozen, but I thawed it in the microwave."

He unscrewed the jar and held the thing to her cracked, parched lips. She moaned and as he tilted it, she drank desperately, the wet, slimy stuff gurgling down her throat.

"Not too fast," he smiled.

"Mo...morrre," she gasped.

He dipped his fingers in and pulled them out soaked in sperm. The white stuff dribbled off the ends of his fingers as he slid them into her mouth. Kristin sucked and licked eagerly. He smiled in amusement. He pulled his fingers free and dipped them in the sperm again, then slid them into her mouth. Again she sucked and licked the moist fingers, sucking the sperm off.

He chuckled and placed the jar against her lips, then let her drink a quarter of the jar before taking it away.

"That's enough for now," he said, screwing the lid back on.

"Morrreee! Moooooore," she begged, panting for breath, licking at her lips.

"You'll get more later."

She was left in the dark again for hours. When he came back he wasn't alone. The headmistress was with him, and so was Pepper.

"I don't care," Johnson glared. "My way is a lot more fun, and it certainly produces results." She nodded at Pepper.

"But my way is so much kinder and more efficient," Thomas said, going over to the dazed woman in the hammock.

"Hello, dear. I'm back."

"Waaatteer," she moaned.

"I've no water, just more sperm. Do you want sperm?"

"Sp... sp...speeeerrm," she croaked.

"Here it is," he smiled, unscrewing the jar. "Right out of the cocks of misfit college students."

He scooped out a mass of sperm and let it dribble off his fingers and into her open mouth, then slid his fingers down and watched her suck them clean.

"That's disgusting," Johnson said.

Thomas chuckled, drawing out another thick wad for the teacher to suck on.

"Suck her pussy," Johnson said, shoving Pepper forward.

The redhead dropped to her knees and leaned forward, sliding her tongue up against Kristin's crack. She slurped carefully up and down, wetting the slit down, then began to stick her tongue inside. Her hands slid up onto the teacher's breasts and worked them expertly as her tongue slithered deep into the woman's crack.

Thomas let Kristin drink down some more cum directly from the jar, then stood back to watch as the little redhead sucked on her pussy. Kristin lay back and sighed heavily as she licked her lips.

With her thirst temporarily sated, she let her head lay back and fell back into semi consciousness. Soon, however, she began to sigh and moan, her body wriggling slowly. She raised her head and peered down at her crotch, watching Pepper suck on her clitty.

Her head fell back and she sighed, her eyelids fluttering. Her body began to wriggle with more energy, and then she began to hump up against the redhead's tongue, whimpering and muttering and grunting as her body was pulled upwards by the talented young tongue between her legs.

"Ohhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! uhhhhh! Mmmmmm! Oooooo! Yeeess!" she gasped. "OoohhhhH!"

"Fucking slut," Johnson sniffed.

"Funny what a little dehydration does to a person," Thomas grinned.

"Yesssssss," Kristin hissed, her back arching, her head pulling back.

"I'll take care of the slut's dehydration," Johnson growled. She took the jar from Thomas and jerked off the top then poured the sperm down onto Kristin's face. The thick creamy cum soaked her face and hair and flooded down across her breasts and down into her pussy.

She sputtered and choked, then opened her mouth wide, drinking deeply as Johnson poured the stuff directly into it. She couldn't swallow fast enough and it overflowed her mouth, flooding over her face and down her body again.

It soaked Pepper's face too but she continued to suck on the woman's snatch as the cum poured down around it. She emptied the jar and tossed it in a corner, then stormed out of the room as Thomas smiled and chuckled in amusement. Kristin writhed helplessly in the grip of sexual pleasure, her entire body coated in sperm as her mouth opened and closed repeatedly and her tongue licked out over her cheeks and lips.

Thomas closed the door then moved up behind Pepper. He dropped down to his knees behind her and lifted her skirt, baring her ass and pussy. She wore no panties, of course. He slid his hand in between her thighs and squeezed her pussy, rubbing back and forth over the smooth, bare flesh, sliding a finger up into the tight crack.

"So soft," he sighed, taking out his prick.

Pepper automatically spread her legs and arched her back as his cock pressed against her snatch. He pushed it slowly up inside her and began to fuck, his hands clutching her hips as he hummed in delight.

Pepper continued to suck and lick Kristin's pussy, working carefully and deftly. The woman screamed then, thrashing her head as she came. The hammock jerked and twitched and swayed in place as Pepper continued to work over her snatch.

Thomas fucked steadily into the redhead's pussy, his hands sliding up under her white shirt and fondling her breasts as he spiked his cock up into her. Pepper almost ignored him, busy sucking Kristin's slit as she'd been ordered.

Soon Kristin was cumming again, crying out in dazed pleasure, shaking and humping desperately as the power flowed through her. Thomas jammed his cock up Pepper's snatch and blew out his sperm, grunting with happiness as her womb sucked it down.

## C H A P T E R      F I F T E E N

There were five men and one woman, three from the middle east, two from Africa, one from America. They gathered together, chatting idly and sipping wine, then turned as Miss Kruger came in.

Kruger held a chain in her hand, and attached by collar to the chain was a young woman. The woman's head was shaved bald, glistening in the overhead light. She had large breasts and a round behind, which moved deliciously from side to side as she crawled obediently at Kruger's side.

There was no expression on the young woman's pretty face. Her eyes seemed dull and dead.

Kruger yanked back on the chain and spoke a command, and the woman rose onto her knees, then sat back on her heels, knees spread wide to reveal her bare, hairless pubic mound.

Kruger removed the chain, then spoke a series of curt commands. As each command was spoken the girl instantly obeyed, saying "Yes, Mistress," in a low voice, bowing, rising, bending, rolling, spreading her legs apart, or crawling forward to lick at the feet of the watching guests.

At another command the girl rose and brought her hands behind her head. She arched her back and pulled her head back as Kruger slashed a belt across her breasts.

She winced but did not scream nor move as the belt fell. Not even when the guests took turns, swinging as hard as they could, did she shift her position. Two small tears trickled from her eyes and fell across her cheeks as she held still, teeth clenched.

Kruger ordered her to lay on her back and the girl did so, then at another barked command drew her knees up and back, holding them there as the belt lashed down on her sex.

Still she did not move, though more tears trickled from her eyes.

The guests smiled in satisfaction.

The girl rose at another command, crawling to the nearest guest, a man, opening his pants, taking out his organ and slipping her soft lips over it. As his erection rose the man watched her and felt her expertise. He sighed in delight as she took his long organ down her throat and bobbed her lips up and down from base to head.

Afterwards she was bidden to kneel at Kruger's feet as the bidding began. She understood she was being sold, being purchased, but showed no interest in it. Her face stayed emotionless.

She fetched a good price, and after the particulars had been concluded Miss Parker and Mr. Steel led her away for preparation.

"Bend over the table, slut," Parker said.

"Yes, Mistress," she said tonelessly. She bent over as Parker slipped her panties down, then stepped out of them. She felt the woman's hand slip in between her legs and stroked her pussy. Her fingers slid inside her and pumped a few times before withdrawing.

"You're a dirty little whore, aren't you, Connor?"

"Yes, Mistress," Taylor said.

"You love sucking cunt, don't you."

"Yes, Mistress."

"But you love getting fucked by nice big cocks even more don't you."

"Yes, Mistress."

"We're really going to miss you, Connor. You've developed a very talented tongue, even better than Pepperdine or Kitridge."

She ran a hand up and down the girl's soft back and over her rounded buttocks, sighing regretfully.

"I'd really like to take the whip to you just once more, but your new owner might be upset if we marked you up before he got a chance. The welts and cuts have only just faded nicely from the last one and I'm sure he wants a nice white canvas for his own whip to decorate."

She picked up a T-shaped belt and slipped the crosspiece around the girl's waist, buckling it tight. The lower part hung down between her legs, and after fitting a thick dildo up into the girl's shaved pussy cleft and another into her anus she drew it through and pulled it up hard and tight.

The girl winced slightly as it mashed into her soft pussy meat, but her face remained expressionless.

Parker buckled it behind her then attached thinner leather bands around her wrists and clipped them to the back of the belt. Straps pinned her elbows back tightly.

A thick ball-gag was pushed into her mouth and the wide strap fastened behind her. Then a heavy hood was slipped over her glistening bald head and drawn downwards. There were no eye holes in the hood, nor any mouth. There were two small holes over her nose, and save for those the mask was unmarred by any perforation.

Parker closed it and strapped it at her neck, then slipped a thick leather collar over it and padlocked that closed.

Parker pushed her onto her belly on the floor, then carefully attached two leather restraints to her ankles and locked them together. Straps were tightly buckled around ankle, calf and thighs, then she lifted the girl and dropped her into a small padded box that resembled a coffin - but was too narrow, too small.

Inside the box were numerous rings set into the sides, and Ms. Parker carefully slipped a narrow chain between each, the chain crossing Taylor's body, winding through her straps and restraints, and binding her body down tightly from ankle to head.

Only then was the top placed over it. Then Mr. Steel used an electric drill to drive heavy screws through the lid all around the top of the box.

"Sure nobody will open it?" she said.

"It's clear," Steel snorted. "Diplomatic luggage going to Africa. Just like all the others. That Black bastard sure uses them up fast, doesn't he?"

"Please don't speak such bigoted terms around me, Mr. Steel," she said frostily.

They picked up the box and carried it to a small elevator, then placed it on and sent it upstairs to shipping.

It had been almost a full month since Taylor had disappeared. Pepper had no idea what had happened to her, and now feared Johnson might have killed her. She was continuing to play the eager slut for the mistresses, who seemed to be relaxing their watch over her because of it.

Unfortunately, the act was slowly becoming no act. She recognized this but was helpless to stop it. She was becoming conditioned to instant obedience and to the rough, raw, nasty sex the staff practised. She had even climaxed while Reverend Thomas had raped her anus the other day, the orgasm so powerful it had almost knocked her unconscious.

And often now she found herself feeling a tight, heady sexual electricity that robbed her of her will to anything but participate in lewd and passionate sexual encounters. She even fantasized sometimes about being whipped as she masturbated in her room.

Simmons stepped through the door with a leaden feeling in his stomach. He was in hock to the hilt, and the old man picked now to die. Who would have expected that? Pepperdine had seemed as strong as a horse.

Now his miserable brat of a daughter had inherited not only his title but his money and property, and among her employees was one Jack Simmons, who she had treated like a toad for years.

He remembered his first sight of her, when she'd been a baby in her crib. She'd howled piercingly the entire time and he'd had to do his best to compliment Lord Pepperdine on his daughter.

By five her piercing howl had only gotten worse, and she used it whenever thwarted to the smallest degree. She would stamp up and down and howl and scream until it fair to drove him mad. Nor was she above kicking him as hard as she could in the ankle whenever he tried to control her.

As a teenager she had been sullen and snotty and contemptuous of him, and he'd hoped that one of her teachers, fed up with her, would strangle the miserable bitch.

But now she was legally an adult and his employer - at least for as long as it took her to fire him.

"Ah, Ms. Johnson," he said. "I've come to see Miss Pepperdine."

"I do wish you had given us more notice, Mr. Simmons," the woman said with a frown. "We do not like having our schedule disrupted."

"I'm afraid it can't be helped. You see, her father has passed on."

"Oh, how terrible."

The woman did not act very sympathetic, and Simmons smirked inwardly, wondering if the little bitch had endeared herself to the headmistress as she had to him.

"Yes," he said. "As she has no other relatives I'm to inform her. Then, well, there is a lot of paperwork to go through."

"I'm sure there is, but, ahm, is Miss Pepperdine really ready for such responsibility? She is, after all, still a flighty and willful child with little sense of responsibility."

"The law makes no allowances for that," he said with a sigh.

"She has made some progress here. It would be a pity for her to leave before she gets the full benefit of our discipline."

"Discipline, huh?" he said, smirking outwardly now.

"Did you paddle the little brat?"

"Not to speak of. However, as it happens, she is being disciplined as we speak."

"Oh really?"

"Please don't interrupt."

Simmons blinked in surprise and confusion as the woman took his arm and led him through a heavy wooden door, then his eyes widened in shock as he saw a female bent over a leather covered framework.

The framework resembled a sawhorse, but with each each leather covered leg connected by leather beams running along the floor. The female in question was slim but well built, bent belly down across the centre of the horse, with arms and legs spread wide and shackled to the lower beams. She wore a leather hood over her head, which, so far as he could see, had no openings for her eyes.

And she was utterly naked. He stared in shock, and tried to hide his sudden excitement at sight of the naked, hairless sex, the smooth perfect bottom, and the small but delicious looking breasts dangling below her.

"Pepperdine," the woman said.

Simmons jerked as if stung, doing a double take. Well, the bitch was an adult, had been for a bit, after all, but, perhaps it was just that he loathed her so much he'd seldom bothered to really look.

Very nice, he thought, his heart pounding.

He watched the woman take up a long, thin cane, and his pulse beat faster.

"I'm sorry, Miss Johnson," he heard.

It was Pepper's voice, but plaintive and helpless and submissive, in a way he had never imagined hearing.

"I deserve to be punished, very truly punished," the girl said. "Teach me better manners."

The cane struck across the centre of Pepper's lovely little bottom and the girl jerked against the chains so that they clinked. She cried out in a low, gasping pain, and a red line appeared across her bottom.

Simmons felt his groin stirring as he watched, felt his chest tightening. Oh how he wished it were him with the cane. How many times he'd dreamed of taking a cane to the miserable little brat!

"Thank you, Miss," he heard her groan. "Please do it again."

"You are a weak girl, Pepperdine," Johnson said.

"Yes, miss. I'm sorry, Miss."

The cane slashed down once again and once again the girl's body jerked as she hissed in pain.

"Perhaps you should take a hand," Johnson said.

Simmons, spellbound at the sight of Pepperdine spread out before him, turned in shock and confusion. He looked down to see the cane in his hand and tried to shake his head.

But the little bitch was going to fire him. Of that there was no doubt in the slightest. And God he'd suffered for so many years and - .

The cane seemed to fly on its own, arcing around and down and cutting into Pepper's bottom in such a satisfying way Jack groaned almost as loud as she did. He stared, entranced, at the line of red which appeared across her bottom.

Miss Johnson smiled encouragingly, and he swung again, harder, then harder. Pepper cried out louder each time, and he felt a thrill of excitement and almost exultation take him each time the cane cut into her backside and each time he heard her cry.

Miserable little slut!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He was growing very hard, and had half twisted his lower pelvis so as to hide his erection from Johnson. He was grateful when she moved behind him and drew back for another blow. Then he halted, gasping, as her hand came around and squeezed his groin.

"Don't hide it," she whispered. "You know what she deserves."

And her hand was undoing his zip, and then sliding inside his trouser. He gasped as he felt her fingers wrap around his cock, which grew rock hard in an instant.

"She can't see a thing," Johnson whispered. "She loves it when we thrust into her anyway. She's had every male employee in the Academy."

And then, somehow, he was directly behind Pepperdine, and his cock was coming out of his trousers, and Johnson was guiding him forward, and as if in a dream he saw his throbbing purplish cockhead pushing against the moist and open sex before him.

"Do it. Give the little bitch what she needs!" Johnson hissed.

And then he was in her. He gasped at the feel of Pepper's flesh around him, and reached for her hips, then thrust in deeply.

He heard her cry, but it was clearly more pleasure than pain as he buried himself in her soft depths.

"You like that, don't you, Pepperdine?" Johnson demanded.

"Oh yes, Miss!" the girl gasped. "Fuck me, Miss. Fuck me hard! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Simmons did not pause to try and understand the madness. He gripped the girl's flanks and began to ride her, ride her fast and hard and even cruelly as he released years of pent up frustration at her insolence and arrogance and snottiness, pummelling her insides, hammering his hips against her upraised bottom.

It felt like a dam breaking inside him as he pounded himself against the girl's bottom, shaking the heavy frame as he rutted wildly. He came, exploding deep within her belly, yet such was his excitement he continued to pound away. Johnson reached past him with a smile, and a long finger pressed against the girl's wrinkled anal opening, then wriggled down inside and began to twist and turn.

She smiled suggestively, and he pulled free, then as her finger emerged, centred himself against Pepper's anus and jammed himself forward.

"That's what you need, isn't it, Pepperdine?" Johnson demanded. "A stiff cock up your backside."

"Y-Yes, miss," Pepper gasped. "Oh! Oh! Ungh!"

Simmons was too aroused and in too much of a fury to be gentle. He forced himself in and then used her with savage hunger, pounding himself into her tight rectum as she moaned and whimpered and panted before him. He reached down and filled his hands with her small breasts, then squeezed tightly, groaning as he bent over her, his hips beating a painful tattoo across her upraised buttocks.

I can't believe this. I can't believe I'm sodomizing the miserable little bitch, he thought dazedly. And she doesn't even know it's me.

"Pepperdine, come here!"

Pepper leapt to obey as Ms. Johnson glared at her from the doorway.

"You have a visitor. A Mr. Simmons"

Pepper swallowed, doing her best to keep her face neutral.

"You will, of course, make no complaints to him."

"No, Miss."

Johnson nodded and stepped back, opened the door again, and smiled at Simmons as he stepped in.

"Well, well, Pepper, nice to see you again," he said.

"How do you do, Mr. Simmons," Pepper said, her heart swelling with hope and excitement.

"I trust you're doing well here?"

"Yes, Mr. Simmons."

"I'll leave the two of you alone," Johnson said, stepping back.

"Thanks so very much for your help, Miss Johnson," Simmons said.

Johnson smiled and closed the door and Pepper felt almost light headed with the chance before her. Simmons stepped forward, took her arm, and guided her back to her bed, then sat her down and sat beside her.

"Jack! I'm so glad you're here," she said. "I never in my life would have believed I could be so glad to see anyone, especially you."

"I'm glad to see you too, Pepper," he said, sliding a hand over her shoulder and squeezing her against him. "I missed you too."

Pepper had not at all missed him, and were she thinking straight she would have wondered why he would possibly have missed her.

"You have to get me out of here," she said. "This place is awful. You can't believe what they're doing here!"

"Now, now, you're doing very well here," he said, reaching in and stroking her hair with his other hand.

Such closeness should have astonished her. Instead she only brushed impatiently at his hand. "You don't understand!" she said urgently, keeping her voice low. "They're sick! They're perverts! They do awful... sexual things to girls here!"

"And you don't like that?"

His hand was stroking her bare leg but she ignored it, even as it slid up beneath her skirt.

"You don't understand," she said desperately. "You have to tell my father! You have... stop that!"

His hand had finally slid up high along her thigh, and she stared down in surprise, reaching for it even as it slipped in to cup her bare sex.

"J-Jack!" she gasped.

"Come on, Pepper. Surely you've missed me," he cooed, letting his weight force her sideways, then backwards on the bed.

"I... y-yes but..."

His mouth covered hers, and now his hand was at her breast, squeezing and kneading it. Pepper's belly began to twist and she felt a sudden rising heat in her groin. She had been well conditioned over the months, and even as she wriggled and protested her sex began to heat up as his fingers stroked up and down the bare, hairless sex.

"J-Jack! Y-You have to...ungh... listen to me," she gasped.

Her mind was confused. She could not risk angering him, and in any event the habit of resisting sexual advances had been beaten out of her. And yet it was Jack, whom she had always detested and thought of as little more than a gopher.

And then he was inside her, and even while a part of her felt shock that Jack of all people, was plunging his cock into her belly she felt a heat rippling up her spine and flooding through her mind.

He tore at her clothes, silencing her whispered, anguished protests with his mouth, and then she was grunting as he thrust into her, gasping in pleasure as he rode her powerfully, lifting her legs up and back, bending her double, and then hammering down into her slender young body.

It hurt, of course, but the pain was so minor in comparison to what she had been given of late, including her caning the other day, that she hardly noticed it. The hard, deep thrusting of his cock was another thing, and her body thrummed with hunger and excitement as she responded with excitement and heat and an almost intoxicated sense of lust.

It was hard to concentrate on anything else, even something so desperately sought after as escape.

"M-my father...I... you have to... to tell him - ."

"He's dead," Simmons gasped as he hammered down at her. "Had a heart attack. You've got his title now Lady Pepperdine."

A shock of disappointment and then sadness hit her, followed by an orgasm.

Simmons wasn't finished however, and even as she slumped back dazedly he was rolling her onto her belly and spreading her legs again.

Dead? Her father?

She groaned as he jammed himself against her rectum, writhing slowly and weakly on the bed.

"D-Don't," she moaned.

"I'm all you have now, darling," he said, jamming himself deeper. "You and me. I'll look after you. Never fear. I'll see you're treated as you deserve."

"Ungh!"

He lunged into her and she shuddered as his cock filled her anus. Her fingers clawed at the pillow and she stared sightlessly at the wall before her, unable to understand what was happening.

She cried out as his fist gripped her hair and yanked her head back, then again as he threw his hips forward and drove his rock hard cock deep into her belly. Then he collapsed atop her, his heavy weight crushing her into the mattress, his cock buried deep inside her anus as he ground his pelvis against her.

"Hot little slut," he panted. "Don't worry, I'll take care of you. You need me to look after you. Poor little orphan girl."

He snickered, and threw his hips forward again, chewing on the nape of her neck as he grunted and thrust and grunted and thrust.

Despite her confusion Pepper's body began to heat, began to respond. Heat suffused her body as the steady pounding inside her triggered the responses the Academy had planted within her mind and she began to sigh and moan and rock in time to the hard pounding movement.

She cried out as she came, and moments later her spasming anus pulled him into the heated vortex with her and he bit cruelly against her throat as he emptied himself into her belly.

Then, before she could recover, he was up, rolling off, producing papers. He gripped her by the hair and roughly yanked her to a seating position.

"Sign this," he ordered.

"But I - ."

"Sign," he ordered, gripping her wrist, placing a pen in her hand and pushing the papers beneath.

"Sign," he ordered again. "Sign your name."

She signed, hardly thinking and he snatched the papers back.

"Again."

More papers, and then more, and then he was stuffing them into his briefcase and pulling up his trousers.

"W-wait," she panted, her head spinning.

She remembered then, that she needed him to get her out, that he was her chance.

"You have to... have to - ."

"Don't worry, Pepper," he said, his eyes gleaming. "I'll make sure you're taken care of. After all, you are my wife."

She stared at him in confusion and he laughed, then turned for the door.

"Wait!" she begged, scrambling out of bed.

The door opened and Miss Johnson came in. She and Simmons exchanged smiles. Pepper grabbed at Simmon's arm and he shook her off.

"You're being far too lax with this young lady, Miss Johnson," he said. "She needs far greater discipline. She's insubordinate and wilful."

"We've noticed," Johnson replied.

"Jack," Pepper whispered dazedly.

He gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back. Practised at not resisting, Pepper only gasped and shuddered, arching her back, her hands at her sides.

"You have a doctor here?"

Johnson cocked her head. "Of course."

"A uh, cooperative doctor?"

Johnson nodded.

"My understanding is that a small incision below the larynx would silence her impudent tongue."

He raised his eyebrows and Johnson smiled and nodded.

Pepper had little time to understand what had happened, or why Simmons was now giving orders - or even what they meant. He left, discussing her with Miss Johnson. Shortly thereafter she was removed from her room and taken to the Academy clinic. There she was sedated and a small incision in her throat silenced any further protests she might make.

Black contact lenses were placed in her eyes, effectively blinding her and over the course of the next several days her head and sex were shaved and then electrolysis removed the roots so that her both were as smooth as her bottom.

The school handyman placed heavy metal shackles around her wrists and ankles, and a matching collar around her throat, then welded them in place.

A small, closet sized cell was set up in the dungeon. It had no furniture but the mattress which filled it from end to end. In one corner was a small water tube, and next to it a small bowl for food. In the opposite corner was a small toilet. She was led to each and her hands were placed on them so she would know where they were. Then the shackles on her wrists were locked together behind her back. The shackles around her ankles were clipped together, and the heavy door was slammed shut.

She lay on the mattress whimpering softly until discomfort forced her to wriggle on her belly across the mattress to where the portable toilet had been placed. She managed to slip onto it, make use, and then close it before dropping dazedly onto the mattress again.

Some time later she wriggled across the floor, searching out the water tube with her face. She found it, slurped to satisfy her thirst, then wriggled back and lay still. Hours passed.

Hunger drove her to the bowl and she ate a foul tasting mix of cold food. The long dark hours passed slowly, and she tossed and turned as she lay on the mattress, trying to understand what had happened and how, and what could be done about it.

Bright lights flashing in her face wakened her. She stared at them dazedly, whining in confusion. Then strong hands gripped her head, forcing it up and back, and fingers forced her eyes wide. The black contacts were inserted, and the light disappeared.

Strong hands gripped her arms and pulled her to her feet. Her ankles were unlocked and she was led up the corridor, then up stairs and down more halls. She felt the breeze of outside on her naked flesh, but thought little about it.

Then they were inside somewhere. Her hands were unshackled, and she was lain on a wide bed. She could not speak to ask why or what was happening as her wrists were locked down to the top corners of the bed.

Hands began to squeeze and fondle her, then her legs were spread. A heavy body hovered over her, and she was penetrated. Then someone began to thrust into her as heavy breath hit her ear and a body fell atop her.

After some minutes it was finished. She lay alone for a brief period. Then she heard movement. The bed depressed as someone else climbed in, and hands began to fondle and grope her. Again, her legs were spread, and she was penetrated.

Hour after hour men took her, men she did not know and could not see. She could not speak to them, or do anything to influence what they did to her. Her breasts began to ache from the rough groping, and her thighs and pussy became sore and raw as she was used over and over again.

Each day she was startled out of the dark, closed silence by bright lights in her eyes. The lights lasted only long enough for the contact lenses to be inserted. Then she would be led to a small building on the edge of the property and the men would come to her.

Sometimes they spoke obscene words to her. Sometimes they kissed her. Sometimes they slapped and cursed her. Late in the day, exhausted, sore and bruised, she would be led back. She would be hung by her wrists, the shackles digging painfully into her soft flesh, and she would be washed inside and out.

Then it was back into the little cell, the shackles clipped and locked, and the heavy door would slam shut.

She came to despise those times, and to yearn for the periods when she was being used. For at least then she knew she was alive. The sound of voices, the feel of bodies against her, the warmth of breath against her cheek, all provided a stimulus the cold dark cell lacked.

She even came to enjoy the sexual use of her body, for it provided her with the only pleasure of any kind her life could now give her. Most of the men made little effort to please her, and yet the conditioning of her mind required little effort. And so despite their casual use she often climaxed quite strongly.

Every few weeks Simmons would arrive. She came to hate the sound of his voice, to loath his presence. Oddly, she also looked forward to it. Simmons at least spoke to her, even if it was only to taunt her and hurt her and humiliate her.

Although in truth she was beyond humiliation, and the the growing masochism within her found the pain exciting in a dark, heady sort of way.

The first time he visited he arrived in her cell alone, holding a small torch. Her eyes teared at the light, and yet he made no move to blind her, as the others always did, and so she slowly adjusted to the light, and for the first time in three weeks she was able to see another human face.

He was better dressed now than ever before. The suit he wore had once been far beyond his means. No more.

"I've bought a new house," he said smugly. "An estate north of the city. It has enormous gardens and two small lakes."

He reached down for her, gripped her by the collar, and dragged her to her feet, then thrust her back against the wall and gazed down at her.

"Enjoying your new accommodations, Lady Pepperdine?"

She looked up at him mutely, and he smiled cruelly.

"People ask about my wife, of course, but not often. I've made them known that you've gone to the south shore of France and have a place on the beach there. It's not like anyone misses you. You weren't well liked, after all."

He fondled her breast casually as he spoke

"I understand you're quite popular with the local set," he said with a laugh. "No doubt it's that noble blood of yours."

He turned her around, shoving her against the cold stone wall, then unlocked her shackles long enough to raise her slender arms up high and shackle them against a ring set into the wall. Then he twisted her around once more and she saw the riding crop.

"Such a miserable little bitch," he said coldly. "All the times I wished I could teach you a lesson. And now I can do anything I want to you. Anything."

He slashed the crop across her belly and she jerked violently against the wall, her mouth giving a small gurgling moan. She felt the gritty stone grinding into her shoulder blades and buttocks as he drew back his arm again. Her head thrashed wildly as the crop sliced across her soft breasts and her legs twisted and jerked as she rolled about, pressing her breasts against the stone.

The next blow cut across her buttocks. The pain was sharp and terrible, but she held her position, mewling softly, her body shaking as the crop descended again, this time across her shoulders.

"You're going to get flabby and fat sitting around here on your backside," he said, panting now due to his exertion. "I shall have to ensure you're given more exercise."

Slashing daggers of pain cut across her back from top to bottom, then halted briefly as his body crushed her into the wall. She grunted inaudibly as he forced his erection up into her rectum and violently sodomized her. Yet even as her sex was ground against a rough, projecting stone and the pain of her beating was filling her eyes with tears she felt a steaming eroticism fill the cell with her.

She knew that was mad, and cursed them all for doing it to her, for so twisting her mind that being whipped and sodomized could set her blood afire and her heart racing. And yet she could not resist the dark, ugly pleasure that gripped her as his hips slammed into her aching buttocks and his thick erection impaled her.

She spread her legs willingly, and pulled against the shackles to raise herself up just that little bit extra so that she could grind her pussy against the rough stone. Climax filled her world with wonder and ecstasy, and she clung to it feverishly even as he shuddered and came, emptying himself into her anus.

She slumped languidly as he pulled back and turned her around. Her legs were pinned, and he picked up the crop once again. Unable to turn away now she whimpered in fear, yet even so, a thrill of wicked excitement flooded her mind.

When he was done she was all-but hanging by her wrists, and her body was on fire from neck to knee.

He left her like that, and she moaned as he took the light with him. Later, they came for her, another interruption in the normal course of her day. Her nipples were pierced, which hurt quite a bit. Her nose was hurt which hurt more. Her tongue was pierced, which had her thrashing and twisting violently. And then her clitoris was pierced which almost caused her to faint.

The mattress was taken out of her cell and she was placed on her knees. Rings impaled her where she had been pierced, and thin wire was bound to the rings.

Her wrists were pulled out to either side and shackled to opposite walls. Her head was tilted up and back, almost upside down. The ring between her nostrils was pulled sharply enough to bring tears to her eyes. Her tongue was pulled up and out even more painfully. Her nipples were pulled up and forward and out to either side, and her clitoris was pulled down and back.

Hours passed in darkness. Every small twitch, every slight movement, every dazed shift in weight brought sharp, intense pain to her body.

When they came for it was not to take her to the pleasure of mens' use, for her body was too badly marked. Instead, for two days, they twisted her body into painful, uncomfortable positions

and bound it in place by the expedient of clipping her rings in place.

After two days she was allowed to drink and given food, then let to sleep for several hours. She was slapped and kicked awake and forced to crawl out into the main part of the dungeon. Weights hung from her tongue, nipples and clitoris and a switch cut across her bottom whenever she slowed.

She did tricks for them, the kind of tricks a dog would do: begging, kneeling, rolling, sitting, wagging her tail, licking the hands which petted her. Then the tricks became more perverse, of course. And she masturbated for them, first with her fingers, then with whatever objects they placed in her hands.

She licked several women to orgasms several times, and Father Thomas and several other men, while using her in all three orifices

introduced her to the concept of deep throating a male organ. It was uncomfortable, of course, but then discomfort was a mild thing to her at that point.

While he had not intended it Simmons had actually gifted her with something which was to make her life more bearable. It was the tongue piercing, and the way she was bound which made use of it. Over the days and weeks as her tongue was forced out at full and painful extension, the muscles began to strengthen, and the length to which she could extend her tongue grew slowly greater.

Not many women could lick the tip of their own nose, but Pepper soon could, and the pleasure this caused to the Academy's female staff when she was performing on them soon put an end to her long hours of isolation. For despite Simmons' instructions they could not resist such a delicious experience, and her tedium was broken up again and again by whispered female voices and the scent and taste of female sex.

When the most obvious signs of her beating had faded she was once again taken to the bed and let to be used by the men of the nearby towns and villages. Her sexual appetite grew day by day, for sex was the only pleasure in her life. And as there was never enough pleasure there was never enough sex.

It was almost impossible for her to mark the passage of time. Her only direction came from Simmons, who visited her every few weeks to beat her and to taunt her with how he was spending her money and how he was enjoying life as the husband of Lady Pepperdine.

A dozen such visits meant, she thought, inasmuch as she thought very much, that she had been in the cell for about six months. The staff at the Academy had come to take her submissive acceptance of her position for granted, and were no longer nearly as careful as they had once been to ensure she could not come into contact with anyone else.

During a moment of clarity Pepper came to understand that in many ways they regarded her more as a beast than a human being. She was not capable of communication, after all, the dark contacts they continued to apply to her eyes

not only blinded her but robbed her of even that form of expressing her humanity. For her eyes, to look upon, were nothing but large, black pools.

In addition, of course, they had her crawling most of the time - like a beast. She ate off the floor, licked small treats from their fingers, and had to be washed just as one would a dog or other pet.

In fact, some grew quite fond of her, as they would a pet. They enjoyed petting her soft head and even giving her pleasure by sliding fingers in beneath her buttocks as she knelt at their feet and stroking her swollen clitoris. Her wriggles and mewls of pleasure were not at all human, but more related to their minds to the purrs of a happy feline.

She did not know the name of the labourer who used her. He was distinctive, however, and she recognized both the size of his organ and the ferocity with which he used her. He was a large and powerful man with a lust to match. She had come to think of him as the gorilla, for he was quite hairy.

As always, she was blind, and her wrists were locked to the headboard above her. On this occasion Gorilla had chosen to take her from behind, and so he had roughly flipped her onto her belly and yanked her hips upwards. He had then entered her and began to hammer her with such violence that her head whipped backwards and forward quite energetically.

As the pleasure within her had mounted her eyes had begun rolling and her movements had become even more energetic. And as her eyes bulged at the peak of a tremendous orgasm and Gorilla had hammered his big, hairy hips into her bottom one of her black contacts had been knocked astray.

Light flooded in. Dim light, but light just the same. And as Gorilla continued to hammer himself into her bottom she slowly began to adjust to it.

The room was small. It contained a large bed and a small table with a lamp atop it. Gorilla finished with her and withdrew, and Pepper stared around her.

The first thing she noted was a small window, which was unbarred. The light coming through was dim, giving evidence that the sun had already set.

As her head turned forward she saw her hands where they gripped the metal headboard, the shackles around her wrists, and the small chain which linked the two shackles and which went around the metal bar.

While she did not know it the chain had been locked in place by a small padlock during her early months. But of late the staff had grown lax, and now the chain was merely clipped to the rings on the two shackles. Blinded as she was, it was not thought likely she would discover a means of freeing herself even if she had tried. And no one expected her to try.

And yet as complete as their conditioning had been in twisting her young mind so that it embraced her own sexual abuse and gloried in the pain and sexual degradation given her, still it had not eliminated that small core of rebellion which had always been at the heart of her personality.

Pepper did not like being told what to do. She never had. And as many orgasms as they gave her she did not like being their prisoner.

She stared at the chain for a long minute, then her fingers eased up to one and fumbled at it. It took only a moment to understand its designed, and then her wrists were free of the bar and each other.

She stared at them for a long moment, then turned and stared at the closed door behind. Slowly, she rose, then turned and climbed out of the bed. She walked to

the window and looked out onto a darkening field. She turned again, looking at the door, then opened the window and slipped out.

## C H A P T E R      S I X T E E N

"Wakey, wakey," Pepper whispered, sliding her fingers lightly through Taylor's short golden hair.

Taylor blinked her eyes, then sat up with a gasp of fear before slowly relaxing and laying back down in the thick soft covers.

"You're safe," Pepper said with a smile and a hug.

"I was...I...forget sometimes where I...am," the blonde girl whispered.

"But less and less now."

"Yes." She turned and hugged Pepper tightly.

"Don't worry. I'll look after you," she said, stroking her back. "And I won't let anything happen to you again."

"You don't have to look after me, Pepper," Taylor said with a soft smile.

She reached up and stroked Pepper's bald head. Her own hair had come back, but Pepper's never would. The electrolysis had been complete and permanent, unlike the damage done to her voice box, which had been easily repaired.

This did not bother her as much as she might have expected, for she now had a quite eclectic array of realistic seeming wigs and rather enjoyed being a blonde one day, a redhead the next, and a brunette the day after that.

"But I like looking after you." Pepper grinned and mouthed the blonde's nipple. "And anyway, we have to stay together. Who else would understand a couple of twisted sluts like us?"

The Twisted Sluts of St. Anne's Academy had been a headline in one of the more sordid newspapers after she had exposed the goings on there. The former St. Anne's Academy. Most of the staff had been imprisoned and were now suffering the unwanted sexual attentions of women just as cruel as they, if considerably larger in both size and weight.

Finding Taylor had not been difficult. She had an enormous fortune to draw on and the Academy had done little to cover its tracks.

"All those poor girls they sold overseas," Taylor said sadly, slipping a finger through the large ring set into Pepper's right nipple and tugging rhythmically.

"Maybe we'll go and find them," Pepper sighed. "I've scads of money now and nothing much to spend it on but fun and pleasure."

"And shrinks," Taylor said with a half smile.

Many of the girls at the former St. Anne's were in therapy, but not Pepper. Pepper was intelligent enough to recognize that her masochism was not natural, that it was the product of the conditioning given her at the Academy, but it had saved her from the horrors the others had experienced. For by adapting to what was done her, by becoming a sexual masochist her mind had twisted the pain and humiliation into pleasure and excitement, and spared her the trauma others still held.

There were no nightmares for her, nor sleepless nights. But she was a regular at the darkest and most secretive of London's leather bars and S&M clubs, where she was often publicly whipped and tortured for the excitement of onlookers, and then bound and used by whomever wished.

Her lust for punishment, even more than her eye popping abilities in cunnilingus and fellatio, had made her notorious and much sought after. Occasionally she gave herself to a master or mistress for a day, or a week, but only the cruellest, and only with the certainty she would be freed to do as she wished afterwards.

There was a knock at the door and she looked up as it opened. Maddock, clad in his tuxedo, bowed perfunctorily.

"A telephone call from Mr. Nielsen, Miss," he said in his cultured voice.

Pepper nodded lazily and he came forward and handed her the phone. She had no secrets from Maddock, or any of the servants she had hired. After all, when she was particularly aroused it was Maddock's duty to please her, either by using his unusually long and thick erection, or by whipping her as she chose.

"Yes?" she asked.

"He's gotten a job again," Nielsen said.

"How delightful."

Nielsen was a less than principled ex policeman who now ran a less than principled private investigation service. She had hired him to find Simmons after he fled from what he no doubt presumed would be his imminent incarceration.

It had been so easy, after all, once she'd clothed herself from a washing line and hitchhiked her way into the city. Simmons had changed much, but not her bank, and the bank manager was, of course, delighted to see her.

She had immediately locked all her accounts so that Simmons could not access them, cancelled the credit lines and cards he had arranged, and sold the house and car he had purchased with her money.

But she had done nothing to cause him to be imprisoned. Instead she had set about making his life miserable. Simmons ran frantically from city to city, always desperately frightened of being imprisoned. His former wealth and comfort was a thing of memories. He not only had no money but could seldom find employment of any kind. When he did, Nielsen was there to arrange for his dismissal, usually in as humiliating a fashion as possible.

"What's he found this time?" she asked lazily.

"He's a shoe clerk in a small store in a suburb of Salt Lake City in Utah. He's joined the Mormon church."

"How charming."

"Want him to be fired for theft again?"

She pursed her lips. "Hmm, no, let him be for a couple of weeks, then. Arrange for a whole lot of little girls' shoes to be stolen and found in his flat. He does have a flat, doesn't he?"

"A room he's renting from a Mormon family."

"How sweet. Do they, by chance, have a little girl?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Make sure when he's found out it's very public."

"As usual."

"So good doing business with you, Mr. Nielsen."

She gave the phone back to Maddock and he bobbed his head, then left the room.

"How long are you going to go on making his life a misery?"

"I dunno. Until I get tired of it."

"You're so bad," Taylor said with a smile.

"Maybe I need to be punished."

Taylor slid her hand down to Pepper's groin and curled a finger through her clit ring, then began tugging it up. Pepper winced, but spread her legs and closed her eyes as Taylor tugged up harder and higher. Her lower body began to buck upwards as she gasped and moaned in pleasure.

"I'm bad," she groaned. "So bad."

"So bad," Taylor said with a smile.

There was no doubting she and Taylor had been changed forever by what had happened to them. Neither was willing to give up the pleasures they had discovered at the Academy, and could find no other way of feeling that pleasure but with the sharp spark of pain and excitement that came with the hot, lewd sex they had been trained to revel in.

"Harder!" Pepper gasped, then cried out as Taylor's hand cracked down across her left breast.

She felt the orgasm roaring above her, ready to descend.

"Ha..harder!"

Taylor's hand cracked across her one breast, then the other as her finger tugged harder and faster against the clit ring. Pepper bucked up frenziedly, mind spinning as the climax tore through her.

Miss Johnson, had she been able to observe would have approved thoroughly.