

O n e

Larry set the empty bottles down on the counter and made a face, reaching up to run dirty fingers through his tangled hair. He looked up at the clock to judge how much longer his shift would last, then turned and froze.

Two women had just come through the front door of the cafe. Two tall, striking women who had Larry's chest and thumping from across the room as he silently begged them to sit in his section. They did, and he felt a surge of excitement as he combed his hair back and hurried over.

One was a tall, striking blonde with shoulder length hair perfectly and precisely framing a strong, yet beautiful, oval shaped face. Thick strands of golden hair spilled down the front of a dark blue blazer while long bangs cut diagonally across her forehead. Her every movement was elegant and graceful, and Larry could hardly take his eyes off her as she sat down.

Yet he was forced to, for her companion was, in her own way, just as eye catching. She was Asian, Chinese, he guessed, shoulder high to the blonde. The blonde's hair seemed to glow, while the Chinese girl's raven hair gleamed like spun silk as it flowed like a waterfall across the shoulders and down the back of a tailored Armani linen jacket in pale grey. Her hair was parted in the middle, curving in delicately along the lines of her high cheek bones, shading in just above her soft brown eyes on both sides.

As he approached, a helpful smile on his face, Larry's eyes were drawn to the front of the blonde girl's high collared silk blouse. The first several buttons were undone, and from his angle he could see the smooth, creamy flesh of her full breasts. He swallowed as he felt his groin tighten. The skin covering her breasts, as everywhere else he could see, was of a perfect, unmarred ivory.

He tore his eyes away lest he be caught staring and was caught in the shining white smile from the Chinese girl. He smiled back instinctively. Models, he thought. Had to be.

"A pair of cappuccinos," the blonde said, her soft, throaty voice yanking his head back around towards her.

She had jade eyes, so deep he almost fell into them.

"One of them Irish Cr? me," she said, her eyes moving across the table to the Chinese girl.

"Uhm, Raspberry Truffle," the Asian girl said, her accent slight but noticeable a small grin moving across the table towards the blonde.

"Hedonist," the blonde replied.

"So sorry," the Chinese girl said in an exaggerated accent.

She leaned back in her seat and the edges of her blouse parted to reveal a full chest to match the blonde beneath a tight, thin gray turtleneck sweater. She cracked her knuckles, then brought her hands up behind her neck, linking fingers as she yawned, arched her back, and twisted her torso slowly from side to side. Her breasts thrust out against the thin sweater, large against her slender torso, noticeably large, impressively large, yet at the same time only slightly out of proportion.

It was an awe inspiring sight and Larry stared helplessly.

"Yes, ma'am," Larry said, his voice breaking abruptly. He realized he was getting an erection and hurriedly turned away and rushed back to the counter.

"Cock tease."

Amy covered her smile with her hand and looked down as if in guilt. Veronica was not fooled.

"He's probably about seventeen years old," she said disapprovingly.

"I like young men," Amy replied. "Young men are sweet. They haven't learned how to be men yet."

"I seem to remember from when I was a teenager that young men were crude, lust crazed pigs who would grope a girl every chance they got and thought nothing of getting her drunk so they could get into her pants."

"To be fair," Amy said with a smile. "You were a slut."

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Well, sluts tend to get involved with the wrong sort of guy."

"I was involved with every sort of guy."

"Often in the same bed at the same time."

"Hey, that was only once, and I was drunk."

"You got drunk on purpose, Veronica. You always did when you were going to do something kinky."

Veronica glared sulkily. "Who have you been talking to?"

"Carol," she laughed in reply.

"Carol is just a bull dyke who's scandalized I used to sleep with men."

"A lot of men."

"I was confused about my sexuality," the blonde said defensively. "Besides, you know how young men are. They last about two minutes. I needed a lot of them to work together to get me off."

"I never have any trouble," Amy said smugly.

"No, not with those ancient and mysterious oriental arts of yours."

Amy laughed. "I don't need any ancient Oriental arts with you, dear. You're the most multi-orgasmic woman I've ever known. I think I could make you come just by looking at you."

"I'm not that bad," Veronica said frostily. Then she grinned. "You'd have to at least whisper into my ear."

The boy returned with their cappuccinos, eyes swivelling wildly from one to the other and back again so that he almost spilled them on the table.

"Thank you so much," Amy said with a dazzling smile.

"I-I hope you like it," he gulped.

"I'm sure I will," the full lipped Asian girl replied. "Although - ." She glanced playfully across the table at Veronica "I love the taste of Irish cream even more."

Veronica, whose last name was O'Neil, blushed slightly and scowled, and Amy blew her a kiss.

Larry stumbled back, eyes wide, turning to hide another erection. He wasn't sure if the Chinese girl was joking or not, but the sudden vision of the two beauties naked and limbs entwined in passion had his cock jamming almost painfully up against the fabric of his trousers.

"When I get you home," Veronica hissed.

"Are you going to spank me? Again?" Amy taunted.

"Yes, and this time it'll hurt," Veronica snapped.

Amy grinned back impudently.

"Honestly Amy. You know I can't afford to play your kind of game in public."

"Oh poof. Nobody knows us here. Relax for once. Besides, I've told you before you should quit that stupid law firm. Why would you want to work around such a stodgy group of reactionary bigoted homophobic old male chauvinists - ."

"Half a million a year," Veronica said expressively.

"Well yeah, there's that," Amy admitted.

"Government work would pay a quarter that. Almost any other firm would want me to work twelve and fourteen hour days. It's a good job, Amy, even if they are a bunch of bible thumpers."

Amy nodded submissively. They'd had the discussion before and she'd long bowed to the inevitable. Veronica's apartment still had a large mortgage, and they could not afford a sizeable pay cut until it was paid off. Nor did either of them want to try something cheaper than the large, airy loft in the east village.

Amy sipped from her drink and raised her eyes, grinning mischievously.

"There's nothing I like better than dipping my tongue into soft, creamy pink."

Veronica's eyes narrowed. "You are so going to get it."

Amy grinned back and waggled her tongue.

Charles Withers stared at the image on the screen, his eyes cold and hard as he watched the video of the two women walking up the street. He felt the pressure in his skull grow more painful as the Asian girl's hand moved out to squeeze the blonde. The two held hands briefly as they strolled along, then the blonde eased her fingers away, looking around self consciously. The Asian girl seemed to giggle playfully.

"Slut," he growled in a quiet, icy voice.

He remembered how innocent she had seemed, his Amy, when she had first arrived from Hong Kong. She had been just eighteen then, and desperate to get out of the slum she inhabited before the pimps got at her. He had been in

Hong Kong on business, divesting his company of its last assets in Asia and had been captivated by her when he'd found her selling souvenirs in a small shop.

He'd been looking, on and off, for an Asian wife. The Asian girls knew their place. They were obedient and hard working. They kept the house clean, cooked and washed, and worshipped their men. There was none of that equality nonsense from them, no desire to find themselves a career. They were brought up to obey their husbands.

Charles Withers was a man who was used to obedience, and expected it from those around him. He owned his own company, and his employees one and all knew to whom they looked. They demonstrated the proper respect and obedience at all times. He considered that his due.

Charles was a man out of time. He would have been far happier centuries earlier, when a man such as he would have held the power of life or death over those beneath him. Some of the impudent working class types he encountered now simply astonished him. Even many of the middle class were crude and disobedient. None lasted long in his employ, of course. People needed to know their place.

The Chinese women knew their place. And so he had taken the girl away from her miserable existence and brought her to England. He had married her, given her an enormous house and all the baubles she could have ever needed.

And she had betrayed him. He had used his power and influence to get her out of Hong Kong in record time. He had married her dutifully, if without enthusiasm, and for the first year or two things had been fine. She had been obedient, submissive, and carried out all her wifely duties without complaint.

And then, as her English had improved and she had made more contacts she had become infected by other women. They told her she could do better than a man twice her age, a cold, harsh, unfeeling man who demonstrated no affection, who treated her as a servant except when he was using her as his whore.

Why did he never kiss her, she had asked once. That was the first sign of what was to come, a sign of her disaffection. Kissing was a disgusting habit, and unnecessary. He had not brought her over to kiss, but to be his wife. He did not love her, but needed her to produce an heir, and to look after the needs of his home and body. That was what wives were for, after all.

He owned her. She belonged to him. She owed him everything.

And she had betrayed him.

He felt a rising fury as he remembered the growing impudence. Beating her had accomplished little but to give him a temporary satisfaction and, he admitted, a strange, dark sexual enjoyment.

She had found a lawyer, a female lawyer, and had sued for divorce. In any sane society she would have been laughed at and shipped back to the now Communist Hong Kong. But not here, not these days. She had won her divorce as well as a good deal of money, enough to put herself through university and start a new life.

She had "discovered" sometime during her period at Cambridge, that she was a lesbian.

Charles Withers did not believe that for a moment. One does not become a lesbian. She had been one when he'd met her, and so his sense of betrayal had grown. She had used him from the start, had never intended to be his wife. The vile, filthy, disgusting little perverted bitch!

That he, Charles Withers, could be so used, so easily taken in by a cheap little tart from Hong Kong infuriated him. No one did that to Charles Withers and walked away free.

But he had warned her. Foolish, that. He had wanted her to feel fear. And she had, but she'd proven elusive afterwards. It had been a year before he'd found out she had emigrated to America and two more to find her, in New York, where she was living with a female lawyer.

The large vein in his forehead throbbed as he watched the two stroll along the streets, perverted lovers walking about free, smug and cocky, no doubt making little jokes at his expense.

His sixth wedding anniversary would arrive soon. He did not recognize the civil divorce the courts had granted her. She was still his wife. She still belonged to him.

Withers was not a modern man. He was a man of the past. He realized intellectually, that the concept of two women engaging in sexual relations was no longer considered particularly odd. In some quarters it was even fashionable, even for "normal" women, to have a "fling" with someone of the same sex. But such modern cultural shifts had no effect on Charles Withers.

What his wife was engaging in was perversion, pure and simple. It disgusted him. It enraged him. Added on top of her betrayal, on top of her desertion of her wifely duties this blasphemous and filthy sexual escapade of hers could bring only one response.

She must be punished. She would be punished. And it would be terrible indeed.

Veronica arched her back, sliding her fingers through her hair as the water poured down, washing off the soap and shampoo. She turned slowly under the stream of water, tilting her head further back, making sure the shampoo was washed completely out. The conditioner came next, bringing with it the soft scent of lilacs as she rubbed it into her hair, making her already silken tresses seem feather soft as she rinsed that out as well.

She sighed and turned off the water, then reached for the shower door.

The lights went out.

She blinked, reaching up for the towel to wipe her eyes. Her hands fumbled through the air and along the wall. She found the towel bar, but no towel. It must have fallen.

Cursing, she reached behind her and squeezed some of the water out of her hair, then stepped forward onto the rug. She reached down, squatting, hands feeling along the floor near the wall, but she felt nothing. Sighing, she rose and eased through the darkness to the door, where her robe would be hanging on a hook. Yet the hook was vacant.

Irritated now, she opened the door and stepped out into the hall. The air was cooler and she shivered as it met her soaking skin. She stepped quickly down the hall, her feet leaving wet marks on the polished wood, droplets of water spilling down off her body as she moved.

A man stepped out of the doorway ahead.

She let out a shocked scream, her eyes widening, her hands jerking up to cover herself.

He was an enormous man, tall, with huge shoulders. His skin was coal black and he had dark, hungry eyes. His lips were drawn up into a cruel leer as he flicked his tongue along his lower lip.

Veronica spun to run back and yelped as a second man stepped forward from another doorway. He was a twin to the first, large, muscular, black, with a shaven skull and leering smile.

Her heart pounded like a drum and her pulse raced as she backed against the wall, head jerking from side to side.

"Wh-what do you want?!" she exclaimed.

Their smiles only deepened.

Another man appeared. He was an older man, a white middle aged man with a sullen expression. While the Black men were clad in jeans and tight black T-shirts he wore instead an expensive suit.

"So, harlot," he said, with the distinctive accent of the British upper class. "We find you in your natural element."

Veronica stared at him, wide eyed.

"Who are you?!" she gasped. "What are you doing in my apartment? How did you get in?"

"You will learn, in due course, who I am," he said, his jaw pushed out angrily. "You will learn many things. You will be taught taught yes "

His mind seemed to wander, and he looked away from her, then his head snapped back and his expression became even more severe. "Whore!" he shouted. "Do you think you can indulge your vile perversions without fear of just retribution!?"

Veronica gaped at him.

He turned to the enormous Black man beside him and jerked his chin angrily.

The man raised a narrow metal box of some kind, pointing it at Veronica. She stared, her chest tight, her stomach fluttering with fear. The box made a soft sound and Veronica had just enough time to yelp in pain and realise that two small, sharp darts had been fired at her, had struck her in the belly, thrust through the soft skin and locked in place, just enough time to see the thin wire leads running from the darts to the box in his hand.

Fifty thousand volts struck her body like a hammer blow. She screamed, thrown back bodily against the wall so hard the back of her head and the backs of both hands broke the plaster behind her. Then she was falling to the floor, her muscles spasming out of control, her mind blasted by the shock.

The stun gun was made to disable, as its name implied, but of course, as with many other tools, its purpose could be extended to encompass other tasks.

The Black man pressed the button again, and another blast of electricity lashed the dazed woman's body. Veronica's back arched as she lay on the floor, her head jerking back and twisting from side to side. Her arms were flung out, hands flopping on the floor.

Again the button was depressed, and convulsions wracked her body so that it writhed and jerked in violent contortions. Her hips bucked up frenziedly, the heels of her feet drumming against the floor, her head thrashing and back arching again and again.

Again the button was pushed, and again, and again, as the three men watched her writhe and convulse, and listened to her soft gargling, breathless wail of agony. Then she went still, unconscious, and Withers smiled in satisfaction. He turned to the man beside him and nodded. "Take her," he said.

The man smiled and nodded in return.

Withers had spent a good deal of time in selecting those who would carry out his wishes in the little task he had set for himself, the task of retribution. Of course, he had gone through other people, trusted solicitors and others of proven close mouthed virtue. Neither of the two standing in the hall knew his name or anything else about him, but he knew a great deal about both of them.

Leon Monk, the man holding the stun gun, was six feet five inches in height and weighted two hundred and sixty pounds. He had been convicted of violent assaults, including sexual assault more than fourteen times. He had murdered a man once in a bar fight, and had severely beaten his wife when she had left him for another man. He had dealt drugs, robbed liquor stores, and been a procurer, a pimp. He had no morals that anyone knew of, a cruel and sadistic nature, and was known to be close mouthed.

Michael Jones was of like nature. He was six feet four and weighted ten pounds less. He had fifty two convictions on his criminal record, including murder, arson, armed robbery, various types of assault, rape, kidnapping, pimping and drug dealing.

Neither man had any morals whatsoever. Both were known for their animal cunning and their cruelty towards women. Neither would have any qualms about anything he chose to do to the two harlots who had provoked him so.

He watched Monk toss the trunk they had brought on the floor next to the unconscious body of the harlot. He noted the sexual nature of Monk's examination of the girl, watched as he ran his hand hungrily across her chest, squeezing roughly.

"Later," he said.

Monk nodded. Obedience to those who paid him was another of his virtues.

The trunk was not empty. Inside were a number of items Withers had dictated be brought along. The first out was the leather hood. It completely covered the woman's face and head, strapping together beneath her chin and locking in place. It was a flat, hard mask without the shape of a face at all. The

only openings were two narrow slits beneath her nostrils and a round hole over her mouth.

Next came ball gag attached to a thick, two inch wide strap. Monk yanked her head back sharply, then plunged the ball gag into her open mouth, pushing it in firmly until the strap was flat against over her face. Then he pulled it behind her head and buckled it in place. The strap covered her mouth, her upper lip and much of her upper chin quite neatly, and there was no sign to indicate the thick leather ball which was filling the woman's mouth behind it. Indeed, with the strap in place there the face was entirely covered, looking quite inhumane, like that of a mannequin.

A studded leather collar was buckled around her throat, then leather shackles around ankles and wrists. The woman's knees were pushed back against her body and her arms pulled around them, then strapped and buckled in place. Her body was lifted into the trunk, the lid closed over her. Then the two men lifted it as if it weighed nothing, and followed Withers towards the door.

He walked slowly into the room, watching her as his heels alerted her to his presence and she turned to face him. Then, abruptly, she made a soft noise and twisted around, as if recalling her nudity. He smiled and continued to walk forward, making no effort to hide the heavy tread of his heels on the wooden floor. He halted and watched her silently, noted the sheen of perspiration covering her ivory skin, and the rapid rise and fall of her chest.

She was frightened, and he was pleased. He felt a great upsurge of satisfaction as he watched her tense body, knowing how anxious and fearful she was. He also felt a heady, sensual delight, one he had never felt before. She was quite an attractive young woman, naked before him, and completely at his mercy. And it was the latter more than the former which he found arousing.

Her head was jerking back over her shoulder now, straining for any sound of him approaching more closely. Yet he made no sound, merely stood still and observed her.

She was on the balls of her feet, her heels elevated, her body stretched out, the skin taut. Her buttocks were raised, elevated to quite an attractive degree. And Withers smiled faintly as he recalled a conversation he'd once had regarding the purpose of high heels on women's shoes. The purpose was to raise their buttocks and display them in a manner thought to arouse and interest the male of the species, so as to invite him to stare and admire, and to inspire him with lust, to the desire to thrust himself into her.

She had good legs, stronger, more athletic than Amy's, quite shapely. Her breasts were larger but quite firm. Her hips would bear strong sons, were she not perverted and inclined against normal procreative habits.

He moved forward, again making no effort to hide the sound of his approach. She turned her body away, still trying to hide her shameful nudity.

Shameful indeed. She must be deeply shamed. The woman was a sick slut who had demonstrated no shame in her life before, but now, he was quite certain, she felt shame. That was good. But she would feel much more.

He stood next to her now, and could hear her breaths as she panted softly but quickly. She was a tall woman, especially on the balls of her feet, almost as

tall as he. He looked her up and down, noting the trembling of her ankles and lower legs as the effort of remaining on the balls of her feet began to tell. It must be, he thought, quite painful by now to maintain that stance. Yet how much greater would be the pain to relax and hang fully from the wrists.

They were not delicate wrists, but they were the slender wrists of a woman, and not made for supporting the weight of her entire body. The leather restraint was soft and supple, but it would dig in painfully. Of course, did she only know it, that would be the least of her problems.

There were four bright floods trained on her body, surrounding her from only a few feet away. They lit her pale body up like a sun, and he could see the small, fine hairs on the back of her neck, could see the concave indentation of her flat below her ribs. He watched a thin trickle of sweat run down her chest, slowing as it passed onto her right breast and the angle diminished, yet trickling slowly along until it reached a small, dimpled areola. It seemed to spread out there and then with infinite slowness eased down around the even smaller nipple, dangled briefly from the tip, then, dropped to the floor by her toes.

He smiled. She must be quite confused, desperately uncomfortable, frantically wondering what had caused this sudden and dramatic event in her life. No doubt she believed she had been captured by a strange pervert attracted by her beauty. Soon she would learn differently.

He reached out his hand and laid it flat against the small of her back. As he'd expected, the touch made her jerk violently, arching her back, twisting, then twisting back. She sought to avoid him, but of course, could not. He let his hand stroke softly up and down, admiring the softness of her skin. His hand eased down lower, fingers stroking the cleft between her buttocks, and he smiled as her body grew more stiff, more tense.

He felt a marvellous sense of freedom, of daring. He was almost breathless with the sense of power to do anything he wanted to her. He cupped her bottom firmly, fingers splayed, squeezing the warm, supple flesh, kneading buttocks as her body twisted slightly from side to side. He let his fingers revel in the tactile delight of her lush body, and revelled in the unfettered freedom to feel and fondle her as he chose.

His fingers eased in along the cleft and gently separated the firm buttocks, and he gazed smugly at the small wrinkled opening of her anus. Yes, a woman with a bottom like this was made for sodomy, he thought, made to be roughly mounted. Her arrogance would be brought low and she would learn her place and purpose when he thrust himself into her there.

But that would wait. Withers was a patient man, and despite his anger and contempt he would have his revenge unhurried.

He let his hand trail along her right hip, smirking as she tried to turn further away, following her, his hand gently curving over her hipbone and down along her abdomen. He let his fingers sense the beginning of her small, light, neatly trimmed sex, then curled one hair around his finger and yanked it out.

Her body jerked violently, and her head twisted wildly. He smiled and removed his hand entirely. He walked quietly around her to stand immediately

in front of her, examining her breasts and belly, amused at the questing tone to her head, which seemed to be blindly searching for him, first this way, then that.

He cupped both her breasts suddenly, and again she jerked violently, trying to twist away. But his fingers were deep in the soft flesh and he clung to her, holding her in place with ease. Her bound ankles jerked as if she would push herself away, or attack him, perhaps, but she was, in any event, helpless to do either, as both ankles were bound together to a ring set in the floor.

He let his hands enjoy fondling her breasts just as he had enjoyed her bottom, squeezing softly, then hard, lifting them up and together, watching her face as soft sounds issued from behind the gag she wore.

Would it be more shameful for her to see him? Yes, he thought. But that would come.

He let his grip narrow to the small, narrow nipples, rolling them between the tips of his fingers, then narrow further. He dug his nails into them slowly, but building up the pressure quickly. Her body began to jerk more and more violently as he drew his hand back, stretching the thin pink flesh out further and further. He dug his nails in harder, watching as her body writhed and twisted in pain.

He released her, and watched her movements ease, though her breathing remained faster and harder than it had. Then his hands were between her legs, spreading apart her labia, forcing up the hood. Her body began to twist away, but he dug his nails into one of her pubic lips to force her to hold still. He found her clitoris, soft and moist and hot, pinched it together with his fingers and then jammed his nails into it from either direction.

Her body bucked and twisted. Her back arched and rolled and she screamed behind her gag. Her entire body seemed to undulate again and again as she pulled her legs frantically against the chain holding them in place. Her buttocks jerked back and then bucked forward as he let his nails hold tightly in place. There was no escape from the pain, but her body tried nonetheless, and Withers smiled, his erection growing harder as he let his nails grind the small, sensitive little bud of flesh between them.

Sick perverted whore, he thought. Did she writhe so when his Amy was licking her there? When his Amy's mouth moved across her flesh?

Her crime was sexual in nature, and so her punishment would be, as well. Withers told himself that as he thought of the many things he had planned for her. He had not expected to enjoy that punishment beyond the satisfaction it would give him, the satisfaction it always gave him to punish his enemies or those who had offended him. But now he realized that the sexual nature would give him physical as well as emotional pleasure. He regretted that slightly, for it was an offence against his dignity, against the purity of the revenge he would wreak upon her. For a moment he considered allowing the Black men to use her instead, but then disregarded it. She owed him sexual pleasure for the sexual pleasure she had robbed him of by taking away his wife.

He considered his options for a long moment, then paced back and sat down several feet away. He motioned silently to Smith and pointed. The man's white teeth gleamed and he stepped forward, moving up next to the girl. He had

in his hand a foot long needle. It resembled a knitting needle, but for being quite a bit sharper. He moved behind the woman, standing as Withers had stood, and reached around her trembling body to grasp one breast in a large, strong hand.

Withers watched the flesh bulge out as his heavy fingers dug into it, watched the nipple stand out. He felt a surge of anticipation as Smith brought the glistening tip of the needle against the side of one pink nipple, then slowly pushed it into the flesh. He could tell the moment the point touched her as her body jerked violently, then again, then more violently as Smith slowly forced the needle through the thin flesh, deeper and deeper. Withers heard the woman's muffled howls through the gag and felt his groin stirring.

The needle emerged on the other side, and Smith drove it further and further, releasing her breast and grasping the other. The woman's body twisted and jerked, but futilely, as the needle was slowly forced through her other nipple as well, and out the other side.

Smith stepped away from her then, moving around in front of her. He reached up for a thin chain which hung at head height a few feet before the trembling woman, pulling it in towards her body. His finger hooked in beneath the needle which pierced both her nipples, pulling it out and up, stretching out both nipples, then the areolas behind, then the rounded breasts themselves, pulling them up and out further until they resembled taut cones of pink flesh. Then he fixed the needle to the chain and stepped back.

Withers nodded in satisfaction.

Monk stepped forward. He had in his hands a small alligator clip, the teeth sharp, the spring powerful. Withers had tested it on his finger. It had been so strong he had not wanted to fully release it, but being a resolute man had braced himself, and let the two ends free. The pain as it had pinched into his finger had been excruciating, and he had removed it instantly.

Now he recalled that pain as he watched Monk kneel before the girl, watched his fingers ease aside the hood protecting her clitoris. So sensitive, that clitoris, he thought, feeling his groin stirring again.

He watched, then took his eyes off, moving them to the girl's upper body. He would know when the clip was released. And then her body jerked violently, and she howled through the gag. Her head lashed from side to side and the muscles strained beneath the flesh of her limbs as she pulled frantically at the bonds holding her in place.

Monk pulled the wire attached to the clip through her quivering thighs then back towards the ring set into the floor several feet behind her. He fed the wire through the ring, then turned back, smiled cruelly, and pulled.

The girl's body shook more violently, yet as he continued to pull Withers could see her clitoris being stretched out and down and back. He watched her bottom pushing back to the full extent it was possible to move, and reached down to see that he was indeed now fully erect.

Monk tied off the wire and the three men stood silently watching the girl's body as it trembled and jerked and twisted in near silent agony.

T w o

"I'm home."

Amy wandered through the apartment wondering where Veronica was. Normally, on weekends, she would either be curled up in the leather armchair by the front window or be on the balcony taking in the sun. She reached their bedroom and halted, frowning.

The sheets were thrown aside and the pillows displaced. One was on the floor. She bent to pick it up and then noticed a pair of red silk panties beneath. She picked those up as well, staring at them. They were quite small, clearly too small for her, much less Veronica, and not in a colour either of them would have chosen to wear.

She tossed them on the bed and scowled, searching around the room. She muttered doubtfully to herself, then pulled back the covers, and there found something else. It was a large dildo. She and Veronica had several vibrators but nothing like this. It was a precisely carved plastic likeness of a male organ, and neither had ever had the wish to have their toys bear such a resemblance to male anatomy. This one even had faux veins running along its length.

She glared down at it with growing suspicion.

"Where is that bitch?" she demanded to herself.

Her mind raced through the girls they both knew who might be short and thin enough to match the red panties. She thought of the bisexuals first, because few real lesbians would want anything to do with a replica penis. There was Caroline Mills, the slutty little redhead at the gallery, but Veronica had never shown much interest in her. Then there was Angela, Veronica's ex. Veronica had described her as an insatiable and kinky little bitch. Had she shown up unexpectedly and managed to convince Veronica to renew their old acquaintanceship?

Veronica had said she would be staying home. So where had she gone? And with whom?

Withers licked his lips as he watched his two hirelings reposition the girl. Her arms were pulled down and then forced together behind her back. Two thick straps were placed around her arms just above and just below the elbows, forcing her shoulders back and pinning her elbows together. The needle was removed from her nipples and replaced by stainless steel rings. Then her wrists were clipped to a chain behind her, which was lifted upwards.

As her wrists were forced up her torso was forced to bend. Withers watched as she bent to a ninety degree angle, her wrists and arms going straight up above her, her breasts hanging freely beneath. Two weighted balls were soon hung from her nipple rings, and stretched her nipples downward. The clip attached to her clitoris remained in place.

Withers rose and padded forward, then made a final motion to Monk, who began to unbuckle the strap holding her ball gag in place. As Withers selected

from the crops and canes available on the wall Monk slowly worked the gag out of her straining jaw, then pulled it free with a jerk.

Saliva dripped heavily from her now gaping mouth as the woman gasped and gulped and drew in deep, ragged breaths. Withers wondered what she would have to say as he moved into place behind and just to one side of her helpless body.

"Please," she gasped. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because you deserve it," he replied.

The cane made a sound like tearing paper as it sliced through the air, then cracked down across her taut buttocks with the crack of a gunshot.

She screamed in shock, the scream a double ended cry of pain driven first by the impact of the cane across her shapely bottom, and second by her instinctive reaction of jerking forward which tugged her clitoris sharply against the clip pulling it back.

Her voice took on a desperate, frantic quality.

"Please! I'll do anything you want! Please don't - ."

The cane cut across her buttocks with savage force, and again sent her hips jerking forward. She screamed again, sobbing in hopeless misery now. Again the cane sliced into her flesh, and again, and Withers felt his groin throb at her shrieks and screams and the sight of the angry red welts rising across the smooth, softly rounded flesh of her bottom.

The impact of each blow travelled up the length of his arm, a soft but at the same time firm resistance to the forward movement of the cane. He watched the impact each time it struck her buttocks, observing how it forced a long, deep furrow through the malleable flesh, which sprang back the instant the cane fell away, turning pink, and then fiery red almost immediately.

A dozen more blows slashed down across her flesh, then a dozen more. There was little left of the unmarred skin after that. Her bottom was an ugly maze of angry looking red welts crossing and criss crossing each other all across its surface.

Withers put aside the cane and moved calmly around to stand before her. He unzipped his trousers and drew out his erection. It was a puny thing compared to that possessed by the two men standing back in the shadows, for the size of their instruments had been another factor in their selection.

He gripped the back of the sobbing, shuddering woman's body and forced her head up and back, then pressed his swollen glans against her open mouth and plunged himself within.

No words were needed to convey his requirements, and the woman, body wracked with pain, would be eager to please in hopes it would stave off further pain. It would not, but her lips closed tightly around him and her tongue began to stroke as he smiled thinly to himself. Had she seen fit to please a man as God had intended she would not now be in the predicament she found herself.

He recalled Amy's reluctance to service him in this fashion, and how he had quickly and firmly put down that resistance. She had protested at his movement, as well, but it was not for he as a man to restrain himself but for she

as a woman to accommodate his desires, and so he had thrust himself forcefully into her oral cavity and ignored her choking, gasping pleas.

As he did now, thrusting back and forth as the woman desperately attempted to please him with her tongue. Her cheeks drew inward as she sucked strongly and rhythmically, and her tight lips squeezed delightfully around his shaft as he used her. But Withers had little patience for this tepid effort and used deeper and deeper thrusts until, with a grunt of satisfaction, he felt the head of his prick forced back beyond her desperately sucking mouth and down into her throat.

This caused her to jerk and shake, but he had expected that and was not at all concerned. He buried every last inch inside her, clutching her head strongly, jamming her face in against his groin as he sighed in satisfaction and conquest. Her body trembled and shook in its bondage, but there was nothing she could do to effect her release, and he held himself fully within her as her movements grew more and more frantic and then began to trail off.

He withdrew then, at the point where she was beginning to faint from lack of air. As he did saliva poured from her mouth and she coughed and drew in great, desperate, heaving gasps of air. He smiled, holding himself steady, allowing her to ease her desperate need for oxygen. Then he pushed his cock into her open mouth and sheathed it straight down her throat.

He began to pump now, stroking slowly up and down, holding himself within her throat so that she could not breath. As before, he calculated his time by the frantic efforts of her body to draw breath. When they peaked, and then began to relax, he pulled back, allowing her to gulp in desperate, ragged breaths.

Again and again he forced her to the edge of unconsciousness, toying with her, teaching her the strength of his manhood. Finally, he could resist the temptations of her spasming throat no longer, and felt himself explode, spewing his silvery seed deep within its depths, pouring his excitement down into her belly as she struggled and twisted frantically.

He pulled out, and she sobbed brokenly as she drew breath. He moved back to his chair and fastened his trousers, then nodded for Monk to move forward.

Monk strolled forward with a hungry leer, undoing his leather trousers as he moved. He was enormously thick, twice Withers' size, and the older man leaned forward eagerly, watching the girl's gasping mouth, waiting in anticipation for when the girl felt the thick girth of that cock rammed down her throat.

Monk jammed himself forward. Withers' cock had easily gone into the open maw, but not this one. This mighty Black lance jammed against her already open mouth and the head was briefly crushed, too large to enter. Then as Monk redoubled his efforts Withers saw the girl's lips forced wider, and wider still, her jaw straining to accommodate the thickness of the male member.

He wondered if her eyes were bulging behind that hood.

The cock pushed forward remorselessly, slowly grinding its way through her taut, straining lips, crushing her tongue down against the bottom of her oral cavity, and then punching forward into her throat.

Withers could actually see her swan like neck bulge now as she was forced to swallow the thick Black cock. The bulge was quite noticeable, and he could easily see, from his chair, the progress Monk's prong made as it was pushed deeper and deeper into the woman's throat, the bulge travelling further and further along, until it went the full length of her neck, and he knew the head of the monstrous cock was now so far down her throat it was actually inside her chest cavity.

The thought fascinated Withers. He wondered how deep an organ could travel without causing major damage. He considered sword swallows, a rare talent but one which appeared to cause no physical damage to its practitioners. Then he envisioned a male organ as long as a sword sliding down into the woman's body.

He watched as Monk continued to push forward into the struggling woman's mouth, watched until his enormous testicles rested against her chin and her blank, hooded face was crushed against his pelvis. Monk's head was back and he clutched her tightly in his big hands as she continued to writhe and wriggle.

He judged her movements as Withers had, then withdrew. But the length of his organ was such that by the time her throat was free she swayed weakly, and he had to slide a massive arm beneath her belly to keep her from falling. He held her for a long minute while she regained her breath, then forced her jaw wide. Withers heard her whimper and beg but the big man dug his powerful fingers into the side of her jaw to force her to open her mouth, then rammed his mighty organ forward.

He had even less care this time, forcing himself straight down her throat in one long powerful push which silenced her sent the head of his cock all the way down into her chest cavity once again.

He was more careful now, pumping in and out, then withdrawing before she could grow too dazed to support herself. Again and again he used the coughing, whimpering, gagging woman before emptying himself in her belly. Then Smith stepped forward and took his place.

Withers felt no sympathy for her. She had set herself above men, thinking herself too good, too proud to do her womanly duties and provide the comfort and pleasure working men required. Now she would be repaid for her churlish behaviour as well as her perverse lifestyle. Repaid many times over.

He watched Smith's assault of the whore's throat, observed how her throat bulged as his thick manhood was forced into it, how the bulge spread lower and lower until her entire throat appeared swollen. Smith buried himself within her, a cruel leer on his face, his powerful hands gripping her head through the thin leather hood. He twisted her head from side to side, then arched his back and began to thrust into her furiously.

Withers found the sight quite intriguing. He had chosen the two men in no small part because he considered the Black to be almost an animal, and so, to him, the degradation would be that much worse for the vile woman. Now as he watched the rictus of clenched teeth on the man's face, the bulging muscles, and

the savage way he rammed his organ up and down the helpless girl's throat he felt a primitive sort of appreciation within him.

The girl's entire body was shaking under the pitiless hammering. Smith's groin was smashing against her face so hard Withers thought he must have surely broken her nose by now. Yet the hammering continued, until suddenly the man yanked himself clear, the entire long, glistening wet length of his cock ripped free in an instant.

Had the girl's stomach contained anything it would have surely emptied. As it was all which emerged was an animalistic wail of terror and pain and wet, shocking gasps for breath. He gave her little time to fill her lungs again. Then, without warning, he rammed himself forward once again, buried himself in her throat, and began to hammer his pelvis forward with long, savage strokes which sawed his mighty instrument up and down her narrow throat.

"Hello?" Amy gasped into the phone.

"Veronica?"

The voice which answered was young, female and musical.

"No."

"Oh," the voice said in disappointment. "Can you ask her to call Stephanie?"

"Who are you?" Amy demanded, manners abandoned in the face of a night of worry for her lover.

There was a giggle in the phone. "Me and Ronnie met the other day. We uh, we're kind of... friends."

"What kind of friends?" Amy demanded coldly.

"You know. Friends." The woman let the word trail off suggestively.

"And when was this?"

"My, aren't we the nosy one," the voice said huffily. "If you must know, me and Ronnie met at the bookstore. I'm a sub, see, and she had these dom fantasies. Anyway, we played around a little at her place and then went out to the Black Cat, that's this BDSM place on the..."

"I know what it is," Amy snapped.. "And you're full of shit! Who are you?"

"I'm sorry if you don't like the truth," the voice said. "Just tell Ronnie her honey called."

The phone hung up before Amy could slam it down, but she did anyway, cursing as she glared across the room.

Veronica would never betray her!

It was true that the woman had these little cravings. She and Amy had played at slave and mistress before, although Amy hadn't really had much taste for it. Was it possible those desire were deeper in her lover than she had thought and Veronica had found herself a girl willing to play harder than Amy?

No! Veronica had hinted she might like to get a bit deeper into things, but it had been one of many kinky ideas the woman had suggested. She'd never acted as if it were all that important to her, not important enough to seek out another lover.

So who was the miserable little slut on the phone? What was her game? Why was she trying to taunt Amy by pretending she and Veronica had done something together?

There was a knock at the door and she hurried across the room, then flung it open, stepping back in surprise to see a half dozen men there, several of them in uniforms.

"Yes?" she asked in astonishment.

"Police," said one of the men in a suit. "We have a warrant to search this residence."

"A what?" Amy gaped at him, then at the paper the man handed her.

"What's going on!?"

The men pushed past her, all but one, who stayed with her.

"We have information you have illegal narcotics here, ma'am," he said.

"Nar... drugs?! That's crazy!"

Not entirely, however, she thought, glancing nervously towards the master bathroom where the small bag of marijuana she and Veronica kept was stored.

A voice called triumphantly from the kitchen, however, and the man took her arm and led her there. Inside, she saw a man kneeling by the built-in stove. He had unscrewed the wooden cabinet underneath and was withdrawing large plastic bags filled with a white powder. Amy stared at them in bewilderment, then gasped as the man behind her pulled both arms behind her back and handcuffed her wrists together.

"This is a mistake!" she exclaimed.

"You have the right to remain silent," the man said.

Amy was driven to the police station, where she spent an hour in a small cell alone. Then two large, overweight women came for her, bringing her to another room where she was ordered to strip off her clothes.

"This is all a mistake!" she cried.

"Just take off the fuckin' clothes," one of the woman said crudely.

Hands shaking, Amy slowly undid the buttons of her silk blouse, then unzipped her Christian Dior designer skirt and let it slide to the dirty tiled floor. She hurriedly squatted and lifted it up, then folded it neatly and set it on a nearby counter.

One of the woman snatched it off and ran rough fingers all along the seams, then tossed it in a jumble in the corner. The other did the same with her blouse as Amy timidly undid her bra and, face heating, removed it.

"Nice tits," one of the women said with a crude leer.

Amy's embarrassment deepened, and she instinctively tried to cover her breasts with her arms.

"Let's have the rest," the other demanded.

Face burning, Amy was forced to remove her panties and stand naked under the eyes of the crude, lumpen women. She wished desperately for Veronica. Veronica would make it all better. Veronica knew all about the legal system. Where on Earth could she be??!

"Nice little crack," one said.

"You know what they say about girls who shave their pussies," the other replied.

The two women laughed to themselves while Amy burned with humiliation.

Yet worse was yet to come. The woman ordered her to bend over a crude, scarred table and spread her legs and then, to her mortification, one of them roughly forced her gloved fingers up into the tight folds of Amy's sex.

"Tight little bitch," the woman said. "I doubt she gets much cock in here."

"Check her asshole," the other said.

Amy thought she would surely die of embarrassment as her small, wrinkled anal opening was forced apart and the woman's sausage like finger was jammed inside. It felt around inside her before withdrawing, then a metal probe was thrust into her. She gasped and moaned in pain as it stirred around inside her belly before withdrawing.

She was dressed in an orange jumpsuit and then returned to her cell for long hours of misery before the detectives came for her again. They were rough and very unfriendly. She was dragged down the corridor and flung into a small interrogation room, her hands cuffed together and then two large men glowered at her from across the table.

"I didn't do anything!" she cried.

They looked at her in disgust, then one, a man with short blonde hair, spoke.

"Your name is Amy Chan?" he demanded.

"No!"

That was the problem! It was all a case of mistaken identity, she thought. Yet that did not explain the strange bags they had found in her kitchen.

"Your fingerprints identify you as Amy Chan," he said in irritation.

Amy stared at him in surprise. How could that possibly be? Who was Amy Chan?

"I'm not Amy Chan! I'm Amy Lee!"

"You are Amy Chan," he snapped. "I have your record here complete with your picture."

He showed her a police picture of herself and Amy stared at it in confusion.

"You have a long record here for smuggling drugs, kidnapping, white slavery, prostitution, pimping..."

"What!?" Amy's voice rose several octaves.

"You were convicted by the Thai government five years ago of being involved in a ring which kidnapped children for use as prostitutes."

"I've never been to Thailand!"

The man slammed his hand down on the table and Amy jerked back fearfully.

"Your only chance of avoiding life in prison is to talk now, and tell us where you got the drugs!"

Amy stared at him in helpless confusion. What was happening? Why was it happening? If only Veronica were here!

To every thing there was a time, Withers decided. The whore had been in the same position, bent over, arms bent upward, weights dangling from her nipples for almost six hours. He nodded to Monk and the two re-entered the room with Smith bringing up the rear. Monk and Smith walked across to the girl, who was shaking and trembling and moaning softly, and undid her wrists, then straightened her.

She reeled drunkenly, but they caught at her arms and half dragged her across the floor to lay her back upon the low table set in a corner. The table was narrow, just wide enough to support her from hip to shoulder. This let her head hang upside down over one end, and positioned her sex for the use to which it had been designed but for which it had not been properly used.

Her arms were bound behind her back, then her collar was chained to a ring set beneath the table so that her head could not rise. Monk and Smith then slowly spread her legs apart, forcing them wider and wider along the edge of the table. She began to gasp and moan and beg once again, but none of the men paid any heed as her legs were forced straight out to either side and then straight down along the edge of the table.

She shuddered and sobbed at the pain as her tendons and muscles were stretched cruelly, but Monk and Smith simply strapped the legs down carefully and firmly, then stepped back. Withers stepped forward and ran a hand over the whore's shaven sex, feeling a deep distaste at the reason for the bare flesh. He knew full well that it was so his wife, his wife! could lick at her sex more easily and that the sensations from that tonguing would be stronger.

He ran his hands over her body in a familiar fashion, enjoying both the tactile pleasure of her soft flesh and the discomfort he was causing. Without further ado he unzipped his trousers and drew out his erection, then placed it along her sex and began to rub it up and down her slit.

The girl moaned but made no protest. Perhaps she knew it would serve no purpose, or perhaps she was beginning to understand that sex was the least of her problems.

Withers forced himself into her body with a harsh, crude thrust which made her moan and tremble. He enjoyed the tightness of her sheath and once again ran his hands comfortably over her naked body, squeezing and fondling her breasts and twisting her swollen nipples.

He raped her for several minutes, in no particular hurry, then after climaxing, turned her over to his Blacks.

Their rape was considerably rougher Smith began, perhaps because he had been second when using her throat. He plunged his mammoth cock deep into her body in a hard, brutal thrust, then began to shake the table with his powerful strokes, gripping her hips as he hammered his loins forward.

He leaned over her as he raped her, his lips close to her ears. Withers could not hear much of what was being said, but was comfortable in his knowledge that it would be insulting, degrading, and menacing as he pounded his hips into her defenceless body.

When he was finished Monk began to use her. His harsh fingers moved over her body with slow, deliberate movements, closing painfully tightly on shoulders and hips and thighs, squeezing and twisting so that the girl sobbed and trembled and begged him to stop.

With the necessities done Smith moved the machine forward. It was a very simple piston device, with a three foot long rod attached to a revolving wheel. At the end of the rod was a thick rubber dildo coated in sharp studs. It was approximately the thickness of Monk's cock, but even longer.

Monk moved the device into place, positioning the rod at the opening to her sex, then extended it so that the first inch or so could be thrust within her. Withers then turned on the device, watching as the wheel fully turned, extending the rod, thrusting it forward through the whore's tight opening burying it deep inside her.

Withers turned the knob and extended the next thrust and it was evidently deep enough to cause pain, for the girl issued a soft cry of pain when it plunged to its deepest depth. That was a foot inside her, and she would learn to take even more before they were done.

He turned the dial which increased the speed of the machine to match that of an excited man, then he and the Blacks left. The machine continued on its steady, remorseless movement, thrusting the studded device deep into the trembling woman's belly again and again and again as the minutes passed.

A quarter hour passed, and Withers returned. He eased the machine's movements, drawing it smoothly back to rest, then with a quick twist, removed the studded dildo and replaced it with a larger version. He started it forward again, and the iron strength of the machine forced it smoothly through her tortured opening, though she cried out and her head thrashed at the pain to her sex.

In addition to its thicker girth it was an inch longer, and her cries of pain were louder now as it buried its length with her sex. Her entire body now jerked violently each time the piston was slammed home. Withers watched with a mixture of excitement and smug satisfaction.

"Please! Please! Please!" she gasped in a desperate voice.

He moved around to the opposite side of the table, where her head hung down and unzipped, then plunged his erection into her open mouth. He could actually feel how swollen her throat was now with his cock. Yet he had no difficulty in using her, and the feel was actually more pleasant than it had been as he thrust in and out in time to the device raping her sex.

When he finished he replaced the dildo with a still larger one, and fourteen inches was forced up the whore's sex. This one was thicker than a pop bottle and hammered into the bottom of her sex with what appeared to be quite agonizing force. Withers enjoyed the sight and sound as the girl sobbed frantically and begged wildly, her voice a desperate shriek, promising him anything.

The minutes ticked by and her sobs grew to shrieks and still the device churned within her. Withers reached out and turned the dial and the device moved faster, then still faster, a blur now as it pounded back and forth within

her lower belly. She would be so bruised inside it would be difficult for her to walk for a while, Withers knew, but then, she had no need to.

He turned off the device, allowing it to withdraw.

"Let the punishment fit the crime," he said.

Her whore's body would be punished according to how she had damaged him. And as her sex was both the source of her strength and the centre of her perversion it was fitting it be punished.

The razor strap was thin and tough, and her soft pink flesh was no match for it. Withers aimed directly for the centre of her shaven mons, so perfectly accessible with her legs spread at ninety degree angles, and brought it slashing down with all his strength. The strap struck with a violent crack of sound echoed an instant later by her shriek of agony, her body bucking wildly even as Withers was drawing his arm back for another blow.

Again she howled and begged, but while Withers enjoyed the sound it certainly gave him no pause. The strap whipped down again and again and again against the soft pale flesh of her mound, turning the flesh pink and then red, causing it to puff out and swell.

He stepped back, panting, then turned and examined the equipment sitting atop the nearby counter. He plucked a pair of strong clips like the one which had been attached to her clitoris and snapped them together around her public lips. She screamed tearfully at this new source of pain, but Withers felt not an instant's mercy.

He fitted wires to the ends of the clips and drew the wires along her thighs and down to her toes, then tugged, slowly forcing her pubic lips open and back and wide, stretching them both painfully and opening up her pink interior. He tied off the wire then selected another strap, this one thinner.

Again her screams echoed in the room as Withers struck at the centre of her evil, as the strap hissed down against the softest, most sensitive portion of her anatomy, striking like vipers sinking teeth into vulnerable prey. He beat her until she seemed to be losing consciousness, then used smelling salts to waken her and continued the beating.

Then it was time for her to rest. He summoned Monk and Smith, who unbound her and dragged her off the table. She was knelt on the cold stone floor over a metal pipe as thick as anything else that had yet been forced into her, and then her knees were forced apart and her swollen, burning sex was jammed down onto the rounded top of the pipe.

The girl struggled, but she was like a tiny doll compared to the powerful men, and soon inch after inch was being thrust up into her sex. With approximately a foot inside her her feet were raised up and pressed back against her thighs, then strapped in place.

Her collar was removed and replaced by a choke chain which was attached to a hook over her head. This served to keep her balanced. The choke chain was tight around her slender throat, but posed no difficulty in breathing so long as she remained balanced on her knees. If she swayed forward or back, however, the pressure would mount and the noose would tighten.

The pain on her knees, which bore almost all her weight, was immense, and would get worse as the hours passed.

For the woman was there for the night.

Withers thought it would be a long night indeed. This would give her time to reflect upon her sins and perhaps realize the errors of her ways.

T h r e e

Amy was driven on a bus to the big prison on the edge of the city. Shackled hand and foot, she was led in a long line of orange clad women through a small opening in a high fenced topped with barbed wire, then down a long corridor and into a stone room. There the shackles were removed and all the inmates were ordered to strip.

None protested. Most had been threw it before many times. Amy quivered and stared around like a mouse at a convention of cats, but reluctantly and fearfully undid her jumpsuit and shrugged it off as the other women were doing. Then, naked under the eyes of the guards, she and the others were searched again, legs spread, fingers thrust into orifices.

Afterwards they showered in a mass, then marched nakedly down a corridor. They were given a physical examination by a bored doctor, and then given green jumpsuits to wear. She was then locked into a tiny cell with two enormous and ugly women. Both were big boned and middle aged - and running to fat on top of that. One was a six foot brunette with broad shoulders named Karen. The other was a pug faced woman in her fifties with straw-like blonde hair and a flabby pot of a stomach whose name she did not catch.

The two looked at the slender Asian girl with smug smiles as she looked back nervously.

"Well, well, well. They didn't give us a TV, but at least they gave us something to play with," said the woman with straw hair.

"M-My name is Amy," she said, stuttering slightly.

"Your name is meat," the woman replied.

The other laughed and the two looked at each other in grim satisfaction.

"Please I - ."

The woman slapped Amy's face, her big ham hand cracking sharply against her cheek and throwing her back against the wall, where she sprawled across a low table and fell to the floor.

"Speak when you're spoken to, chink."

Amy huddled in the corner, wide-eyed, holding her stinging face and blinking her tearing eye as the two women settled back on a pair of bunks.

If only Veronica was there, she thought. Veronica would save her. Veronica would make them let her go and... and sue these horrible women.

Night approached and their cell door was locked, the corridor outside going silent.

Karen got up and cracked her knuckles, then strolled across to where Amy huddled, reached down, caught at her hair and yanked her to her feet.

Amy began to scream but a thick hand went around her throat and squeezed, blocking the sound.

"You make a sound, chink, and we'll break your neck," the woman hissed. "Understand!?"

Amy nodded her head desperately and the woman relaxed her grip, then eased back as the other woman came forward.

"Take off the jumpsuit," she ordered.

Fearful and embarrassed, Amy complied, stripping naked in front of the two older women, who eyed her body greedily.

"That's worth money, Bev," Karen said.

"Good, tradeable merchandise," the straw haired woman said in satisfaction.

She reached out for Amy's breast and the Asian girl shrank back. Karen raised her hand high and threateningly and Amy halted, whimpering. Then both women reached for and squeezed one of her breasts.

"Nice and firm," said Bev.

Karen rolled one of Amy's nipples between thumb and forefinger, grinning in the near dark.

"Let's try out our toy," she said.

She unzipped her own jumpsuit then shrugged it back across her shoulders. Bulges of flab and fat spilled out from around her heavy bra and panties until she stripped them off. Her breasts were huge but hung heavily and sagged on her chest. Her groin was hairy and pale. She gripped Amy by the throat and pulled her away from the wall, then thrust her back onto one of the bunks and climbed atop her.

"Please," Amy whimpered.

Karen backhanded her and Amy tasted blood as her head was thrown back. Then the woman's heavy body crushed her into the bunk and her hand gripped Amy's thick, soft hair to yank her head back. Her heavy lips came down on top of Amy's mouth and her tongue thrust into her as she began to grind her pelvis against Amy.

For long minutes she thrust her tongue into the whimpering Asian girl as she ground her body down against her. Then she gasped and pushed herself up and back. She knelt at Amy's groin and lifted one slender leg, forcing it up and back as she eased her own sex forward.

Amy's leg was forced painfully high and back as the big woman manoeuvred her sex in against Amy's soft, hairless mons, then jammed them together harshly and began a rapid grinding motion. Amy closed her eyes and moaned, praying desperately for the assault to be finished.

Yet it was only beginning. Karen ground herself faster and faster as the minutes ticked by, while Bev watched, grinning, standing by the bars in case a guard should approach. When Karen reached orgasm, gasping and panting, her fat jiggling and shacking, Bev began to strip, and the two traded places.

But Bev straddled Amy's head instead of her groin and gripped her hair firmly.

"Lick," she ordered.

Amy clenched her eyes tightly then cried out, the sound almost instantly silenced as the woman sat atop her face. "No noise, chink," she hissed.

She eased up again and pulled on Amy's hair. "Lick, chink!"

Amy's tongue pushed up and she felt a wave of revulsion pass over her as it made contact with the woman's flabby, hairy sex. Yet a quick jerk on her hair forced her tongue up harder and she began to work her way up and down the fat slit as Karen looked on and chuckled.

It took long, long minutes to tongue Bev to orgasm, and then Karen took her place. She lay back on her back and Amy was forced to bend over her, licking and sucking on her fat, flabby breasts, then tonguing her way down over her fat belly and in between her legs to suck and chew at her pussy.

And then Bev returned.

Hour after hour the whimpering girl performed on the two women, slapped, pinched, hair pulled, cursed and threatened as they ground their loins into her face and sex and fingered and fondled her firm young flesh. Her jaw ached fiercely and her tongue felt leaden and sore before they tired of her and let her crawl across to the other bunk and sleep.

Where was Veronica, she wondered miserably.

Morning woke him, and Withers climbed out of bed with a sense of determination. It was day two of his revenge, and there was much to do. He ate a calm and unhurried breakfast, brushed his teeth, shaved, then went downstairs to inspect his prize.

The girl still lived. Her body trembled violently there on her knees. Withers crossed to her with Monk and Smith at his back.

"Enjoyed your night, whore?" he asked pleasantly.

She tried to say something, but whatever it was did not get through her swollen throat and exhaustion. Withers pointed and Monk moved behind her, then knelt and undid his trousers. His hands slipped around her and began to roughly squeeze her breasts, then pulled back as he aimed his powerful cock at her wrinkled anal opening.

Sodomy was a disgusting perversion, and not one Withers would have engaged in. All the more perfect, then, to show the vile woman how filthy a creature she was.

He watched as first Monk, then Smith violently sodomized the trembling woman, ramming up into her so hard she was lifted off her knees repeatedly. It was early for both of them, so neither lasted long. Withers let them lift the whore off the pipe, smiling at her sob of relief as she was carried across the floor. Her arms, bound together at elbows, were released, but then lifted above her head, and she was lifted up off the floor to hang fully by her arms.

No, she would have no need to walk any time soon, Withers thought, as he examined her feet. Both were still strapped to her thighs. He picked up a thin

cane and traced its tip along the soft underpads, poking gently at heels and toes and arches.

Abruptly the cane whipped up and then down, cracking savagely against the centre of her right foot.

She screamed horribly, writhing and dancing in mid-air, her torso twisting violently as she shrieked out her promises to do anything he wanted. He let her continue to beg for a long moment, then brought the cane slashing down across her heel. Again she screamed and shook, seeming to go mad now as she twisted and tore at the bonds, trying to break free.

Another blow slashed down across the sole of her other foot, and another, and another. He shifted his position, then swung sideways and up, cracking the cane against the top of her toes. Then he cut in from above, striking the bottoms. The small white feet turned pink and then a fiery red as the cane slashed into them again and again. He concentrated on the soles, but was liberal with his blows to both toes and heels.

Her voice was a croak by the time he finished and he put down the cane with a sense of accomplishment. He snapped his finger at Monk, and the man moved in behind her and unstrapped her ankles. Her legs fell straight down and again she screamed. Her knees had been bent and jammed painfully against the stone for many hours. Now gravity ripped them straight in an instant.

Monk took out his erection and thrust himself into her anus, his hands going around her and gripping her thighs, yanking her legs wide as he began to grunt with hunger and lust, pounding himself up into her hard and fast. When he finished, Smith did the same. Both men were able to last much longer this time, and her sobs would have been piteous to any normal ear.

When they were both finished Withers nodded them from the room. He paused to examine her for a long moment. He thought she looked quite erotic hanging like that, arms outstretched, body stretched out below.

Yet he knew how exhausting it was to her. He knew that a person hanging fully from their wrists was unable to breathe. The weight of their own rib cage pressing down on their diaphragm made it impossible to expand their lungs. And so a person hanging by their wrists was forced to use the muscles of their arms and lift themselves up slightly each time they drew breath. Over time this grew exhausting. Too long and suffocation would result.

He would not give her that time, but he would come close. He turned and left the room, and the girl sobbed pitifully in the dark, empty room.

After noon, Withers returned. She hung quietly, her breaths short, ragged, and forced. He smiled thinly, examined his options, then picked up a Cat O' Nine tails and moved into position behind her.

The Cat O' Nine tails was named, Withers knew, because the marks it left on those it touched resembled the long, ugly marks of a cat's claws.

By the time he was finished raining blows across her back the woman hanging dazedly from the chains before him looked as though she had been clawed by a dozen cats. Every inch of her back was criss-crossed in dozens and dozens of long thin red lines. There so many that as they crossed and re-crossed

each other some had begun to bleed, and small, thin dribbles of blood were making their way down her beaten back.

He put down the Cat and moved around to her thus far unmarked front. Her breasts were lovely and full and firm and he squeezed them appreciatively as he considered the proper instrument to use upon them.

"Please. Please. Please."

The woman's voice was barely recognizable, a gravelly croak coming through her aching, swollen throat. Withers gave the masked face the back of his hand, throwing it back violently, then released her breasts as he moved to the nearby table.

The switch was thin but supple. It would snap stingingly but not cut the flesh. He bent it to and fro in his hands as he inspected the faceless woman's breasts, then smiled and returned.

Her right breast leapt upwards as the switch cut into it. The switch sliced in powerfully and the flesh seemed to recoil outward in both directions from the point of impact.

The reaction from the girl was all he could have hoped. Her ragged scream of agony and the violence with which her chained body responded gave testimony to the pain the blow caused to the sensitive organ and Withers smiled in satisfaction.

As with her back, he took his time, allowing the pain to dissipate, watching the line of pain rise and then glow on her flesh, waiting for her sobs to ease and her shaking body to relax. The switch cut up in an arc which set the breast bouncing upwards, and another raw, ragged shriek filled the room.

He waited a full minute, then slashed the switch down across her other breast, extending his arm fully, feeling rather like a matador attacking a bull. He grinned as he watched her writhe against the shackles, twisting and shuddering in pain as she sobbed and begged for mercy.

Another blow, and another, and another sent the breast jiggling and shaking before he moved his attention back to the first. At first he avoided the nipples, saving them for last, knowing how sensitive they were. Only when blow after blow, shock after shock had begun to daze her too far to feel the full strength of the pain did he turn his attention to her nipples.

This perked her up and her sobs grew in intensity and desperation. Withers was forced to soften his blows, at first in order to more precisely direct his aim. As he landed blow after blow however, the rhythm allowed him to strike harder and harder.

When he was done both nipples were hugely swollen and red and the girl was barely conscious, moaning dazedly.

He summoned his Blacks, who took her down and laid her upon the long, thin table. Her wrists were locked to the wheel above her head, her ankles to the bar at the base of the table. The wheel was turned sufficient to hold her firmly, but no further. They would let her rest for a time.

This was not done out of charitable intent. She was barely conscious. It was necessary to allow her to recuperate so that when the lesson continued she would be fully cognizant of his anger.

"All right," he said to Monk. "Get started."

The man nodded. He had earned money while in prison by making crude tattoos with sharpened bits of steel. He had been provided with better tools now, and drew over the cart containing them as he started on the girl. He began on her belly, the tattoo gun growling as he moved very slowly along the smooth, concave flesh, drawing out a blue swirling pattern.

Withers left him to it, and hour after hour he continued, occasionally pausing, letting Smith try his hand as the girl moaned and whimpered and jerked in dazed confusion.

When Withers returned most of her stomach was covered in a crude tattoo which resembled a large blue moth. He nodded to Smith, who turned the crank in the wheel at the head of the table. The woman's back strained and they heard her muscles and joints pop as more and more pressure was applied the pull growing greater and greater.

Then the wheel was locked in place and the woman's body, now taut as a drawn bow, was left in place. The three men left for their supper and the woman moaned in dazed pain.

The pain grew to agony as the hours passed, as her limbs and joints and muscles grew cramped and began to throb and ache. All through the night she whimpered helplessly, begging the universe to end her agony.

"Just call her meat," Bev said.

Amy dropped her eyes in shame but a harsh fist yanked her head up again and the other woman smirked at her.

"I can see why," she said, eyeing Bev and Karen as they stood possessively flanking their toy. "How much?"

"This is quality merchandise," Bev said. "Not available to just anyone."

"Yeah, yeah. How much?"

"Pack of cigarettes."

"A whole pack!?" the woman exclaimed in dismay.

"For this kind of quality? You bet your ass, Angie."

"You ought to feel that little pink tongue on your cooze," Karen said, leaning in and grinning.

The woman grumbled and complained, and tried to bargain down the price, but in the end produced the pack.

Bev jerked Amy's head up by the hair and Karen put a hand around her throat as they both glared fiercely at her. "You do exactly what she tells you, Meat," Bev growled. "Or when you get back I'll beat the living shit out of you!"

Amy nodded in terror and the two women drew back, then pushed her into the other woman's arms. "She's all yours," Bev said. "But don't be all day. There are other customers waiting."

Dazed, Amy was led down the corridor and into another cell, where the woman gave her a shove towards one of the bunks. "Strip," she ordered.

All day and into the evening Amy performed on one "customer" after another, often as other potential customers looked on. She later learned those watching had paid several cigarettes for the "show".

Then, that night, as the cell doors were locked, she began to once more perform on Bev and Karen, and continued on into the early morning.

The next day was more of the same, and the day which followed. It was a large prison and the demand for her services seemed to remain strong. She decided she would kill herself as soon as possible, but no opportunity arose.

She was wakened from her brief sleep by a hand over her mouth, then dragged to her feet.

"You're coming with us, meat," Bev whispered. "Don't make a sound."

The cell door was open, and she and Karen led Amy - who was still naked from their use - out into the dark corridor.

"My clothes," she whispered.

"Shut your fuckin' mouth," Karen snarled.

They moved slowly up its length and opened a small door which led into a side room. The room had another door at the other end, and they crept through it, then down an abandoned hallway to a narrow flight of stone stairs.

"Where are we going?" she whispered.

Bev gave her a murderous glare and Amy closed her mouth.

They went down another long corridor, this one with a roof crowded with pipes and wires, then climbed a ladder at the end and emerged in a small stone room. When Bev pushed open the room's door Amy saw moonlight beyond, and gasped as the two pulled her along out into the night.

They hurried along the grass to the wire, Amy's eyes huge as she looked from side to side. Bev cut the wire and the three squirmed through, then hurried out into the woods beyond.

The other two forced her to hurry along at a quick pace, ignoring her gasps of pain as she trod on stones and sticks. When they reached a road they pulled her out into the open and picked up the pace.

"Move, meat!" Bev snapped, when she began to slow.

"I-I'm tired," she gasped.

A hard sharp crack of a hand across her bottom made her cry out in pain.

"Move!"

When headlights appeared on the road ahead Bev gripped her hair and yanked her head back. "Stand in the road and get them to stop," she hissed. "Make sure they look at you and don't turn away. If you don't I'll rip your head off!"

The two then darted into the wood and left her standing naked on the road. Amy stared in shock at the approaching car, unable to decide what to do. She started to cover herself with her arms but a snarl from the bushes brought her hands jerking back to her sides.

The car slowed and Amy swallowed fearfully, then felt a wave of shame creep up her neck as she saw a man behind the wheel staring at her. The car halted and after a moment the man pushed open the door and stepped out. Amy stepped back and the man came forward.

Suddenly Bev and Karen rushed at him from behind, striking him with heavy stones, knocking him to the road.

"Let's go, Meat!" Karen snarled.

Staring at the man in fear, Amy rushed forward, her bare feet slapping on the pavement as Bev yanked her by the arm and threw her into the back seat. The two women climbed into the front and the car turned around and sped away.

Monk yawned as he rose. He wiped his nose, rubbed his eyes, then swung his legs out of bed and shuffled across the room. He urinated in the small toilet stall, then opened the door and made his way up the stone corridor to where the girl hung.

He always had an erection in the morning, and the girl was far better than masturbation.

She was hanging silently by her ankles, legs spread wide, arms pulled straight down and bound to a ring in the floor. The tattoo he had been working on now covered her belly and breasts, but he ignored them.

There were two small suction tubes attached to the girl's swollen nipples. They were attached to hoses which were fitted to a compressor. They produced a soft, rhythmic sucking, and this was the third night she had spent with them. Her nipples were now raw and tender and swollen to twice their previous size. Before too long her breasts would start to swell, as well, and then she would begin to produce milk.

The hood remained in place over her head, and a pair of headphones was taped over her ears, endlessly playing a tape filled with Withers' snarling curses and insults, telling her what a whore, slut, bitch, pervert, etc. she was.

All of which was true, for all women were whores and bitches, as far as Monk was concerned.

He grunted in irritation as he reached the girl, noting the mess of her sex. Withers had shoved a long, thick candle into her opening the previous night and lit it before they left the girl. It had burned all through the night, the wax flowing downwards along her groin and belly and around her breasts. Eventually, the candle, which had protruded six or seven inches out of her pussy, had burned down so that the flame, in a thick pool of liquid wax, had burned within her gaping sex.

At that point it had gone out, probably because her body's violent motions had caused the liquid wax to slosh from side to side and extinguish the wick. The wick was now about an inch deep in her sex, and the wax, now solidified, continued to hold her open.

Monk sighed and moved behind her. He broke off the solidified wax over her anus and let it crumble to the floor, then fondled the supple flesh of her buttocks. That flesh bore the vivid welts of the whipping Withers had given her the previous night, and Monk smiled as he recalled the frenzied anger on the man's face as he had brought the whip down against the faceless woman's sex and buttocks again and again and again.

Mean bastard, he thought.

He drew out his cock and fisted it, pumping his hand up and down as his excitement rose, then pushed himself against the wrinkled opening of her anus. He grunted with the effort of forcing himself through her tight sphincter, but her

muscles gave way quickly and he was soon pumping calmly. He brought a hand up to his mouth and yawned, then sniffed and continued his steady thrusting until he came with a sigh of pleasure and pulled free.

Smith came into the room as he was doing up his pants and the two men grunted a greeting to each other as they passed.

F o u r

Amy looked nervously around as Bev dragged her into the house. They had been able to drive right into the unlocked garage, and then found the inner door unlocked. It seemed too good to be true, too much luck to have. And she waited for someone to step out of hiding to accuse them.

"Empty," Bev said casually. "We can hide out here for a while."

"I need some clothes," Amy said in a small voice.

"I like you naked, Meat," Bev replied.

"Yeah, me too," Karen added. "Go into the kitchen, Meat, and make us something to eat."

"Then you can have something to eat yourself," Bev said suggestively.

Amy dropped her eyes submissively and padded across the room and into the kitchen. It was difficult for her to believe that she had somehow escaped from prison. She had always been a very obedient person, and now she was a jail breaker! Yet she hadn't even known what they were doing when the women had taken her along, and the thought of returning, to going back and becoming the sex toy and plaything of the rough inmates made her quiver.

Even though she still was the sex toy and play thing of two of the worst of them.

But she would find some clothes, she thought, and escape them too, and then...

And then what? She did not know where she could go. She had no money, nor access to it since they had taken her cards. She did not even have the key to her own apartment, and if she returned would be arrested in any case.

She made a light breakfast for the other women and carried it back into the front room. They were lounging before the large television set. Bev was flicking through the channels while Karen was on the floor going through videotapes in a low cabinet.

"Kneel there," Bev ordered after Amy had put down the food.

Amy blinked in surprise, but obeyed quickly.

"On all fours, Meat."

Flushing, Amy knelt on hands and knees, looking up at the big woman.

"Crawl forward another foot. That's it. Now stay put."

Bev propped her feet on Amy's back and continued watching television.

Amy blinked in astonishment, then felt a wave of indignation and anger. She was an intelligent, educated and capable woman, and yet she was being subjected to abuse and contempt by these two dull, lumpen, uneducated,

ignorant, crude fat ugly women. It outraged her, and made her blood boil. She wanted to leap up and strike them, to tell them how contemptible they were.

And yet, she knelt submissively, knowing that the only argument which counted was physical force, and that she had little of that with which to argue.

After a few minutes Karen found a pornographic tape and put it into the machine, then the two of them sat back, laughing and chortling at the lewd images which came across on the large screen, jeering at the phoney groans and moans of the women as the man pumped their cocks into them.

When a lesbian scene came on they looked down at Amy, who looked away, anxious and shamed.

"See that, Meat? That's how you should act," Bev said.

"We'll get the little slut trained in time," Karen said.

Karen raised her own feet and propped them on Amy's bottom.

"We need money," Bev said.

Karen nodded. "We've got Meat, there. She can make us some pretty quick."

"I knew a pimp once who said his whores could bring in a thousand dollars a night."

"Yeah, and she's a chink, so we don't have to worry much about the cops. All chinks look alike."

"The way we'll dress her the cops ain't going to be looking at her face anyway."

Bev slipped off her trousers and pulled her legs back and apart. Karen, watching, grinned and did the same.

"Get to work, Meat," Bev snapped, patting her bare sex.

Karen turned and crawled closer, then, cursing them in her mind, she began to lick at the woman's sex as the two continued to comment obscenely and insultingly about her, her body, her race, and their plans for her. When she had licked Bev to climax she turned to Karen. When she had given Karen an orgasm she was pulled back to work on Bev again, and then to Karen, and then back to Bev until her tongue and jaw ached so much she could hardly work them.

While she was working on Karen Bev went into the kitchen. She returned with a broad grin on her homely face, clutching a pair of large cucumbers.

"We've given our little chink a lot to eat, but I think she needs something more nourishing," she said.

Karen chuckled cruelly, and gripped Amy's hair to keep her from turning away from her task. Bev knelt behind the Asian girl, holding one of the cucumbers, then dipped it roughly into an open tub of margarine, twisting it from side to side. She turned back, sliding a finger along the girl's tightly closed sex, then slapped her bottom sharply.

"Spread your legs, Meat!" she ordered.

Amy obeyed anxiously, trying to turn her head but failing as Karen tugged harder on her hair. She felt something hard and cold and greasy pressed against her opening. Felt the pressure mount quickly against her sex, ease, then mount again. She grunted as she began to feel her pubic lips forced back and then apart.

So far in her abuse the women had been content to slide their fingers into her, and had not used objects. Now, she realized, that was about to change, and she gasped as she felt the thickness of the object Bev was attempting to push into her pussy. Yet she knew protest would be useless, and fighting would be less than useless.

"Oh!"

The two women chuckled as the dildo slowly forced its way forward. Bev was twisting it from side to side, pushing rhythmically against the resistance of the girl's sex, and she could see her labia slowly giving way, being forced further and further apart with each push. She gave a sudden thrust and Amy cried out as her entrance strained wide and gave way. The cucumber slid forward two inches before halting.

"Ow! Please!" she cried.

Hands slapped at her bottom and breasts and twisted her hair.

"Keep licking, Meat," Karen ordered.

Bev gripped the cucumber in both hands, twisting it slowly from side to side, then pushing it forward once again. The resistance was tight, but she was a powerful woman and slowly forced inch after inch through the taut ring of the girl's opening, ignoring her gasp and moans and whimpers as she excitedly stuffed the cucumber higher.

"She's not gonna take all that," Karen predicted in amusement.

"She'll take it," Bev said determinedly.

She forced the cucumber deeper and deeper, until only the last few inches remained, then placed her hands on the base and rammed it forward.

Amy screamed in pain, almost tearing free from Karen's grip as her body bucked and thrashed. The two women laughed and hung on grimly as Bev slapped again and again at the base of the cucumber to force the last inch through her pussy lips.

Bev chuckled as she rubbed her hand back and forth along the now hard flesh pressing back against the cucumber.

"Don't you like that, Meat? A nice big cock inside you?"

"Little whore probably loves it," Karen sneered.

"Then she'll love this too." She held up the second cucumber and winked at Karen.

She pressed it into the margarine, then jammed it hard against Amy's rectum. The Asian woman's eyes bulged and she cried out in alarm and pain, then writhed and twisted away, tumbling onto the floor. The two women cursed as she scrambled to her feet, twisting past them and running in panicky flight towards the door.

There was a narrow telephone table set against the wall by the door, a foot or so wide. Karen caught her next to it, her big body slamming her forward so her hips smashed into the side of the table and her upper torso and head carried forward to slam into the wall. Bev was a second behind, and the two women pinned her there, chuckling and grinning.

The top of Amy's head was at shoulder height to both of them, and they easily controlled her. Karen gripped the back of her head, grinding her face into

the wall, and both women had one of her arms in a tight clutch. Their legs moved in to spread hers apart, and Bev, still holding the thick cucumber, thrust it up against the squirming, whimpering girl's rectum.

"No! No!" Amy cried, twisting and turning to no avail.

Bev sneered and shouldered the smaller woman even harder against the wall. The table forced Amy's bottom to thrust out, and Bev took merciless advantage, her powerful arm forcing the cucumber up hard against the small, wrinkled opening again and again until she was able to slowly jam it through.

"Please!" Amy sobbed.

Chuckles greeted her, and then Bev forced the cucumber higher.

Her insides were already full and aching, the cucumber in her sex giving her cramps and rippling pains. Now her anus began to spread, the elastic walls of her tube spreading wider and going taut as the cucumber moved up into her body.

"Please don't," she whimpered.

"You love it," Bev said accusingly.

She and Karen pulled Amy's wrists up and back behind her head, where Karen took hold and allowed Bev to back away. Bev then moved straight behind the whimpering, trembling girl as Karen looked down, gripped the cucumber in both hands, and forced it slowly up higher.

As the cucumber pushed deeper Amy began to weep and sob in a mixture of shame and pain, and as the pain grew her sobs and cries grew louder and more desperate. Yet neither woman showed any mercy, and Bev buried the long, thick cucumber in her anus before stepping back.

"There. Now doesn't that feel good?" she asked in a taunting voice.

"Let's take her upstairs and find her something to wear."

The two dragged the whimpering, moaning girl upstairs and searched through the bedrooms. There appeared to be only one female resident, and she was a young girl. Nothing of hers fit, of course, but Bev and Karen were undeterred. They forced a pair of pink shorts up Amy's legs while the Asian girl clutched her aching belly and moaned.

The shorts were far, far too small, but strength prevailed. The two women yanked and tugged, ignoring Amy's pleas, until the shorts were buttoned and zipped in place. Half her buttocks were bared, and the shorts dug into her sex with a painful pressure, but the woman were satisfied.

They found a white halter for her to wear, one which buttoned up the front. The halter strained alarmingly across Amy's chest, the buttons threatening to pop free if she inhaled too deeply.

"Perfect. She'll draw a lot of attention from those male pigs who want a hole to stick their cocks into." Bev smiled happily.

"But her holes are full."

They laughed in delight.

"We'll empty them before we put her on the street."

They returned to the living room, and Amy was forced to kneel as their footrest again while they watched more pornographic tapes and emptied the home's liquor cabinet. Amy knelt in misery and pain, her insides on fire, her

belly feeling ready to tear open as the women's slurred speech continued to rain abuse on her.

Then another tape came on. Amy was not paying any attention to the moans and groans and grunts which came from the television, but something caught her attention and drew her out of the contemplation of her own misery and pain. It was a voice, a familiar voice.

It was... Veronica's voice!

She turned and stared at the image on the screen. The woman there wore a hood over her face, but the rest of her naked body looked very familiar, and her voice as she begged and pleaded and sobbed with the men who abused her was shockingly familiar.

Bev sniggered as a whip cut across the woman's breasts. "Look at that whore dance!" she shouted.

The voice was Veronica's! Amy stared in shock, telling herself she was mad, watching the faceless woman being whipped and abused as she begged for mercy. The panic and terror and pain the woman's voice disguised it somewhat, yet not enough. It had to be Veronica's voice!

She stared in horror as the woman was brutalized, watched as enormous Black men raped her throat and anus. It was surreal. It could not be Veronica, yet the voice was such an exact twin of Veronica's voice it was difficult to believe it could be anyone else. And then the woman's right shoulder came into view and she saw the small burn mark Veronica had suffered as a child.

"I'm gonna take a nap," Bev said, yawning.

She grunted as she got to her feet, and made her way, swaying from side to side, up the stairs. Karen yawned and lay along the couch, still drinking, her eyes losing focus.

Amy stared at the images in mounting shock and horror, watching as Veronica was tortured, her spinning mind trying to understand how Veronica could possibly be on a video tape.

She heard a snore from behind her and saw that Karen had drifted off. She turned back to stare at the television, and the picture ended, the screen going black. A moment later white letters appeared. Made by O'Neil productions, 155 East 44th Street, New York.

Veronica's last name was O'Neil.

Dazed, she turned and looked at Karen again, then slowly rose up on her knees. She looked around her, gasping and putting a hand to her abdomen at the pressure. She noted the keys to the car there on the table, and her eyes widened. Then she stood up, cautiously moving across to them, snatching them up, and creeping out of the room towards the garage.

It was difficult sitting down in the car, and she had to slump low to ease the pain as the seat pushed up against her pussy and anus, jamming against the base of the cucumbers, but desperation leant her strength. She opened the garage door, and drove away, heart pounding as she tried to understand what was happening.

"Strip."

Amy looked up at the man fearfully. Finding the place had not been hard. It had seemed like an old, abandoned warehouse, yet she had knocked on the small door and recognized the man who greeted her as one of those she had seen on the video with Veronica. He had readily admitted her, but refused to answer any questions about Veronica.

"I-I have money," she lied.

"Strip."

She licked her lips, looking around.

"I'm looking for Veronica O'Neil," she begged.

"She's here."

"I must see her!"

"Okay. Strip."

"I-I don't want to be in any videos I just..."

"Now, bitch! Or you'll never see her!"

She jerked back at the violence of his words, at the anger in his voice.

"Or leave."

She thought of Veronica and bit her lower lip, then, heart pounding she began to unbutton the tight blouse. She felt a wave of humiliation as she pulled it aside and bared her breasts to the big Black man, and tried to turn away, but he roughly gripped her arm and yanked her back.

"Hurry up, bitch. You're girl friend is waiting."

Amy inhaled deeply, then undid her super tight shorts and wriggled out of them. She tried to summon complete calm, to pretend she was alone and the horrible man was not staring at her with dark, ugly eyes.

So what if he sees me, she said to herself. So what if he rapes me. I'll do anything for Veronica.

"Turn around and put your hands together at the small of your back."

"Wh-what for?" she gulped.

"Because I fucking said so!" he screamed in her face.

Amy cried out and fell back against the wall, staring at him with wide eyes.

"Now!" he screamed.

She turned quickly, bringing her hands up behind her. They were seized immediately and yanked together, crossed just above her buttocks. Then a rough cord was wrapped around first one, then the other, and they were bound tightly together.

A rough hand jerked her around again and the man led her further into the room, then halted her and looked up. He reached far up to a low beam and pulled down a rope. The end of the rope was tied into a noose, and he slipped it neatly over her head and tightened it around her throat.

"What are you doing!?"

He smiled and stepped back, uncoiling the rope, then wrapping it around a low peg set into the wall.

"Where's Veronica?" she gulped. "What's going on?"

The door opened and a man walked in. She could not see him well for most of the room was in shadow. As he came forward, however, the light grew and she gasped as she recognized him.

"Charles!?"

Charles Withers. The man she had once thought she loved, before she knew what love was. She had done everything in her desperate attempts to please him, but never been successful. She had once hoped his coldness to her could be softened, had believed he could be made to love her if she just tried hard enough.

But nothing had worked. Nothing had softened that cold hard rock of a heart. She had sighed over the romances of the girls she had met, listened with desperate envy to their tales of charming boyfriends and husbands, and how they had sipped wine together, whispered in each others arms, danced and played and laughed together.

But Charles saw no purpose in any of that. He was brusque, often cold, and sometimes cruel. He made love to her as though it were a task, a duty, and not a very pleasant one. It was done infrequently, and over with very quickly. He never kissed her, simply ordered her legs apart, placed himself atop her, and thrust himself into her body, pumping steadily for a few minutes until he spent himself within her.

When she did something wrong she had been punished like a child. For minor offenses she would be deprived of this or that toy, like the television or the radio. For something more severe, such as not properly washing the dishes, she would be bent over and strapped, or for more severe infringements, caned.

Her friends assured her this was madness, that there was far more to life than living with a cold, cruel fossil like him, and eventually she had believed them, summoned all her courage, and left.

But she had been with him long enough to know what a vindictive man he was, and what power he could wield when he so chose. And so she had hidden from him, and then moved as far away as possible. Her fears had been vague, but something had told her he would attempt to do something to punish her if he could.

And now he was standing before her.

She felt a wave of relief, strangely, for at least he was a known quantity, and surely he could be reasoned with. She was not quite sure what was happening, whether he had indeed done something to Veronica but - .

Withers nodded and the rope tightened around her throat. Amy gasped and her eyes bulged. She stared at him, imploring him with her eyes, but his lips curved slowly upwards into a cruel smile, and the rope tightened further. She felt it stretching and pulling at her neck, digging into the soft flesh, and then she was lifted off the floor, her toes twitching and jerking, her wrists pulling frantically against the cord holding them behind her back as he stared at her and she slowly strangled.

Terror flowed through her veins. He was going to kill her!?! She was hanging, hanging by the neck! Her throat burned and her head felt about to explode. Her chest pounded harder and harder and she felt herself growing faint.

Abruptly, the rope relaxed and she dropped heavily to the floor, then fell onto her back, gasping and coughing and choking as Withers stared down at her.

"Wife," he said. "We meet again. It's been some time since you abandoned me and I have been quite desirous of letting you know the depths of my displeasure."

She lay half curled on her side, gasping for breath, her throat still burning where the rope had dug into the soft flesh.

"N-N-Not y-your w-wife," she gasped.

"Of course you are. What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

She closed her eyes and moaned low in her throat.

Then the rope tightened around her throat and began to pull, and her feet scabbled at the floor as she fought to push herself up. She rose to her knees, then quickly to her feet as the rope continued to pull. It held tightly as she stood trembling on her toes before him.

"There are places where a whore such as you would be put to death in an instant for the crimes you have committed," he said. "There are places where you would be buried to your chest and stoned to death for adultery, places where you would be whipped to death for perversions against God and man."

The rope tightened and lifted her from the floor, and Amy gurgled helplessly, slowly twisting in mid-air, toes trembling and twitching as they desperately sought the floor.

"Oh yes," he cried. "I know all about your filthy lover and the foul, perverted things the two of you do together. Did you think you could conceal it from me?"

Her strength faded and Amy stared at him as her vision began to fog over. Then she dropped again, laying like a bag of cement on the floor as he stood over her, cursing her before God as a foul adulteress and wicked pervert. Amy sucked in air through her aching throat, groaning, eyes fluttering, head pounding.

"Did you not think there would be a reckoning?!" he demanded.

"P-Please," she gasped. "I-I didn't... didn't d-do anything..."

He reached down and gripped her by the hair, wrapping her long, thick raven locks about his fist, then dragged her bodily to her knees, holding her before him as she moaned and whimpered.

"Did nothing?!" he exclaimed. "You and your filthy friend have humiliated me! And now you will be punished!"

"Wh-where is Veronica?" she gasped.

He released her hair and pulled on the rope, forcing her to her feet.

"No! Please!" she cried hoarsely.

The rope lifted her off her feet again to dangle an inch above the floor, gurgling breathlessly as the it dug into her throat.

"I have your foul lesbian lover," he said with a sneer. "She has been learning the discipline not taught her in her youth. She has been reaping what she has sown. She has been begging the Lord for forgiveness!"

Amy blanked out and hung limply at the end of the rope, slowly turning, and Withers signalled to Smith, who dropped her once again. The rope was removed from her throat and the big Black man hefted her over his shoulder and carried her up the corridor, placing her on a low bunk in a small bare room.

He then followed Withers further up the corridor and out into the wide, open space which had once been a wine cellar.

The other girl was there. She knelt on the floor next to Monk. Her wrists were strapped up tightly against her upper arms, her ankles up against her thighs. Her hood had been removed the other day and her hair shaved off. Her head had then been waxed to strip off the remaining stubble so it was as smooth and hairless as her bottom.

Her tongue hung over her lower lip, pierced by a thick ring which held a weighted metal ball. Her tongue was now halfway down her chin and would eventually be able to stretch in underneath.

Two small bells hung from her pierced nipples, and another from her pierced clitoris. A thick, heavy ring dangled from her nostrils, hanging down over her upper lip, and her eyes were dull and dazed.

Monk's tattooing had spread across her back and buttocks and halfway down her thighs, wild swirls of blue and red and green and yellow with two inch high letters worked into them. "Slut", they said. "Whore!" they proclaimed. "Bitch", and "Lesbian", and "Pervert".

Monk tossed a small ball and the woman awkwardly crawled forward across the floor to follow it. Her movements were quick and frantic, and the crop in Monk's hand told why. No hesitation, no lack of eagerness in any of her responses would be tolerated - in anything.

She scrambled across the floor to the ball, bent, took it into her mouth, then turned and hobbled back as quickly as she could to lay it at Monk's feet. He patted her head, picked up the ball, and tossed it again. Once more she hobbled frantically after it.

Withers glared at her sullenly. "Through fire shall redemption be found," he said.

The others eyed him silently.

"Hanging is too good for her," he said then. "But this one..."

He smiled cruelly as the girl returned. She dropped the ball and knelt, panting breathlessly.

Withers undid his trousers and took out his cock, aiming it at the girl. She looked up, then closed her mouth as a stream of urine spat forth.

"Open your mouth, whore!" he shouted.

She obeyed at once and he directed the stream into her open mouth, smirking as it poured down over her lip. He let the stream move upwards over her face and hair, then back along her body before directing it once again at her open mouth.

He finished and did up his trousers again. "Hang her," he said.

He picked up a leather cord and smiled, then slapped at one of her breasts as it hung beneath her.

Monk grinned and took the leather, then straddled the kneeling woman. He tied two loops in the leather, slid them beneath her, and pulled them up around her heavy breasts before pulling them tightly to close the loops. He pulled her upright on her knees and twisted the loops around her breasts again,

wrapping several loops before straightening. He pulled her upright and fixed the leather into a ring set overhead.

He stepped back and pulled. The leather went taut and the girl moaned, her knees sliding along the floor as she was pulled directly beneath the ring. Then her eyes widened and she cried out as she was lifted off the floor.

Though her voice was still hoarse and ragged she screamed loudly enough to make the men wince. Her warbling howl of agony filled the stone room as Monk lifted her higher.

The men watched as she turned slowly on the end of the cord, her body writhing and trembling as she sobbed piteously and begged them to let her down. Her words were a jumbled tumbling rush mixed in with gut wrenching sobs and horrible wails of pain. It hardly qualified as language. Which, Withers thought, was quite appropriate, since she was little more than an animal.

When Amy woke the first thing she felt was the pain in her throat. Almost immediately after, even as her hands were reaching up blindly to hold her aching neck, she felt the pain in her abdomen, the terrible fullness and cramping there, and then she remembered.

She gasped and her eyes shot open. She sensed the presence in the room with her and leapt to her feet, staggered, clutched at the wall, and stared at Withers sitting across the small stone room staring at her.

"Awake at last, my dear," he said.

She stared at him, gulping in air.

"Wh-what have you done?" she demanded.

"Only the start of what needs to be done."

"You... you hurt Veronica!"

He nodded.

"Bastard!"

His eyes narrowed. "I thought I had made you familiar with the requirement of a wife that she show her husband respect."

"You aren't my husband! We're divorced!"

"I do not recognize that interference with our union."

"What union?" she snapped. "You treated me as a servant, as a slave!"

"You were provided for," he said angrily.

"Where is Veronica!"

"Being attended to."

"I'll see you go to prison for this!" she exclaimed.

He smiled cunningly. "Will you?" he purred. "It seems to me you know all about prison."

She realized now that he must have been responsible for her arrest, for planting the drugs in her apartment and somehow altering the records the police had. And now, as her mind spun desperately, she realized something else.

"Those... you... you hired those... women," she said dazedly.

He grinned again. "Your lesbian roommates in prison? I should think you'd be grateful to me for giving you companions with the same perversion as you."

"You sick bastard!"

His hand cracked down hard on a low table. "Your insolence will be punished!" he snapped. "Do not tempt my patience further!"

She pinched her lips closed, then pushed herself away from the wall, moving closer to him, wincing at the pain in her belly.

"Charles," she said, trying to be reasonable. "Charles, this will bring you nothing."

"But satisfaction," he said.

"Please. Veronica has nothing to do with this. She doesn't even know you exist."

"She is a vile, perverted whore."

"Then so am I!" she exclaimed. "You should be grateful I'm gone!"

"But you will come back to me."

She stared at him in disbelief. "I'll do anything you want," she said after a moment, "Just let Veronica go."

He smiled and shook his head. "It won't be that easy."

"What then? What do you want of me!?"

"First, you will submit to my will."

She sighed and dropped her head.

"You will renounce your perversion and take religious counselling."

"Charles I - ."

"You will renounce any relationship with or interest for that slut in the other room."

"I love her!"

"You said you loved me once."

"And you never said the same!" she replied hotly.

They glared at each other for a long silent moment.

Charles eased back in his chair. "So you love her, do you?" he asked with a sneer.

"Yes!"

"I wonder just how deeply you love her. I wonder how deep your commitment is to this unnatural and perverted lust."

"You consider it unnatural and perverted."

"God considers it unnatural and perverted!"

"Then let Her tell me!"

"I'm telling you, you brazen slut!"

Amy glared daggers at him. "Let Veronica Go!" she demanded.

He smirked. "Perhaps I will let her go," he said. "How strongly do you want her freedom?"

Amy glared.

"Will your... your love," he said in distaste, "Survive the fires of the crucible?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I will give you a choice, wife."

"I'm not your wife!"

"You may submit to my will and return to London as my obedient wife, and I will see to it the sick, perverted sexual animal you call a lover is given to an Arab friend of mine for use as his sexual outlet."

"You're crazy!" she exclaimed.

"Or, you can win her freedom and your own. I'll even see to it the police forget they ever heard of you."

"Win her freedom?" she demanded suspiciously.

"And yours, and I will bother you no longer."

"And what do I have to do to accomplish this?" she snapped.

He smiled. "You will endure seven torments. At any time you may halt them by submitting to my will. If you do not submit and win through to the end, I will go back to England and leave you and your... your lover alone."

Amy shook her head in frustration. "Torments? What kind of torments, you sick bastard?"

"I shant tell you," he said smugly. "But they won't kill you. You'll survive them. If you have the courage."

"You mean the torments like you're giving poor Veronica?"

"Of a similar nature."

"And will you take video tapes of me, as well, and get excited at watching them?" she sneered.

"You have one minute to accept my very generous offer. At the end of which your little friend will be given the torments in your place, and then sent off to where you will never see her again."

Her shoulders slumped. "Please, Charles, this is..."

"You will call me husband!" he snarled.

"Husband," she said. "Husband, this makes no sense. You must see that -
."

"You now have thirty seconds, wife."

She glared at him hatefully. "All right," she hissed.

F i v e

"Very well. But be aware that during the time of your trial you will be expected to submit to my demands in an obedient and respectful fashion, and that includes sexual demands."

"Oh you'd like that, wouldn't you?" she sneered.

"Any act of disobedience, resistance or disrespect will be greeted with severe punishment, not for you, but for your little friend. Already your foul mouth has earned her much pain."

"But that's not fair!" she protested.

"I don't care."

"But you didn't tell me!"

"Further disobedience or disrespect will bring her further punishment. Do you understand?"

She stiffened, then abruptly nodded her head. "Yes," she said through clenched teeth.

"Yes Husband," he snapped. "Every time you forget that she will be punished."

Amy closed her eyes briefly. "Yes Husband," she said.

"On your knees, slut. Please me with your mouth. See if you can do a better job than your friend did."

Amy bit back a furious reply, knowing it would only hurt Veronica. It outraged her that he was boastfully bragging about having forced Veronica to perform on him, yet she could do nothing.

She knelt before him, eyes downcast, knowing that if she raised them he would see the hate in them and decide that was impertinence.

He unzipped his trousers and exposed himself, and smirked at her smugly.

Bastard!

She drew a deep, shuddering breath, then leaned forward, taking him into her mouth, licking up and down his shaft, then mouthing his testicles and sucking on them. He grew rapidly, as was ever his habit, and soon she was bobbing her lips up and down on his cock.

"You'll have to learn what your little friend learned, " he said, placing his hands on her hair.

He thrust down sharply, and her eyes bulged as his cock was forced into her throat. She struggled wildly, but he wrapped her long black hair around his fist and kept her down, kept her lips wrapped around the base of his cock as her arms flailed and jerked and pounded against his hips and chest.

"Obey, slut!" he snarled. "Learn it as she did, for you'll be expected to perform on both I and my men."

Her breath grew short and her head pounded as the oxygen ran out. Her vision began to swim, and her desperate flailing movements eased. He lifted her up by the hair, and she gasped and gagged as he pulled his erection free of her mouth.

"See how easy that was?"

He let her catch her breath somewhat, then jerked her head forward. She pushed at his lap but his fist was tight in her hair and she cried out in pain before his cock was forced into her mouth and down her throat once more.

It was a nightmare of gagging and choking, of dizziness and pain, as he manhandled her like a rag doll, using his cock as a weapon of torment, a spiked torture tool forced into her throat again and again. When he came it was after pulling her up and back so that he could spew his seed into her face, sneering at her in contempt as the white juice dribbled slowly down her face.

"The first torment is a simple one," he said. "It was invented by the Chinese, ironically enough, to punish wayward females. How appropriate that you should be subjected to it."

"G-get it over with," she gasped, her throat hoarse.

He stood up and went to the door, pulling it open. The Black man stood there, and Amy felt a mixture of hatred and shame as he looked down at her

kneeling there, semen dribbling from her face. She reached up and wiped her face, rubbing her hand on the chair as the man came forward and took her arm.

"No," Charles said. "She doesn't need to be forced. Come along, Wife."

Amy stood up, raising her chin. "Yes, Husband."

Naked, she walked along beside them as they moved up the stone corridor. She tried to imagine what he had in mind, and her stomach filled with acid as she recalled the things she had seen in the videotape.

They went into a small, stone room where they found another Black man. She turned her eyes away in shame and examined the room. There was a table to one side, but the centre of the room held a strange looking wooden framework. It was a little more than waist high, and perhaps four feet in length. It consisted of two sides, both of which leaned into each other at an angle, much like a peaked roof.

One of the Black men put a collar around her throat, and she silently endured it. He then placed leather restraints around her wrists.

"I said I would submit, Husband," she said.

"Then do so, Wife."

The Black man linked the restraints together behind her back, then lifted them up high between her shoulder blades and a chain fixed to the back of her collar locked them in place.

The two Black men took her by the waist and then abruptly lifted her into the air, swung her over the framework, and set her down.

She cried out in pain immediately, for though the two cucumbers had been thrust deeply and fully into her body still the rounded ends were nestled just within the lips of her sex, and just inside her puckered anal opening. And now as all her weight came down on the narrow peak of the angled walls that peak jammed up hard into her groin and the cucumbers were crushed against it.

Her reaction was thus instant and violent, but the men held her in place. Her legs were spread wide by the angle of the frame, and as they held her in place Charles passed to them thick, heavy metal shackles which they fixed in place against her ankles and thighs, pinning them tightly and firmly to the wood.

The pain was intense. She felt impaled, the cramps ripping and clawing at her mind as she swayed and twisted and sobbed in agony. She tried desperately to pull herself free or to change her position so that the narrow top of the angled frame did not press into her sex quite so firmly, but it was useless.

"Wait!" she screamed, as they turned to go. "Wait. Charles! It's not... I have... you have to let me get these... cucumbers out of me!"

"I didn't put them in there," he said with a smirk.

"But they worked for you!" she screamed frantically. "It's not a true test!"

"You may end it, of course, Wife. You need only say the words 'I submit', and your pain will be ended."

She groaned and bit her lip till blood flowed, twisting her torso violently as she tried to ease the weight against her sex.

Charles smiled and left, one of the Black men following. The other remained, watching her, smiling.

"Wait till you feel my cock, baby," he said in a low, husky voice. "It's as big as those cucumbers and a whole lot more fun."

She turned her head away from him, sweat beaded on her body now as she tried to fight through the pain. Her gut ached fiercely, but the worst of it seemed to be easing. Perhaps she could endure this. But for how long?

"H-How long?" she gasped, still not looking at him.

"How long you gotta sit there? Dunno, honey, but based on your friend I'd say six hours was about the normal."

Six hours. She groaned weakly, yet surely that was something she could do now that the worst of the pain had fled. Her insides seemed to somehow have learned to accommodate the cucumbers, though not without pain.

Her eyes turned to the Black man, and shame hit her again. She quickly turned away.

"Your husband, he says that women have gone crazy sitting on those things," the Black man said. "Me, I never would have thought of it. I figure, you want to teach a bitch a lesson there are easier, quicker ways. But he's a real clever guy."

Crazy? Why would it drive her Crazy? If she had not got the cucumbers inside her it would only be mildly painful.

She shifted her weight and hissed. It was a little more than mildly painful. All her weight was bearing down on her soft, sensitive pubic mound, which was definitely not an area of her body designed to bear much weight.

There was a clock in the corner, but she could not see its face. She could only hear it ticking softly as the minutes passed. Her groin began to ache dully, and the ache grew slowly, becoming sharper. She tried repeatedly to shift her weight, but that only accomplished a momentary relief.

The pain grew steadily worse, yet she did her best to ignore it, to show no response. The Black man continued to watch her, and she was determined to show him, and through him Charles, that she was strong enough to bear up under his pathetic torments.

Amy leaned back, unable to repress a gasp of pain as she took the weight on her tailbone. This eased the pressure on her pubic mound, but put more pressure on the cucumber in her anus.

After a short time, however, the position became unbearable, for the weight was directly on her tailbone, with almost nothing to cushion the bone. The pain mounted to agony very quickly, and she was forced to lean her weight forward once more.

She hissed as her pussy mound was crushed down against the wood, shuddering and whimpering helplessly.

"Hurts, huh?" the Black man said. "You should just do what the guy wants. He's rich, you know. Ain't as ugly as some, neither. You be a good bitch and you can live nice."

She tried to ignore him and he wandered over, reaching up to cup one of her breasts.

"Don't touch me," she said weakly, turning her head away in shame.

He chuckled. "Baby, I'm gonna do more than touch you. I'm gonna fuck your face as soon as the boss tells me I can.

Even in her pain Amy cringed.

"Then I'm gonna fuck that tight little chink pussy too. I wonder if you're tighter than your girlfriend. She had a nice, tight pussy. Course, her asshole was even tighter, but that's always the case. Now you, you got those cucumbers up inside your belly. You can probably take me and Monk at the same time, one up the ass and the other up the cunt."

"Leave me alone," she groaned as he fingered her nipple and fondled her breast.

"What's the matter? Gettin' hot?" he taunted. "You didn't have that cucumber there I think I'd bend you forward and stick my cock up your ass right now."

"I've done nothing to you," she whispered, eyes downcast.

"Don't matter. I'm gonna fuck you. I'm gonna ram my cock up your ass and pound you till your brain rolls around in your head and turns to jelly."

He squeezed her breast hard and chuckled, then moved back to watch again, slumping in a low chair.

Amy ignored him, or tried to. She was continuously aware of his dark eyes watching her, his smug grin lighting up every time an involuntary gasp of pain escaped her. She determined to ignore the pain as well, to show he and Charles just who was the superior one. Yet the pain clawed at her mind and body, seemingly growing worse the longer her poor, sensitive flesh was crushed against the narrow edge of the wood.

The pain was wrapped around her, a python which had twisted its powerful coils around her body and was squeezing tighter and tighter. She was sweating profusely now, her body trembling as she whispered a mantra and tried to block out the pain. Her breath came in increasingly more ragged gasps as her groin throbbed with agony.

She shifted back and cried out helplessly at the pain to her already bruised tailbone, yet she held her position, back arched, grinding her teeth, trying to keep quiet. It was too much, and her body leaned forward. Again she cried out, the sound a broken sob as the wood was jammed up into her aching sex.

It was not fair. It was not fair! Why were they doing these things to her? She had done nothing wrong!

She thought of Veronica and used her to strengthen her will to resist. Veronica would be very proud of her when her strength saw them both released.

Yet the pain was a terrible, unending thing, driving her mad with her inability to do anything to ease herself. Helplessly, she gave in to the agony and leaned back. More agony! Her tailbone was on fire, and she sobbed helplessly as the hot burning pain ripped up her spine. She let her weight lean forward again and shuddered.

A harsh hand gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back, and she was staring into Charles' eyes. He was smiling and she felt a wave of loathing and fear.

"Just say you submit," he purred. "And all your pain will be gone."

Yes, she should. It would make the pain go away. She could not stand the pain!

And yet, what would happen to Veronica? Her tattered mind recalled something, but not the specifics. Veronica would be sent away. She remembered that much.

"N-No!" she gasped.

"Stupid whore."

He threw her head back and she swayed against the hard steel bands clamped against her thighs. Then he was gone and she was alone with her pain once more.

After a time she heard a low wailing sound, and after a longer time realized it was her. It didn't matter. Sweat poured down her body and the pain exhausted her. Her mind crawled into a tight ball to escape as her groin burned.

Her wails grew louder, became screams and sobs. She begged them to release her, but unknowingly did so in Mandarin. Hours passed she gibbered in her native tongue, making promises of sexual submission, promises of wifely devotion. She didn't really know what she was saying, but neither did they. And more hours passed.

It was a nightmare that had no end until, suddenly, she woke up in the dark, laying on her back in the cell she had first found herself

She was still naked, still bound, but the pain, though it still existed, had diminished. Her legs were wide, instinctively splayed on the narrow bunk. And after several minutes she realized something else was absent. The terrible sense of fullness and aching deep in her belly had gone. The cucumbers had been removed!

She lay still for long minutes, then drifted into a troubled sleep.

When she woke it was to light shining in her face, and Charles' smiling face above her.

"Well, wife, did you enjoy your little ride?"

She did not answer, but closed her eyes and groaned softly.

"I took it easy on you and gave you the easiest torment first. The others will be far more painful. You need only submit to my will of course, and the pain will end."

She wanted to curse him, but choked on the words, remembering Veronica.

Another shape moved in the light, and she saw the Black man, the same one who had taunted her, coming into the room.

"You've met Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith wants to see how good you are at fellatio, wife. Be so kind as to show him."

Amy turned her head away but a moment later she was yanked off the low bunk onto the floor, then lifted by the hair into a kneeling position facing the big Black man. Charles sat casually beside her on the bunk as the Black man dropped his trousers and drew out an enormous erection.

She stared at it dazedly, and then gurgled in shock as it was abruptly thrust into her mouth.

"Your little friend didn't seem to appreciate the size of Mr. Smith's endowment," Charles said mockingly.

He leaned forward, his face a foot from hers, watching as the Black man forced his cock deeper into her mouth.

"How do you like the size, wife? How do you like the taste? Is it as good as the taste of your lesbian friend's sex?"

Amy cursed him in her mind even as shame and self loathing filled her. She wished he would leave. It was far worse being subjected to this with him there gloating and sneering at her. That, she knew, was the idea, so a strong woman should ignore him, should treat his presence with the contempt it and he deserved. Yet she was not strong enough, and he shame burned in her belly as he watched the Black man thrust himself back and forth in her mouth.

"Suck on it, whore!" the Black man demanded.

"Yes, do as he says, wife," Charles added. "This is what you were made for."

She could not answer, of course, and was paying less attention to him in any event. The Black man's cock was so large it was causing her jaw to ache, and he was pushing it in so far she kept gagging on its head. She felt the pressure on her hair as the Black man forced her head back farther, at the same time forcing her to bow lower.

And then he lunged down and forward and her eyes popped wide as his cock was forced into her throat. She could not make a sound, for no air escaped as his thick male organ pushed slowly down the length of her throat.

Charles giggled beside her, but she had far worse concerns than his efforts to humiliate her. She could not breath.

Her fluttering mind knew a momentary relief that her belly was empty as the thick cock pushed deeper and deeper, moving right down through her neck and into her esophagus. Her throat and chest ached and she struggled weakly against his powerful hands, but the sneering man only tightened his grip and forced his cock ever deeper, until her face was grinding into his pelvis and his testicles were pressed firmly against her chin.

She could hear Charles snickering to her side, but her head was pounding and her chest burning from lack of air. The Black man eased his grip, pulling back. An inch, then another, and her panicky mind frantically urged him on. When he thrust himself balls deep again she screamed mentally in desperate frustration. But then he pulled back and she coughed and choked and gagged as his saliva covered cock pulled free.

They laughed at her as she gagged and coughed and drew in great, shuddering breaths of air. There was another man there now, a second Black man, and his face and eyes were as cruel as the first as the two sneered down at her.

They did not let her fully catch her breath before the Black man was forcing his cock into her mouth again. She tried to keep her jaw closed but his powerful fingers pinched in against the sides and forced her lips to admit him. Then he thrust himself deep into her throat once again.

Now he began to pump cruelly in and out, up and down, sawing his massive tube of flesh up and down through her constricted air passage, using her mouth and throat as a masturbatory tool as the three of them sneered and joked at her.

He pulled back at last, as her fluttering mind began to go limp, and again she gasped and choked and gulped in air. She was a small mouse caught between three huge, sadistic cats, which toyed with her for their own amusement.

Back down her throat, pumping furiously up and down so that she would have screamed if she could. Again and again her vision clouded over and her eyes went glassy, only to recover as his cock was pulled free and she was able to breath again.

It seemed to go on forever before he finally pulled free for the last time and held his cock before her gasping face. And then he squeezed and came, spewing his seed against her face. She gaped at this new humiliation, yet was too caught up in the desperate need for breath to really care as wad after wad spurted against her face.

Then he was wiping his spit-wet cock all over her face, rubbing his seed in, before wrapping her long hair around him to clean himself off.

She sagged weakly as he released her hair, feeling a desperate relief that he was finally finished. Then she gasped as her hair was yanked and she was forced up on her knees again. The second Black man leered down at her, clutching a cock which was, if anything, even thicker than the one which had already used her.

She could not help feeling a great and terrible wail of disappointment as he jammed himself into her mouth. Tears filled her eyes and she knew she would not be able to endure the torments Charles would continue to inflict upon her. This, she was sure, would not even be considered one of them, merely her "servicing" his male helpers.

Again her throat was raped with long, cruel strokes, and as with the first man he kept himself deep as long as possible, drawing back only to prevent her from gaining the release of unconsciousness. And then suddenly as he pulled back, he twisted her around and shoved her hard. She fell forward onto her shoulders, barely turning her chin aside in time to prevent herself from smashing it into the floor.

She felt his hands on her hips, then yanking her thighs apart. She felt a small, trembling wave of relief that he would rape her instead of further using her throat. But then he squeezed her sex and she let out a helpless scream of pain that drew chuckles from the men.

"Don't worry, slut," he said. "I ain't gonna rape that hole just yet. We'll be kind to you and let it recover a little. I'll give you a different kind of ride."

She felt his spongy cockhead pressing against the entrance to her anus, jabbing and pushing, and after a long, dazed minute realized he intended to sodomize her.

Another humiliation, she thought, her mind on the verge of collapsing. She closed her eyes, unable to bear the sight of them sneering down at her, of Charles looking on in satisfaction as she was punished for her "betrayal". She clenched

her teeth and tried to breath as the big man forced his thick log of a cock deeper into her anus. The pain was terrible, but compared to what she'd already been through it was easily bearable.

The humiliation and revulsion were more painful, kneeling there on the floor as Charles watched the Black man sodomising her. Yet that too, she would take, for Veronica.

The man was soon pounding into her with painful strength, his cock slamming up and down within her anal opening, his hips striking her upraised bottom with bruising force. He reached around to squeeze and pinch her breasts as he used her, or to occasionally yank on her hair, forcing her head up and back. She endured it because she had no choice, and tried to blank her mind as the minutes ticked by.

And then he was done.

She fell onto her side, groaning, dazed, eyes fluttering as the three men continued to make lewd, obscene and insulting comments at her expense.

"Wasn't that nice?" Charles inquired pleasantly. Now we'll give you something to drink and let you rest."

There was something about the way he said the last word which made Amy's stomach twist.

The two Black men lifted her up bodily and carried her from the cell. She was taken down the narrow stone corridor and into another, larger room and set back on the floor on her knees. Her hands still bound behind her, her head was pushed low so that she could drink from a bowl of water set before her.

She slurped it down gratefully, the pain having disguised how desperate her thirst had become. Next came food, bits of cold meat which she was forced to take from their fingers like an animal.

While she ate one of the Blacks stood behind her, combing his fingers through her sweaty, tangled hair. He piled it up above her several times, then gathered it together and began to twine it into a braid. She paid him little attention as she focussed on the food Charles was taunting her with. She wondered why he was gathering it up at the top of her head rather than the back, but cared little.

"Enough," Charles said. "It's time for you to rest those tired muscles."

The Black's strong hand pulled up on her braid, forcing her to her feet, then she felt him pulling harder. She grunted as pain struck from above, her scalp aching as he pulled harder on the braid. She was forced onto the balls of her feet, then onto her toes. Yet the pull continued, and such was the pressure she could not even look upwards. Her hands pulled and twisted behind her, trying to pull free a she pressure and pain continued to mount. And then she felt a thousand needles of pain thrust down into her scalp and her toes wriggled frantically as they left the floor.

For a long moment she went mad. Her legs scissored wildly, then her body twisted and writhed and shook. But as the movement added more agony to that already tearing at her mind her movements quickly eased. Her feet pawed

desperately for the floor, but found nothing below as she felt their laughter around her once again.

She was hanging entirely by her hair. That was the only clear insight she had in a mind battered and pounded by screaming daggers of pain. Her mouth was forced wide by the pull against her scalp, and she screamed mindlessly and dazedly, an instinctive animal shriek of agony which went on and on as the pain continued to claw at her.

"Enjoy your rest, my dear wife," Charles said.

Then he and the Blacks left the room, shutting out the lights, and Amy was alone with her agony, blind and hanging in mid air.

Survival

It was the only goal which still existed for Veronica.

She wasn't sure why she even cared any more, and many times she had felt the urge to stop caring, the desire, the desperate desire for it all to end. She had not imagined there could be so much pain in the world, or that she could be subjected to such humiliation and degradation that all hint of pride and ego could be so utterly erased from her.

She had always known, of course, that cruel men existed in the world. Like so many others she had tsked over the terrible stories which occasionally found their way into the media. But never in her worst nightmares had she imagined she could be treated in the way she had been since being captured by these men.

And she still had no idea why.

From the many crude insults directed at her she had gathered they knew she was a lesbian, and that this angered them. But why they had chosen to punish her because of it was beyond her.

She had made no effort to speak to them, even to beg, for some time. It had become all too obvious that it had no effect whatever. And a part of her had begun to realize that they were happiest when she seemed most pitiful, when she gave the appearance of someone utterly broken. And so, desperate to please them, she tried to magnify that belief.

She showed no anger or resentment at anything they said or did, only fear and pain. On occasion, when they rewarded her with some treat, she put on a show of pathetic gratitude they seemed much taken with.

For hours each day she was bound against the table, forced to endure the tattoo needle of one of the Black man, the man called Monk. He was making an obscene mockery of her previous perfect, beautiful, unblemished skin. Most of it was blue now, with large, garish, neon crudities in yellow and orange and red.

Each breast had the word "Tit" in two inch high red letters tattooed into it. Her breasts were circled by concentric rings of yellow, red, orange and blue. The word "cunt" covered half her belly, in bright yellow. A bright yellow arrow led from it down to the top of her slit. To either side of the arrow, lower, across her abdomen, were the words "Stick cock here" in bright yellow, with more arrows pointed down.

There were more words on her back and buttocks, more arrows pointed to her anal opening. She could not see them but knew what was there for she had heard them reading the words with considerable amusement.

"Fuck my asshole" was on phrase, with an arrow pointing the way.

More words were tattooed on her arms and legs: words like "Fuck toy", "Slut meat", "Dyke whore", "Pussy eater", "Cunt licker". On her right cheek were the words "Jism eater" with an arrow leading to her mouth. On her left the words "Spunk swallower" with a similar arrow. The word "Deep" was tattooed just above her mouth. The word "Throat" just below. The words "Cock swallowing whore" covered her forehead.

Her wrists had been bound to her upper arms and her ankles to her upper thighs for days. When she moved it was on elbows and knees, with the weighted bells hanging from nipples and clitoris tinkling below her. Her nose was pierced between her nostrils, and they often led her around by a leash attached to the big ring which dangled there, dangled down over her upper lip.

Her tongue hung half out of her mouth, a heavy weight hanging by it. Each day the men removed the weight briefly and tested her on how deep she could plunge that tongue into their rectums. The deeper she was able to wriggle her tongue the shorter her subsequent beating.

If there was any goal beyond survival it was to ease her pain, and there was quite simply nothing she would not do now to accomplish that. If that meant holding her mouth wide while they urinated into it, and swallowing happily, then she would do it. And be happy at the absence of pain.

Only a tiny fragment of the mind which had been an intelligent, confident, capable woman still existed in the back of the desperation and fear, just enough to watch and look for any chance, any opportunity for escape. None had come, and perhaps none would, but it watched nonetheless, and waited.

She shifted her knees a little further apart on the floor and grunted with pain as the bell on her clitoris swung and tinkled. She had been in the same position for hours now, backed against a long, thick post, a faux dildo of stone was rammed deep up her pussy. Before her, protruding from an upright post was a rubber tube which was thrust into her mouth. Her nose ring was clipped to the post just above the tube so she could not pull back. Water poured ceaselessly from the tube and into her mouth. She had to constantly mind herself that she kept her throat closed to that flow, breathing only through her nose, so that it poured out of her mouth around the rubber pipe and spilled onto the floor. Occasional lapses had her sputtering and coughing.

Survival.

S i x

It would be difficult, later, for Amy recall anything about the hours spent hanging by her hair, slowly twisting on the end of a rope. Madness had almost

overcome here there amid that terrible, ceaseless agony in the dark. She did not even remember when she had been taken down. Sanity or consciousness returned slowly, piece by piece as she lay on what she at first took to be a wooden table.

Her wrists were bound tightly above her head and her ankles bound below. And it was some time, as she lay there, groaning weakly, her eyes fluttering and blinking at the bright overhead light, before she realized the table was curved at either end so that her wrists, and especially her ankles, were well below the level of her torso.

It was not until Charles appeared at her side that she realized she was almost six feet off the floor.

"Did you enjoy your rest, wife?" he asked.

She did not answer, having neither the desire nor the energy, nor, entirely, the capability.

"You always loved that long hair of yours," he said. "And now we've finally found some use for it." With the light behind him his face was a shadow, and his teeth gleamed.

"You're entirely awake now, I presume? Wouldn't want to waste an experience on you."

He slapped her face lightly, then less lightly, so that she gasped and cried out as his hand cracked across one cheek, then the other.

"Good," he said, satisfied.

He stepped back and Amy turned her head to follow him, for the first time wondering at her height, and why her lower body was so much lower than her torso. She could not see over the edge of the table, as her body was bound down too tightly, nor could she see her lower legs or what lay beneath.

Her body was, in fact, bowed back somewhat uncomfortably, her chest thrust out strongly. A moment later the table turned, and she realized amid its clanking gears, that it was, in fact, a wheel. As it turned it brought her head and shoulders over its upper curve and then downwards, where it halted.

Her body was at the apex of the wheel, now, with her upper belly at the peak, her lower body and head and shoulders falling away to either side. Her head was now almost upside down.

Charles appeared again, running his hand across her body, squeezing and fondling her breasts, then stroking his fingers along her sex.

"This is quite old, again, in keeping with the ancient Oriental arts," he said. "I can't say as Orientals invented it, of course, but it should impress you nonetheless."

He began to turn a crank, and with a start, Amy realized the pull against the leather shackles on wrists and ankles was growing. She gasped as she felt her limbs pulled taut and heard her bones crack and snap with the growing pressure.

"Ch-Charles," she panted.

"Do you submit?"

"Thi-this isn't n-necessary," she gasped.

"I quite agree. Do you submit?"

"No," she moaned.

The pressure grew still greater, and Amy groaned aloud, feeling her shoulders ache and arms strain. The pressure was now such she feared arms or legs would be pulled from their sockets.

"We'll let you rest a bit," Charles said, departing.

Bastard, she thought weakly.

She stared upwards, groaning, her body aching with the tension and strain. Within minutes her arms and legs were feeling a terrible sense of cramping as they were held rigidly immobile. Her back began to ache, as well, and though her head was not entirely upside down she felt the blood rushing to it nonetheless, sufficient to cause her head to ache and throb.

The minutes ticked slowly away, and, just as with the first torment, the pain grew over time. Yet it though she felt an agony of frustration as she pulled hopelessly against the shackles, the pain was quite bearable compared to what else had been done her.

Charles returned, and she turned her head in surprise and sudden confusion. She had not been tormented for very long yet, perhaps half an hour or so, and she wondered what new pain he would inflict upon her.

"Enjoying yourself, my wife?"

"No," she breathed.

"Perhaps it's because you're so sweaty and dirty," he said. "I well remember how you loved your baths."

He reached out and fondled her again, then pulled his hand back. Abruptly, the wheel began to turn, and she cried out in fear as she rolled further over, her head now completely upside down. Yet the wheel did not stop, and she rolled downwards, head first. She had only a moment to feel the icy water against her hands before it was up past her shoulders, and then over her head.

Her head, and then the rest of her body plunged beneath the water as the wheel turned, and then it halted with her at its lowest point, staring down at the bottom of the shallow pool, her arms and legs bowed upwards. Small bubbles of air escaped from her tightly clenched lips as she squirmed hopelessly, and her fear rapidly mounted.

Then the wheel lurched forward and slowly, she slid up from beneath the water, gasping and coughing as she drew in deep breaths of air.

The wheel halted again and she heard Charles laugh.

"Enjoy your bath, Wife?"

"Charles," she gasped. "Please"

The wheel rolled and she with it. Now she was at its top, now she was rolling back around sideways, her head upside down. And then she was beneath the water once again. The wheel did not stop this time, and she held her breath as she moved through it and her arms and head emerged on the other side.

Then the wheel halted, with her lower body still beneath the icy cold water. Charles moved over to stand in front of her and she realized her head was at a height with his groin. He had his pants down and his erection in his hands, and he gripped her soaking hair and laughed as he yanked it back and thrust himself into her mouth.

As the Black men had done he immediately forced himself down her throat, then raped her that way, pumping freely as she gurgled and gagged and tried to control herself. But then he pulled back, leaving on the top half of his erection within her mouth.

"Suck," he ordered.

Still desperately drawing in air, Amy quickly obeyed, her cheeks drawing in as she sucked on his manhood, her tongue licking energetically up and down its length.

"You will have to be instructed on how best to please me when we return to the UK," he said. "Perhaps I'll hire a whore to teach you what you should have learned naturally."

Despite her lack of expertise Charles was soon grunting in pleasure, and thrusting himself back and forth in her mouth, and occasionally in her throat. It took only minutes for him to achieve climax and withdraw.

But that, of course, gave Amy no relief. The wheel started to turn once again, and Charles then left her to it as she was rolled up, then down and under the wheel once again.

The wheel turned slowly. It took over two minutes for her to make a complete revolution. That left her beneath the water for almost a minute during each turn, long enough to panic her and cause her chest to strain, but short enough she could make it with little danger of drowning.

But little danger did not mean no danger, especially as she had only about another minute to gulp in air again before she was once again plunged beneath the icy water.

Meanwhile, her arms, legs and shoulders were straining terribly as the harsh pull of the chains on her ankles and wrists continued to stretch her body out painfully.

She was growing light headed, and the effort to hold her breath during her time underwater was becoming more and more difficult.

Abruptly, the wheel halted. As before, with Charles, her body remained beneath the water to the waist, and her face was at groin level as one of the Blacks stood before her. He chuckled cruelly, and she groaned, her head already hanging.

"Enjoying the ride, bitch?" he asked.

Suddenly the water began to splash. She blinked her watery eyes as she saw both Black men pouring large bags of ice into the narrow pool which covered the bottom of the wheel. Bag after bag was upended. Soon the entire surface of the pool was covered in a layer of cubes. Still they poured, and the layer grew thicker and thicker as Amy shivered and trembled weakly.

One of them stood before her, then, legs spread, and gripped her hair, forcing himself into her mouth and down her throat. As before, his enormous cock rammed straight down through her esophagus and plunged back and forth as he used her contemptuously.

When he had done, the other one took his place and did the same, and then, as she coughed and gagged and gasped for breath, they pulled back and the wheel began to turn.

She was lifted fully out of the water, at last, and the icy water trickled down her body to fall to the pool below as she rode up to the apex of the wheel. Surprisingly, it halted there. A minute ticked by, then another, and her breathing began to grow more even.

And then the wheel lurched forward, and she groaned in misery and anxiety as she went over the end and rolled downwards into the water.

The water was now almost half composed of ice cubes, and far colder than it had been before. Her body felt a great shock as her head, and shoulders, and then her chest plunged beneath the surface, sliding remorselessly through the ice. She felt her naked flesh pushing aside the hundreds of cubes as she was completely submerged.

The wheel continued turning, and she gasped for breath as she emerged on the other side, but almost immediately began to shiver violently as the rest of her body slowly emerged from the water, pale and frozen and dripping as she rode back up to the top of the wheel.

There was no pause this time as she continued over the top and down into the water once again. This time, however, as she reached the bottom, the wheel stopped. She moaned, eyes wide beneath the water, ice cubes pressing against her body, her cheeks wide with the air she was desperately holding in.

Her heart beat faster and louder, and she felt her pulse begin to race. She wriggled with growing desperation against the leather restraints, writhing and twisting as her head began to pound and her chest grew hot and tight. And then the wheel lurched forward, and she desperately tried to hold her breath just a few more seconds.

She made it, and gasped explosively, inhaling deep, ragged breaths of air as she slowly rolled up with the wheel and over the top. Again she rolled over the top, and then down into the water. Again the wheel stopped, and her heart almost stopped with it, for she knew she could not possibly hold her breath as long as she had before.

Fortunately, the stop was for seconds only, and then the wheel lurched up again and she slowly rolled up out of the water.

There seemed no set pattern to the way the wheel turned. The only thing she could determine was that it could stop at any point, and did, frequently. When she was out of the water this gave her a chance to get her breathing back under control. When she was beneath the water it gave her a chance to drown.

And freeze. She had never been so cold in her life. Even out of the water she shivered violently, her flesh a mass of goose bumps as the icy water trickled from her hair and over her half frozen flesh. Her hands and feet were quickly numb, and the numbness crept slowly up her limbs as the wheel continued to turn.

Then the wheel halted. She was on its upper arc, and suddenly she felt heat. She blinked her eyes and saw what she had missed before; two large radiant heaters hanging from a chain over head. She had seen them before, of course, but taken little note. Now they glowed red, and a deep, soothing heat radiated down upon her shivering flesh.

Within minutes her body, all except her hair, was dry, and even her damp hair felt warm. The numbness was gone, and for a short time she felt a wonderful sense of warmth. But as the last of the cold was driven from her body that warmth began to grow uncomfortable. She began to feel too hot, and began to sweat under the hot radiators. Soon she was sweltering and feeling dazed.

And then the red light began to ease, the glow going out of the radiators. Moments later the wheel lurched into motion, and she rolled upward and then down. When she hit the icy water this time it came as a particularly great shock to her system. It was like jumping from a sauna into an icy river.

And the wheel continued to turn.

Around and around she went, arms and legs straining, back aching, shoulders burning, chest on fire as she gulped in air and coughed out the water she occasionally swallowed. Each time it seemed she was on her last legs, would never be able to hold her breath through another underwater journey, the wheel halted and she was able to catch her breath as the radiators warmed her half frozen flesh.

She knew that was no kindness. Dead, she could hardly submit. Frozen, she would lose consciousness, and no longer be able to feel the misery Charles desired for her.

Yet with the small breaks the punishment, the torment, could go on and on and on, until she broke and submitted to his will.

Hours passed. There was nothing in her mind but the desperate need to breath and hold her breath, to cope with the freezing, and then the warming. Sometimes she felt as if her flesh would burst into flames from the terrible heat. Other times she felt as if the blood in her veins would freeze over.

And yet, somehow, stubbornly, she endured.

Veronica cried out, tears of pain filling her eyes as for the first time in days her wrists and ankles were unbound and her arms and legs straightened. It felt as if both arms and legs were broken and being twisted around, as the muscles and nerves and flesh cried out in agony.

"White bitch is always complaining," one of the Black men said.

"Can't really call her white no more," the other replied.

Both laughed uproariously as they pinned her arms and legs down along the table.

She was on her belly, unable to hold herself still as her limbs spasmed and twisted. They had ached so long and so fiercely after they had been bent and bound, and then the ache had given way to numbness. Now they were released and the fierce pain was back, raw and jagged.

But the men ignored her, for her limbs had only been straightened so that Monk could have access to that small portion of her flesh which had not yet met the tattoo needle. Now both arms and legs were spread and stretched out so that he could begin to complete the mutilation of her body.

First, of course, he climbed atop the table between her legs and sodomized her. Only after that was complete did he begin to carve the dark, ugly blue ink into the flesh of the backs of her legs.

It was a long process, even for someone doing such crude and sloppy work, and he had to stop frequently for breaks. During those stops, of course, he amused himself by having Veronica perform upon him, or by thrusting his cock into one or another of her orifices.

He did not do so with the cruelty he once displayed, for he had stopped thinking of her as a woman, or even as human. Without consciously realizing it he had begun to think of her as both an animal and a work of art.

For while Monk's tattooing skill was crude he was quite proud of it, and as more and more of her body began to take on the dark hue of his creation he began to take some measure of pride in it.

"Congratulations," Charles said. "You've survived the easiest of the torments, and now the more difficult ones lay ahead. Do you think you're ready for them, wife?"

Amy fought to hide her trembling. She had been laying naked on her bunk for what felt like a full day now, but could not seem to feel warm. She wondered if she would ever feel warm again

She nodded her head jerkily.

"Come along then."

She followed him, unbound and naked, up the narrow concrete hall and into another, larger room. In the centre were four wooden posts a few feet apart. Smith was there, and he leered at her as Charles led her to stand between two of the posts.

"Ready, wife?"

Amy glared at him, putting as much contempt into her eyes as was possible.

Withers only smiled. He moved forward and reached above her.

"Raise your arms, please," he said.

Amy raised her arms slowly and anxiously, then turned her eyes away from him, clenching her jaw as he slipped the shackles around each wrist and pulled them wide, fastening them to the posts flanking her.

His eyes flicked over her face as he smiled, but she continued to ignore him. He nodded and knelt, and Amy felt the steel shackles closing around her first one ankle, then the other.

"Spread your legs," he said.

Amy swallowed, but kept her face expressionless, shifting her feet apart on the floor, then still further until Withers chained them in place to the posts. Her heart was pounding now, despite the brave front she was putting up, and her pulse was racing.

Withers rose and looked at her calmly, then let his hands trail slowly up her body to cup and fondle her breasts.

Amy refused to look at him, maintaining her aloofness.

He turned his back to her briefly, then returned. Despite herself Amy's eyes flicked downwards to see what appeared to be a hook in the fingers of his right hand. Her heart skipped a beat, yet she kept her face from showing

anything as he squeezed her breast in his right hand, pinching at the base of the nipple.

It was a fish hook, and quite sharp, if not so sharp as a needle. Amy stiffened as she felt it prick the side of her nipple, then clenched her jaw with growing determination as the pain rose. Withers was pushing the fish hook in deeper, twisting it from side to side as he forced it to dig through the thin pink flesh. Sweat beaded on her forehead as pain rose like a scream, and Amy's body trembled as she desperately fought to prevent him from seeing her pain.

She gasped as the hook was forced out the other side, and could not repress a shudder as he released her breast. She looked down to see her nipple pierced, and watched in sick fascination as Withers pulled on a narrow wire attached to the base of the hook, pulled it up and out until her nipple began to stretch and the pain rose once again.

Withers fed the line out and up, pulling until her nipple and areola were straining outwards and her breast began to shift into the shape of a cone. Then he tied the wire off to one of the posts across from her and moved back to her, squeezing her left breast this time.

Amy ground her teeth together, her breath ragged now as she tried to brace herself. The pain began again, sharp, bitterly sharp, and she grunted through her clenched jaw as Withers slowly twisted the hook and pushed it deeper. Then it pierced her, breaking through and out the other side.

She was coated in perspiration now, and Amy closed her eyes and gulped in air as Withers fed the line out and up, as with the first, pulling on the hook to stretch out first her nipple, then her areola, then her breast itself.

He turned and smiled at her, and she ignored him, looking determinedly over his shoulder.

"So impassive, these Orientals," he said in a taunting voice.

He bent and knelt before her, and Amy jerked her head down to stare, gasping softly as she saw another fish hook. His fingers rubbed slowly across her sex, then slipped inside and pinched her left lip. She bit her lip and then bit harder as the pain clawed at her. Her back arched and she shuddered, tasting blood.

She could feel the sharp hook being forced slowly into her flesh, twisting and turning as Withers pushed it deeper. He was pinching her labia painfully, but that was only a dull throbbing ache compared to the glittering hot fire of dagger-like pain the hook was causing as it burrowed its way through layers of flesh.

"Ungh!"

She sagged in defeat as the cry was torn from her lips. The increased pain as the hook had finally worked its way entirely through her labia and stabbed out the other side had been too much.

Withers pulled the line out and to the left, then fixed it to a ring on the nearby post. Then he returned and Amy barely repressed a whimper as she saw another fish hook in his hands. She let her head fall back, closing her eyes, closing her mouth, then jerked as sudden pain ripped into her. She trembled and

shook, sweat trickling down her breasts and ribs as the hook was slowly and lazily worked through her other labia and out the other side.

She sagged, gulping in air.

Withers rose and smiled, and held another hook. She closed her eyes and her chin hung briefly, and she saw his fingers go to her belly. He rubbed at her navel and then the hook was placed against her soft golden flesh.

She cried out this time, gnashing her teeth as Withers twisted the hook and drove it deeper into her flesh. It curled in and around and up then through to pierce her flesh from the inside, and another line was pulled out to be hooked into one of the rings.

Another fish hook, and she moaned, panting raggedly, wondering where this one would go. She had never had her ears pierced, and as he combed her hair aside she drew in a deep breath of relief. This would not be as bad, she was sure.

Yet a fish hook was no piercing tool, and the earlobe was not without nerve endings. What would have been a quick, sharp ache for a girl having her ear pierced became a slow, agonizing clawing which had tears spilling down her cheeks as she trembled and shook and let out low, muffled groans of agony.

With both ears pierced, and the lines pulled back and out to either side - forcing her head up and holding it straight. She was coated in sweat now, and every point the fish hooks dug into her soft flesh was a burning coal of agony.

She felt his fingers at her sex, and suddenly pain like no other blossomed in her mind. She could not stop herself. She screamed, writhing in her bonds, tearing her arms and legs desperately against the shackles.

Nausea overwhelmed her, and the pain mounted higher. Her entire body shook in slow, spastic response to the agony being inflicted upon it, only spared the wild convulsions it would otherwise exhibit by the sharp needles of pain which clawed at her mind every time she pulled against the other hooks embedded in her body.

The fish hook ground its way through her clitoris and out the other side.

Smith came forward from the shadows, and even in her agony she felt a new blossoming of humiliation. The man carried a heavy metal object, for even with his tremendous strength he struggled with it, bending and setting it down heavily behind her. It made a loud, solid metallic clang as it touched the stone, and he let out a breath of relief before pushing it slowly forward until it was directly beneath her spread legs.

The other man came forward carrying a heavy metal bar, and the two placed it into the heavy box, fitting it into place so that it rose upright like a spear aimed at her body. Withers smiled at her again and placed his foot upon a low metal pedal. There was a grinding sound, and another, and another, and while she could not see it with her head tilted back, each push on the pedal sent the metal pipe higher.

Then she felt it against her sex. It was a slight touch, at first, a cold metallic touch. Then it jerked upwards and she cried out as the first inch was forced into her opening. It was cold and hard and far thicker than anything which had ever been inserted in her body before. Another jerk and the pipe

lurched higher, and higher, an inch with each push. She felt it grinding steadily upwards into her body, a slow, determined impaling which had six, then eight, then ten inches of the cold, gleaming metal buried in her soft, warm belly.

She could feel the soft inner walls of her elastic sex forced out wide, stretching and straining under the thick girth of the hard metal. She gasped and winced and groaned as the pipe was thrust higher and higher and she felt it forcing its way up through the tight tube of her sex.

Another inch, and cramps began to wrack her body. Another and she groaned and gulped in air in ragged gasps. Another and she cried out at the pressure grinding against the deepest pit of her sex, rising onto her toes in a desperate attempt to ease that terrible force.

She felt new pain as sudden weight fell upon the hook embedded in her clitoris, new pain and new nausea as her legs trembled.

"Give her what she deserves," she heard Withers say.

She saw one of the Blacks grinning out of the corner of her eye, watched him move in behind her, and tried to brace herself for more pain. His big arms slipped around her and his hands rose to cup her breasts, squeezing them from beneath. She heard his zipper going down and she felt the head of his manhood against her wrinkled anal opening.

Charles stood directly before her, occasionally tweaking on the wires attached to her nipples or pubic lips as he watched, and she had to drop her eyes for she could not stand the shame of him watching her as the Black man sodomized her.

She had been sodomized once before, of course, but at the time she had been so dazed from the long and torturous raping of her throat that she had hardly been able to care. Now, upright under the bright light with Charles Withers standing before her and smugly watching, she felt a terrible sense of degradation as the black man's cock was thrust painfully up her rectum.

His cock pushed higher and deeper into a belly already aching and full, and the pain rose like a curtain, encircling her body and mind now, lashing her from all sides. Every small movement caused her body to twist and pull against the fish hooks jammed through her flesh, and daggers of pain drove into her from all directions.

She wanted to beg, to throw away her pride, to promise him anything, yet she knew it would avail her not at all. The only thing which would stop it all would be for her to abandon Veronica and submit to Withers desires, and she resolutely promised herself she would die first.

"Ungh! Ohh!"

His cock was enormous and thrust up agonizingly deep into her aching belly..She felt his hot breath against her burning earlobe and heard him chuckle low in his throat.

"Gonna fuck yo ass, bitch!" he hissed.

"Ahh!"

He gave another thrust and drove himself still deeper, and now she could feel his rough, crinkled pubic hair against her buttocks.

"Dirty chink slut," he growled.

"Agh!"

He ground his hips against her buttocks, twisting his enormous cock around inside her belly. His hands rose to squeeze and twist her breasts as he leaned in and bit at the nape of her neck.

He began to pump his hips in and out, slower, fighting the resistance of her constricted anus, but moving faster and faster as he broke down its resistance. The growing violence of his pistoning hips threw her body back and forth so that her insides jammed against the thick pipe impaling her and her body jerked and pulled at the fish hooks impaled within her flesh.

Amy stared up towards the ceiling, unable to turn her head, gasping and whimpering and moaning as she was brutally sodomized, her insides exploding with pain every time his hips rammed her forward and her insides ground against the pipe filling her sex.

He gave a final grunt, thrust himself deep, and clamped his big hands around her taut, cone shaped breasts as he came within her, groaning as his cock began to soften inside her belly.

"Nice ass," he said, biting her earlobe.

He withdrew, and Charles moved away, walked to one of the nearby shelves, and brought down a flog with long leather strips.

"It's time for more punishment," he said, moving behind her.

And so it was, and Amy's efforts to remain as silent as possible evaporated as the flog flew against her back like a flight of wasps. Again and again and again the flog spat fire across her back, as Charles moved up and down to let the strips snap at every inch of her back until it was a fiery blaze.

A cane was next, lashing her bottom until she had no more tears to give and her voice was hoarse with screams.

"Warmed up yet?" Charles asked pleasantly. "We're about to get started on the real punishment."

He threw down the cane and moved to a nearby table, and then turned with a long coiled length of dark leather in his hand. He let it uncoil, and it dropped and unrolled to lay along the floor.

"A bull whip," he said. "Meant to discipline the rowdiest of swabbies. I've become quite good with it, Wife. You'll be proud of my skill."

He moved behind her, and the exhausted young woman tried to brace herself, wondering how much worse it could be than what had already set her flesh afire.

The first blow disabused her of any such notions. The flog had been a gentle sting, or, at worst, a dozen stings snapping at her flesh. The cane had been terrible as it had raised welts across the soft flesh of her rump. But this was something entirely different.

The whip struck with a heavy, brutal force that took her breath away. It cracked against the centre of her back like a fist, yet with a white hot snap of agony behind it. Her body, however tightly bound, was flung forward by the force of the blow, and her eyes bulged as the pain ripped through her system.

She was too breathless to scream, until the second blow, and then, hoarse or not, she shrieked as the whip slashed across her back and drove her senses

mad. Pain poured through her like a river in full flood, and she writhed and twisted frantically as tears once again filled her eyes.

Again and again and again the whip cracked across the back as Charles introduced her to real pain. And he chuckled at the agony in her wailing voice even as he began to cockily display his expertise.

Now he sent the whip hissing forward but around. The whip struck the right side of her back and then hissed along her flesh, the end curving cruelly in and around her ribs to snap up under her taut breast.

She shrieked and twisted wildly as her breast exploded with agony. Yet another similar blow landed only inches apart, the thicker tip of the whip snarling up into the soft, malleable flesh to set the taut breast jiggling and reddening.

Another careful blow had the tip snapping against her very nipple, and Amy's eyes bulged as she howled, while the men laughed in amusement.

Now the whip curled in beneath her other arm, snapping up against her other breast. Charles sent the whip slicing up and down her body, curling around her trembling, reddening ribs to snap at unprotected breasts.

Then he aimed lower, letting the tip curl over her hips and slice into the tender flesh of her abdomen. Tauntingly, teasingly, he let the tip snap lower and lower until it began to crack across her aching sex. One particularly well aimed blow had the hard tip striking her clitoris directly, and the force of the agony knocked her briefly unconscious.

She woke with a start, coughing and gasping as Smith moved back, grinning, holding smelling salts.

The whipping continued, as the whip sliced into her flesh, curling upwards, and down, leaving ugly red welts across her back and belly and breasts and inner thighs. Twice more the tip struck her clitoris directly, and twice more her mind threatened to shatter from the agony.

"Submit," Charles demanded.

Yet her mind was too broken to speak, as blow after blow sliced into her soft, burning flesh. The smelling salts could no longer bring her to full consciousness, and Charles finally stopped.

Dazed, she stared up from the floor after being cut down, saw the enormous hand of the Black man approaching. He gripped her thick black hair, wrapped it around his mighty fist, and yanked.

She was too weak to fight him, too weak to protect herself. She grunted as he lifted her head and shoulders off the floor, then turned and dragged her across the floor.

Her whip marked body ground across the floor as he moved easily through the door, holding her long hair in his fist. He dragged her up the hall, her unbound arms trembling and shaking by her sides as her glassy eyes stared up at the ceiling overhead.

Then she was thrown into her cell and the door slammed closed.

S e v e n

Charles was becoming impatient, giving her less time to recover. He began demanding she submit more often, again and again he snarled at her and derided her for being an ignorant, stupid peasant girl.

The sixth torment was upon her.

She had born him no sons, had out of her perversion born no children, nor planned to.

"It is called the onion," he said, holding up an ancient metal and wooden object. "The Inquisition used it. I daresay it brought many confessions from both men and women alike."

He chuckled cruelly as he held the device out before her.

The Onion was a large, rounded wooden device shaped like an onion, although far, far larger than any onion which had ever been. A thick, heavy screw protruded from its base, running down a central pipe. At the end of the pipe was a metal crank.

Amy was placed flat upon a table and her knees pulled up and apart, then strapped back to expose her sex. The Onion, larger and thicker than the fist of the Black man who wielded it, was thrust against her sex.

She had taken far larger instruments inside her body over the past few days than ever before in her life, but she had never imagined anyone would try to force something that immense into her vaginal canal.

But the grinning black man did, slowly and carefully, twisting and pushing as the minutes ticked away, jamming harder and harder as the ache in her pussy grew worse. It was not possible for her sex to spread that wide, she knew. And yet, somehow, it did.

The pain was shattering, as bad as anything she had ever felt, and yet it was only beginning to grow as the big Black man slowly forced the onion deeper and deeper into her body. Once past the taut, straining lips of her sex the pain eased, but the feel of the hard, rough wood as it thrust up into her belly caused her to choke out desperate sobs and pleas for forgiveness.

The cucumbers had been thick, this was thicker, much thicker, and as the man forced it deep Charles stepped forward and took the end of the screw in his smaller hands and began to turn the crank.

The huge wooden onion sat within her vaginal tunnel like a heavy, sullen lump. Yet forcing it into her was only the first part of the torture it was designed to cause, for now, as the screw was turned, the shell of the onion slowly began to open.

The four leafs which had been tightly clasped together now cracked apart and began to spread, like a flower opening, and her agony grew to a frantic, blinding intensity.

Had he turned the crank faster it would have torn her apart. But after several turns he halted, grinning and drawing back. They left her like that for hours, trembling and shaking and sweating there on the table.

Charles returned, sneering, and turned the screw again to open the leaf a little further.

More hours later he returned to turn the screw again.

And so it went, as Amy thrashed madly and agony ripped at her sanity. The flesh of her insides began to bulge and her pubic bones began to grind as they were slowly forced apart.

"It will work?"

Charles stared at the contraption in delight.

"Course it'll work," Monk said.

"Show me with that," he said, pointing at the tattooed girl spread out on the table.

"She might not be able to stand up much."

"So much the better."

Monk chuckled. He dragged the tattooed woman off the table and, her wrists bound behind her back, lifted her easily and carried her over to the equipment he had set up at Withers' instruction.

The centrepiece were two thick stainless steel bars thrusting up from a metal base. He carried the girl easily in his arms, holding her from behind, his massive arms around her body, big hands gripping her inner thighs just below her groin.

He lifted her over the twin bars and then settled her down upon them, his big, sausage fingers easily stretching out to guide her into position so that her pussy and rectum eased down upon the rounded tops of the bars.

They were thick, as thick as the pop bottles sitting on a nearby table, and even with the punishment her sex and anus had taken they strained at the sudden penetration. Pain ripped through her and convulsions wracked her body as he forced her down firmly and quickly over the twin bars, impaling her twice over.

They sank over a foot deep into her body cavities before coming to rest against the bottom of her anal and vaginal pits.

Monk drew back, leaving her impaled upon them, and agony tore at her as her body weight was forced down upon them and the metal pushed forcefully up into the depths of her belly.

"Too high," Withers observed. "It'll be worse for my wife."

"It's adjustable," Monk said.

He bent, in no hurry to lower the bars, watching as the tattooed woman howled and writhed, her legs jerking, feet flopping, upper body twisting.

He turned a lever and the bars sank downwards inch by inch. The girl's flailing toes found purchase, and still the bars sank. He let her feet lower flat on the floor before he halted the bars and locked them in place.

"Excellent. Very smooth," Withers said.

Monk nodded. He guided the girl's trembling feet into the stirrups at the base of the bar and buckled them into place before rising.

The girl was swaying and sobbing and moaning as Monk turned to regard the rest of the frame upon which she was standing.

Directly before her, another long stainless steel bar rose up and curved overhead. Attached to the top was a thick metal bar with a rounded nose which he drew downwards. He casually yanked the moaning girl's head back so that she was staring upwards, her mouth open, and forced the tube through her open mouth.

She gurgled weakly, but he ignored it as he forced the tube deeper, into her throat, then down through her esophagus, and deeper still, inch after inch sliding down into her body until the rounded tip finally drove into her stomach and jammed against the bottom.

He left it in place, and a strange ragged sounding metallic breathing sound began to echo through the room. The tube had holes drilled up and down its length so that the girl could continue to breath even though it filled her throat from side to side.

"Rise," he ordered. "Onto your toes, bitch."

The dazed girl ignored him at first, but he began to press a solid boot down onto her toes and, whimpering, she complied. He bent and plugged in a thick electrical plug, then pointed to the two metal pedals beneath her bare feet.

"Now as long as she can stay on the balls of her feet she'll feel nothing," he said to Withers. "But if she lowers her heels and depresses those pedals the electricity will start to flow. The lower her heels go the more power will rip through those tubes."

He bent and whispered in her ear. "Hear that, slut? Drop down on your heels and you'll fry!"

He chuckled and walked away briefly, returning with a pair of leather straps. He wrapped them quickly around her arms above and below her elbows, forcing them back tighter and harder so that her elbows were jammed together.

He moved before her demonstrated the rest of the mechanism. There were two metal plates protruding from the high post before her. Each had a metal weight sitting in its centre. Attached to the metal plates was a line which ran up through rings set into the post.

The first line then split into two separate lines which were attached to alligator clips. Monk pulled on the clips, lifting the weight off the plate, then snapped the clips neatly against the girl's nipples.

She shook and quivered, and a hollow, metallic moan filed the air.

"Thing about this," he said, looking at Withers, "is that the contact here is magnetic."

He pointed to the metal weight which hung an inch above the plate.

"That means if it makes contact with the plate not only does it close a contact and shoot electricity up into her titties, but she'll have to yank back pretty hard to lift it up off the plate again."

He flipped a switch and grinned at the quivering girl.

"This one is the same," he said, pulling on the second line which lifted the second weight up off the second plate. This one he drew straight out to the girl's clitoris and snapped it closed.

Another howl filled the room, and even as he flipped the switch her body swayed and jerked. Her chest came forward and the upper weight snapped down upon the contact.

Her eyes bulged as the electric current ripped into her nipples, and though the men could see nothing occur they knew from her reaction that the pain was tearing at her body.

Her back arched as she desperately sought to pull the weight up, but her nipples merely stretched out, and she had to arch more and more sharply, jerking her thin shoulders back more frantically before it was finally torn loose.

But the effort had put her off balance, and her heels pressed backwards. Electricity crackled up the bars and into her belly. More electricity raced down the bar from above her and exploded inside her stomach.

Too weak and dazed to recover, her body began to thrash more and more violently as her mind lost its knowledge of how to ease the pain. Her heels went back further, and one of her thrashing movements brought her body forward. The two weights snapped down onto the plates and more electricity sizzled up the wires into her nipples and clitoris.

"Fascinating," Withers said, rubbing his bulging groin. "How much power?"

"Fifty thousand volts. If she had any hair it'd be standing on end," Monk said with a chuckle.

Violent convulsions tore through the tattooed girl's body as the electricity set her nerve endings spasming and twisting. Her eyes were bulging out of her head now, and an endless warbling howl of agony echoed from the tube filling her throat.

"Yes, this should teach my wife some manners," Withers said, pleased.

"So what's the seventh?"

"Hmmm?"

Monk gestured at the metal frame. "This is the sixth. What's going to be the Seventh if she still don't agree to come back home?"

Withers' eyes took on a feral glint. "Why can't you guess?" he asked. "The seventh will be to force her little girlfriend here to go through all six of the previous ones."

He beamed happily. "It will be my wife's duty to whip this whore, to press the button which pumps the electricity into her, to watch her raped and beaten and tormented. She's too weak for that. She'll never be able to go through with it. So I'll agree to let her go through the six again in place of this whore."

He turned his eyes back to the tattooed girl, who was still writhing and shaking in violent convulsions. "She'll never survive all six a second time. I'll make sure of that."

He watched the girl's shaking body for a long minute, then turned and left the room.

Amy hurt so badly she could hardly breath. Drenched in sweat, she lay upon the table, her breathing ragged and low as she drew in light, shallow gulps

of air. Terrible pains ripped through her abdomen, which she could see was now distended and bulging.

She hardly noticed Charles until he bent and stroked his hand across her sweating forehead.

"Enjoying yourself, wife?" he asked. "It's like giving birth, isn't it? Well, worse than that, of course. But then, you deserve to feel worse. Giving birth is a positive experience normal women go through, God's own demonstration of eternal life. But you chose to disregard that."

He let his hand trail down across her belly and finger her distended abdomen. The light pressure was enough to make her scream, though the sound was more akin to a desperate rattling groan.

"It's only a third of the way open, you know. It gets much worse."

He moved lower and gripped the screw protruding from her vaginal opening, then gave it a sudden twist.

Her feverish howl swept the room and he smiled in response.

"Submit to me and the pain will go away," he cooed, soothingly stroking her trembling thighs. "Submit to me and you will feel nothing but pleasure."

He gripped the screw and gave it a quick twist.

Amy could actually see her abdomen pushed further upwards, and shrieked in desperate agony. Another sharp turn, and another, and her body thrashed madly on the table as the pain howled through her.

Monk turned off the power and watched as the tattooed girl - who had once been White and blonde but was no longer, continued to shake and tremble. She was impaled upon the twin poles again, for though her feet were on the floor her legs were not supporting her body, nor could they in her present state.

He sighed and slowly pulled the upper pipe slowly up from the girl's belly, sliding inch after inch out her trembling, gurgling mouth. He undid her feet and then lifted her up off the poles. Her body came free with an wet, sucking sound and he carried her still trembling, shaking body back to the table and dropped her atop it.

His hands moved over her body, a pleased smile on his face as he looked over his tattoos. "Very nice work," he said, admiring his creation.

He rolled the shaking body onto its side and unbound her arms. The girl smelled of sweat and dirt and it was time to clean her so that his art work could be better shown off for the pictures he intended to take.

Monk often read a tattoo magazine where large and colourful works were shown off, but none were as complete as his. From head to toe the girl was a mass of garish blue, yellow, orange and red swirls, lines, and obscene words. They would surely be very impressed.

He carefully soaped and washed the girl's trembling body. Even now, long minutes after she was removed from the poles, she continued to shake and twitch from the aftermath.

"That sure woke you up, huh, baby?" He chuckled.

He left her where she was and went to his quarters to get his camera, but when he returned she was in no shape to model. He wanted her standing and

smiling, but the only alternative seemed to be to hang her by her wrists, and he didn't want that to mar his pictures.

He would have to allow her time to rest.

"Ungh."

Amy grunted dazedly as the onion, now closed, was pulled free from her aching sex. Her belly was still gripped by cramps and pain, but the severity was not as mind shattering as it had been.

Withers, suddenly realizing that continuing to extend the onion would dangerously threaten her ability to bear him children, closed it and drew it back, though not without a fit of sullen sulkiness.

She was dragged back to her cell and thrown in, to lay gasping and moaning on the floor, her hands clutching her abdomen and groin as tears spilled slowly from her eyes.

Hours passed, and slowly, she crawled up into the bunk, curling up and moaning, the cramps slowly fading from inside her. She wondered where Veronica was, and felt stricken at the sure knowledge she was being tormented even as Amy was. Veronica had nothing to do with it, and Amy felt a terrible guilt that the woman had been drawn into her trouble.

She rolled onto her back, letting her hands slowly move across the surface of her body, fingers running along the welts, cuts and bruises Charles had inflicted upon her. She had known he was odd, of course, but not crazy. Of course, people with money always seemed to escape that particular accusation.

No, Charles was eccentric, and religious not crazy, at least so far as his contemporaries judged such things. Of course, even they would change their minds if they ever found out what he had done these past days.

What next, she wondered. There were still two of his so called torments left, and each had been worse than the one which preceded it. She marvelled that she had even survived the onion, and still wasn't sure the thing hadn't done some terrible damage inside her.

What more could his sick mind envisage, and what would be left of her afterwards? Already she was a changed person, trembling and shaking, gasping at the slightest sounds.

And what of Veronica? What had been done to her, and how would she react? Would she blame Amy for not having warned her about her maniacal ex husband?

The door opened and she twisted around, gasping, heart pounding as she saw one of the big Black men there, grinning cruelly.

"Time for more fun, bitch," he said.

Inside, she gibbered in terror. But she would not allow them to see it, so calmly swung her legs over the side of the bunk and stood up. She swayed weakly, then stumbled as she started forward, and she saw his grin deepen.

"You ain't gonna be able to stand up to the next one, chink," he taunted, slapping and squeezing her bottom as she passed.

He caught at her hair and halted her.

"Bend over, slut. I want a piece while you're still alive."

Trembling, Amy bent at the waist, and he kicked her thighs apart as she heard the sound of his zipper coming down. A moment later she felt his thick cock pushing against her from behind. She groaned as the spongy head moved across her sex. Then gasped in relief as he thrust himself against her anus instead.

She was sure he meant it as no kindness, but her pussy was so sore from the onion she thought she would have surely screamed if he had entered her there. Not that this would have stopped him, of course. None of them seemed at all concerned by the pain they caused her. They seemed to revel in it.

A week ago such treatment would have had her screaming in terror and pain. Now she merely clasped her knees as he roughly forced himself deep into her anus and began pumping in and out. It hurt, but pain was a relative thing, and this pain was as nothing compared to what had been recently given her.

"Ahhhh," he sighed, thrusting himself deep and grinding his pelvis against her. "Niice."

Amy tried not to think about what that meant, feeling relief that he had finished instead of the revulsion she knew she ought to that he had spewed his moist leavings into her body.

"Okay, bitch, let's go," he said, gripping her hair and dragging her upright.

Charles was in the room when Smith led her through the doorway, and so was Monk. But what caught her eye immediately was the strange blue woman she at first did not recognize, standing and posing for Monk's camera.

The woman was nude, bald, heavily tattooed over every inch of her skin, and had large, thick rings dangling from nipples, nose, and sex. It was only when Amy's astonished eyes met the other woman's that she realized she was looking at Veronica.

"Oh my God!" she whispered.

"What's the matter, Wife? Don't you think your lover is attractive any more?" Charles sneered.

"What have you done to her?" she gasped, staring at the glassy eyed woman.

"Why nothing at all. She was a freak before, and she is still a freak. This is what you are fighting so hard to free, Wife, fighting so hard to grasp between your thighs again."

"You Bastard!" she screamed, staring at the silent woman, appalled.

"She'll be punished for your abusive language," he said. "In the meantime, you'll be given a further opportunity to repent."

The two men gripped her arms and shoulders and dragged her towards a pair of metal rods thrusting upwards, then lifted her between them as she began to struggle.

"No! No!"

Charles smiled greasily, rubbing his hands together as she was lowered onto the two thick poles. Her insides were still bruised and sore from the onion, and she began to scream in pain as she was impaled upon them.

"Don't worry, Wife, soon this pain will be as nothing,"

Charles said.

She was lowered further, and still further, and sobbed as the thick metal was forced deep into her belly. Her arms were quickly pinned back behind her, and then one of the Black men pulled down a long, thick metal probe which hung overhead.

A quick yank on her hair and her head was forced back, her mouth open in a scream. She stared up as the probe was thrust down into her open mouth, and gurgled in anguish as it choked her, jamming against the entrance to her throat, then sliding downwards.

She felt it pushing deeper and deeper, sliding down her throat and then through her chest. She wriggled and jerked, somehow gulping in air even though the thing blocked her throat.

She felt it driven even deeper, down into her very stomach, and felt a sudden ache and pain as it struck the inside of her stomach. She felt her feet shifted and placed into metal frames, then sharp pain caught at her nipples.

"The pedals you feel beneath your feet, Wife, are the contact switches which will send electricity travelling through those poles you are currently straddling, as well as the one down your throat," Charles said, "And the wires clipped to your nipples. You must remain on the balls of your feet, or else the pedals will be depressed, the contact made and... zzzzzt."

He laughed to himself and moved in close to whisper in her ear. "I don't think you'll be able to manage for very long," he said gleefully. "Look. Your feet are already trembling. Soon you'll be lowering your heels, and the lower they go the more power will slide into your whorish body."

He fondled one of her breasts. "Perhaps the fire will drive the crude, perverted animal lust out of you."

He was right, Amy knew. She was in no kind of shape for a test of strength. She had been too badly battered and bruised. She ached all over, and was exhausted, both physically and mentally. She moaned weakly, producing an eerie hollow sound through the metal tube in her throat.

Already, as her heels trembled, she could feel the power flowing into her body, could feel the growing warmth of the metal in her throat and belly. She whimpered and moaned and did her best, but her best simply was not good enough.

The power began to flow more freely, sparkling fires of pain erupting inside her. The sudden pain redoubled her strength and she was able to rise for a time, but only a time. Then her heels were sinking back again, and the pain was flowing into her.

The pain rose like a curtain of sparks around her, eating away at her from within, and soon she heard a screaming wail and knew it was her.

The sparks became a storm and she was caught in their midst. They set her skin afire, her hair rising as she began to violently shake and tremble. Her mind spun and twisted like a cork in a flood, and her heels dropped further.

The full force of the power began to rip into her, and she was thrown back and forth, held in place by the long, thick metal probes thrust up - and down -

into her body. Her heels pressed down firmly against the pedals and her convulsions grew worse.

Veronica looked on, eyes dull, yet behind them her mind which had begun to waken at sight of Amy, grew more and more alert, like an engine coming to life. One of the Black men was standing directly behind the now wildly thrashing Asian girl, another just in front of her, grinning.

"Turn up the power!"

She eyed the hateful White man and his mad eyes, then saw the Black who had been in front of Amy turn his back to adjust the power. Amy's warbling howls redoubled.

"Higher! Higher!" the White man demanded. "Let the hellfire bathe her in righteousness!"

Almost without thinking, Veronica raised her right foot and kicked out at the Black man standing so closely behind Amy. He was a big man, but, caught by surprise, he stumbled forward a foot.

It was enough.

He ran into Amy and the electricity ripping through her body immediately flashed across to him. He gave a howl of pain, thrashed violently for several long seconds, then collapsed to the floor.

The other Black man turned quickly, his jaw dropping.

"Shit!" the other Black man exclaimed.

He moved back and bent over the first man, and Veronica moved. He had just enough time to look up in surprise before her kick sent him falling sideways to land directly against the side of the metal pillars rising from the base.

He screamed and thrashed violently as Veronica moved shakily forward. The other man, the thin, older White man, stared at her in astonishment, as if he'd just seen a poodle rip apart a pair of pit bulls.

"You!" he gasped accusingly.

Her kick caught him in the groin, and he collapsed, gasping and doubling over. She gripped his hair and yanked, and the man screamed, falling forward, reaching out to break his fall - and grasping one of the metal posts.

Epilogue

Amy looked up from the lawn chair at the noise, then sat up, smiling as Veronica came out of the big glass doors and circled the pool.

"Morning," she called. "Sleep well."

"I've had worse," Veronica said, leaning over to kiss her.

Amy was nude, enjoying the Los Angeles sunshine. Veronica wore a high collared green shirt and long sleeves. Her head, face and neck had been cleared of the tattoos by lasers, but the job took time. Both hands had been cleansed and her forearms halfway to the elbow.

In another month her arms would be clear and she would be able to wear short sleeved shirts. Another month would see her legs clear. It would be several more months before she would appear in a bathing suit, however, and still insisted the lights be off while she undressed.

Her hair had grown back, thick and soft, but still boyishly short.

She sat down in a second lawn chair next to Amy. Amy got up and slid into her lap, and Veronica cupped one of her breasts lightly and fingered her nipple.

"So what's on the schedule for today?" the Asian girl asked.

"I don't know. Maybe we'll go horse riding in the hills."

"I'd like that, but you'll have to show me how. We didn't have horses in Hong Kong."

Veronica nodded. "I've decided to settle the lawsuit."

Amy raised her eyes and smiled. "Good. Put this thing behind us."

Veronica nodded.

She regretted she had been too dazed and stunned to kill the man there at the end, instead of merely leaving him as he was. But the man had not survived long, in any event. Humiliated and mocked mercilessly by every tabloid on two continents he had killed himself in prison before his trial had even come up.

Much to their relief. Neither had been looking forward to testifying about what had been done to them.

Monk and Smith had pled guilty and were serving long sentences, and Withers estate, which had been intended to go to an extreme right wing conservative political group had been frozen by their lawsuit. The lawyers for the estate, knowing a losing hand when it saw one, had been trying to settle for weeks, offering first a tenth of Withers' millions, then a quarter, then half, and finally seventy five percent.

Both of them would be millionaires many times over.

"Hey, I almost never get recognized any more," Amy said.

"You're Chinese. You all look alike," Veronica said teasingly.

"Most people have already mostly forgotten," she insisted. "Too many stories, too many pictures, too many faces, especially here. Another year and nobody will even remember our names."

"Yes, I'm hardly even getting many requests to pose naked in mens magazines," Veronica said ironically.

"Darn. Well, there's always the internet."

She gasped lightly as one of Veronica's fingers began to caress her slit.

"Wanna play?" she whispered, nuzzling Amy's ear.

"Oh yes," the Asian girl purred.

end