



CHAIN GANG

by Janet Jones

art by
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adults only

THE CHAIN GANG

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Chapter 1

Snatching Stock

The Jeep Cherokee swerved round a corner and came to teeth-juddering halt. The driver splayed his big hands on the steering wheel and took a deep breath. Sweat poured down his forehead and into his eyes. He fumbled for the kerchief knotted round his neck, pulled it off, and wiped some of the sweat away. He glanced at his watch. Twenty after midnight. Ten minutes early.

An owl swooped in his headlights. Wowie, he hadn't even turned the engine off. With trembling fingers he turned the key in the ignition; the headlights died, and the night became quiet and still. His breathing began to ease. The adrenaline stopped pumping so fast. He tried to relax into the enveloping darkness, but the sudden silence was unnerving, the dense forest threatening. He was surrounded by trees; the road was barely visible, a narrow pale finger snaking its way between the trees and disappearing over the hill. Night birds hooted; a vixen suddenly screamed, a sepulchral cry in the thick blackness.

Still feeling nervous, he eased his butt on the seat, took a pack of cigarettes from his top pocket, flipped his lighter and gulped gratefully on the clean, hot, welcome smoke.

Chuck would soon be here, he told himself. Chuck wouldn't keep him waiting. After all, this had been his first run, on his own, everything down to him, Chuck would want to know how he'd got on. And he'd got on okay, really it had gone okay. Even Chuck would have to admit that after tonight, he, Ronnie, was a fully paid up member of the club. He felt pleased with himself. The cigarette tasted good but what he would really have liked was a shot of Scotch. That stuff Chuck had stashed away. Glen something or other, he couldn't remember, his mind was too full of recent events.

He glanced at his watch again. Chuck was late. He began to feel nervous again. But Chuck would be here soon. He'd promised. No one had ever been let down by Chuck, not yet. And now he was getting used to the sounds of the night, the creak of branches, the animal noises: it was peaceful. It soothed him after all the excitement. Ronnie rested his head back and took another gulp of smoke. His eyelids started to droop, he was as good as asleep, when the low moan from the rear of the jeep startled him awake.

His heart pounded. He'd almost forgotten. Forgotten the purpose of his night-time trip, forgotten why he was waiting here in the dark for Chuck. But the moaning, which was getting louder, reminded him.

Ronnie picked up the big flashlight on the seat next to him, shuffled his shoulders round and snapped the beam on.

Lying on the back seat, ankles bound, arms tightly knotted, mouth stuffed with her own scarf, eyes hugely dilated, lay the reason for his jaunt, his night-time expedition.

His first order from Chuck.

The blonde looked scared.

In fact, she looked terrified. Her hair was all over the place, and her eyes were hollow. Mascara and eyeliner smeared her face.

The sight of his quivering passenger buoyed Ronnie. His adrenaline was pumping again, but this time it was not fear. This time it was lust. If Chuck did not get here soon that honey, trussed and tied and immobile on the back seat of the Jeep, would feel his cock shoved right up her fanny.

But at that moment the lights of Chuck's van appeared through the trees. Ronnie snapped off the flashlight, stubbed his cigarette out and eased his pulsing prick back down between his thighs.

The girl lay alone in the dark, unaware where she was, or why. Unaware of the plans Chuck and Ronnie had in store for her. Unaware that she was the latest recruit for Chuck and his chain gang. Unaware that Ronnie, who had grabbed, and tied and terrified her was a pussycat compared to Chuck.

The deep purple van pulled up close to Ronnie's Jeep. The driver wound down the window. A pair of eyes, that even on this moonless night Ronnie knew were blue and cold as ice, stared at him from a round face deep-grooved, thin-lipped, stubble-chinned and with a scalp that had not a single hair to blemish the shining skin.

Both men got out of their vehicles. Ronnie flicked on the flashlight, pointing the beam at the ground. No way did either of them want to attract any attention.

Chuck raised one eyebrow. Nervous, Ronnie cleared his throat and nodded his head without speaking. His chest felt tight with excitement and he knew if he opened his mouth a shout of exultant laughter would burst forth. So, still not daring to utter a word, he opened the rear door of the jeep and shone the torch onto the pale, silent figure writhing helplessly, skirt torn, tights in tatters, shoes hanging from her bound feet.

Chuck, his bulky body made bulkier still by the plaid overcoat, eased forward to take a better look. The girl's own topcoat was bunched beneath her and with her arms secured tightly behind her back, that was where it had to stay. Chuck placed one hand on the warm vibrant skin of her thighs. His stubby fingers plucked at a hole in her tattered tights and tore them down her legs. The luminous flesh of bare thigh glimmered in the torch light. Pulling the girl towards him, he dragged her reluctant face closer. She stared back at him from eyes huge with terror. Her breathing was rapid. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Ronnie watched mesmerised, all the time biting his lip. Chuck's next move was to tug at the flimsy material of the girl's blouse.

The two men gazed in awe at the sight of the hugely swelling mound of her breasts still snugly secure in the lacy halter of a demure bra. With a wrench Chuck tore the delicate fabric of her underwear in two. Her breasts spilled forth, two milky white globes, tipped by rose coloured nipples, rigid with fear. The breasts swayed and quivered, the flesh shook with cold and terror.

Ronnie's prick swelled at the sight. She sure was a big one. He'd known she would be. He'd known from the first moment he'd seen her enter the narrow alley, hurrying homewards, scurrying towards him, shoulders hunched, arms clasped in front of her body Ronnie knew that big ones, especially if they were shy, felt ashamed of their boobs. He snickered as he ogled the exposed mounds of flesh.

He felt proud. He'd done what Chuck had ordered. Mission accomplished.

'Get her out of there,' Chuck breathed, his voice low and menacing. 'Get her out and into the back of the van.'

'She okay, Chuck? She what you had in mind? She looks well-stacked to me. Is she big enough?' Now he'd started talking, Ronnie could hardly stop the words spilling out.

'We'll see. Get her in the van. Got to get a move on. I got other pickups to make tonight. Here, I'll take the flashlight.'

Ronnie thrust the torch into Chuck's hands. 'But she's what you wanted, isn't she? She does really look okay,' Ronnie burred, eager for praise. 'I think she's just what you ordered.'

He slid one arm under the girl's bound knees and the other round her shoulders.

Easily he swung her out of the auto and into the cold night air. He could feel her body quivering in his arms, and he held her close so his prick pressed hard against the mound of her pubes and the softly perfumed flesh of her breasts squashed onto his chest. His prick jumped and oozed. The feel of the girl in his arms brought back the memory of the moment of capture. Her fright. His excitement. Her stifled screams. His suppressed whoop of triumph.

Chuck was holding the rear door of the van open, and shining the flashlight into the dark interior. Ronnie leaned forward and thrust the girl inside. He continued to hold onto her as if she could get up and flee.

Chains snaked over the van floor. Chuck selected one and wrapped it tightly twice round the girl's waist. One end was already secured to the side of the van; the opposite end he snicked onto one of the other links of the chain, so that the girl was held, part lying, part sitting on the cold metal of the floor.

Once she was secure Ronnie reluctantly released her body from his clutch. When he stepped back he saw her head had drooped and her pale breasts heaved and swung as her shoulders shook with choking sobs.

Eagerly Ronnie looked to Chuck for approval. 'She is okay, Chuck, isn't she? Boy, she was easy. A cinch. I waited, just where you told me to: in that alley leading from the train depot to the town centre. She came hustling down there like the hounds of hell were after her. But she was wrong. Boy was she wrong. They weren't after her. They were ahead of her. She ran straight into my arms. Straight into them.' Ronnie slapped his fist into the palm of his hand. 'Boy, it was easy. Like taking candy from a baby.'

Chuck slammed the van door shut. The girl had hardly made a sound; just sobs from behind her gag. The two men stood face to face in the dark. Ronnie's flashlight was now lying in the road. He bent down to pick it up. 'Do I get to do another Chuck? Whaddya think?'

The deep grooves in Chuck's face settled into what could have been a smile, but at that moment to Ronnie looked more like a grimace.

Chuck placed a hand on Ronnie's shoulder. 'From what I can see, Ronnie baby, you did fine, just fine. But remember what I said about the Rules. The Rules say we don't rush at this. Tonight you covered the South. Now I gotta go to meet up with Sheldon. He's been working the East coast and he's never let me down. Gruby's gone North. He may or may not be lucky. Tomorrow we all meet up at HQ, but separately. You arrive about noon. Now go get some shuteye. And get rid of the Jeep.'

'Sure thing Chuck. I've already found a lake to dump it in. Then I'm planning to hike across country. I gotta a map. Ten years in the Marine Corps left me well kitted out for this kind of work.'

'It sure did,' Chuck nodded. 'It could've been designed to train us for this kinda work.'

'Yeah, kidnap and survival,' Ronnie giggled. 'Boy, those lieutenants, if they could see us now.'

'Yeah. They trained us well, Ronnie baby. And now it's our turn. Now it's our turn to do the training. These chicks are in for some real hard training. We're gonna lick 'em into shape, Ronnie baby. We're gonna lick 'em into shape real good.'

Sheldon had never let Chuck down and tonight would be no different. He knew what he had to do. Christ, he should. Sheldon was an old hand at sneaking up on girls all alone on the street, in the dark, snatch-bag at the ready, length of rope coiled round his arm, engine running. Sheldon liked the rope to be new and unblemished, just demanding to bite into the tender flesh of supple young women, all juicy and warm.

Sheldon licked his lips. His shoulders hunched into his denim jacket. His cowboy boots tapped. The CD quietly played bluegrass. It was getting late. Gone midnight. Sheldon had been parked in the multi-storey for over four hours but he was prepared to wait. He'd seen her arrive. She'd parked her car and tip-tapped off to meet her friends. That was at eight. He'd seen her. He'd followed her with his eyes. But the multi-storey parking lot had been busy at that time of night. Commuters off the train. Kids out to meet their friends, just like her.

But now at gone midnight, the only vehicles left were his Honda, a big sedan with a roomy trunk - Sheldon needed a roomy trunk - her sassy little Ka, and just one other vehicle. Sheldon frowned. The other auto was a hatch, midrange, mid-coloured, a middle-aged person's sort of vehicle. And it was parked close. Too close for Sheldon's liking. But there was fuck-all he could do about it. And the guy hadn't come back for it yet, so perhaps he planned to leave it in the multi-storey all night.

Sheldon's thoughts returned to the girl. As soon as he'd seen her, he had known. His eyes gleamed and his lip curled at the memory. She was a big girl. Okay, so that was what Chuck wanted. But she was big all over. Tall. Buxom. Big boobs and wide ass. An hourglass figure. And there had been something about the way she moved that derriere of hers. She had been so right.

There was no way he was going to lose the chance to grab that one. He was prepared to wait. She'd be back soon. He was certain. When she got back she'd be pepped-up after another Friday night out with her girlfriends. Maybe she'd be a little nervous, it being so late, and eager to get home, get back to her folks.

But tonight would be different. Tonight Sheldon would be waiting.

Not that she knew this. She had no idea. No idea at all. Sheldon grinned, glanced at his watch. Twelve thirty-five.

And here she was. He could hear her shoes tip-tapping the concrete of the stairs. The eerie sound echoed round the cold stone pillars. But for Sheldon the moment he'd been waiting for had arrived. His stomach lurched in anticipation.

He clicked off the CD, sat up straight and flexed his rope-heavy arm. He was ready and raring to go. The thought of having all that warm, frightened female flesh struggling in his arms set Sheldon's heart racing. He licked his lips in anticipation. He couldn't hear her any longer. She must be right the other side of the door that separated the stairs from the autos, big and beautiful and his for the taking. Sheldon eased himself forward in his seat, the better to get a good look at her as she walked towards him. The door banged open: there she was.

It was at that moment that Sheldon realised the girl was not alone.

'Come on Kirstie,' he heard her say. 'My car's over here. You haven't seen this one before. It's new. My Dadda bought it for my eighteenth. Come on sweetheart, take my arm. You had too many Buds to drink tonight. You're hardly walking straight at all.'

Two girls, the one Sheldon had spent four hours waiting for, dark curls bunched on top of her head, stray tendrils whispering round a freckled face, eyes sparkling and lips parted revealing pearly teeth. She giggled at her friend's inebriation. One arm was wrapped round the waist of the other girl and the two of them teetered unsteadily towards the Ka.

Through the darkened glass of the Honda, Sheldon eyed them both. He was used to thinking on his feet but this was a new one for him. He only went for girls on their own. But now he had two foxy babes. One big and broad and shapely, the other tall and slender. One dark, the other blonde. One curly-haired, the other with hair that reached down to her waist, straight and shiny and the color of well-ripened corn. Just looking at her sent a shiver through Sheldon's loins.

Methodically his mind began to click through the ways he could handle this situation.

He wanted the dark-haired girl, but there was no way that blonde babe was going to get away from him either. Already he could imagine the feel of her body quivering under his fingers; sense the silky scent of her hair as he wrapped it round his fists.

Chuck's orders were for girls with big chests only, but that instruction fled from Sheldon's mind.

Whatever happened, that girl, the blonde, was coming with him.

Slowly he eased the driver door of the Honda open. Just a sliver. Not enough to attract their attention. Because of the blacked out windows they didn't even know he was here. This was how Sheldon liked it. He liked to give a girl a surprise. His fingers felt for the warm comfort of the snatch-bag laid open and ready on the seat beside him. Would the trunk be big enough for the two of them? It would have to be. Sheldon would make damn sure of that.

'You try and hang on there, Kirstie pet.' The dark-haired girl propped the blonde against the passenger door of the Ka. 'Can I let go? Will you be okay? Are you sure? I'm just going to pop round the other side, unlock and clear a space on the seat for you. I'm such a messy soul. All the orders I picked up, today, they're spread everywhere. My boss would have a fit if he could see the way I work.'

The dark-haired girl fumbled in the pocket of her jacket for her keys. To Sheldon the blonde looked ready to slide onto the floor. She must be totally juiced up. Sheldon grinned. All the easier to capture in that case. She was already his. Already in the bag.

Sheldon slid silently from the sedan. The knuckles of his right hand shone white where he had tight hold of the snatch-bag. His left arm, heavy with rope, hung by his side. His eyes slid from side to side. The dark-haired girl was half inside the car, busy clearing a space for her friend. No one else was around; no one else aware; no one else to interrupt.

He drifted silently over to the Ka.

With one swift move the heavy, padded bag fell into place over the blonde's head. It smothered her face, her shoulders, her arms, her breasts, and came to rest half way down her thighs. Sheldon tugged on the metal clasp at the base of the bag. It clicked into place. The girl gave a muffled moan, but she was his.

He shot a rapid glance at her friend. She was still busy inside her car, chattering away to a Kirstie who, unknown to her, was at that moment already sliding effortlessly into the gaping void of Sheldon's trunk, where she lay totally still on the floor.

She emitted not a sound. Her breathing was steady. The booze had done its job. Kirstie had passed out.

Sheldon wiped the sweat from his brow. That one had been easy. But the night was young. There were two babes and he was going to grab them both. Chuck would be impressed.

Sheldon lowered the lid of the trunk and with silent steps moved swiftly round to the driver side of the Ka. The dark-haired girl's ass stuck out invitingly. Sheldon was feeling smug. He placed both hands on the twin globes and squeezed. The

girl let out a bloodcurdling shriek. Her head bobbed up. 'Kirstie! What do you think you are doing?'

Sheldon leaned his weight on to her back and breathed in her ear: 'This ain't no sweet little Kirstie, honey. This is your worst nightmare.'

His hands moved from her ass to her boobs. He weighed them in his hands. Chuck would be pleased with this one. She sure was well hung. Ten pounds apiece, he'd lay bets on it. The girl started to yell. Sheldon yanked her from the car. She fell back against his chest. With one hand he covered her mouth. She struggled. She was a big girl and she was strong.

Hell, Sheldon had no time to pussyfoot around. He raised his left arm, rope-covered and heavy, and slugged her.

He knew just how to do it right. Part of his training. She collapsed in his arms. The sudden dead-weight made him stagger and his breathing was labored. He clasped the girl to his chest and straightened up.

Only then did he realise he had company.

The owner of the third auto, a middle-aged man had returned together with his wife.

Sheldon pulled his hat down low over his eyes. and wrapped his arms tightly round the girl. Her breathing was loud and rasping. He spun her in his arms and thrust his lips onto hers. He pushed his hand up her skirt and ground his hips forcefully onto her belly.

The middle-aged couple exclaimed in disgust, hopped into their hatch, and motored rapidly away into the night.

Sheldon watched the rear lights of the hatch disappear. Once they were out of sight, he hoisted the girl over his shoulder - she was quite a weight - slammed the Ka's door shut and strode back to his sedan. With one hand he lifted the trunk lid and tipped the unconscious girl inside. She lay half on the floor, half on her friend.

It was a tight fit but he'd got them both. They looked cute together.

All he had to do now was secure the second girl. Sheldon balled his own cravat, shoved it into her mouth and tied it in place with her scarf. He did not want her to wake up during the trip and start hollering. Next, he shook his left arm and the rope slithered into his hand. He turned the girl over so that she lay face downwards, yanked her arms so her hands rested on her ass, roped her wrists tight together, pulled on the end of the rope and lashed it real secure round her ankles. She lay, head slightly raised by the tug of the rope. Her blonde friend lay silent in the snatch bag. He bound her ankles, then for good measure tied the

The middle-aged couple exclaimed in disgust...



two girls together.

He slammed the lid of the trunk down over them. He felt bushed but exhilarated. Wait till Gruby heard about this night's work. Shit, he'd be sore.

Grinning, Sheldon, slid back into the driver's seat. He glanced at the clock. The hands showed there were still almost twenty minutes to go before one o'clock. The whole episode had taken less than five minutes of Sheldon's time.

He snapped on the CD player, lit a cigarillo, shoved the Honda into gear and roared down the concrete ramps of the multi-storey. He was smiling. He was the best. Chuck would have to admit it this time. Shit, he was the best.

Something was digging into his thigh. His hand felt towards the pocket of his jeans. Even during all that action, he had not forgotten a trick. He had taken the girl's keys and locked the Ka. If that old couple even thought to report what they'd seen, it would simply look like it was a hot date and the girl had gone back with the guy. Not that they would report what they'd seen. Sheldon snorted. Those kind of folks didn't. Not here in the UK. Sheldon had learned that fact pretty damned quick.

Here, on this godforsaken, rain sodden, shitty piece of rock, everybody minded their own damned business. And from Chuck and Sheldon's point of view, that was just dandy.

Chapter 2

Two Friends and Three Girls

A motor launch chugged through the gap in the breakwater. A man dressed in cowboy boots, jeans and denim jacket with a Stetson shielding his eyes, stood in the cockpit. When he saw the figure waiting on the quay, he waved and called a greeting.

‘Hi, Gruby.’

‘Yo, Sheldon.’

The rays of early morning sun fell on the outline of a man sitting slouched against a concrete bollard set into the cobbled quay. The man’s long legs were stretched out in front of him and he was dressed all in black. His face was narrow, his hair tied in a tail that snaked down the back of his neck. A bandanna swathed his high forehead. Dark shades shielded his eyes from the early morning brightness. Behind him a row of cottages straggled along a sliver of land, hunched beneath the slopes of a rocky Scottish mountain. To any passing stranger he might look like he’d landed on this Scottish quay side by mistake. To any passing stranger he might have been an alien, catapulted out of his own dark world into this bright May morning and this, oh so tranquil, setting.

But to Sheldon, Gruby was no stranger. Gruby and Sheldon were campadres, buddies, co-conspirators and deadly rivals.

‘You in charge of the launch today, or what?’

‘Sure am, amigo.’ Sheldon cut the engine and threw Gruby a rope. ‘And I got a hot little cargo on board this morning.’

With one hand Gruby caught the rope and looped it round the bollard. He

hauled, his muscles bunching under his T-shirt. The bright little boat glided into harbor close enough for Sheldon to grab the iron ladder that climbed up to the quay. He clambered easily from the launch and, together, he and Gruby tugged until the launch sat snug and steady, bobbing gently on the waves, its prow grazing the harbor wall.

‘Tight enough for you?’

‘Yeah. She’s okay Gruby.’

‘And Chuck?’ Gruby switched his gum from one cheek to the other. ‘Where’s Chuck?’

Exhausted from the long night’s manoeuvres, Sheldon parked his butt on the bollard where Gruby had lounged, tipped back his Stetson, and let the rays of morning sun bring warmth back into his tired bones. ‘Well Gruby, it’s like this, I ferried the catch into port all on my own because bossman Chuck has business to attend to in the Big City.’

‘Business? What business? If he’s got business to see to, it’s news to me.’ Gruby lowered his long body from the quay and dropped onto the deck of the launch.

‘Seemed to be news to Chuck too,’ Sheldon said. ‘He sure looked sore when we met up at dawn.’

‘And Ra-a-ahnie?’ Gruby drawled, grinning. ‘Where’s dear little baby brother Ra-a-ahnie? Surely he ain’t making his way back here all on his lonesome.’

‘I understand he’s gotta map,’ Sheldon said laconically.

Gruby snorted. ‘Oh, he’s gotta map, has he? Well that’s good to know. But I ain’t going to be the one waiting dinner for him. Could be two days before I get to eat again. I ain’t forgotten that time back in Kansas. Wow! He was missing for a whole week.’ Gruby glanced towards the launch’s cabin and chewed on his gum. ‘But I got more interesting things on my mind this morning than that pap-ass Ra-a-ahnie. What’s the haul?’ He unfastened the door and stuck his head inside the cabin.

With a sudden burst of energy Sheldon leapt from the quay and joined Gruby. ‘Hey, big boy,’ he said, ‘this is my deal.’ He thrust Gruby to one side. ‘And what I want to know, if I may be so bold, is why are you back here at six o’clock in the morning? You should be still be up in them there granite hills. Didn’t you make a catch last night, or what?’

Gruby, arms folded, jaws working hard, leant back against the brass rail of the launch and glowered. ‘Just show me the new cunt, wise-ass. If you’d been where I’ve been for the past coupla nights, you wouldn’t be so cocked-up. It was shit-

cold up there. I could have brought back a coupla polar bears, but tight-cunted bitches, no way.'

'Hey Gruby, hang on in there. You going soft or what? I always thought you was from the windy city. And I been told it gets shit-cold there too.'

'Yeah. It gets cold - in winter. This is May for fuck's sake, even in this godforsaken country.' Gruby spat his gum into the slaty water of the harbor. 'But today's better,' he said. 'Hey the sun's out. Must be a record, a whole hour of sun.' Gruby turned his face towards it. Taut-muscled, iron-balled, tough though he was, he allowed himself a moment to luxuriate in the rare warmth of this Spring morning in the small fishing harbour of Dunlochanan.

Sheldon, keen to show Gruby how his night had gone, disappeared inside the cabin. Soon grunts and curses floated out, accompanied by thumps and bangs. But after only a few moments of frantic activity a girl was pushed out onto the deck of the launch.

She stared around herself, blinking in the bright light. Her blonde hair was tousled. Her wrists were pinioned tight against her buttocks. She stumbled on legs made weak from the bonds Sheldon had just untied. 'You got the bitch, Gruby?'

'Uh-huh, I've got her.' Grudgingly Gruby added, 'Sure is a pretty one.' He pincered his fingers round the girl's chin. Her mouth was bound by a scarf. Her eyes stared at him, blank with fear. Her topcoat was bunched behind her back and the flimsy material of her blouse and brassiere dangled limply from her shoulders.

'Yeah,' Sheldon sniggered, his voice coming from deep in the cabin. 'What else you notice?'

Gruby's hands caressed the naked mounds of milk-white flesh that shivered and trembled in his palms. They weighed heavy. He liked that. He clawed his fingers and the nails dug satisfyingly into the soft and yielding flesh.

'Whaddya think, Gruby? Classy babe or what?'

'Good catch, Sheldon. Chuck'll like this one for sure.'

Sheldon appeared in the doorway of the cabin. His Stetson was still tipped back. He was grinning and a cigarillo was clenched between his bright white teeth. 'Good catch, huh? Everything Chuck asked for.'

'In spades.' Gruby squeezed, and the rosy nipples popped up like ripe cherries between the hardness of his fingers. 'The guy done good. Give that man a coconut. That's a big thank you to you Mr Sheldon, from a grateful recipient.'

'Is that me you're talking to?' Still grinning, Sheldon waved his cigarillo in the direction of his chest. 'You don't have to thank me Gruby. Shit no. It wasn't me that netted that generous piece of pussy.'



'Good catch, Sheldon. Chuck'll like this one for sure.'

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Gruby's attention was jolted away from the fleshy paps. 'What you saying Sheldon. Was Chuck on the take last night? That two-faced son-of-a-bitch. I thought he'd given us the job of roping in the meat.'

'And Ronnie, Gruby. Don't forget Ronnie.'

Gruby's jaw dropped. He let go the girl's breasts and whipped the shades from his eyes. 'This I gotta see.' He spun the girl right round in a circle. Her blonde curls tossed about her shoulders. Her short black skirt rode up revealing bare thighs, the fine blonde hairs pulling the flesh into a mass of goose flesh. 'She looks like a real babe,' he said doubt tingeing his voice. With two fingers he lifted the skirt higher to reveal her panties. They were soaked. She'd wet herself from terror. His two fingers shovelled the sodden garment to one side and her pussy lips hung damply in the morning light. With one arm wrapped round the shivering girl he pulled her close to him. His other hand cupped her wet mound and the same two fingers disappeared inside the warmth of her cunt.

'She is real,' he breathed. 'She's hot and she's juicy. And you're telling me Ronnie, dear little baby brother Ronnie, snagged her?'

'Knew you'd be impressed Gruby. But you ain't seen nothing yet.' Sheldon moved back into the cabin.

'You mean you got more cunt in there? You got lucky yourself, Sheldon? But that's no big deal. You're a real cool operator.'

'I got more than lucky, Gruby. I hit it big time.'

'You're gonna have to show me a real hot bitch to beat this one of Ronnie's.'

'Well how about this?' A girl staggered, tumbling from the cabin, her brown hair a tangled mass of frizzy curls. Amber-coloured eyes huge with amazement, gazed at the unexpected surroundings. She too was gagged with her scarf. She too had only recently had her ankles unbound. Taller than the first girl, bigger all over, her face was freckled, her full lips red, her nose upturned. Her chest rose and fell, but whether with excitement or terror, was not clear. She didn't look too scared. She seemed to be taking in the strange sight of Gruby with some relish: his tight-fitting pants of black leather; the pec-hugging T-shirt; the black, silver-studded leather jacket draped round his shoulders; the bandanna, the long tied back hair. She seemed to be taking it all in, and quite liking what she saw.

Gruby let go the blonde who, without his support, subsided gently against the brass rail of the launch. In two strides he was standing in front of the bright-eyed brunette. The hand that had so recently fondled the blonde rose and smacked the brunette hard across her gagged mouth. His ebony-dark eyes shone with malice.

'Now understand this, honey,' he hissed, 'Every time you see me coming honey, you gotta have fear in those big golden eyes of yours. You look at me like I was the

very devil himself. Understand?’

A roar of laughter from Sheldon, who was propping up the open doorway of the cabin, made both Gruby and the girl stare. He was sucking on his cigarillo and pulling his hat low down over his eyes.

‘She’s got a lot of spunk, that one Gruby,’ he said. ‘Had to slug her to get her in the trunk. She’ll take some training. Think you’re up for it, amigo?’

Gruby grunted in response.

‘The little blonde of Ronnie’s,’ Sheldon pointed, ‘she’s shit-scared, just as Chuck likes ‘em. But the brunette, she’ll put up a fight.’

‘That’s okay by me.’ Gruby took the brunette’s hands in his and twisted the pinioned arms higher up her back. Tears sprang in the girl’s eyes. Gruby grinned. ‘Looks like I could be in for some fun with this one. If she thinks she’s so spunky she’s just going have to learn the hard way. I got all that new equipment fitted up while you were away, Sheldon. Did you know that? Did Chuck say? And by the look of this bitch, I could be putting it to use later on today. Whaddya think Sheldon. Reddened flesh tonight, or what?’

But there was no reply. Still gripping the girl by her arms, Gruby sauntered towards the cabin. ‘Hey, you in there buddy?’ he called. ‘Ain’t it time we got on the move. Ain’t it time to haul these two dames on to dry land and get ‘em shackled up?’

At that moment Sheldon reappeared. He was dragging something heavy. Gruby stepped aside. ‘What the fuck?’

‘Told you I had a good night amigo.’

A pair of legs stuck out of the bottom of Sheldon’s snatch bag. The bag looked heavy and a low snoring sound could just be heard. Gruby stared. The bag shifted slightly and a groan, followed by muffled swearing made him look enquiringly at his friend.

‘You gotta another babe in there, Sheldon? You gotta a third? You telling me you picked up two plums, by yourself, last night?’

To Sheldon, Gruby sounded satisfyingly awe-struck.

‘I told you, I got lucky.’

‘Separately or together?’

‘Together,’

‘Together! You pocketed the two of them at the same time!’

‘Yeah.’ Sheldon tried to sound modest.

He did not succeed.

Jesus H Christ! Does Chuck know?'

'Told you, he had business to see to. Never got the chance to tell him. He just gave me the keys of the van, and hightailed it off in my Honda.'

'But he must have helped with the transfer. He must have noticed.'

'Too busy making deals on his cell phone. I told you, he sure sounded sore.' Sheldon glanced down at the bagged girl lying at his feet. 'But I got this one for me. She ain't what Chuck ordered. But she was just so damned tempting.'

Gruby whistled. 'Time to go, amigo. I'll hustle my ass up on to the quay. You can heave the cunt up. The harness is all ready and waiting.'

Gruby swarmed up the iron ladder and back onto the quay. 'Let's heave the big bold bitch first,' he said. The sooner I get the shackles on her the better.'

Sheldon left his snatch bag where it lay and grabbed the brunette's arm. 'Come on honey,' he said softly. 'That nice Mr Gruby is waiting for you. He's just longing for the chance to snap some manacles on those pretty little ankles of yours and get you all chained up and ready to roll.'

This time, the girl shivered. She was beginning to get the message. She had seen the look in Gruby's eyes. And she was not sure she liked what she had seen.

'Okay Gruby, you ready?'

'Send her up buddy. Send her up.'

Sheldon pushed the brunette towards to the prow of the launch. The iron ladder stretched a good ten feet up to the quay. He turned her to face seawards. The girl could not see what was about to happen. A scraping sound, then something cold and hard knocking her shoulder. Next Sheldon's hands were grappling between her legs. He pushed her skirt up round her waist. Her panties were exposed. Pale lilac silk with cream lace, a recent birthday present - last night was the first time she'd worn them - now the sea breeze sent cold fingers through the fragile material and the neatly trimmed heart of hair on her pussy, bushed.

Sea-stiffened leather scraped her thighs. Sheldon tugged, and a leather strap cut into the delicate folds of her slit. It pushed the lilac silk of her new panties deep into her cleft. The brunette tried to struggle, but Sheldon's arms were wrapped tight round her. He was fastening another strap of leather round her breasts. He tightened the harness until her generous breasts bulged on either side of the cutting strap.

'Okay for lift off,' Sheldon called.

The roar of an engine on the quay, a violent tug at her body, and she was flying.

The leather cut into her pussy. Her breasts were squashed mercilessly. Her legs flailed. Pain, tinged with wonder, filled her. With no way to protect her herself, the back of her head, shoulder blades, hips, thighs all bounced and juddered against the cold metal of the ladder and the wet sliminess of the harbor wall. She wanted to scream but her mouth was stuffed and bound tight. The inky water glistened menacingly below. The sky whirled overhead. Giddyng. Disorientating. She was helpless. The next thing she knew her tortured body was being dragged over the cobbles, her hands and spine bruised and beaten.

‘Howdy, honey. Enjoy your trip?’ Gruby stood, one leg either side of her battered body. He flipped her over, unfastened the harness that had dragged her from the launch and left her, weak and winded on the quay. The harness, attached to a chain which was attached to a Land Rover, he tossed back over the edge of the quay.

‘Yo Sheldon,’ he called, ‘one bitch safely delivered. I’m ready and waiting for the busty blonde.’

But the blonde, Ronnie’s snatch, had seen what had happened to her companion. Terrified of heights, she was trying desperately to hoist one leg over the brass rail of the launch and hurl herself into the water. Her arms were still pinioned. Her mouth was still gagged. She’d drown. She knew that. She did not care. The only thought in the girl’s scrambled brain was to get away from these two maniacs. To get away, To go home. To be safe and secure in her own little house. But if that was not possible, then anywhere would do. Anywhere, so long as it was not here, on this boat, in this port, with these men ready to perform despicable acts on her, anything would be preferable to that.

Both men watched the feeble efforts of the blonde. They’d seen this kind of thing before. She would not get away. She might think she would, but she wouldn’t. They’d fished them out of the water before now. No girl ever got away from Sheldon and Gruby’s clutches. They were professionals. They knew what they were doing.

The girl had managed to hitch one bare foot round the bottom rail when Sheldon reached her. He snatched her up in his arms. She shook and struggled in his grasp. Her bare breasts banged against his chest and just for the hell of it, Sheldon spat his almost spent cigarillo into the water and grabbed one succulent nipple between his teeth. He sucked and bit. The blonde, hyped up with fear went rigid. He sucked harder, rolling his tongue round the full-berried teat. She began to convulse in his arms. Once more her body was shaking but this time it was not with terror. This time it was lust. Her senses had taken over. To Sheldon that was one of the joys of this game. Fear and lust were such close bedfellows. One could turn so easily into the other. Sheldon enjoyed the feeling of power he had over this girl at this moment. That was what it was all about. The power to make the bitches do exactly what you wanted, when you wanted it. That was what the training

was all about. And Sheldon enjoyed every minute.

He carried her over to where the harness waited. She was shuddering. Her sodden panties clung ever more damply to her sex. Sheldon tugged the lower strap of the harness tight between her legs. She tried to kick him away, so he cuffed her.

‘No, no, honey,’ he said, his voice silky. ‘You gotta understand. You do as I say. And I say you go in the harness. Comprende?’

The girl sniffled. The hard leather was cutting into the plumpness of her thighs. The second strap was lashed around the fullness of her breasts. The erect nipples were flattened, the breasts squeezed into mounds of bulging flesh.

‘Okay, Gruby. Take her away.’

Once more an engine roared into life. Once more the harness attached to the chain which was fixed to the tow bar of a Land Rover, hauled. The girl twisted and twirled. Her tattered clothing flapped in the breeze. Sheldon watched with satisfaction. She was caught. She’d never get away.

He returned to the snatch bag. His blonde lay quiet. He longed to take a look at her. He wanted to see that corn-coloured hair, the peachy skin, the - he hoped - china-blue eyes. But he would wait. She’d be easier to transport as she was.

‘When you’re ready, amigo.’

After a few moments Gruby lowered the harness over the edge of the quay for the third and final time that morning. Sheldon strapped the salt-hardened hide around the bag. He made sure both bonds were good and tight. No way did he want this peach to get away from him.

‘Last haul, Gruby.’

The snatch bag swayed and spun on its way up. It banged against the dripping stone. But Kirstie did not make a sound. She’d passed out again. Once the bag had disappeared from sight, Sheldon climbed the ladder. Gruby was already seated at the steering wheel of the open-topped Land Rover. There were two girls slumped on the rear benches, shackled and chained to the rings set into the vehicle’s structure. The third girl lay on the floor, immobile.

Sheldon swung into the seat next to Gruby. ‘Okay, buddy. Cargo’s safely loaded. Let’s go.’

Gruby let in the clutch and the Land Rover lumbered forward. The two girls who were conscious, chained and gagged, but conscious, gazed at their surroundings. There were houses, a shop, fishing gear. Both were convinced that it could not be long before someone would come to their rescue.

Both were wrong.

Chapter 3

Arrival

The open-topped Land Rover lurched slowly over the cobbles, leaving the quay side behind. The engine thundered, the bodywork vibrated. In the back, the brunette, whose name was Laura, tried to adjust her bruised body into a more comfortable position. It was not easy. Her arms were still tied behind her back. A chain had been snapped onto her wrists; it snaked in loops around the open interior of the vehicle. Her ankles were shackled together and fixed to a ring set into the metal floor.

The short blonde sat on the wooden bench opposite. She too was fastened by her wrists and ankles to the inside of the vehicle. These two girls had lain side by side in the cabin of the boat all night, but because of the gags firmly stuffed in their mouths, neither knew the other girl's name.

With every swerve of the vehicle Laura's battered body bounced and jerked. Her head felt like it was stuffed with cotton but nevertheless, she was trying hard to work out exactly how she had got into this situation.

She remembered going for a drink last night with her pals. But was it only last night? She remembered returning to the multi-storey with Kirstie - didn't she? Kirstie had had too much to drink. She had offered to take her home in her gorgeous new little Ka, the one Dadda had given her for her birthday. At the thought of her lovely little car abandoned, a tear sprang to Laura's eye.

She'd only passed her test three weeks ago but ever since she'd pestered her father until eventually he had given in and bought his darling her dream-machine. She had been so excited, thrilled. The adventures she had planned. And now.... Tears trickled down her cheeks. But this would not do. Laura tried to pull her

thoughts together. Yes. She definitely remembered returning to the multi-storey with Kirstie - but then what? What had happened when they got back to the car? Try as she might, Laura could not recall what had happened next. Her mind was a fog.

And now, she didn't know where she was. By the look of the countryside she was still in Scotland. So that was something. And this village they were driving through, it looked a normal kind of place. There were fishermen's cottages, and in the main street, a cafe, a baker's, a newsagent. But there did not seem to be any people. There was fishing gear. The harbor was full of boats and fishing nets were hanging up to dry. But where were the people? Surely someone must come out of a door soon and...

'Good morning to you Mr Gruby, Mr Sheldon. Spring at last I think.' A short, dark-haired man of about fifty was putting in place a rack for newspapers and magazines out front of his grocery store.

The Land Rover eased down a gear. The engine idled.

'It's been a long winter,' the man said, his tone convivial, 'and May in Scotland, well, it is often most beautiful.'

'Two boxes of cigarillos, Mac, and a two bottles of Scotch. Anything for you Gruby?'

'Shift your ass, Sheldon. I got better things to do with my body.'

'Wow! Pardon me. I forgot there for a moment that you don't smoke or drink. I forgot you were into this damn fool health kick of yours, Gruby ol' buddy.'

The dark-haired little man smiled happily and disappeared inside his store. He was soon scurrying back out, a plastic carrier dangling heavily from his hand. 'Here you are, Mr Sheldon, sir. Your usual. And please, if you would be so kind as to tell Mr Chuck that I've had a fresh delivery of his Glen Trossach and there's a crate ready and waiting for him any time he cares to send down for it.' The man smiled ingratiatingly at Sheldon. 'Now, I'll put these items on your account then, shall I? You'll be in to pay soon, I expect.'

Laura, eyes popping, gazed helplessly at the man who, still smiling and nodding, turned back to continue with the task of putting newspapers and magazines on display. She tried to shout out but all she managed from behind her gag was: 'Mmm-errr.' Surely he must have seen her; her and the blonde. They were shackled in the back of an open-topped Land Rover, for Christ's sake. There was no way he could not have seen them.

The gears of the Land Rover engaged, and much to Laura's dismay, they soon left the village behind. The engine was laboring. And they were climbing, climbing. The path was steep and narrow, only just wide enough for the Land Rover to

wind its way between thickly overhanging shrubs and birch trees. The sea stretched out below. Offshore islands, green and brown, were dotted with the incandescent pink haze of rhododendron. The islands shimmered in the morning sun and seemed to float on the clear water.

The Land Rover began rocking over stony ground. The girls were thrown from side to side. Only their chains kept them upright.

Laura felt something soft and heavy roll against her legs. It was the girl in the bag. She supposed it must be Kirstie - poor Kirstie - wrapped in that horrible looking bag, all thick and stinky. Every time the Land Rover rocked, she rolled from one side of the vehicle to the other. The poor lassie would be a mass of bruises. But then, so was Laura. Her back was sore. Her shoulders ached. Her bottom felt numb.

And she was hungry. Laura could not remember when she had last eaten anything. Maybe yesterday, round about six-o'clock. My god, she could kill for a plate of pizza, hot and crisp and oozing with tomato and cheese and, well, just about anything.

Also, she was dying for a pee. That other girl, the frightened little blonde, had wet herself. But Laura was determined to hang on. The trouble was, chained up like this, she couldn't even cross her legs and the slightest jolt was forcing liquid to scald down her thighs. How shaming. She would kill for a ladies loo. And what a sight she must look. Her hair! What with the sea air and being tossed about the way they'd been, it would be all of a frizz by now. My god, she would kill for a plate of pizza, a loo, a comb and a mirror.

The Land Rover lurched off the narrow lane onto a rugged track that plunged suddenly downhill. They were rocketing down, down, into a deep and wooded valley. A mountain reared overhead. The vehicle was bouncing over rough stones. The trees seemed to be coming in ever closer, blocking out the sun. Branches snatched at the Land Rover's roll-over bar. Twigs scratched at Laura's face. She wanted to put her hands up to protect herself but they were bound.

Laura could hear a burn bubbling over rock beside the track. That was it, the final straw. She could not help herself. Water gushed from between her legs. The relief was wonderful, but now poor Kirstie, rolling about on the floor of the vehicle in her bag, was swimming in pee as well. The little blonde stared at Laura from shocked brown eyes.

Don't you look at me like that, petal, Laura thought with contempt. You already wet yourself. And that was from fear, not desperation. The wee blonde with the big titties was terrified. Well she, Laura Brown, she wasn't terrified. Curious, yes. Excited, definitely. That hunk, the one in the black leathers. Wow! But where were they being taken? What plans did these two strange men have in store for them?

Laura's tummy tingled with trepidation.

The Land Rover ground to a halt. Wherever it was they were going, they had arrived.

'I'll handle the blondes. You take the brunette.'

'You giving the orders today, Sheldon?'

'No. It was just a suggestion. I thought, maybe, you already had plans for the brunette.'

'Okay. Yeah. No problem.'

Gruby unhitched the tailgate. A trickle of liquid splashed at his feet. With one eyebrow raised he stared at Laura. To her shame, she felt herself blush. 'Looks like we driven through the Niagara Falls back here, Sheldon. I think the lady must be feeling mighty relieved.'

'Chrise O'Malley, my snatch bag!' Sheldon dragged the sodden bag with Kirstie snorting and mewling inside, onto the ground. He unclipped the catch, caught hold of Kirstie's ankles and hauled her out into the fresh air. She lay completely still.

Gruby jumped into the back of the Land Rover and unlocked the shackles which held Laura. He hauled her to her feet. Unsteady and with her hands still strapped behind her she took a few tottering steps. When she reached the tailgate she stopped. Gruby, put out his hand, placed it flat in the middle of her back, and shoved. Laura fell to the ground. The fall knocked the wind from her. She struggled to sit up, but could not. Laura and Kirstie lay within a few feet of one another. The two men stood over them.

They were in a clearing. There were posts driven into the ground at regular intervals. Pine and birch stretched skywards. The mountain rose over them. And although it was not visible, just fifty yards away was Killie Pit, The House in the Woods, the ancient homestead of Clan McDour. This was where Chuck, Sheldon, Gruby, and Ronnie hung out and did their own thing.

'Shall we check the chicks over now?'

'What about Chuck?'

'I told you, he had a call.'

'You mean from Don?'

'Yep. I mean from Don. The way Chuck was screwing himself up and the way he hightailed it off in the Honda like someone'd set fire to his ass, I'd say it had to be the McDour hisself who was hollering down his ear.'

Gruby eyeballed the two girls stretched out on the grass. 'He ain't going to be too pleased when he sees that blonde of yours, buddy.'

'I told you, Gruby. That little honey is for me. Chuck owes me.' Sheldon rolled Kirstie over with the toe of his boot and leered down at her. The only part of her that moved were her eyelids. She blinked. Sheldon caught his breath. 'You see, Gruby,' he said grasping him by the arm. 'China blue. I knew it. Clear and perfect.'

Gruby shrugged. 'Your funeral, buddy,' he said. 'So let's get these two babes fixed to a post each and then we can haul number three out of the truck.'

Gruby caught hold of Laura's wrists and dragged her towards one of the posts. There were twelve posts altogether. Each one was about ten feet tall and twelve inches in diameter. They stuck up at regular intervals round the clearing. Attached to each post at varying heights were a dozen iron rings. From each ring hung fetters; some single, some in pairs. At the base of each post, loose on the ground, lay a pair of curved metal staples. The prongs were a good two feet long, and the head of each staple was forged into a loop just large enough to take a girl's ankle. Gruby sat Laura against a post, swung one of the fetters behind her and fixed it to her wrists. Another he caught round her neck. It clicked tight into position. Her head was trapped, her breathing restricted. Next, he grasped her ankles, jerking first one then the other until Laura's legs were stretched achingly wide. She was still wearing her pretty lilac panties. But now the silk was soaking, the lace bedraggled.

Gruby stepped back, his expression full of menace. 'I gotta go fetch something from the truck,' he said. 'And while I'm away honey, if you move so much as an inch, when I return you will be more sorry than you ever imagined.'

Gruby walked over to the Land Rover and reached under the driver seat. When he returned he was carrying a sledgehammer.

At the sight of it, Laura shrank back against the post. Her golden eyes were full of fear.

'Hey, that's good, honey,' Gruby grinned. 'That's real good. That's just what Gruby likes to see. Those goddam golden eyes of yours all big and round and staring. You just keep looking like that and ol' Gruby will be mighty pleased.'

He jerked her legs even farther apart, then pressed a staple into the ground over each ankle. He raised the hammer over his head. His shoulders strained. When the hammer descended the metal of first one staple then the other, sang with each beat as he knocked them into the ground and the unyielding steel trapped Laura's stretched legs in a throbbing V.

All the while Gruby had been engrossed with Laura, Sheldon had been staring at Kirstie. This was the first really good look he'd got. She was neat. Middling

height. Slender. She had flared hips and full round breasts. Well-shaped, not the heavy water melons Chuck had ordered. Sheldon liked them like that. But it was her hair that Sheldon looked at the longest. So smooth. So goddamned corn-coloured. He knelt next to the inert girl. Once more her eyelids flickered. This time they styeed open. She was looking at him like this was the first time she'd seen him. And damn it, it was. Sheldon stroked the silky length of her hair. His hands smoothed it away from her face. She looked up at him from those big china-blue eyes and opened her mouth to speak but only a croak came out.

'Water - I want - water.'

'Okay, honey. Okay. I'll get you some water. No problem.' Sheldon pushed himself up and straddled the girl. He unzipped his jeans. A few seconds later a golden stream jetted into the girls gasping mouth.

Kirstie choked. She retched. Horror filled her eyes. She tried to roll over. Get away. But she was weak and Sheldon was fast. With one hand he grabbed the cascade of blonde hair. He wrapped it round his fist and hauled her choking and gurgling towards the post adjacent to Laura.

'Here's your friend, babe,' he said, and threw Kirstie, stomach first, onto the grass next to Laura. With one hand he pulled Kirstie's head up by her long hair and forced it forward. Her face was pressed against the post. With his knee, he pushed one of the fetters forward and with his free hand snapped a metal collar round her slender neck. She was on her knees, neck stretched, hands hanging by her side. He grabbed hold of her hands and yanked them high up the post. A pair of manacles snapped easily round her wrists. She was still on her knees and the metal staples were no problem. He kicked her legs apart, wide apart, and thrust the points of the staples into the earth, pounding them home with the hammer. It would need the strength of two men to retrieve those metal loops. Kirstie would never work them loose.

Sheldon stood back to admire his handiwork. She sure looked cute like that. But her mouth, the one he had so recently violated, that needed stuffing. 'All we need now honey,' he said 'is something to gag that pretty little mouth of yours; just like your friends.' His glance slid towards Laura then back to Kirstie's butt. 'I bet there's nothing you two would like better than sit here badmouthing me an' ol' Gruby, but that ain't going to happen.'

Sheldon slid his hand down his thigh and unsheathed a knife. The handle was ivory, intricately carved, the blade steel gray and menacing. He stroked the knife along the sleeve of his shirt. He sniffed the blade. His fingers curved round the handle. Thick and heavy, it sat comfortably in the palm of his hand. Once more he knelt down. He pushed Kirstie's skirt up round her waist. She was wearing black tights and a black nylon thong. With the tip of his knife he sliced the tights down the crack of her ass. They ripped easily from her body. Then he severed the

straps of the thong. The strip of black nylon nestled snugly between the peachy mounds. He leant forward, buried his mouth into her crack and with his teeth caught hold of the slip of panties. They slid from her. 'Not much to them,' Sheldon mused. 'But they'll do.'

Understanding what he planned, Kirstie clamped her lips together. But she was no match for Sheldon. With both hands he prised her jaws wide and stuffed the mangled black nylon of her panties into her mouth. Then he tied what remained of the tights over her lips and round her head. He pulled hard and some of the blonde tresses mixed in with the flimsy nylon. Kirstie's china-blue eyes filled with tears. Sheldon stood up, gazed down on his captive and thought she looked okay. Head jerked back. Neck clamped. Arms stretched and her mouth wadded. And that ass. Skin like silk with a bloom on it just begging to be licked. She looked mighty tasty and Sheldon's cock reared heavily in his pants.

'I'm finished, Gruby,' he said. 'How ya doing?'

Gruby, with Ronnie's blonde unshackled, was hunched by the Land Rover. 'Ready and raring to get started on this hot little piece,' he said. 'With those classy orbs of hers are hanging out, I think it's time we got to see her cute little butt and hot horny cunt.'

'Seem to remember you had your fist up her sometime earlier today, amigo.'

'Sure. But I want to see that neat little chassis stripped bare. I want to see those boobs of hers sway and her butt wiggle and those dainty ruby lips of hers hang wide.'

'Sounds okay. Let's go.'

At the sound of Gruby's words Sheena, for that was the name of the blonde Ronnie had snatched, tried to run. In her terror she forgot her ankles were still roped together. The two men grinned. Gruby snatched at her arm. He held her with one hand while she struggled and cried and with the other he unsheathed the knife that was strapped under his arm. The girl's eyes widened in horror. She looked like she was about to faint. Gruby snorted and sliced the rope from her ankles. He let her go and she dropped to the ground. Weak, her legs wobbling, Sheena had no fight left. She curled up into a sobbing ball. Arms still bound behind her, she pulled her knees up to her naked chest and beat her head on the ground in despair.

Gruby and Sheldon watched.

'Chuck sure is going to enjoy this one,' Sheldon said. 'The more fear the bitches show, the more he punishes them. But Chuck's not here, so it's up to us to give the dame the once-over. Or should we leave her for Ronnie.'

'You kidding?' Gruby grunted.

‘She was his snatch.’ Sheldon reminded him.

‘We leave her for Ra-a-h-nie, she could be here till next week. And Ra-a-h-nie is still a rookie. He don’t get to be first to test the goods like us. He has to wait his turn, whether this bitch is his catch or no.’

‘Guess you’re right, Gruby. And Chuck wants to get the line trained in the next few days.’

‘You got it, Sheldon.’ Gruby poked a boot into Sheena’s back. ‘He’s already got the four back at the house. They’re coming on okay. These two, the blonde and the brunette, should finish it off just peachy. The brunette’s tall, the blonde short-assed. Both well-hung. One can go at the front of the line, the other at the back. Chuck’ll be pleased.’

‘We don’t know what McDour said to him yet.’

‘Listen buddy, that ain’t our business. Stripping bitches and checking them for faults, that’s what Chuck pays us for.’

‘Yeah. Okay. You’re right. So let’s get started on her.’

Gruby dropped to his knees beside the girl. With his knife held in one hand he straightened her curled up legs with the other and then pointed the tip of the knife over her belly. Slowly he dragged it down pricking at her skin. The girl lay totally rigid, like she was frozen to the ground. Her big soft brown eyes stared straight into Gruby’s, which at this moment were black slits of concentration. His tongue flickered over his lips and he worked with skill and speed.

He sliced her clothing from waist to crotch. The garments fell away revealing the rounded mound of her belly, the deep dark smudge of her navel, the creamy skin of her stomach where it curved softly towards the V of her pussy. Her slit was hidden by a mass of thick hair, dark blonde and curly. But her cunt lips were long and lush and clearly visible. He sliced the remaining fragments of clothing from her body. His knife slipped between the girl’s thighs. She jumped at the touch of cold metal on the warmth of her skin. Her breasts flopped heavily to either side; the flesh blue-veined, the nipples firm. Sheldon and Gruby took hold of one breast each and weighed it. They both grabbed a nipple between their teeth. Sheena moaned. The men rose onto their knees. The girl had no choice. Sheena was forced onto her knees. Gruby’s hand snaked under her and found her ass-hole. The middle finger of his right hand poked deep inside.

Sheldon’s knife was still in his hand. He thrust the blade into the earth. The thickly carved handle glimmered upwards in the forest light. The two men sucked on the juicy teats. Sheldon felt for the girl’s slit. He parted the lips with his fingers. Using her nipples as handles, they lifted the girl and poised her over the knife. Then each placed a hand on her silky rear end and thrust her down. The handle

They swivelled her hips until it was buried, hilt deep, inside her cunt.



of the knife burrowed between her lips. They ground her onto it. They swivelled her hips until it was buried, hilt deep, inside her cunt.

The girl sobbed and shook in their arms.

Sheldon let the heavy breast fall from his mouth. The nipple swung, angry and sore-looking. 'Ready, buddy?'

Gruby let the breast he had been sucking drop. The nipple stood rigid, hot, hard and crimson. It glowed fiery red, an unseemly contrast to the soft milky flesh of her swollen breasts. 'Yeah,' he said, 'let's go.' His voice was raw.

The two men lurched to their feet. They hauled Sheena upright. Exhausted, too tired to weep, she flopped against Gruby. The knife blade, now plucked from the soil, hung between her thighs. The handle stayed snug in her cunt.

With the girl dangling totally naked between them, her toes barely touching the ground, the two men marched smartly from the clearing. A strange sight. The blade of Sheldon's knife glittered between her thighs and Gruby's finger remained inserted deep inside her ass-hole as they disappeared from view between the trees,

And, for now, that was the last Laura and Kirstie saw of them. The two girls remained shackled to their posts. One on her butt, one on her knees. Both in shock, both trembling. Neither knew what was going to happen next, but both were sure Sheldon and Gruby would be back. Sometime. But for now they could relax. Left alone they could gather their thoughts, each try to offer silent comfort to the other. Or so they hoped. But this was not to be. After only two or three minutes all hopes of a period of calm deserted them.

A noise came from the forest; crashing, snapping, and a roar of pain. Both girls tried to look to the other for comfort but the neck fetters prevented movement. The noise was so loud, for one terrible moment Laura wondered if their were still wild bears in these parts. Surely not. But if it wasn't a wild bear forcing its way towards them, something was. And that something was huge and sounded angry.

Unable to escape the horror that approached, two wildly beating hearts made two pairs of naked breasts quiver. Two pairs of eyes, one amber gold, the other china blue, both huge with dread, stared fixedly into the bleak darkness that hung like liquid menace between the branches of the trees.

Chapter 4

Jimmy McSleight

The creak of machinery, cogs and wheels whirring, the drip of oil onto metal hasps, the soft 'ssshh' of a compressor allowing air to escape, these were the only sounds that broke the silence in the cavernous outer hall of Killie Pit, The House in the Woods.

The house was ancient, built of granite, once fortified, but now a simple dwelling, its walls were smooth and sheer the windows small and placed high up. And even on this warm May morning the sun's rays were barely able to penetrate the dusty glass. Where they did, thin shafts of cold light sliced silently over the stone-flagged floor.

For the sixth time that morning the machinery emitted a ghostly sigh, groaned and for a few seconds almost total silence filled the room. Silence, eerie silence, except that is for the light tread of bare feet marking time, the quiet panting of girls catching their breath and the stifled moan of one redheaded girl when the machinery clonked back into action and the tread mill went into reverse.

Four girls, naked except for the chains that attached them by ankle and wrist to the wooden beams of the treadmill, shuffled backwards, going nowhere, muscles aching, beads of sweat snaking under their breasts and between their bottom cheeks. Calf muscles strained and the redheaded girl groaned, louder this time, when the speed of the machine suddenly increased.

'Too much effort required, eh chick?'

Horny fingers moulded themselves round the redhead's buttocks.

'I'm only doing what I was told. Mr Chuck's orders were commendably clear.'



Too much effort required, eh chick?

Oh yes. Even poor wee Jimmy couldna have misunderstood what he said. Work them hard, Jimmy, he said. Work them hard. And if there's any complaints you have my permission to use the tawse. Oh aye. That's what he said.'

The swish of the leather stripped strap joined the sounds of the machinery. 'And I will. Oh aye. Wee Jimmy can be handy with the tawse when he wants.'

The redhead, Catriona, tossed her curls and continued the painful backward tread, tread. She kept her eyes wide open, eyelashes fluttering, her mouth fixed in a beaming smile, another of Chuck's orders, and tried to ignore the sly bent figure of Jimmy McSleight weaving his way up and down the length of the treadmill, claw like hands, nifty fingers darting, stroking and pinching at the tempting succulent flesh displayed before him.

Catriona had been training with the other three girls for almost a week now. It felt longer. She had almost forgotten her other life. The life that existed outside the walls of Killie Pit. In that other life she imagined she had worked in an office. She thought she'd operated a computer, but she wasn't sure, not now, too many days had passed since Gruby had grabbed her on her way to work. And now she wasn't sure that any of what was in her mind had ever been real. This was real. The cold stone hall. The treadmill. The other girls. Chuck, Sheldon, Gruby, Ronnie. And Jimmy. She shuddered. She couldn't help it.

The regime at Killie Pit was harsh. The whippings painful. The fucking hard. The food negligible. But it was Jimmy who gave her the shivers. The way he fumbled and poked and leered. His one lazy eye always looking the other way but, Catriona was sure, still able to see all her private parts. He wasn't really allowed to touch. It was only when the four ex-marines were out scouting for flesh that Jimmy was left in charge. And then he took advantage. Not that he had ever entered any of them. Catriona didn't think he was capable. But he loved to touch. To feel. To explore. And he was doing it now. His gnarled fingers were creeping between her pussy lips. The horny tip of his index finger was entering her. She could feel it slip inside. She hoped to goodness he didn't... But of course, he did. The middle finger of the same hand was already poking its way between her cheeks, nuzzling the tight rosebud hole, stretching the narrow entrance.

She continued with her steady tread. Smile fixed. Eyes brimming. And all the while Jimmy was leering up at her. His one good eye watching her breasts bounce, the other located somewhere over her navel. She knew she shouldn't, but she had to glance down, and there he was, like some demented dwarf, mouth drooling, tawse hanging limply from his fingers as he poked and prodded and, to her horror, suddenly started to pump juice from between his legs.

So he wasn't impotent. Oh shit.

'Jimmy!'

The fingers shot out of Catriona and Jimmy wiped her juices onto his filthy canvas coat.

‘Oh Morag. You shouldna frighten an old man like that.’

‘And you shouldn’t be handling the goods, you filthy old reprobate.’

‘Mr Chuck said I could.’

‘Mr Chuck said no such thing. Mr Chuck said you could tan their wee backsides if the didna work hard enough. He didna say you could poke their pussies - nor their fannies, whenever you felt like it.’

Morag was a girl of about nineteen. Plump and homely looking, with round cheeks and dark curly hair, she lived in the village and had known Jimmy all her life. He used to be a fisherman, like all the other men in the village, until this more amenable work had come along.

‘Now, stop the machinery and get that redhead you were just fondling, and the our little Asian friend, off the track and up to the stretching room. Mr Gruby or Mr Sheldon should be back soon and they’ll be wanting to see you’ve made some progress while they’ve been away.’

‘Do you think they’ll come back with some new girls, Morag? They’ve been gone three days. Do you think we’ll have some new wee girlies to look at soon?’

‘Aye. probably. They’re good men, Mr Gruby and Mr Sheldon. Professional. But you aren’t. You are here to do as you are told Jimmy McSleight. You are not here to ask questions. So get those two girls off that track and up to the top floor now or it’ll be the worse for you. Do I make myself clear?’

‘Oh aye, Morag. Oh aye. Jimmy always does as he’s told.’

‘Good.’ Morag cast a brief look at the line of girls on the track, turned on her heel and stumped out of the hall. Her footsteps echoed down the stone passage to the kitchen.

‘Wee besom,’ Jimmy sneered at her retreating back. ‘You don’t give me orders Morag McHankie. You go play with your brushes and brooms. You’re no better than me. You’re only the newsies daughter.’ Still grumbling, he shuffled over to the where the panel that controlled the treadmill winked and flickered, a whiff of fish lingering in his wake.

From the corner of her eye Catriona watched him. She hated everything about the bum. The smell of him. The touch of him. Ughh! Catriona felt ready to retch. But at last the treadmill was slowing down. It was coming to a stop. Soon her feet could cease their pounding. She felt relieved. Her shoulders sagged and her eyelids flickered. Her facial muscles relaxed and the constant rictus grin dissolved. Now all she had to contend with was the ache in her thighs and her calf muscles

screaming with pain.

The smell of fish was back. Jimmy was back. He fumbled in the pocket of his trousers, withdrew a key and shuffled along the treadmill, unfastening the locks which held Catriona and Sumila in position.

‘Come on lassie, come on.’ The chains linking her to the track by wrist and ankle fell away. Jimmy McSleight’s fingers grabbed at her wrist. ‘You heard what Miss Bossy Boots Morag said. It’s the stretching room for you and yon dark-skinned little witch.’

Jimmy wrenched Catriona from the track. His bony hands were small, twisted, the fingers bent inwards like claws, but he was strong. She staggered from the track and fell back against him. The smell of fish was overpowering as he rubbed his crotch onto the soft cushiony cheeks of her bottom.

‘You’re a tasty wee morsel, pet,’ he whispered in her ear. ‘Jimmy’s had a feel of your cunnie and your rear end and you got a spurt out of him. Yes you did. It’s been a long time for Jimmy. A long time. But his pencil isna so soft as he thought.’

The pitch of his voice was rising. Catriona could feel the heat of his excitement. She shuddered in his grasp. So she’d been right. He had been impotent. Just her luck to be the one to release the stopper from the bottle. He was holding her closer now. His fingers digging into the ample flesh of her breasts. She felt his cock stir slightly under the cavernous folds of his filthy trousers. Not enough to do anything with. Not yet. But there was life in it and she seemed to be the one it fancied.

‘Have you not gone yet?’ Morag had returned and was standing, hands on hips, right behind them. ‘Give me that girl, you filthy rascal.’ She whisked Catriona out of Jimmy’s grasp. ‘Now go and release Sumila. And when you’ve done that, you can turn the machine back on. Those other two lazy bitches need more training.’

Jimmy, the breath whistling between his clenched teeth, let Catriona go reluctantly and hobbled up to the track where his gnarled hands snatched at the dark-skinned beauty.

Sumila Patel was an exquisite example of Hindu femininity. Hair, black, long and straight swirled about a delicate face given shape by a wide forehead and high cheekbones. But beautiful as these were they were only a frame for eyes that were the size of apricots, the shape of almonds and the colour of dark roasted coffee beans. But then her lips could not be ignored. Full, moist and lush, they invited caress. Softly sloping shoulders dipped from a neck so supple that when it swayed her head swivelled as if poised on a coiled spring. She also bore breasts so proudly full, round and ripe that juices seemed ever ready to overflow from the walnut tips. A waist impossibly narrow accentuated hips that flared lusciously. Dimpled limbs, muscular and pliant, tapered to fingers and toes expressively

agile. And she was totally submissive. So when Jimmy unlocked her shackles it was with no hesitation that she glided gracefully from the track and into his arms.

It was Chuck who had trapped Sumila. He had been delighted with his catch. But her unquestioning willingness to always do as ordered perplexed him. Where were the tears? Where the fear? Sheldon had tried to raise a reaction from the girl and so had Gruby. So far neither had succeeded. It was driving Chuck wild. But Sumila looked such an enchantress he kept coming back for more and was sure that by the time McDour arrived, he'd have her broken.

'Come on, princess' Jimmy pressed her delicate flesh against the coarseness of his clothing, 'wee Jimmy has his orders to take you upstairs.' He glowered at Morag. 'You want them both taken to the turret?'

'Aye. Of course. I told you, the stretching room.'

'Aye. But who told you? How come you're the one giving orders this morning?'

'Because I'm the only one here with more than two peas rattling around between their ears. Now, for goodness sake, get those two chained together and up those stairs or Mr Chuck will be back and there'll be no progress made and then where shall we be.'

Back on the fishing, Jimmy realised. The idea did not appeal. Not at all. He liked this job. It was in the warm for a start.

Most of the men from the village worked for Donal McDour in one way or another. Every member of the village had been pleased when a McDour had returned to the old homestead. The present owner's grandfather had emigrated sixty years ago and since then the house had been unoccupied. In recent years the village had fallen on hard times and it was with relief that the fishermen had greeted the return of the young McDour spreading his dollars and promising work to anyone who wanted it.

And most of them had wanted it. A few had left the village in dismay when they heard what the work entailed. But not many. And even those villagers who did not actually labor at the house helped keep it provided: like Morag's dad. But Jimmy felt he had one of the cushiest posts. When the other men were away, he was the girls' guardian. Chuck had chosen him when he'd been assured that Jimmy was totally impotent. So Jimmy had been taken on with the understanding that he would not, indeed, could not, fuck the girls. But what Chuck did not know, and what Jimmy had never dared dream, was that Catriona, who was so similar to the first girl Jimmy had ever fondled when he was a bairn, would unlock his pumping station. Today had been the first evidence of this. Jimmy was delighted, but how would Chuck react? Jimmy decided that he must not find out. So Morag must not learn of the return of his virility either. She was far too found of Mr Chuck for Jimmy's liking.



Come on, princess, wee Jimmy has his orders to take you upstairs.

A sudden brisk outburst of invective made Jimmy wake with a start from his dream of pumping Catriona's rear end.

'Are you going to get the chains onto those two,' Morag snapped, or are you planning to laze about like a ghoulie all day? I shall have to take the tawse to you, you lazy old sod if you don't shift your backside.'

Under Morag's gimlet stare Jimmy picked up the walking chains and fixed one round Catriona's waist. Slowly he fed the links between her thighs. He made sure it engaged her pussy lips and could not stop his finger rubbing the wet softness of her cunt. The hot touch of her skin actually made his cock jump. Sweat broke out on Jimmy's forehead.

'And the other one,' Morag said. 'Chain the bolshie redhead to the Indian lassie.'

Sumila raised her eyes and stared coldly at Morag. This was her first act of defiance since arriving at Killie Pit.

'Come on, princess,' Jimmy wheedled. 'I'll just snap this nice wee band round your waist and through your cunny, shall I?' Jimmy sniggered when Sumila obediently opened her legs for his fingers to delve. 'She needs no training this one,' he said to Morag. 'She keeps open house all the time.'

Morag frowned. 'So she may,' she said. 'But Mr Chuck isn't too pleased. He likes to hear them weeping and wailing. She's silent that one. I've not heard a word out of her since she arrived.'

Morag picked up Jimmy's tawse and swished it. She brought the many-headed whip down with a crack on Sumila's unblemished coffee-colored backside. The only response was a sharp intake of breath but no tears. Morag let fly again. Jimmy watched, his eyes bright and darting. 'Let me,' he said, his voice husky. 'Let me beat the wee wench.'

'Upstairs,' Morag said. 'Once you've got them on the racks, then you can wallop the pair of them. We can always tell Mr Chuck they were misbehaving. But don't get carried away.'

'Oh I won't pet. I won't,' Jimmy replied. 'A wee beating with the tawse and them both stretched out on the racks so nice and strained, their big titties bouncing about and their cunts all reddened and cut by the straps. Where could be the harm in that, eh? Eh?'

Morag sniffed disapprovingly and returned to the depths of the kitchens.

Chapter 5

Ronnie

From where Laura lay on the forest floor the man who came bursting out of the trees looked like he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and would stand six foot six inches in his socks.

But at least he wasn't a bear.

This was probably the only good thing about him. To Laura, he looked a brute. He had a head that was large and round and coated with black bristles. His brow protruded like an ape, almost concealing his deep-set eyes. His jaw was clenched, his shoulders hunched and long arms hung at his sides, fists balled. At the sight of him, Laura moaned and struggled. Damp dread trickled between her breasts. He started to make his way towards her. The closer he got, the harder her nipples jerked up and the more her pussy trembled.

Now he was standing over her. Fists still balled, his clenched jaw slackened. 'Hi there hon,' he drooled. 'How ya doin?'

He leant down and placed a beefy hand under Laura's chin. 'Ain't seen you before honey. You sure are a pretty one, ain't you? All that frizzy hair and those big golden eyes and a pair of milkers that look like a man could draw a gallon off.' His hands cupped Laura's breasts and squeezed them together until the ruby nipples rubbed hard against one another. When both nipples were standing up like thimbles, the man pinched them between his thumb and forefingers. 'Jeeze hon, a man could hang his hat on those. You got anything else nice and juicy to show old Ronnie?'

He let go Laura's nipples. Her breasts fell heavily against her ribcage. Laura winced.

‘Schucks was that painful, hon? Ol’ Ronnie’ll just have to bear that in mind and make damn sure he does it again, won’t he?’

Laura stared up at the looming hulk. He must be one of them, she decided. Another member of the gang who, for some unknown purpose, had kidnapped herself, Kirstie and the small blonde. He must be a friend of Gruby and Sheldon. She’d not seen him before, but she’d heard mention of two others: Chuck and Ronnie. And this was Ronnie. He didn’t look as mean as the other two, but he was huge. Gruby and Sheldon, neither of whom were small, would be dwarfed next to him.

‘Hey hon, what’s this Ronnie can see? You still wearing panties? Well, I’ll be darned. What the shit was Gruby, or was it Sheldon, thinking of? Panties! Phew! Hey, let the dog see some pussy.’

Ronnie knelt down. His big fingers plucked clumsily at the delicate fabric of Laura’s silk panties. With a yank he ripped the garment in two. He sniffed and seemed to appreciate the scent, then he tossed them into the trees. Laura’s lovely new lilac panties, despoiled and ragged, clung to a twig and swayed in the morning breeze. From where she lay, they looked for all the world like some exotic butterfly come to rest.

‘Wow!’ Ronnie said, and took in a sharp breath. ‘Shaved pussy. Now that’s what Ronnie likes to see, a neat slice of naked slit.’

His big hands scooped under Laura’s bottom cheeks and eased her slightly from the ground. ‘Can’t move you far, hon. Not with these chains and cuffs and staples an’ all. Ronnie can’t get to see everything he’d like to see, not without unfastening some of ‘em. And that sure would be a shame.’ He leered into her face. His thick tongue slithered slowly over his protruding lower lip. ‘But Ronnie can feel,’ he said.

A finger the size of a frankfurter shovelled its way between Laura’s pussy lips. It ground its way urgently upwards, poking and exploring every centimeter. ‘You sure feel good and juicy, hon. Real nice. Ronnie likes that. Pity your sitting on your butt ‘cos he’d sure like to have a poke up there as well. That middle finger of his is just itching to have a feel.’

Ronnie withdrew the finger already inside Laura and frowned.

‘Hey,’ he said staring at his hand, ‘this little ol’ finger sure is feeling left out of things. How’s about if he joins his buddy? You got room in there hon for two pokers?’

Ronnie did not wait for an answer. No point, not with the honey being gagged and her neck shackled to the post so tight she could only just breathe. And anyway Ronnie knew girls liked a man to be masterful. Chuck had taught him that all

those years ago when he was still only knee-high to a ground hog Girls didn't like to have to make decisions. What girls appreciated was a man who knew exactly what he wanted and took it.

Ronnie had learnt this lesson well off big brother Chuck.

He peered closely at his first finger and reinserted it until it was buried, all warm and friendly between the plump pussy lips. To Ronnie, Laura's pussy reminded him of two ripe plums. Plums that were just oozing juice and ready to be plucked. His middle finger, thicker than the first, was now also deep inside Laura along side its companion. With his fingers busy, Ronnie licked his lips and dropped his face once more onto Laura's breasts. He nuzzled them both. Then he took the nipple of her right breast in his mouth and began to suck. His tongue rolled over the swollen teat, his teeth sank into the pillowy flesh of her breast and all the while his fingers ground succulently inside her.

Laura was beginning to throb. She felt both excited and ashamed. But when the familiar hot liquid begin to pulse she could not stop herself pushing her shaved pussy forward. This monster, this total stranger, with his grossly overdeveloped body was playing her like a violin. She was going to come. How could he be doing this to her?

But Ronnie was more experienced at playing with girls than either Gruby or Sheldon gave him credit for. Hell, he'd been doing it since he was sixteen. Ronnie knew how to excite a bitch. He knew how to work her up to a fever of excitement, bring her to the edge and then...

'Hey, you nice and juicy, hon? Ol' Ronnie turned you into a nice pulpy mess all ready to be sucked dry? Hell, no problem. But Ronnie ain't ready for you yet. Ronnie can see another little honey tied up right close by. And that little honey is tied up butt side out. That's just what Ronnie likes to see. And she's a little blonde cutie. And Ronnie thinks that could just be the cutie he snatched hisself last night. He never did get a chance to feel her up. Hell, no. No chance at all when you're out on a job. On a job you gotta act professional. Job's too important to fuck up. And Ronnie didn't. Hell, no. And Chuck was pleased with Ronnie. And now Ronnie wants his reward for being a good boy. So hon, you are going have to wait a while for your hot shot. And ol' Ronnie is going to inspect the side of meat he brought home for himself.'

Laura wilted against the post. Her pussy felt engorged. Her nipples red hot. Men! How typical! Bring a girl to the brink, then sod off. What a waste. But what was going to happen to Kirstie? The hulk obviously thought the girl tied to the adjacent post, rear end out, was the small blonde. The little one with the big tits who had spent the night in the launch with her. But that girl had just been carried off by Gruby and Sheldon.



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Hey, you nice and juicy, hon?

Ronnie shambled over to where Kirstie knelt. Laura held her breath. Her friend could not see what was approaching. What would she do when the hulk caught hold of her? How would the hulk react when he found out this wasn't his girl? Laura, excited and alarmed, her big golden eyes stretched wide, watched and waited.

'Well, high honey,' Ronnie crooned. 'Long time no see. How ya doin'?' He squatted down. His hands rested on Kirstie's rump. 'That sure is a neat little ass,' he said. 'Ronnie wants to take a peek inside.' The beefy hands splayed the cheeks apart. 'Schucks. If that ain't the neatest little back-end ol' Ronnie's had his paws on for a long time. Dark as a nut. Tight as winkle. Sure looks good. But that's just what Ronnie would ha' expected from what he can remember about the rest of ya.'

The lumbering figure leant heavily on Kirstie's back. 'And now Ronnie wants to say howdie to those two pumpkins that caught his eye just the other evening. Wow! They were some size. When you ran into his arms in that alleyway, phew, you sure near knocked all the breath outta ol' Ronnie with those big bouncers hammering from side to side like to mighty sacks of corn.'

His hands groped round Kirstie. The first feel was too low. A puzzled frown puckered Ronnie's face. 'Gee hon, where they gone? His hands groped higher. His thick fingers found Kirstie's neat, beautifully moulded, but small breasts. He cupped them in the palm of his hands. 'Hey, was you wearing falsies or what? These ain't the dugs Ronnie's been thinking about all the time he was making his way back here. These ain't big juicy melons. These are more like little piddly grapes.'

Ronnie crawled on his knees to take a look at the girl's face. This was the first time Kirstie had set eyes on him. Her china-blue eyes were saucered. And Sheldon had tied the panties that gagged her mouth so tight her lips were drawn into a thin red line that cleaved to her teeth.

Ronnie stared into Kirstie's face. His glance dropped to her breasts. He looked at her hair. He stroked it. Then he leant closer and sniffed. First he sniffed her hair, then the skin of her face. Next he nuzzled her neck.

Ronnie sat back on his haunches. The puzzled look remained. He took one more sniff of her hair, then got his feet. His face gradually turned from sallow to turkey red. His eyes bulged and his mouth opened wide. A bellow thrust up from his lungs and out between his lips.

'You ain't Ronnie's girl,' he roared. 'You ain't the girl Ronnie snatched last night in the alleyway. You are just a skinny blonde with tits so dainty Ronnie could swallow 'em in one mouthful. You got a good ass. But that ain't enough. Ronnie ain't pleased. Ronnie is sore. Ronnie wants to know what happened to his snatch. And you are going to tell him.'

'Mmmm,' was all Kirstie could manage. Terrified of what he planned to do, she was prepared to tell him all she knew. But first he'd have to remove the gag.

'Mmmm.' She said again, trying desperately to indicate that she would cooperate given half a chance.

But rage had got the better of Ronnie. He removed his belt of hard, tanned leather. He flicked his wrist and a crack like a pistol shot rang round the clearing. Both Laura and Kirstie flinched. Both felt their tummies tighten and their tits quiver. Kirstie struggled in her bonds but they were secure. Professional. She could not move. She had no chance of getting away from Ronnie and his rage.

'Ronnie's been cheated,' the big man bellowed. 'Ronnie wants his girl. But seemingly she ain't here.'

He wound a section of belt round his hand. Once more the clearing rang to what sounded like a pistol shot. Like a wounded animal he paced back and forth. Then, to Kirstie's dismay he disappeared from her view and took up position behind her. She could hear the sharp rasping of his breath. She could hear the swish of the belt. It cleaved the air. Then she felt it. It smacked onto the backs of her thighs. Even in her chains she jumped with the shock and the pain. Behind her gag she yelped. Tears sprang to her eyes. She sobbed. She wanted to plead with Ronnie to stop. But Ronnie had only just started. The belt landed again. This time on her rump. The pain was powerful. The man was powerful. Kirstie moaned. How could he be doing this to her? The belt thwacked the right cheek of her ass, and then the left. She glowed. Her butt was red hot. Ronnie continued his beating. He sliced the edge of the belt between her pussy lips. The pain was exquisite. Kirstie thought she would pass out. Her cunt throbbed. And then she could feel him close to her. The next thing that happened made Kirstie want to open her mouth and yell.

Something sharp, hard, like a pin, was pricking at her flesh. It ran along her slit, up her crack, all the time jabbing and pricking. Ronnie's hand was pressing on her back. He was pushing her forward. Not that she could go far, not with the chains and the shackles and staples holding her in position. Her spine bowed under the pressure of his hand. Her ass cheeks spread. The next thing she knew the sharp pin, which was the prong of Ronnie's belt buckle, was jabbing into her fanny. Behind her gag she screamed.

'Hey hon, that little bitty ass-hole of yours looks real pretty with Ronnie's belt just sorta swinging and a dangling. Ronnie likes that. But Ronnie's still mighty angry. Yeah. He sure is. Mighty angry. He's been cheated an' Ronnie don't take to being cheated.'

He tugged the belt from Kirstie's ass and gave her a butt couple of more thwacks. 'That's so you know just how mad ol' Ronnie is feeling, honey.'

Laura had seen some, and heard all, of what had happened to her friend. She wondered when her turn to be beaten would come. But Ronnie had other things on his mind. He tossed the belt to the ground and unfastened his zipper. That could only mean one thing. And there it was bobbing about only a few feet from her face.

When Ronnie had first appeared in the clearing, Laura had guessed him to weigh approximately two hundred and fifty pounds. Now she was prepared to add another ten to that estimate. His cock was massive. Thick, long and threatening. It thrust straight up. The skin was silky gold, the tip aubergine. Laura goggled. Her own pussy was still hot from where he'd fingered her. And the experience of seeing and hearing Kirstie being beaten had sent more of her own juices flowing. And now, the sight of this, right in front of her face, just asking to be sucked. She rolled her eyes and moaned behind her gag.

'What's up honey? This the first one you seen?' Ronnie waved the monster cock under Laura's nose. 'Well, you ought to know that Ronnie's cock sure is mad. Just like Ronnie. Schucks. They both been dreaming of banging into that tight-cunted little blonde, Ronnie's snatch. They both been thinking about how they'd raise her up off the ground and whop her down on this rod like she was piston. And all the time those great big titties of hers would be all jiggling and joggling a wobbling about like jello on a plate. Phew! Ronnie's raising a sweat just thinking about it.' He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. Then he started to massage his massive member. To Laura's horror it seemed to grow even larger in his hands.

He bent down towards her and thumped his prick onto her naked breasts. 'Well at least you got the right kinda titties,' he said. 'They're a good size.' He nuzzled his cock between them. 'But even though you're sitting on it, your butt's too big. Ronnie likes a pair of slinky hips with nice tight holes. Like your buddy over there. And you're both too tall. Ronnie likes a girl to be short-assed. Ronnie likes little girls with great big bouncers. Little girls he can pick up and stretch on his cock and all the while he can strut about banging 'em up and down, up and down until they're just hollering for mercy.' The sweat was pouring off him.

'And he'd found one. Yeah. He'd found one all on his own. And he'd snatched her. She'd come running into his arms,' he slapped his fist into the palm of his hand, 'just like that. She was his. And now she ain't here.'

Once more a bellow of anger roared from his throat. His cock jumped. It bulged. The tip shone like a firebrand.

Laura's point of vision was fixed on Ronnie's cock. So when a giant hand reached out and snatched away the scarf which had gagged her mouth for nearly twelve hours, a real shout of surprise was the first sound she uttered. It was also the last for a little while. Barely had her lips parted than Ronnie's meaty fingers

were tearing at them. He dragged her mouth wide and all the while the tip of his cock banged against her cheeks, her chin, her lower lip and then...

It filled Laura's mouth. Her eyes bulged and her cheeks ached.

'Suck, honey. Suck hard.'

Laura did as she was told. She sucked. She moulded her lips around the shaft. She tickled it with her tongue. She took a breath and the tip shot down her throat. She gagged. Ronnie thrust all the harder. His legs straddled her bound body. His hands pressed down on her shoulders. His balls banged against her. The fetter round her neck cut into her flesh. She could scarcely breathe. Laura was not sure how much more of this she could take. And then he was gone. Her mouth was empty. Her jaw sagged and her throat felt bruised. She tried to get some air back into her lungs. And then she heard a wrenching sound. She glanced sideways.

With his bare hands Ronnie was hauling the staples which held Kirstie's ankles in place, from the ground. He flung them down. With Kirstie's legs now free, he yanked her butt towards him.

'Hey, hon. Want some bone?' he yelled and spread her ass cheeks wide.

The sight of Ronnie's cock driving into Kirstie's ass was one Laura would never forget.

Still chained and fettered, just like Laura, but facing the other way, the metal of her neck shackle clanged onto Kirstie's jaw at the one end, while Ronnie's groin slapped onto her butt at the other. To Laura it looked like her friend's slender hips were about to be split in two.

Ronnie thrust and thrust again. Half-a-dozen times he drove into Kirstie's backside. Each time he thrust a roar of frustration that she was not his snatch filled the clearing. Laura whimpered at the sight of her friend being punished with such vengeance. But there was nothing she could do. All she hoped was that the hulk would not decide to treat her the same way. But that wasn't likely. His satisfaction would come from shooting spunk up Kirstie. Laura felt ashamed when relief flooded her at this thought. And anyway, she reasoned, seated as she was, there was no way he could get at her butt.

Then he was straddling her, back towards her, bending over. The staples that nailed down her ankles were ripped from the ground. Ronnie tossed them to one side. He slumped down beside her and rolled close. He wrapped his huge paws round her hips hoiked her up and slid underneath her. Laura started to scream. Images of Kirstie's cruelly stretched ass filled her head.

'No! No! Please! Please! You mustn't. I can't.'

But the monster cock was already at her entrance. His hands were felt hot on

'You - can - holler - honey...'



her skin as he pulled her down onto himself. Laura felt a searing pain as his cock rammed inside her. His thrusts were powerful. She screamed.

‘You - can - holler - honey.’ Ronnie grunted. The words jerked out of him with every thrust of his body. ‘But there ain’t no one here but us chickens and this cock is feeling mighty horny.’

Laura thought the assault would never end. If she’d imagined her mouth and throat hurt this was ten, a hundred, times worse. Her breasts lunged and swayed. Her chains rattled and swung. And when Ronnie eventually exploded inside her, her ass felt like a ten tonne truck had just free-wheeled through it pumping white hot diesel all the way.

Spent and exhausted, Laura lay where he held her. But Ronnie was not planning to hang around. Next thing she knew he was rolling out from under her battered body and leaping to his feet. Laura stared at him in amazement. For all that pumping and spurting his cock looked bright and lively and ready to go. But Ronnie was ignoring it and feeling in the pocket of his jeans. He extracted a key. It unlocked the girls’ fetters. Once free, Laura collapsed to the ground. So did Kirstie. Both girls were shattered by their experiences. But Ronnie had not finished with them.

‘Come on, honey number one and you, honey number two. We gotta go find those two buddies of Ronnie’s, Sheldon and Gruby. We got some talking to do. We gotta find out just what they’ve done with Ronnie’s girl. But Ronnie ain’t going leave you two here for them to come sneaking back and fuck when his back’s turned. Shucks no. You two are going to come along with ol’ Ronnie.’

And wrapping Laura’s frizzy curls round one fist, Ronnie grasped Kirstie’s ankle, and, cock still rampant, strode from the clearing. Behind him the two girls tossed and tumbled over the rough ground. They left a trail of crushed flowers and flattened grass, still warm from their bodies, in their wake.

Chapter 6

Catriona and Sumila

Wee Jimmy climbed the turret stairs, driving Catriona and Sumila in front of him. He hurried them up the stone steps with the lick of the tawse biting and cutting at the tender flesh of round female rumps and thighs above him. When they reached the top of the tower, he herded them roughly through the open doorway that led in to the turret room.

The room was circular. The view from the windows, which were no more than a two glazed slits, skimmed the tops of the trees. Neither Catriona or Sumila had entered this room before.

‘What do you think, chicks, eh? It’s a canny wee room.’ After the long climb, Jimmy was wheezing hoarsely. ‘But you two just hang on a while. Jimmy needs to catch his breath a bit. But don’t you fret, he won’t be long. Not that you’ll be planning on going anywhere, the pair of you. Not with your wrists bound and your ankles chained and your bouncy wee backsides and boobies all naked and fresh.’ Wee Jimmy licked his lips and his wonky eyes darted independently over the abundant flesh quivering in front of him. ‘I’ll be getting started on both of you in no time, no time at all.’

Not that there was any need for Jimmy to hurry. Sheldon and Gruby had not returned. So Jimmy had time to spare; time to relish binding and stretching and beating these two sweet lassies. He was looking forward to it.

While Jimmy was getting his breath back, Catriona grasped the opportunity to take in her surroundings. This house, Killie Pit, was full of the most amazing and unexpected nooks and crannies and this was one of them. The circular room, quite bare, was built of stone; the roof rose to a pinnacle. At the point where the walls finished and the roof began, six wooden beams stretched. From each beam

hung a row of ropes. They varied in length and thickness. Some were attached to pulleys. From behind her gag Catriona groaned.

Jimmy, who was now breathing more easily, looked up. He saw the expression in Catriona's eyes as she gazed at the ropes and sniggered. Before he had come to work for McDour, Jimmy had had no idea the practise of bondage existed. But now he did. And even at his age he was a keen pupil, eager to grasp the correct way of going about things. For all his cronies in the village scoffing and teasing and calling him 'McDour's wee Gillie', he was proud of the way he'd caught on so quickly. He'd mastered all the ins and outs. It just went to show you were never too old to learn.

He shuffled towards the two girls. 'Some people,' he sneered, 'say you canna teach an old dog new tricks.' He leered at Catriona, 'but you can, you know, you can. Wee Jimmy's always been good with his hands, you ken. They may be a bit gnarled and a bit twisted what with the arthritis after all those years on the fishing, but they're nimble enough.'

And they were.

The gnarled fingers were soon flicking at a length of rope dangling from the longest beam, the one that crossed the centre of the room. 'I think I'll start off with you, chick.' His grubby fingers squeezed at Catriona's breast. 'But first, I'll have to make sure yon wee scheming bitch of an Indian lassie can't cause me any trouble.'

In no time at all his wiry fingers, for all their calluses and misshapen stiffness, were tying a neat running bowline in a length of rope hanging from a beam close to the wall. He slipped the loop over Sumila's head. The halter rested on her collarbone. He tugged at the knot. The noose tightened. Sumila's head jerked lightly to one side. The rope now gripped her throat. The coffee-coloured skin paled, then reddened. Her eyes bulged. Jimmy peered at her thoughtfully. She was a valuable piece of property. Leaving the noose tight around her neck, and her ankles and wrists as they were, he loosened the gag. The ball fell into his hand. Wet and warm, he tucked it in the pouch pocket of his fishing trousers.

'I may have removed yon gaggie, chick,' he lectured, 'but that disna mean you can start any weeping and wailing. If I hear so much as a peep out of you, this ball will be back between your teeth in two strikes of a fish's tail. Do you understand?'

Sumila looked at him from eyes melting with tears. Even though the gag had gone, she was still gulping for breath. But as far as Jimmy was concerned, he'd been kindness itself. He had no intention of loosening the noose. He liked to see her looking like that. And why not?

His attention returned to Catriona.

He unfastened the ropes holding her wrists. The new ball-gag he left in place.

Catriona flexed her aching arm muscles. It was such a relief to be able to move. She could hardly hoped he would leave her free like this, but...

‘I think I’ll use this one for your arms, chick. It’s a good length of rope. Jimmy’ll be able to wrap you tight from wrist to shoulder with this one.’

A step ladder was the only piece of furniture in the room. Jimmy climbed. ‘Hands above your head, you wee witch,’ he ordered.

Slowly and reluctantly Catriona did as she was told. The tawse was still tucked into his trouser pocket and she did not want to feel it cutting into her flesh again quite yet.

Jimmy worked quickly and efficiently. Soon Catriona’s two arms were as one, tightly secured and reaching up towards the beam. Jimmy descended from his ladder. He dragged it across the floor and placed it below another beam.

He busied himself with two pieces of rope, tying running bowlines in them once again. All the years of being a fisherman paid off in his knot work. Catriona watched him suspiciously.

The next thing that happened took Catriona totally by surprise. Quick as a ferret, Jimmy reached down and grasped both her ankles. With a steely grip her legs were whisked away from under her and at the same time he twisted her over so that she faced the stone-flagged floor.. Her stomach felt as though it was performing a backward somersault. Blood rushed to her face. She swung in the air. The beam holding her arms creaked. Terror seized her. She knew she was at the mercy of this madman. At any moment she expected to tumble to the floor; hit the cold stone; be broken and bruised.

But Jimmy had no intention of allowing any such thing to happen.

He slipped her ankles through his carefully positioned loops. He tightened the knots. He let go. For a moment Catriona swung uncontrollably. She was suspended between two beams and a good five feet from the floor. Her arms burnt in their sockets. To start with her legs felt weightless, as if floating in water, but then her thigh muscles began to pull. Jimmy had unfastened her ankle chains and was pushing the ropes that held her ankles apart. He dragged them along the beams until her legs were stretched wide. Catriona burned with shame when she realised Wee Jimmy was standing between her thighs ogling her cunt.

Please God, please let something turn his attention away from me, she prayed. It was bad enough having him stare at her exposed flesh, but the thought of him touching and fondling her again. Ughh!

He caught hold of his step ladder and leered at Sumila.

‘What shall it be for you, chick, eh? Something quick but painful?’

From one eye he stared intently at her face. The other roamed over her tits. There was no doubt the sight of her neck held by the noose was too attractive to change. That he would leave alone. But she didn't look right without the gag. Jimmy shook his head. He didn't want Gruby or Sheldon, or worse, Mr Chuck, saying he'd gone soft on the girls. So the gag went back between Sumila's open lips. Jimmy fastened the straps behind her head. But what else to do to make the sly wee minx suffer?

He glanced upwards at the many ropes hanging from the beams. One or two on each beam were ran through pulleys. Jimmy's eyes lit up. He caught hold of one and tied it first round Catriona's waist. There, chick,' he muttered, 'that's just another piece of rigging to hold you in place.

Catriona wondered what on earth the old fool was talking about. This rope would make no difference to her predicament. But then Catriona was not to see what Jimmy would do next. She couldn't even see that the rope he had just fastened ran up through one of the pulleys in the beams above. But she did feel it tighten and her body being lifted.

Sumila was secured behind and slightly to one side of Catriona. There was no way Catriona could twist her head to any angle that would give her a view of her friend. But she could hear Jimmy muttering away to himself.

'Here we are, you tasty wee coffee-colored minx.'

In his hand he held the other end of Catriona's waist binding. Keeping it taut, he drew it between Sumila's thighs, carefully threading it into the slit of her cunt, brought it up between the round cheeks of her ass, and made it fast around her waist. He nodded his head and grinned, pleased with what he'd done. It might not look much, but Jimmy knew that if Catriona so much as moved a muscle - and she was bound to - the rope would draw up yet tighter between Sumila's cunny lips. It would rub and irritate. She would attempt to get away from it and wriggle. When she wriggled the knot on the noose around her neck would tighten a wee bitty more each time. That would teach the sly wee minx to be so hoity toity.

'Aye, now there's a pretty sight,' Jimmy sniggered, and removed the tawse from his pocket. 'All that's missing pet, are some nice red stripes on those big boobies and that smooth belly.'

Jimmy drew back his hand. The tawse hissed. It landed with a smack on Sumila's breasts. Like mounds of coffee mousse they shook and trembled. The tawse licked lasciviously at the delicious surface. It grazed the soft flesh and curled hungrily round the rigid nipples. It cut into her and Sumila's willing body yielded to the sting of its bite. She did not flinch.

'Oh, like that is it. Still a stubborn wee cutie, eh? Still determined it'll take more than Wee Jimmy and his tawse to make you weep, eh pet?' Jimmy brought the

tawse down as hard as his rippling muscles could manage. 'But Jimmy can soften you up a bit, eh? He can get you good and ready for Mr Chuck. 'Cos when Mr Chuck arrives he'll be feeling mighty randy. And when he sees the stripes on yon big boobies he'll want to incise some more. Oh yes. Mr Chuck'll be wanting to tan that hide of yours raw. Jimmy knows what Mr Chuck likes. He'll be wanting to tan you himself with that nice big horsewhip of his.' At the thought of this, Jimmy's arm swung all the harder. 'And when he's beaten you, he'll want to shove that copper-studded cock of his into every little hole he can find on that wee body of yours until he makes you plead for mercy. Oh aye,' he nodded his head sagely. 'That's just what Mr Chuck will want to do.'

All the while Catriona hung helplessly from her roped hammock, She heard Jimmy's actions. She also heard gurgled groans coming from behind her and wondered what exactly was going on. She was pleased Jimmy was concentrating on Sumila, even if the girl was suffering. Because the longer he worked on Sumila the less time he had to ogle or fondle her. But Catriona knew if neither Gruby or Sheldon called soon, her time to be humiliated would arrive.

With her legs strained wide by the ankle ropes and her pussy lips gaping, Catriona felt distressed and ashamed by her predicament. And to increase her distress, she knew her cunt was at just the right height for Wee Jimmy's probing tongue to slither in and round and over, should he so choose. And there was no one here to stop him. Her only hope was that Gruby or Sheldon would yell up the stairs before he had finished beating Sumila. Because, from what she could hear, he seemed to be quite content with his task.

'Oh dear, oh dear,' he chortled, 'Wee Jimmy's fixed you nicely hasn't he chick? And it's the other lassie you have to thank for all your troubles.'

Catriona heard what he said and was puzzled. What was he yammering on about? What had she done to Sumila? Why was the girl's pain her fault? And if it was, what could she do to prevent any more pain? Catriona felt sick at the thought of hurting her friend. But then she heard Jimmy's shuffling gate. He was coming back to torment her. Catriona shuddered. Why couldn't Sheldon or Gruby call for him? It wasn't fair. She didn't want...

'And how is my horny wee bitch with the red hair and the skin like porcelain?' Jimmy skipped up and down and clapped his horny hands. His sharp fingers stroked the taut flesh of her thigh. 'Has she been impatient for the return of her Jimmy, eh?' His hands cupped Catriona's bottom cheeks. His good eye stared at her pussy. The lazy eye swivelled towards her tits. 'Oh that's nice.' Jimmy's fingers pinched her dripping lips. Stringing her up, and her flaunting her cunny like the brazen wee hussy she is, seems to have turned the wee bitch nice and juicy.'

By now his fingers were crawling all over Catriona's nether regions. He drew her lips apart. The next thing she knew his grizzled head was nestling between

her thighs. With one hand still cupped under her rump, he slowly inserted a finger into her ass and, to Catriona's horror, raised her cunt towards his mouth. He started to lick and nuzzle her most intimate parts.

From her horizontal position she was able to focus her eyes on one of the window slits. Outside she could see the morning sky. A limpid blue, it promised warmth. Puffy white clouds slid lazily northwards. Spring had arrived and the tops of the trees shimmered, a mist of green. The freshly opened leaves swayed in the lightest of breezes. It looked wonderful: a fresh May morning. And so normal compared with what was happening to her, here, inside this cold room of stone.

Catriona might have been able to avert her eyes, but her other senses were all too well aware of what Jimmy was up to. His hair might be grizzled, his hands rough and weathered, his skin permeated by the odor of fish, but his tongue was long and wet. It's touch was soft. And Catriona, to her shame, could feel her body responding.

Tingles of delight rippled through her tummy. Her breasts swelled. The nipples thrust forward. With glazed eyes she continued to stare out of the window. But it was not long before she knew she was losing control. Her cunt began to melt under the soft licking of the disgusting Jimmy's tongue. Her belly clenched. Waves of pleasure surged from her pussy, to her breasts, her arms, her legs. Her fingers and toes curled with orgasmic pleasure. Grunts of relief crowded her throat. She wanted to yell out but her gagged mouth prevented this. Her whole body spasmed and Jimmy, unused to such a violent reaction leapt back and all the while she could hear convulsive gurgling cries coming from behind her.

Jimmy wiped his mouth on the sleeve of a filthy sweater. His wonky eyes gleamed and he felt inside the crotch of his canvas trousers. But only for a few seconds. Withdrawing his hand from deep inside the canvas folds he glared first at his fingers and then at Catriona.

'You wee bitch,' he muttered between clenched teeth. 'You let Jimmy lick your pussy. You encouraged him.' He glared at her, anger mottled his face. 'Lassie's!' he snorted, 'they're all the same. Dirt. Scum. Scheming whores. You led Jimmy on and then you give him nothing in return. You are a bitch! You are nothing but a filthy whore!'

Catriona thought this was a bit unfair. She hadn't asked him to eat pussy. It wasn't her fault if he was such a useless old fart who could hardly even get his prick up. But Catriona knew that whatever she thought was of no consequence. It was what Jimmy thought that counted. And now he thought that earlier, downstairs, in the main hall, when she'd got a rise and a spurt out of him, she'd simply been teasing. And now she was holding back - on purpose. And like all the lassies in Jimmy's experience, she was taking her own pleasure and was only too happy to leave him frustrated.

'You hussy! You whore!' Jimmy screamed and grabbed the tawse which had so recently tickled Sumila's flesh. He brought it down with a force that crucified Catriona's softly satiated pussy. The leather strips cut into the wet flesh. Where only moments ago the old man's tongue had lingered on the soft folds of her cunt, he now swept the cruel leather thongs that bit and cut.

'Bitch!' He screamed. 'Whore! Prick-teasing wee besom!' With every exclamation the tawse landed with a swish and a crack. Catriona swayed and shuddered, her small moment of pleasure was now forgotten under the violence of the lash. And the more forcefully the lash landed, the more strangled the cries coming from behind her grew.

Had Jimmy carried on much longer, she was sure her poor pussy would have been cut to shreds and, by the sound of things, Sumila would have drawn her last breath. But just when she thought neither of them could take any more, a thud and a roar from the great hall brought Jimmy's arm to a stop.

'What was that?' he said. 'Did you hear anything, chick? Wee Jimmy did. Something's up and Wee Jimmy wants to know what it is.'

Catriona was lashed to the beams, moaning, and anguished with pain, her pussy flayed. Sumila was perched on tiptoe, cunt red hot from the abrasive rope, throat choked by Jimmy's noose. But Jimmy knew something of interest going on downstairs and he wanted to find out what it was.

Tucking his tawse under his arm, Jimmy left the two girls to their agony and hurried from the room.

Chapter 7

Sheena

Gruby kicked the front door of Killie Pit open. The thump when it hit the wall bounced off the rafters of the great hall 'Morag! Morag! Where are you, you lazy fucking cow? That bitch is meant to be here to open the door for us, Sheldon.'

'Or Jimmy,' Sheldon said.

'Or Jimmy. But I sure hope that while we're away that sly sonofabitch is keeping and eye on the cunt. But that goodfornothing housekeeper is...'

'Mr Gruby, Mr Sheldon. You're back.'

'Sure looks like it,' Gruby growled.

'And you've a fresh catch. Now where shall we put her?' Morag wiped her hands on her pinafore. 'Do you want to fix her on the treadmill? Wee Jimmy's just taken two of them upstairs for a bit of stretching, so there's room on the track if...'

'Just shut your face, bitch.'

'Yes Mr Gruby. Of course Mr Gruby. What would you like me to do Mr Gruby?'

'I want you to give my friend Sheldon here a bit of a hand. I want you both to fix this blonde cutie in position so I can fuck me some tail.'

'You want me?' squeaked Morag, a flush deepening the red of her already crimson cheeks. 'I'm - I'm sorry,' she stammered. 'But I don't think I can help. I don't get paid to assist with the training. I'm only the housekeeper.'

'Well, you are about to earn yourself some promotion then, aren't you, bitch? I want this babe high-tailed, and I want it done now. I am gonna ram my cock down that hole of hers like a missile homing in on its target. I am going to fuck her so

hard that by the time I'm finished she'll be sucking cock. And you are going to help my friend Mr Sheldon arrange it.

The length of the great hall of Killie Pit was bisected by two rows of metal rings set into the stone flags. Gruby jabbed his toe at a spot in front of the track. 'So, put her foot there,' he ordered. 'That okay with you, Sheldon?'

'Nice spot. Right in front of the track. The other two babes will get a great view.'

'Yeah,' smiled Gruby. 'I want those two babes to see what hot rod shooting fanny looks like.'

At Gruby's words Morag blushed an even deeper shade of crimson. The two remaining girls on the track, Karen and Kim by name, both of them brunettes, both endowed with the kind of breasts that Chuck had insisted on, continued with their never-ending tread. Both had been tail-fucked by Gruby. Both knew how violent and undesirable the experience was. And now both of them were about to witness this little new girl, a blonde with enormous tits but slender waist and hips, be violated in this most public and painful manner.

Gruby and Sheldon dropped Sheena face down onto the floor. Her breasts squashed onto the cold surface. Her head twisted to one side. Her legs spread and her toes scrabbled at the cold stone floor. Sheldon's knife still protruded from her cunt.

'What about the knife, Gruby?' Sheldon eyed the little blonde as she lay sprawled in front of him 'It's a good knife. I only sharpened the blade yesterday.'

Gruby pressed one hand on the small of Sheena's back and with the other gave the knife a final twist before pulling it from between her pussy lips. He laid the wet handle in Sheldon's hand. 'You think I wanna slice my balls off while Ifuck her, or what?'

'Only asking, buddy. Just didn't want to see a good knife come to any harm.'

'You weren't thinking about my balls then,' Gruby said.

Sheldon shrugged. 'Known you long enough, amigo, to know you can look after your own balls.'

'Have you finished with me now?' Morag enquired. 'Shall I be off back to the kitchen? There's so much work to do and I haven't even started on the potatoes yet. And with an extra mouth to feed, well that's even more work. I shall have to send down to father for some more...'

'Shut your face, bitch. You ain't going nowhere. You are going to help my friend Sheldon fix this babe in position while I give her a good hard ass-fuck. Okay?'

‘Oh! I’m not sure. I...’

‘Well I am sure. Go get two pairs of cuffs and four lots chain. The eight inch lengths should be just about right.’

Morag scurried off. She soon returned with the metal bracelets and some chain.

‘Good. You’re beginning to understand that when I say move it, I mean move it. Now, you just do as Mr Sheldon tells you while I get myself good and ready.’

‘Hand me a pair of cuffs,’ Sheldon ordered. Morag did as she was told. Sheldon slipped them round Sheena’s wrists. ‘Now the other pair.’ These locked neatly round her ankles. ‘Okay. You take one chain and fix that handcuff to that ring,’ He pointed at one of the rings set into the floor. ‘I am gonna do the same thing on this side.’

The chains snicked neatly into position. Sheena’s arms were now linked together by the handcuffs and fixed to two of the floor rings by the chains.

‘You okay babe?’ Sheldon waved his knife in front of Sheena’s gagged and tearstained face. She did not reply.

‘And now we get to the interesting bit,’ Sheldon said. ‘Interesting for my friend Gruby, I mean.’ Sheldon straggled the recumbent girl, tucked both hands under her middle and pulled her up till her back was bent over and her feet were positioned nicely by a second set of rings.

‘Okay Morag. Now we do the same again. Attach the chain to the ankle cuff and then to that ring in floor.’ He pointed out the ring he wanted. Morag did as she was told. ‘That suit you, Gruby ol’ pal?’

Sheena was bent double, arms and legs shackled to the floor, hair and breasts tumbling forward. Her rear end, two satiny globes, stuck enticingly upwards.

‘Yeah. She looks good. And you babe,’ he cuffed Sheena’s butt, you put your hands flat on the floor and when you feel me push, well you push up to meet me. Nice and slow. I like to give my prick time to savor the tight, gripping sensation of a new ass.’

Gruby’s cock was already outside his leather trousers. Sheena could not see it but Morag could and her eyebrows rose at the sight. Long, very long, and lean like himself, it projected rigidly, solid and unswerving. For the first time Morag understood why some men referred to them as weapons. This indeed was a weapon to be proud of.

‘Okay. She ready?’ Gruby snarled.

‘Ready and eager to fly,’ Sheldon confirmed.

Gruby’s hands stroked the curve of Sheena’s backside. He cupped her cheeks,

spread them and gazed at the rosebud entrance. His prick nudged forward until the tip stroked the tight little hole. A moan came from behind Sheena's gag.

'Think she wants you to hurry up there, buddy.' Sheldon, who was watching with a keen interest, pulled his prick from his jeans and began slowly to stroke the length with one hand. 'Keep your hands flat on the floor babe,' he said. He knelt down and still rubbing his own cock with one hand, he placed the blade of his knife a millimeter above Sheena's fingers. 'You raise those little piggies by so much as a sliver and I will take a slice off each one. Understand?'

Sheena moaned again.'

'I think she understands, buddy.'

Gruby was not listening. His whole body was concentrated on making that first entrance. His cock pulsed. He clutched Sheena's butt and began to push. The tip nuzzled and stretched her skin.

'Now you push up babe.' Sheldon waved his knife under Sheena's nose, so she pushed. Slowly Gruby sank his crotch onto her backside. His cock slid inside the hot passage. 'Feels good,' he muttered. 'Feels real good.'

'How much you giving her, Gruby?'

'All of it. She's going get the whole ten inches.'

A squeal of alarm percolated from behind Sheena's gag.

'I think she's a might concerned, buddy. What do you think?'

But Gruby was not listening. He pulled his cock free until the tip once more lodged at Sheena's tight entrance. Then with a thrust and grunt he fell forward onto her. The whole length of his cock slid deep inside the girl. 'See Kid,' he gasped. 'I knew you could take it.' And he rammed the shaft deep inside.

Sheldon, still kneeling by Sheena's face, let go his knife. It clattered onto the stone floor. Using both hands, he pulled himself off with a force that sent the spunk shooting into Sheena's goggling eyes.

Gruby continued to pump. Time and again his cock rammed home. 'Okay babe?' he croaked. 'You feel it? You sucking cock yet, eh babe?'

But there was no reply from Sheena, not a even a groan. Sheena had passed out and it was only Gruby's grasp and his pulsing prick keeping her from keeling over.

Morag, watching it all, threw her pinafore over her face and rushed giggling back to her kitchen where a pile of vegetables waited.



'Now you push up babe...'

Chapter 8

Ronnie Claims his Own

Just at the moment Gruby shot his load straight up Sheena's ass, the iron-studded front door of Killie Pit crashed open.

'What the fuck...!'

'How the hell...?'

Gruby and Sheldon stared in awe at the massive door swinging on its hinges.

'The sonofabitch burst the lock.'

A voice boomed out. 'Where's Ronnie's snatch?'

Ronnie's wide shoulders filled the doorway. With giant strides he stormed into the room, dragging in his wake two girls. Both were totally naked and their creamy flesh glowed in the morning sunlight that poured in through the entrance. One, full-rounded and shapely, came slithering in on her butt; Ronnie held her with a thick handful of her frizzy brown curls. The other, more elfin and slender, he was grasping by a slim ankle and towing on her belly. Her silky blonde hair streamed out behind her.

Sheldon leapt to his feet. 'Hey,' he yelled, 'that's my cutie you're hauling behind your fat butt, you great ape. You got no right. I left her tied up, ass out, all ready for me to fuck and you...'

'Ronnie fucked her.' Ronnie growled. He let go the two girls. They sprawled, bedraggled and helpless, on the stone flags of the floor.

'You did what?' Sheldon's fists clenched by his sides.

'Ronnie fucked her,' he repeated. Then he pointed at Laura. 'And her,' he said.

'Ronnie fucked them both. Tail-fucked both of them.' He swayed unsteadily. His shoulders heaved. His tongue protruded thickly between his lips.

Gruby zipped up his leather trousers and sauntered over to where the big man stood. He stared at him narrow-eyed. 'Tail-fucked,' he said, 'is that so? You're telling me you tail-fucked 'em both, big guy?' He glanced at the engorged prick thrusting from between Ronnie's thighs. 'If you just tail-fucked both these chicks, why is your cock so goddamned horny?' Gruby leant close and flicked his thumb against Ronnie's chest. 'Why do you look more than ready to pitch bitch right now? Seems to me, buster, that if you had just tail-fucked both these hot little pieces, you'd be a-dingling and a-dangling by now.'

Frowning, Ronnie gazed down at his rampant prick. Then he glared straight into Gruby's insolent eyes. 'Ronnie's got plenty of spunk,' he muttered. 'And he ain't finished fucking yet.' His big head swayed as he surveyed the room. He was coated with sweat. His bristly hair shimmered with damp. 'Ronnie got plenty of spunk and he wants his snatch. Ronnie got plenty of spunk and Ronnie ain't finished fucking. Ronnie wants his snatch. And he wants her now. And you two punks know where she is. You two punks ain't got no right to... No right... No...'

Words failed Ronnie as, screwing up his eyes, he surveyed the interior of the great hall. Something had attracted his attention. He stared at where Sheldon stood lounging in front of the treadmill's moving belt. A glimmer of flesh; a sweep of blonde hair; a flash of a thigh; a hint of a heavy breast...

On his strong legs he strode across the room and was next to Sheldon in a flash. He pushed him to one side. What he saw behind him was Sheena. Still bent over, her ankles and wrists were shackled to the rings in the floor. Shaking, Ronnie's hands reached out to touch the glossy flesh of her butt. He stroked her tender skin. A puzzled frown puckered his brow. He draped his hands round the girl's body and cupped her generous breasts. A slight but knowing smile traced the curve of his lip. He had found what he was looking for.

Sheldon saw the mood Ronnie was in and moved out of his way. Sure, he was mad about his cutie. But that could wait.

He'd get even with the guy in his own good time.

Ronnie fondled Sheena's breasts. He manipulated and moulded the flesh with his thick fingers until the nipples glowed. Next he stroked her blonde curls. After everything she had been through, they were tousled and tangled, but Ronnie knew this was definitely the right blonde. Satisfied that he had found his snatch, he let go of the girl, stepped back and grinned.

'That's Ronnie's snatch,' he said. 'Yeah. That's Ronnie's snatch.' His half-glazed eyes tried to focus on Sheldon. He looked confused. 'What's she doing here, huh?'

Sheldon was wary. 'Uh, what d'ya know, Ronnie, we brought her here specially for you, buddy.'

Ronnie scratched his head. 'You brought her here specially for me?'

'Yeah,' said Sheldon, glancing quickly at Gruby. 'That's right, ain't it, Gruby?'

'Sure thing,' replied Gruby. 'That's what me and Sheldon did. We brought her here specially for Ronnie. We just knew he'd — you'd — be here in no time at all and raring to fuck the bitch. So we got her all shackled up ready and waiting. Specially for Ronnie.'

Ronnie rattled Sheena's chains. 'Ronnie don't want no chains. Ronnie wants to spear the honey's cunt and march her round the room with those big bouncers of hers all a-jiggling and a-joggling like jello on a plate. That's what Ronnie wants.'

Sheldon raised an eyebrow at Gruby. 'That's not a problem, is it, buddy. That's easy done. You got the key, Gruby?'

Gruby felt in the pocket of his trousers and extracted a set of keys. He tossed them to Sheldon who caught them in one hand.

'Here you go, big boy.' Sheldon unlocked Sheena's fetters. 'She's all yours, man. Free as a bird. Naked as the day she was born. Pure as the driven snow.'

Sheena dropped to the floor and crouched, curled into a tight ball. She clasped her arms over her breasts, pulled her knees up and buried her face in her chest. All the time the men talked, she whimpered. One handcuff still dangled from her left wrist.

Ronnie's eyes gleamed. 'You mean Ronnie's still going be her first? You mean they're ain't been nobody else up that hot little slit of hers?'

'Not to my knowledge, buddy.' Sheldon winked at Gruby. 'You can see she ain't very old. Seventeen. Eighteen maybe. An' she sure is shy.'

'Yeah.' Ronnie nodded his head. He looked at the girl fondly. 'Yeah. I knew that when I snatched her. I knew straight off she was shy.'

'Well, there you go then, big boy,' Sheldon said. 'I figure it's time you gave her your best shot. That pole of yours sure looks hard enough to poke her real good.'

Ronnie bent down and stroked damp curls away from the blonde's eyes. The black hair coating his arms contrasted painfully with the white, almost luminous sheen of her flesh. 'Ain't she just a little bit of thing?' he crooned. 'And she don't weigh no more than a feather for all those mighty milkers of hers.'

Sheldon and Gruby glanced at one another deadpan.

The deep-brown eyes of the two brunettes, Karen and Kim, who still pounded

the moving trackway, gazed in Ronnie's direction, but their expressions remained the same. They knew better than to relax even when no one was attending to them. Their feet flip-flapped steadily on the rolling belt, and their broad hips swung, their buns rhythmically moving up and down. Their breasts bounced in time, Karen's heavy and gourd-shaped, her long nipples pointing obliquely downwards, Kim's the size of melons, the nipples high-set, the undercurves full round.

The two girls on the track were not the only watchers. On the stairs, at the point where they twisted upwards towards the turret rooms, crouched Wee Jimmy. His eyes darted round the room, eager not to miss the next turn of events.

Morag, too, had crept back up the passage that led from the kitchen and now hovered by the door, wiping her wet hands on her apron. Under her breath she tutted disapprovingly at what she saw and heard. Both servants were fascinated by Ronnie. Both were agog to see what he would do next.

What Ronnie did was to tear the clothes from his body. He bellowed and stamped like a bull. His broad chest, thick with hair, heaved. His shoulder muscles flexed. His calf muscles bulged. He swayed on his feet.

Scarcely aware of his surroundings or his audience, he stood bare-assed square in the centre of the room, slid his hands under Sheena's trembling body and picked her up. He pulled himself upright and in the middle of the hall, he cradled the terrified blonde in his brawny arms. He drooled over her. He stroked her neck. He nuzzled her breast. And with this fondling, Ronnie's prick grew to even greater size. It rose erect. His balls swung massively between his thighs.

Everyone in the room watched him and wondered. He was an oddball, they all knew that. And this kissing and cuddling, it wasn't right. Any moment now something in Ronnie would snap and that was when the action would start.

They stared at him, transfixed. Not one person dared to make a move - except for the two girls on the treadmill and even they found themselves marching on tiptoe, breath held, fists clenched. The hissing of the compressor and the creaking of the treadmill were the only sounds. The tension in the Great Hall was painful. They were all waiting for Ronnie to act; and Ronnie was unpredictable.

A sudden change came over him. One minute he was pouring over the blonde couched in his arms, eyes devouring, lips drooping. The next, he was standing tall: shoulders back, stomach flat, feet together. Ronnie had snapped to attention.

'Eyes front!' he suddenly barked. 'Shoulder arms!'

Everyone stiffened.

Erect, and poised to obey parade ground drill commands, Ronnie took hold of the shackle on Sheena's left wrist and snapped the other half onto her right wrist. With her hands now pinioned together behind her back and resting on the cheeks

of her ass, he pushed his left hand between her legs, lifted her by the crotch, and tipped her body against his shoulder. Her head nodded over his shoulder, her eyes wide with surprise and fear.

Ronnie pulled himself up to his full height. 'Quick march! he shouted. 'One-two, one-two, one-two.' With legs ramrod straight Ronnie paraded over the stone-flagged floor of the great hall.

'Right wheel,' he yelled.

He spun on the balls on his feet and marched back towards the centre of the room. He began to beat time. 'Hup, two, three, four. Hup, two, three, four.'

His massive thighs jerked. His bare feet slapped onto the cold stone. His eyes stared glassily into the distance.

Sheena, arms locked behind her back, mouth still gagged by her own scarf was bounced and jiggled against his shoulder. Every time Ronnie raised his thighs, his shoulder lifted and forced itself up under her tits. His big hands held her so tightly pressed against his body the pain of her squashed breast brought tears to her eyes.

'Present!' Ronnie roared.

Sheena suddenly found herself wrenched from the relative security of the big man's shoulder and thrust horizontally forward. His big hands clasped at her battered breasts. Her legs were spread-eagled either side of Ronnie's waist. Her thighs clamped on to his hips. She tried to struggle but his grip was too tight. She wanted to cry out but her mouth was gagged.

'Take aim!' Ronnie yelled. He pulled the terrified girl closer to his body.

'Fire!' he screamed.

'Pow! Pow! Pow!' Without any precursory fumbling, and with quick thrusts of his body Ronnie powered his prick inside Sheena's cunt. It bored straight into her.

Had it not been for Sheldon's knife, this would have been the moment Sheena lost her virginity. It was certainly the first cock she had ever had inside her. But Sheldon's knife had got there first and the screwing of the knife handle had left her tender lips bruised. And now Ronnie's prick pounded against the tormented flesh. His prick was hard as stone and generous in its length and girth. With every move it made it gouged painfully at her sore pleats.

It pierced deep. Sheena felt as if she was being punched in the pussy, over and over and over. Every breath was knocked from her body. She was ready to faint but the insistent pounding of Ronnie's prick prevented any release from its diabolic punishment. She writhed and twisted but there was no escape.

With his left hand Ronnie grabbed hold of Sheena's shackled wrists. His right arm swung smartly by his side. He began to march. 'Left, right! Left, right!' he barked and paced round the room. His step quickened. His arm swung. With every step he took the pounding of his prick in her belly increased.

'Left, right! Left, right!' Ronnie roared. 'Left wheel!' he screamed.

His prick screwed ever harder into Sheena. 'Pow! Pow! Pow!' Ronnie bellowed. He marked time. She bounced on his prick. He twisted even tighter on her pinioned arms and pulled her hard onto him. Then he barked out a new order. 'Forward!' He lunged. 'At the double!' He quickened. 'Charge! Keep firing! Death or glory! Out the way you scum!'

Sheldon and Gruby leapt back.

Laura and Kirstie, still sprawling helplessly on the floor, wide-eyed, and horrified at the madhouse they had been brought to, did their best to roll out of his way.

And the great bull of a man, raised his thighs and roared round the room.

Ronnie charged. Sheena felt she was about to be split in two. The heat from his body burned her skin. His massive cock bludgeoned into her. Her breath came in quick short gasps. She was convinced nothing and nobody could save her from her fate.

To his audience it was obvious Ronnie was out of control. He could not stop and they did not know how to make him. They just stared and he just carried on charging forward and yelling, 'Fire!' Sheena meanwhile, rocked and reeled on his powering prick. Her eyes rolled in their sockets. Sweat poured off them both. The whole room vibrated to the thumping of Ronnie's feet.

Morag clutched at her apron. Wee Jimmy felt his own cock twitch. Laura and Kirstie pressed against each other in terror. The two forgotten girls on the treadmill padded on, staring in amazement, while Gruby and Sheldon gazed in awe at the prodigious feat of strength and will of their compatriot.

Everyone knew something had to bring this act of savagery to a conclusion. But just what would that be? They all held their breath and the roaring of 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' continued to bounce off the cold stone walls of Killie Pit. Until...

'Halt!' Screamed a voice from behind them.

The audience jumped. And to everyone's amazement, Ronnie did as he was told. All eyes turned to the newcomer. In the doorway stood Chuck.

'Finish off your rounds,' he yelled. 'Empty your magazines, men. And do it NOW!'

At these instructions Ronnie grasped Sheena by the wrist shackle, leaned back, lifted her high on his prick and pumped a jet of scalding liquid into her. By the time he had finished she hung limp in his hands.

‘At ease, men.’ Chuck ordered.

‘Yessir!’ Ronnie ceased his pumping. Sheena slipped from his cock. Holding the almost unconscious girl at his side by her pinioned arms, Ronnie stood at ease with feet apart, eyes facing forward. The blonde slumped to the floor, her head lolling. Ronnie remained erect and compliant.

Chuck stepped into the room.

Sheldon watched him from narrowed eyes. So Chuck was back. Shit. But he still intended to get even with Ronnie for violating his snatch. But with Chuck back in charge...

A second figure loomed in the doorway. Sheldon sucked in his breath. ‘Well, I’ll be damned,’ he muttered.

Wrapped in a plaid of red and green, the tall figure lounged. His hair was dark gold, his build rangy. In his hands he held a silver dagger and his face was hidden behind a mask of bronze leather.

Chapter 9

A Problem Solved

Some days later Chuck and the newcomer sat on either side of a massive desk in a room high up in Killie Pit.

‘We had no choice.’ Chuck was saying. ‘We had to get rid of her.’ He ran a plump, be-ringed hand over the smooth dome of his head and looked at his companion, Donal McDour, laird of the island.

‘And we’re still a babe short,’ McDour growled.

‘No problem, Donal. I’ll send Gruby out on the snatch.’

‘And you’ve lost one of your best operators.’

‘Sheldon?’ Chuck shrugged, ‘He had it coming. He was acting too independent, snatching girls just because he fancied them. This is business. We gotta act as a team. If we don’t act as a disciplined team, we’re nothing.’

‘That Kirstie, she was a beautiful babe.’

‘Sure, I know. But the contract is for seven well-ornamented chicks. And I mean, with really big ornaments.’ Chuck’s pudgy hands curved in the air like he was juggling melons.

Donal McDour leaned forward over his desk and pointed a finger straight at Chuck. ‘You dinna have to tell me tha’,’ he snarled. ‘I know what the contract is for. I arranged it, Stateside. Ye’re the one I leave in charge this end. Ye’re the one who’s meant to see everything is in place on time. Ye’re the one who has to exert some discipline round here.’

Donal McDour pushed back his leather chair from the desk and unwound his



long, lean body. He began to pace backwards and forwards. The two men were in his study which was on the second floor of Killie Pit. His study was plush. Tapestry hangings draped the cold stone walls. A carpet with a pile an inch thick covered the floor. A log fire, even on this mild May morning, roared on the huge open hearth.

So very different from the quarters arranged for the girls.

While he was in the privacy of his study with just Chuck for company, the mask had been removed. What was revealed was not a pretty sight. His once handsome face was jagged with scars. What had been a thing of beauty now brought a look of revulsion into the eyes of anyone who set eyes on it accidentally.

Chuck was McDour's right-hand man. He handled all the public negotiations. McDour himself hung back except where the handling of the exchange was concerned. And even then he wore his mask. But they were his girls and he liked to take payment direct. It wasn't that he didn't trust Chuck, but this deal was making him agitated. He'd never let a client down yet. But with only four days to go they were still a girl short.

Donal ceased his pacing and glowered at Chuck. 'We dinna have the time to send Gruby out in the field,' he said. 'We've only four days left. The freighter will be out there-' he pointed vaguely in the direction of the coast, '-on Friday night and we have to have the cargo ready. The pick-up is for seven dames. Seven. Nothing less. No dames. No remuneration.' He glared at Chuck. 'Are ye listening to me?'

Chuck was lounging in a library chair, his feet propped up on Sumila Patel's back. She was kneeling on all fours in front of the fire, compliant, obedient, and totally naked. Her bay skin shimmered in the light of the flames. Her wrists and ankles were shackled and she wore a collar.

But the most striking thing about her was the metal cage that enfolded her head. Close-fitting, the flat bars squeezed her cheeks and circled tightly around her forehead, her jaw and her chin. Her lush black hair had been pulled up through a loop at the top of the cage and plaited with a rope that ran up to a fitting in the high ceiling, and held her head back and up.

Two metal plates, which could be folded outwards to look like horse-blinkers, had been turned inwards and covered her eyes, blindfolding her. A metal ring, an integral part of the head-cage, held her mouth wide open; a thick plug was rammed firmly into the ring, and from it protruded a metal bar. From the bar hung small leather pouches. Each pouch contained something that belonged to Chuck. His cigars, his matches, a miniature bottle of his favourite Scotch. There were also a few casual instruments of torture.

Chuck lowered his feet to the ground, leant forward and selected one of the

instruments. A pair of clips, saw-toothed and tight-sprung, he snapped one onto Sumila's left nipple. She flinched only slightly, but a tear did trickle down her cheek.

Chucked noted the tear and smiled. At last he was getting somewhere with the Indian bitch. He fondled her right breast, caressing and stroking the big nut-sized nipple. She could not fail to know where the other clip was going to go. But she didn't move.

Chuck opened the clip, arranged the long-toothed jaws over Sumila Patel's right nipple and snapped it on. The force of the spring drove the teeth straight in, piercing the tender nub.

This time Sumila did flinch. Only a very little movement, but Chuck was impressed. It was no part of his plan that any of the girls should enjoy the pain he inflicted. He was sure he could take her through the barrier: given time he would take her past getting a kick out of ill-treatment, past her threshold.

'Hey, these pincers are real neat, Donal,' he said. 'Much stronger than the usual ones. They were a good buy. Where'd you get them?'

'The usual place. But I didn't buy them.' Donal McDour sniggered. 'I made the man an offer he couldn't refuse and he just sorta gave them to me.'

Chuck jiggled Sumila's heavy breasts. He pulled on the clips and nodded approvingly.

McDour's face twisted into a grimace that Chuck recognised as a smile. 'Try the screw bolt,' he said. 'It's a cinch. Just shove it up the slut's ass then turn the handle.' He mimed with his hands.

If Sumila was apprehensive about what was about to happen, she made no sign. Chuck picked up the device and looked at it. He shrugged, and placed the slender tube between Sumila's generous ass-cheeks and pressed it against her well-fucked ass-hole.

It slipped easily inside. Once it was embedded, Chuck turned the handle. The bolt expanded in width, spreading out. Sumila's dark rosebud stretched. She gasped. Chuck gave the screw another turn. He stopped to admire the result.

And then he gave it another turn. A series of barbs angled backwards emerged from the hilt of the bolt, designed to dig into the inside of the girl's buns to prevent her ejecting the device. Not that she stood much chance of that.

Sumila squealed, and twisted her hips away.

Chuck appreciated devices that offered double security. 'This new stuff you brought is smack-dab!' he said. 'Just what we've been wanting.'

‘Okay,’ Donal said. that’s enough entertainment, let’s get back to the business in hand.’ Once more he started to pace the floor. ‘Sheldon has gone and he’s taken the skinny babe with him.’

‘And the bastard took the launch,’ Chuck growled, anger reddening both his ears and his bald pate. In his rage, he tugged again on the nipple pincers. This made Sumila’s puckered nipple protrude until it looked like a ripe black cherry. Chuck rammed a cigar between his lips before attaching a second nipple-pincer to Sumila’s right nipple. He checked it for tightness and then lit his cigar. He took a couple of calming puffs and then said, ‘OK, so we’re a babe short, but I never wanna see that sonofabitch again. He shouldn’t have ball-kicked Ronnie. If he hadn’t a done that, I might just have let him keep her. For his own amusement. But pitching into poor Ronnie like that. That ain’t on.’

Donal McDour glowered and banged his fist on the desk. ‘But now we dinna have a launch,’ he hissed. ‘so how’re we going to get the chicks out to the freighter when it arrives?’

Before answering, Chuck took some more puffs on his cigar. ‘We got old McSlimey,’ he said, blowing smoke out of his mouth. ‘He’s still got his own row-boat. He could row them out to the pick-up.’

‘The ship’ll be anchored some way out.’

‘Sure. But the old guy, he’s strong. He may not look it, but he could carry two of these dames, one under each arm, if I told him to.’

‘Okay. Maybe.’ Donal McDour frowned. ‘But that’s only one of our problems.’

Chuck raised an eyebrow. ‘Go on,’ he said.

‘All right. So, tell me straight. Do you think we can trust Sheldon?’ Donal asked. ‘Can he do us any harm? I mean, he knows just about everything there is to know about this place.’

‘What’s that you say!’ Chuck almost choked on some smoke. ‘You think Sheldon would bitch on us to the cops? No way! He may be a bastard but he ain’t no snitch. I’ve worked out in the field with him. He’s cool. He might just think about setting up his own network. That I could believe. But double-cross? Forget it.’ Chuck gave the screw bolt in Sumila’s ass another experimental turn. A second set of barbs sprang out and zapped into the inner curves of Sumila’s butt-cheeks. ‘Anyway,’ he added, ‘now he’s got his own cutie, he might just simply fade away.’

Donal McDour loped over to the window. He lounged against the frame and gazed out. He acted careful. He did not want anyone in the yard outside to see him.

‘The seventh girl,’ he said.

‘Yeah, the seventh girl.’ Chuck picked up a wooden ball on a long handle. It was the size of his fist and studded with nail points. ‘What’s this for?’

McDour glanced over his shoulder. ‘Och, use your imagination, man.’ He turned back to the window.

Chuck shrugged, thought for a moment, then parted Sumila’s cunt lips and shoved the pointed ball deep inside - with considerable difficulty. Once again there was a gratifying response from the girl. Her back bowed, and she tried to pull her tail away from him.

Donal McDour beckoned to Chuck. ‘If you can take your hands off that silly bitch for a moment, come and have a look out here. Maybe we don’t have a problem after all.’

It was a beautiful morning, mild and still. The sun was shining and the courtyard below was bathed in a soft warm glow. The two men stood side by side and looked out of the window. They were watching a dark-haired girl, dressed in a slip of a summer blue dress, busily beating rugs. Her face was rosy with effort.

Chuck turned to McDour. Sniggering, he said, ‘Morag? You’re planning to hijack Morag? For the chain gang? You gotta be kidding.’

‘And why not?’ McDour said sourly. ‘Look at the tits on her, man. And her ass may be big but it looks good and firm.’

Chuck gaped at his boss. ‘But that’s - that’s Morag,’ he stuttered, shaking his head. ‘She’s just the hired hand round here.’

‘So? She’s a dame, ain’t she? Why ain’t we ever considered her before?’

Chuck shrugged. ‘I guess it’s because she was always dressed up in those thick clothes. Layers of wool and plaid to keep out the cold. It must be because the spring’s arrived. Now we get to see her chassis. Okay, it’s shapely. But Morag?’

‘Get her up here,’ Donal ordered.

Chuck decided to give up trying to reason with his boss. He pushed up the window and called down.

‘Hey, Morag.’

She did not respond.

He leaned out of the window. ‘Hey, Morag,’ he shouted. ‘You gotta moment? Me and Mr McDour, we’d like to have a word with you, up here, in the study.’

Is it the dusting, Mr McDour, sir? It’s simply that I haven’t had a chance to come into this room since you returned to Killie Pit, sir.’ Morag bobbed a curtsy towards

the masked McDour. 'Normally, sir, I would do the room out every other day, when you're not here, sir. But...'

'Button your lip, cunt,' Chuck snapped. 'Mr McDour and me, we gotta proposition to put to you.'

Morag beamed. She imagined a raise. She could do with the extra money. Morag had plans. She did not intend to stay in this poky little fishing village for the rest of her life. Oh no. Morag intended to travel the world. Almost every penny she earned went into her travelling fund. The way things were going, she'd have enough by the end of the summer. But if Mr McDour offered her more - she'd be able to start on her trip all the sooner.

Chuck crouched in the library chair, feet propped on Sumila, and fixed what he imagined was a friendly smile on to his face. 'Do you want to stay in this godforsaken hole all your life, Morag?' he said.

'Oh no, Mr Chuck. I do not.'

'Good. That's good. Ain't that good, Donal?'

'You're a very attractive young lady, Morag.' Donal McDour gazed at her through the eye slits in his mask. 'You're wasted here, you know. We think you have a lot of potential. You could go places.'

Morag blushed. 'Oh thank you, Mr McDour. It's so good of you to have noticed me. I do have plans. I want to visit the States,' she simpered.

'Is that so?' Chuck pushed himself to his feet and sauntered over to the fireplace. He took something from the mantel shelf.

'You're a good girl, aren't you Morag?' Donal McDour said. 'You obey orders. Work hard. Do as your told.'

'Oh yes, Mr McDour, sir. I was brought up to be obedient. Not to make a fuss and always do as I was told.'

Morag was concentrating on the boss, so she didn't see what Chuck was doing. Sumila might have seen, and Sumila might have warned her, but the padded metal plates over her eyes, and the gag in her mouth, prevented her. What she would have seen was the length of rope between Chuck's hands, and the way he tugged it between his fists to test its strength.

'Especially by men?' McDour asked.

Morag said, 'Oh yes, sir. When I was a wain, if I didn't obey my father he would take a paddle to me.' She blushed and giggled. 'He'd strip my panties down round my ankles and bare my wee botty and put me over his knee. Sometimes it was days before I could sit down again.'

Without realising what she was doing, Morag pressed a hand between her thighs and began to squirm. Her cheeks were rosy with the memory.

‘Well, Morag,’ Donal McDour said, ‘it certainly sounds like you’re just the kinda girl we’re looking for.’

‘Me! Oh Mr McDour!’ Morag’s eyes shone with enthusiasm. She gazed at the masked face. ‘You want me to come to the States with you? As your assistant, maybe? Oh dear. I shouldn’t have said that.’ She put a hand to her cheek. ‘Please don’t think I’m being pushy because I’d be grateful to come as anything, anything at all. I would be so thrilled.’

It was at that moment that Chuck pounced.

With one long stride he stepped over Sumila and threw the rope over Morag’s head. Within seconds her arms were pinioned. She began to scream.

‘Mr Chuck! Mr McDour! I havna the time to play any of your wee games now. I have the lunch to prepare. And the rugs are still in the yard. They’re not finished with.’

Once Chuck had tightened the rope viciously, and secured it with a knot, he cuffed the side of Morag’s face.

‘Stop whining, babe. All your dreams are about to come true. You are on your way to the States. But you ain’t going as any housemaid. Shit, no. When you arrive Stateside you are going be part of the bustiest Chain Gang ever put together by man. You are going to find yourself working for one of the best slave organisations in the US. And believe me, these guys will have some of the biggest cocks you will ever have seen. And they’ve got some hard, and I mean hard, demands to be met. If you thought you couldn’t sit down for several days after your Pappy tanned your ass when you was a kid, you ain’t felt nothing yet.’

‘Heh, Chuck,’ Donal McDour sniggered. ‘All of a sudden she dinna have anything to say for herself.’

Morag’s mouth hung open. She was lost for words.

Chuck snorted his satisfaction. ‘You got your dagger, McDour? I wanna get these rags off this babe’s body and take a long look at the goods.’

McDour tossed the silver knife over. ‘I’ve told you before, it’s no’ a dagger, it’s a dirk.’

Chuck caught it and started to slice through the flimsy fabric of Morag’s blue cotton dress. Soon the material hung in shreds. Chuck ripped the last rags from under the rope and let the tattered remains fall to the floor.

Aghast at the speed with which events had moved, Morag stood in the middle

of the warm room wearing only her undies. Even so she was still decently covered in sensible white cotton panties and a businesslike bra that supported, and concealed, her remarkable bosom.

But not for long. Once more the dirk got to work, converting the garments into two pathetic white rags that joined the blue dress on the carpet.

Morag was naked.

She was in shock. Her mouth opened and closed silently. She wanted to run from the room, but Chuck stood behind her, grasping her firmly by both arms, and displaying her to the boss.

McDour got up from his desk and prowled round her. He opened his hands wide and squeezed her breasts. The soft flesh compressed under his hard palms. The ruddy nipples poked between his fingers.

Chuck examined her butt. Still grasping the girl by the left hand, he allowed the other to roam over the two round and succulent globes of cushiony white flesh, that shone in the firelight, and down between the enticing dark groove splitting them deeply. His cock rose solidly between his thighs. There was nothing he liked more than fucking new ass, but Donal McDour was the boss here.

He had to ask.

‘Hey, McDour,’ he said, ‘you after ass today?’

Donal McDour was staring intently into Morag’s eyes. Huge and navy blue, they stared back at the masked face. Her full red lips were wet. Her big breasts heaved. Her mind was in a whirl.

‘Blow job,’ he croaked. ‘I wanna see the look on the sonsie maid’s face when I shoot a load down her throat. You can be the first up her ass. But as it is the first time for the lassie too, we’ll make it a bit more exciting for her.’

For one bleak moment Chuck thought McDour had gone soft on the girl. But no. McDour opened one of the drawers of the big desk and pulled out a coil of thin, flexible wire. ‘We’ll give her tits a little treat.’

Morag stared in horror. She found her voice, ‘Please, Mr McDour, please dinna... I dinna want to be a slave. I’ve seen what you do to them. Please — ow!’

McDour had slapped Morag across the face. He hit her again, slapping her face sideways. Morag began to scream. ‘Shut your noise, ye dim heifer!’ McDour said, slapping her face the other way. That did nothing to stop her shrieks. Perhaps it wasn’t really intended to. McDour gripped her chin in one bony fist and pushed her head back. ‘D’ye want a gag in that mouth? D’ye want me to gag you? Stop that wailing!’

Morag did not stop. So the gag went in. A whole web of straps dropped over her head. Morag suddenly shut up. She compressed her lips together when the mouthpiece was offered to her. 'Open your mouth, lassie,' McDour said. Morag shook her head. McDour shrugged. Without warning he gave the girl a swift punch in the belly, just below the navel. Her mouth flew open. In the same instant Chuck grabbed her dark hair and jerked her head back.

The gag slid in place.

Not easily. It was too big to fit in easily. It packed her mouth. McDour rammed it in until her cheeks bulged and her jaws were stretched almost to dislocation.

She couldn't believe it. She'd seen other girls with gags in their mouths, but that was different: they were stock. She'd never imagined that she herself would ever wear one. And she could never have imagined how tight the straps around her face felt, how the enveloped her head, passed on either side of her nose after crossing over on her forehead, and twisted around her chin and neck. She still didn't feel sympathy with those other girls. The last thing she wanted was to be stock herself. She thought she had been immune. But to Chuck and McDour and all his ilk a pretty girl was a pretty girl.

And Morag had turned out to be very pretty indeed.

And very big-breasted.

So big they took all the wire McDour had. He wound it round and round the two orbs in a figure of eight, then coiled it tightly about each breast. He made a harness and looped it around the back of her neck, and around her body, fastening it to the breast-windings so that the two pink globes were pulled high up on her chest.

Morag was crying. It hurt.

But not enough for McDour.

He fished around in the drawer and pulled out a pair of pliers and cut two pieces of wire from the end. He made a dime-sized loop from each piece, then gripped each nipple in turn between his finger and thumb, pulled on them, and threaded them through the loop in the wire. Then he twisted the ends with the pliers so that the loops tightened around the base of each nipple

enclosing them, and pinching them painfully.

Morag's head was rocking from side to side. When would he stop hurting her? She'd done his best for him, looked after everything for him, dusting and...

She yelped with pain. McDour had fastened two clips on the projecting nipples, clips identical to those Sumila wore.

For a moment McDour admired his own handiwork, and felt the balloon-tight flesh of the girl's constricted breasts. She looked at him in supplication with her liquid filled blue eyes.

A twisted smile came over his face. He fumbled beside the desk and came up with a long, whippy cane. And he smacked it hard on the exposed parts of each breast, first the top, then the undersides, leaving a deep red mark on each one. Morag collapsed, slumping against Chuck, and remaining on her feet only because Chuck was holding her up.

At last McDour had finished. Not because the girl had fainted, or pretended to faint. No, he had plenty of ways of bringing them round. And even if they remained in their swoon, he would just carry on.

It was just that McDour couldn't wait a moment longer. He grabbed Morag by a pinioned arm and marched her to a long leather day bed. He lay down at one end, his long legs straddled. He unzipped his pants and his cock shot up. Long and rangy like the rest of him, it waved enticingly in the warm air.

'Get her in place, Chuck. Kneel her up so I can stick my cock right down her throat.'

Morag began to struggle and cry, but Chuck was far too strong for her. He lifted her onto the bed and thrust her face towards the glossy golden cock that waited for the warmth of her wet mouth and tongue. McDour grabbed her by the hair and twisted out the centre plug of the gag the girl wore, leaving a wide, rubber-covered ring holding her mouth wide open. Wide enough for his cock to enter.

'No!' Morag tried to cried out, sudden and loud. 'No!' She screamed.

'Oh yes, honey,' Chuck murmured in her ear. He'd heard that sound many times before and knew what she was trying to say, though from the reluctance of her movements anyone could have understood. 'If you wanna join Chuck's Chain Gang, you gotta do as you are told. And if that means sucking cock and having your ass fucked at ten-thirty in the morning, that is exactly what you are going to do.'

Morag was sure she didn't want to join any such thing, but before she could even try to object, Chuck pressed her mouth over McDour's cock. It slid between the enforced 'O' of her lips. Her cheeks bulged. Her eyes widened still further. Donal McDour stared intently into those dark blue eyes and, unseen behind his mask, a malevolent smile curved his lip.

'You gonna mount her, Chuck?'

'You bet, Donal.'

Chuck unzipped his plaid trousers, took hold of his prick and aimed it neatly

'Okay. Here goes.'



at Morag's ass-hole.

'Nnn! Nnnn!' Morag choked.

'Hey Chuck,' Donal chuckled from his prone position. 'If you could see the look in this babe's eyes right now, you'd say she ain't never been tail-fucked before.'

'Hey, is that so.' Chuck hoisted his balls out from his pants. 'Well, in that case I'd better make it a good one. Give her the full length. Get her ass used to the feel of rigid cock poking her up. Because there's one thing she can count on, when she joins my gang, butt-fucking plays a mighty big part of the action. You ready, Donal?'

Donal McDour nodded.

'Okay. Here goes.'

Morag could feel the tip of Chuck's cock nuzzling at her hole. She clenched her ass cheeks, desperate to stop this gross violation of her body. But his hands were tugging at her cheeks. The long cock in her mouth was making her squirm. She knew there was no way she could control the situation. These two men, these monsters, men she had so recently looked up to and revered, were about to take her and there was nothing she could do about it.

Tears began to roll down her face. She sagged onto McDour's cock. And as her body relaxed, Chuck knew his moment had come. His cock drove into her. Morag was thrust forward. Her breast swayed banged against McDour's chest. The snaking member in her mouth slipped down her throat. Chuck's raging prick split her ass cheeks apart. From both ends she was pummelled and pushed. Back and forth. Mouth and ass full to bursting. Both men were breathing heavily. Morag could feel the pulsing silkiness in her mouth grow and pump and jet. Donal McDour grabbed at her breasts and pinched his fingers into the warm flesh.

'Yehaw!' Exclaimed Chuck. And at the moment Morag felt herself choke and cough on Donal McDour's sperm, Chuck shot his load up her tight accepting ass.

Chapter 10

Training

Laura was leading the line, head up, eyes wide, mouth forced into a huge smile. She had learnt her lesson well. It was an honor to be first girl for being the quickest to learn. That's what Gruby said, and he was training them that day.

There were seven of them in the courtyard, herself, followed by Sheena, the blonde who had arrived the same day as she had, Sumila, Catriona, Karen and Kim, and finally Morag, whose ass was getting the worst of Gruby's whip.

Laura had only been part of the chain gang for four days, but in that short time her attitude had changed. She was barely recognisable as the feisty, good-time girl of only a few days before. She had become a slave, obedient and compliant. Whipped and fucked at least four times a day for the last four days, it had not taken her long to realise the only way to survive was to be submissive.

This did not mean she could stifle her screams when yet another cock jammed itself tightly inside her battered butt. Or a fist forced itself roughly up into her cunt. Or cum spurting down her throat for the third time within an hour. She felt humiliated and ashamed, but Laura could see no escape from the situation she found herself in. And she missed Kirstie.

The sharp tip of Gruby's whip suddenly cut at the back of her knees.

'Move it, bitch!' he shouted. 'Where do you think you are - sashaying down the Royal Mile? Hell, no. You are the lead mare in this line of fillies. So raise those knees. Straighten that back. Bounce those boobs. And smile babe, smile.'

The whip curled up between her thighs and snapped sharp as a thorn against the already punished flesh of her pussy. It left yet another livid line on the bare

mound of her pubes.

Fighting back tears, Laura lifted her chin, bared her teeth in what she hoped was an even bigger smile and broke into a trot. The chain joining her ankles rattled and a dust rose chokingly from the gravelled yard. Her bare feet hurt and the anklets to which the chain was joined, rubbed painfully against her bruised flesh. With her arms manacled behind her, she tugged the other six girls round the yard in a breast-bobbing, butt-rolling display.

‘Some of you are getting better,’ Gruby said grudgingly. ‘Still not good enough, but better. But not you babe.’

His whip lashed out at Sheena’s breasts. She flinched and her face puckered into a mask of strangled misery. Her body ached all over. Her breasts were covered in bruises from Ronnie’s continual molesting. Her head throbbed and she was beginning to flag in the heat.

‘Keep moving, babe,’ Gruby ordered. ‘This is only spring in Scotland. Just wait for summer in Arizona. That’s hot. That’s real hot.’

Once more the tip of the whip seared the softly pliant flesh of her breasts and once more Sheena wished she was somewhere — anywhere — else that wasn’t here, in this courtyard with this man hurting her.

Sumila followed Sheena. Her black straight hair contrasted starkly with the blonde bobbing curls of the other girl. Her perfect, coffee-coloured body undulated, her walnut-tipped breasts shook, and her dark, liquid eyes stared straight ahead. Gruby’s cruelty appeared to have little effect. She obeyed every order and accepted every wicked thing that was done to her without a murmur.

Gruby hated natural submissives. They confused matters. Sure, turning normal girls into slaves, that was one thing. There was always tension there, always pleasure in beating them and raping them. But where was the pleasure in tormenting a girl who liked being tormented?

All the same Gruby was still convinced he could break her. Every girl, even a submissive little masochist like that one, had her limit. Once you could get past that, you were home and dry.

Perhaps later this morning, when he unchained them for the midmorning fuck, perhaps he’d take her, impale her ass on Ronnie’s rifle, shove Chuck’s nail-studded ball in her mouth and ram that dark slit till she fainted. Yeah. He might just do that. He was feeling kinda horny.

Behind Sumila, Catriona’s red-gold curls glowed like fire in the morning sunlight. Her white skin, palely freckled, was plastered in sun block - factor fifteen. Her whole body glistened. Wee Jimmy had thoroughly enjoyed himself applying the block first thing. He had even, much to Catriona’s horror, spurted cum down

the crack of her bottom while he was rubbing block into places the sun would never reach. She was not looking forward to the burning sun of Arizona but Chuck had told her she would have special duties to perform when she arrived there. Her pale skin and golden hair would make her an ideal candidate for the cellar work he knew the new owner had in mind.

Catriona wondered about this. At least it sounded like she would be out of the heat, but did it mean she would never see sunlight again? She shuddered at the thought. Her arm chains tightened and she felt a tug from behind. Morag had stumbled.

‘Halt!’ Gruby’s face was red with fury. ‘You useless cunt of a whore! What the fuck do you think you are doing?’ He pressed his mouth close up to Morag’s tearstained cheek. ‘I cannot believe McDour thinks you can hack it. He’s gotta be desperate. Holy shit, I wish Sheldon was here.’ He swept an arm over his sweat-soaked brow. ‘The only sonofabitch sidekick I got now is R-a-a-h-n-ie. And he’s about as much use as a candle in a snow storm.’ The flat of his hand smacked across Morag’s face. The impact resounded round the yard. He looked at her in despair, then returned to his place. ‘Trot on!’ he ordered and surveyed the line of girls stepping perkily over the gravel.

The other two girls in the line, Karen and Kim, had been in training on the treadmill the longest. They were okay. Gruby wasn’t worried about them. But as for some of the rest, he was very concerned.

The frizzy-haired bitch, Laura, for all his ranting and raving, she was neat, coming along okay. He looked at the red-head, Catriona, and smiled to himself. He knew what her special duties would entail when she reached Arizona. If old McSlimey gave her the creeps, just wait until she met what was lurking in that cellar!

Sumila was everything a well-trained slave should be – except terrified. But Gruby was sure he could get her screaming. He’d make sure of it. But Sheena and Morag, shit, forget it. He’d done his best, but it was down to McDour. Even Chuck, who agreed Morag was a swell fuck, could see she had trouble telling her right foot from her left. But McDour insisted, seven girls were ordered, so seven girls he was going to deliver - no matter.

Ronnie lumbered across the yard towards where Gruby lounged, watching the girls. ‘How ya doin’, Gruby?’ He leered at Sheena as she passed within a few feet of him. His long arm shot out and squeezed a breast as it joggled past. ‘Hey – my chick – she looks good, don’t she?’

‘Keep your hands to yourself, big guy,’ Gruby snarled. ‘This is no time to be pissing around. These babes are due for delivery tonight.’ Gruby shook his head in despair. ‘Tonight!’ he moaned. ‘No way are they ready for tonight. Christ knows

what the guy on the freighter will say when he sees how useless some of them are. Including your babe, big guy.'

Ronnie grinned. 'Perhaps Ronnie'll get to keep her.' His thick tongue protruded from between his lips. 'I'd look after her,' he said. 'She'd be all mine to keep. She'd like that. She trusts Ronnie.'

Gruby glanced at Ronnie, not believing the great ape could be serious. But Ronnie was nodding his head in agreement with himself; licking his lips and rubbing his hands in anticipation.

'Yeah,' he said, 'she'd belong to Ronnie for ever and ever.'

Gruby screwed up his eyes and stared fixedly into the brightly lit yard. He chewed hard on a piece of gum. How come, he wondered, he'd got landed with this ding-bat. It was all Sheldon's fault. Fuck Sheldon. He'd warned him not to bring along the skinny dame. Chuck was never going to stand for it. And then to have attacked Ronnie the way he did — hell, that was asking to be thrown out. So now Sheldon was gone, god knows where, and he, Gruby, was stuck with Ronnie.

Gruby pushed himself up and cracked his whip at the girls. 'The chances of you keeping that babe for yourself, kid, are zero,' he snapped at Ronnie. 'McDour's contract is for seven dames and that is exactly what he's going to deliver. Your honey included. So get your fat butt over the other side of the yard and give me some help. 'Cos, boy, do we need it.'

Ronnie loped good-naturedly over the gravelled surface. He was already imagining his next fuck with his snatch. This time she could do a blow job. Yeah. A blow job. That would be neat. He'd fucked her ass early this morning. That had been cool. Yeah. That had been a good fuck. Perhaps he'd fuck her ass again instead. Then he could grab hold of those milkers of hers while his cock was rammed up her and squeeze them tight until some real milk spurted out. Yeah. He was sure one day he would get that to happen.

But on the other hand, if she gave Ronnie a blow job, she would kneel down in front of him and his balls would bang against her throat as she sucked and his fingers would hold tight onto those pretty golden curls and those big bouncers of hers would bang against his thighs.

Ronnie frowned. Hell, Ronnie hated having to make decisions.

From his side of the yard he watched the girls jog past, grinned to himself. His cock thrust urgently upwards under his track suit pants. It pressed hard against the flat firmness of his stomach.

Inside Killie Pit a bell clanged. Gruby glanced at his watch. Eleven o'clock. Shit, time was flying by. The pressure of getting these babes ready by tonight was giving him a headache. What he needed was a good hard fuck.

‘Okay, babes. Cool it,’ it ordered. The line came to a halt. Laura looked over at him expectantly.

‘Time for some rest and relaxation,’ Gruby grinned.

Laura rolled her eyes skywards.

Sheena stared wildly round the yard. With eyes full of tears she looked at Ronnie. Racking sobs tore at her chest. Please, she silently begged, please not again. Please don’t let him want to use my body again. Not today. Not ever. Please let me get away from here. She kept hearing the men talk of a freighter. Tonight. Perhaps a chance to escape would arise. Sheena prayed this would be so. All Sheena wanted was to go home.

Chuck strode out into the yard. Because it was warm, he had discarded his plaid coat. Today he was wearing a collarless white shirt, blue and green check pants and red suspenders. His bald head shone, His plump hands were damp with sweat and the rings on his fingers cut into the warm flesh. ‘How’s things coming along, Gruby?’

Gruby shrugged and spread his hands in a gesture of hopelessness. ‘What do you think? No way are these babes ready for shipment. I can’t get them trained on my own. I need a buddy to help.’

‘You got Ronnie,’ Chuck said. ‘Ronnie can give you all the help you need.’

Gruby raised his eyes skywards. ‘Chuck,’ he said, his voice tinged with exasperation, ‘I need Sheldon. We know the way each of us thinks. We’re a team We work well together. Ronnie is a novice.’

‘And you can help train him, can’t you? You can pass on all your skill and experience training chicks to Ronnie. He’s willing to learn, ain’t you, Ronnie?’

Ronnie lumbered back across the yard, leering into Sheena’s terrified face as he passed. ‘Can I have my babe to keep, Chuck? She’s such a cute little thing. Me an’ her, we’re just made for each other.’ With both hands he dragged his engorged prick from out of track suit pants and began to give it a vigorous rub.

‘Hold it, Ronnie,’ Chuck said brusquely. ‘Mr McDour is coming out to make an inspection.’

‘McDour is coming out here?’ Gruby looked genuinely shocked.

‘And why not,’ Chuck said. ‘This is his house. These are his dames.’

‘But he never shows himself outside,’ Gruby said.

‘Well, today he is. So stop your whining, Gruby, and get those bitches unchained. Today Mr McDour wants to try out some of the goods.’

Ronnie began to prance up and down the line of girls. 'Hey, let's line 'em up Gruby. Like they was on parade for the sergeant. Hey you,' he pointed at Laura, 'stand up straight. Put those shoulders back. We're going to have an inspection.'

'Go get your rifle,' Gruby said, wanting to get Ronnie out of his way. 'I'll see to the dames. You get your equipment.'

'Okay. Ronnie'll do that.' Ronnie jogged back into the house. His massive prick still thrusting urgently out of his pants.

'He'll soon get the hang of it,' Chuck said soothingly to Gruby. 'He's keen to learn.'

'Yeah,' said Gruby. 'And he thinks he's going to get to keep his snatch.'

Chuck shrugged. 'He's young. It'll be tough, but he'll get over it.'

Ronnie and Donal McDour arrived back in the courtyard almost together. Ronnie sidled silently a few yards behind the masked figure. When he had seen him striding across the Great Hall, Ronnie had lingered for a few minutes on the stairs. He was a wary of Donal McDour.

'Mr McDour, sir.' Gruby snapped to attention and executed a perfunctory salute.

'All present and correct, Donal,' Chuck said. 'Here they are. You can take your pick.'

Donal McDour marched silently up and down the line. During the week, while Chuck, Gruby and Ronnie, with some help from Wee Jimmy, had fucked and forced the girls into every conceivable position, he had held his own counsel in his study. McDour was not a frequent fucker, the only one of these girls he had used for his own satisfaction so far was Morag. She glanced at him apprehensively as he came up the line towards her. She hoped and prayed he would choose someone else. She could still taste his spunk sliding down her throat and the memory made her want to retch.

McDour reached the end of the line, turned on his heel and sauntered slowly back down it. At each girl he stopped, and from the eye slits in his mask, stared fixedly at her face. Then he squeezed each tit, poked a finger into every pussy and moved on. Next, he walked up the rear of the line. Each ass hole was closely inspected.

'They're a swell looking troupe, Chuck. Nice and well-hung. Tight cunts. Neat asses. Do they work well together?'

'Whaddya think, Gruby?'

Gruby shrugged. 'I could do with another couple of days,' he said.

‘We haven’t got another couple of days,’ McDour snarled. ‘Either they’re ready today or they aren’t.’ He leant close to Gruby’s face. ‘But let me tell you, Gruby they’d better be ready. If there is any kinda hitch when we get to the freighter, you are pig feed, Gruby. Pig feed. Do you hear me?’

‘Sure thing, Mr McDour, sir.’

McDour nodded, satisfied that his message had got home. He glanced from Gruby to Ronnie. ‘Okay,’ he said. ‘So you two guys and Chuck have got these babes well into shape and now it’s time I rode one or two myself. And just to show what a kind, understanding kinda guy I am, we’ll have a real gang bang, out here, in the yard. So men, choose your honey and let’s get horny.’

Happy that his prick was to see some action at last, Ronnie plunged towards Sheena. An arm barred his way. Fingers tugged at his track suit pants which were already hanging down round his thighs.

Chuck stepped quickly between Ronnie and Sheena. ‘Hang on, Ronnie,’ he said urgently. ‘It’s Mr McDour who gets to make first choice.’

Ronnie looked perplexed. He had been thinking about Sheena’s ass for several minutes now. His prick was pulsating. Ronnie was ready to go.

‘But Chuck,’ he whined.

Chuck clamped a plump hand over his baby brother’s mouth. ‘Not now, Ronnie,’ he hissed. ‘You gotta be patient.’

‘Who says,’ Ronnie mumbled.

‘I do,’ replied Chuck, twisting Ronnie’s right arm up behind his back.

Once more Donal McDour was walking the line of girls. At each one he stopped and took a long, hard look. In his mask and cloak, he made a terrifying figure. Every girl trembled when he gazed at her.

‘This one,’ he said, grasping Sheena by the arm. ‘I’ll fuck this one first. She looks kinda spooked already. It’ll be fun burying my teeth into those big boobs of hers before unloading real high up her ass.’

Behind her gag Sheena began to scream. But Donal McDour had hold of her arm and was dragging her across the yard.

Chapter 11

Hard Training – and Sumila

Chuck unhooked Catriona's chain, pushed his fist into her thick red hair and bent her over so that her head was waist-high. He hurried after his boss, the girl hard-put to keep her balance, teetering along by his side. 'Hey, Donal, where you going?' he asked.

'The old yard,' Donal McDour called over his shoulder. 'It's more interesting. There's a few very fine pieces of antique equipment stored there.'

Chuck and McDour, together with Sheena and Catriona, disappeared through an archway in the courtyard wall.

For a moment Gruby watched Catriona's swaying hips, the smooth line of her straining thighs, and the plump lips of her shaved cunt, below the dark star of her ass-hole, all in clear view. Then he began to gather together the chains of the remaining girls. He pulled Sumila, Laura, and Morag out of the line, but with three strapping girls, he had enough to deal with. He jerked the chains forward, tugging them by the collars around their necks. A trio of superb cunt, he thought. Three gagged heads, each different, each lovely, three smooth, naked, glossy-skinned bodies, six superb, unharnessed, buoyant breasts, dark or pink-nippled – a marvellous sight to see, but still a handful.

'Hey, Ronnie, get your fat butt over here and give me some help.'

There was no response.

Angry, Gruby turned, hauling the three girls behind him. 'Look here, big guy,' he shouted, 'I can't manage all these babes on my own. I can handle three. You bring the other two.'

There was still no response.

‘Are you listening to me,’ Gruby yelled. ‘I said...’

‘I heard you,’ Ronnie mumbled.

Gruby halted and stared. The big man, his track suit bottoms still hitched round his thighs, his massive prick winking in the sun, stood, bottom lip protruding, one foot pawing at the ground.

‘So move your ass over here, you great ape,’ Gruby roared. ‘There’s no way I can shift all these babes on my own.’

Ronnie hitched up his pants and slouched over to the two remaining girls. Sulkily, he gathered up the chains of the two nude brunettes, Kim and Karen, in his great paw and shuffled after Gruby. The girls were a perfect match, two dark-eyed, olive-skinned, damsels, broad-hipped, not tall, but wonderfully rounded, with breasts that jounced and jiggled and enticed the touch of an exploring palm. But Ronnie wasn’t looking. He did not stop muttering and grumbling all the way.

Incensed at Ronnie’s reluctance to co-operate willingly, Gruby slammed to a halt and turned on him. ‘What is it with you, huh? Don’t you wanna be part of the action? Your cock gone off the boil, or what?’

Ronnie swung his big head from side to side. He started to mumble something, but Gruby could not catch what he was saying.

‘Say again,’ Gruby ordered.

‘He took Ronnie’s honey,’ Ronnie muttered. ‘He shouldn’t have done that. She belongs to Ronnie. Ronnie snatched her. Ronnie wanted to fuck her ass.’

Gruby raised his eyes to heaven and snorted. ‘Look here, butt face,’ he said, ‘you gotta understand this. None of these girls are yours, or mine, or even Chuck’s or McDour’s. We got them on loan. We snatch them, we train them, we punish them, we fuck them. Then we ship them on up the line. Then we go get some more. It’s easy. It’s simple. Now get your fat butt through that archway. I’m ready for some action, even if you’re not.’

Gruby strode away dragging Sumila, Laura and Morag. Ronnie trailed behind, scarcely even noticing the undulating threesome of pear-shaped butts swivelling in front of him. He was still sulking.

The girls’ bare feet padded damply on the cobbles under the archway, and they emerged into the old yard. Gruby frowned. McDour’s claim that there were fine antiques there looked far-fetched. All he could see was a junkyard of superannuated farm machinery.

Even so, Chuck and McDour had wasted no time.

Already Catriona lay face down over a wooden barrel, once a tub for storing rain water, that had been pushed over on its side. Chuck was busily strapping her spread-eagled arms and legs to odd pieces of suitably located ironmongery. The lips of Catriona's slit were parted invitingly wide. Her full firm breasts were pressed against the rough wood. Her long red curls hung forward, dragging in the dust. Rusty iron straps still held the barrel in one piece, but if the action got too hot, they did not look like they would stay in place for long.

Over against the stone barn McDour had fastened Sheena to rings set in the wall. The soft silky flesh of her big breasts and flat belly was pressed against the mossy stonework. Her collar chain was hooked up high on the wall, straining her neck and tilting her head to the side where the chain snaked up beside her ear. Two other chains encircled her wrists and her fingers were splayed against the cold wall. At the moment Gruby and Ronnie appeared, McDour was busy fastening her second ankle so that her legs were pulled wide apart. The muscles at the back of her legs trembled with the strain.

Ronnie stopped in his tracks. He gawped. There exposed and ready was his honey's ass hole. Her butt cheeks, smooth and rounded, wobbled. Everything was on view. Her ass-hole, her pussy lips, her cunt-hole. All ready and waiting – but not for Ronnie's prick. A growl, like the sound of an angry bear, rumbled in the big man's chest.

'Cool it, man,' Gruby ordered. 'You got two chicks there. Tie them to something and get fucking. Work your frustrations out on them. They'll love it. Believe me.'

Gruby looked round the yard and wondered which pieces of equipment would suit him best. He had three girls to deal with.

Laura could join Sheena, he decided. There were plenty more rings and bolts in the barn wall. But he'd fix her front side out. He threw Morag's and Sumila's lead chains over a hitching post. Pushing Laura in front of him, he headed towards the barn. Then he saw the mounting block. Perfect!

He caught Laura around the waist and between the legs and picked her up. She squealed. He laid her supine over the worn stone of the block, which fitted neatly into the small of her back, and lifted her hips high off the ground. He unfastened Laura's manacles from behind her back, refastened them so that her hands were pulled above her head, and roped them to a ring in the barn wall. Then he released her hobble chain, parted her legs, bent them at the knee so that her feet were pulled back under her beside the block, and tied a rope between each ankle to hold them in place. Laura's body arched uncomfortably, but her cunt-mound was pushed high up and prominent.

Even so, Gruby wasn't satisfied. He fetched more cord, tied a length around each crooked knee, and then fastened the other ends, one to a rusty manger, one to



☞ You got two chicks there. Tie them to something and get fucking. Work your frustrations out on them

an old barley copper, so that her thighs were stretched wide apart.

Gruby took a step back and regarded his captive. He liked what he saw. The dame's whole body was strained in a helpless contorted curve. Her breasts were firm enough to form cushiony mounds, and the smooth moulded contours of her belly and cunt-mound shone in the pale sunshine. She looked so uncomfortable. And every time a man knelt down between her thighs and shoved cock real hard up her cunt, she was going to feel every inch of it deep inside her.

Pleased with himself, Gruby gazed around at the other junk in the yard. Then he sauntered over and unhitched Morag from the post. He jogged her over to where a broken hay wagon lay tipped on its side. One of the huge rear wheels was still complete and attached and lay at the horizontal. A few traces of flaking red paint clung to it.

Morag was no light slip of a girl. A well-furnished body like hers weighed! But it took Gruby no time at all to sit her up on the wheel, clamber up himself, and then chain her to the cartwheel, face upward, arms and legs spread, neck bound to one of the spokes. Once she was in place, he gave the wheel an experimental push. To Gruby's surprise, the wheel creaked into motion. He pushed it harder. The wheel, and Morag, breasts trembling and cunt lips stretched, span lazily in the sun.

Gruby nodded his approval.

Now it was Sumila's turn. Gruby was looking forward to this.

In the middle of the yard stood a monumental old saw horse. It had been made for slicing up the towering pines that once grew on the island. Wee Jimmy still used it for sawing logs for the house. There was a pile of fresh sawdust on the ground. But Gruby had other plans for it.

He picked Sumila up and tossed her over his shoulder. He strode with her, buns forward, across the yard. He laid her down face upward, along the centre beam of the horse, so that her hips were trapped in the vee at one end, and her neck in the other. It was a large horse so she stretched nicely between the two ends.

First he tied her wrists down behind her along the splayed legs of the one vee, then bound ropes around her waist, fastening her to the crossbar. He pulled her knees back, roped the one at the knee, passed the rope under the sawhorse, and tied the other end to the other knee, pulling them right back, making her rounded hips rear up, broad and eye-catching, and forcing her cunt-lips into a prominent, and delicious, pout. Extra ropes bound her neck to the far end. Her ass was about three feet from the ground and her ass-hole, dark and crinkled and temptingly open, beckoned.

Once she was secure, Gruby looked over at Ronnie. He was busy securing his two dames to a water trough. One at each end. Their asses were stuck up in the air,

their faces only inches from the brackish water. When they got fucked from behind, each thrust of cock was going to dip their noses and gagged mouths into that foul-tasting sump. Gruby liked that. It was neat. Perhaps Ronnie was learning after all.

‘Hey, big guy,’ he called. ‘You got your rifle? Did you fetch it out like I asked?’

Ronnie frowned and bit his lip. He gazed down at his empty right hand as if he expected the rifle to be there. After a few seconds his face lit up.

‘Yeah. Oh yeah,’ he said. ‘I must have put it down when I got hold of these two honeys.’

Gruby raised his hands in exasperation. ‘You mean it’s somewhere in the other yard?’

‘Yeah. Yeah. That’s right.’

Ronnie had kicked off his track suit pants. Even while Gruby had been talking to him he had rammed the end of his bulbous cock up between Karen’s opulent butt-cheeks, snug into her ass-hole. He was pumping away at a good rate. The girl’s gagged face hit the water with each lunge of his body. Droplets splashed and glittered in the morning sun. Her black hair soon hung in soaking draggles round her shoulders. Ronnie reached forward, clutched her by the back of the head and thrust her head fully under water.

He grinned and carried on pumping, lifting her head out of the trough for brief intervals for air, then thrusting it deep down in the black water once more.

Gruby sprinted through the archway. Ronnie’s rifle was lying on the gravel.

‘Sonofabitch,’ growled Gruby. ‘In the old days, I’d have had him on a charge.’

He grabbed the rifle and sprinted back through the archway to where Sumila lay, suspended and compliant, waiting for him.

In the yard all was squirming, squealing activity. Naked flesh, milky-white or peachy, olive or cinnamon, lay or was rammed against hard stone, rusty iron, galvanised steel, or splintery wood. Blonde hair, or copper, or dusky-black fanned out in the breeze, spilled across lust-provoking but appalled faces, and tumbled over bare, slender shoulders. Hard hips slapped against bare buns, leather clapped against pliant flesh. Chains jangled. And the raped slaves mewed and moaned unhappily, while their assailants grunted and gasped with pure pleasure.

Chuck, after giving Catriona’s back and her soft thighs a good hard lamming with his leather belt, had homed in on his target. Every time Chuck’s cock bored into her cunt, the barrel rolled. When it rolled, Chuck’s cock would slide back, and so he just rammed it in again. Gradually, the barrel was moving, stretching poor Catriona’s limbs further and further apart. Catriona, her red hair flailing as she shook her head in dismay, gurgled behind the massive green ball that filled her



Ronnie reached forward, clutched her by the back of the head and thrust her head fully under water.

aching mouth.

Against the barn wall, McDour's long cock was snaking into Sheena. The more she tried to squirm out of his way, the harder he pressed home. Her breasts were jammed up against the barn wall, the tender nipples rubbing against the rough stone, and muffled squeals of pain escaped from behind her big round ball-gag.

All the time Ronnie fucked away at the girls at the water trough, he kept an eye on his snatch. He had decided that when McDour had finished, he was going to take his rightful place. With a vengeance, Ronnie spurted up the first girl's butt. Now he'd take the other one. But even when he'd finished with her, even when he'd ground his prick tight into both their tails, Ronnie knew there would still be plenty of spunk left for his little honey.

Gruby had seen among the clutter in one corner of the yard a steel basket on four small wheels. What the hell it was used for he had no idea. Probably something to do with the barley that grew everywhere hereabouts. Killie Pit used to be renowned for its local version of whisky, but that was long ago.

With a great crash of falling junk he pulled the basket clear and trundled it, rattling and squeaking, over the cobbles. As he'd suspected, it was just the right height for what he wanted. He picked up Ronnie's rifle — it was a Garand carbine, with just the right length of free barrel for what he wanted. He bound it with cord to the rusty steel bars of the basket, so that the barrel stuck out. Then he wheeled it close up to Sumila's butt, and nudged the muzzle up against her ass-hole. The little star spasmed closed at the touch of the cool steel.

He stood astride the weapon, between the girl's legs, caught hold of the barrel and pushed slowly forwards. Sumila had watched everything he had done. He'd made sure she'd seen him preparing the extemporised gun-carriage. Now the look of horror in her eyes told him the weapon was homing in. Cold, hard and narrow, it had little problem sliding into her rosebud entrance. Gruby kept pushing. How far would it go? The thought of that solid steel forcing its way between the soft warm clinging walls of Sumila's ass was really turning Gruby on. He leaned over her.

'How does it feel honey?' he whispered in her ear. 'That's good US of A army steel sliding up your ass. Probably loaded. Forgot to check. But the thought of it up your ass sure is getting me all hot and horny.'

He unzipped his leather trousers. His prick jumped out, erect and eager. He parted Sumila's pussy lips with his fingers. Her dark, liquid eyes stared up at him in horror. His cock slipped easily into her.

'You sure are wet, honey. I reckon that beauty up your ass is turning you on too.'

He began to thrust. Every time he pushed home the rifle dug deeper. He was going to make this bitch scream. He knew it. She was ready and so was he. Grabbing her nipples, he pinched them tight between his finger and thumb. Sumila's back arched. Her mound pressed hard against the root of Gruby's cock. The beautiful Asian girl threw her head back and from behind her gag gasped her pleasure and her terror. Her whole body shuddered and Gruby felt his own pleasure pumping into her. He gripped her hips and pulled her tight onto him. His mouth opened and a groan of pleasure began to form at the back of his throat.

What happened next was totally unexpected. Somehow he must have been pushing the 'gun-carriage' backwards. The rifle slipped out of her ass-hole, came loose from the ropes, and fell. It hit the ground and a loud crack rang round the yard. A bullet zinged against the barn wall and ricocheted past Gruby's ear.

Gruby, face red with effort, eyes wild with lust, yelled at Ronnie.

'You fucking butt-faced sonofabitch. What you trying to do, kill me?'

Ronnie looked up from his butt-pumping of the second girl at the water trough. His eyes were glazed. His big hands were gripping the girl's black hair. Every time he thrust forward he plunged her whole head into the foul water. He grinned and nodded at Gruby, lifting the girl's head up so that she spluttered and tried to shake the water from her eyes and face. Then he shoved it back in again and held it there.

Gruby gave up. That guy was an imbecile. Stepping out from between Sumila's thighs, he retrieved the rifle and opened the breech. There were no more rounds there or in the magazine. He clicked it back into position and hung it over his shoulder. He glanced at Sumila. She hung limp and shaking. He smiled. She was beginning to break. That little episode had really frightened her.

Chuck wiped damp hands over Catriona's butt. His cock was full and tingling, but he was in control. He withdrew and looked at her. Both her holes were ripe and red from his action. His cock twitched. Yeah. He was ready to jet, but that butt and those cunt lips, they could do with heating up a little. His horse whip hung from a hook on the barn wall.

His cock rigid in front of him, he strode over to the barn. He watched Donal McDour making good with the frightened little blonde. McDour's cock was stuffed deep inside the dame's ass. Her big breasts were bumping against the wall, the nipples, round and full, were scarlet with tension. Chuck could not resist the temptation. He reached over, took one of the tits in each hand and moulded the pure white flesh of her massive milkers. His hard fingers pinched each deliciously pliable and juicy nipple. He could understand Ronnie's fixation with the babe. But there was no way the crazy kid was going to get to keep her.

'You wanna double up with me?' Donal McDour panted.

Chuck let Sheena's breasts drop and shook his head. 'Not this time, Donal. I only came over here for the horse whip. My babe's ass is just calling out for some hot stripes. But the sight of this babe's boobs buffing up against the wall and just crying out to be given a good wringing, well, kinda side-tracked me.'

McDour nodded. He arched his back, thrust his hips forward and jetted hard into Sheena's butt. 'Easy done, Chuck. Easy done. And if Gruby's finished with the Asian babe, I was going to have a go at making her break.'

Chuck got up and stood next to McDour. 'I think we could be almost there with that bitch. Gruby shoved Ronnie's rifle up her ass and it turned out it had a round up the spout. That babe is ready to pitch over any time. He's softened her up real good.'

McDour seemed more than interested when he heard this. He looked round the yard.

Gruby was up on the old hay wagon, engaged with Morag's throat. Ronnie was standing over the water trough pissing contentedly on the heads of the two brunettes. Catriona was strung over her barrel waiting for Chuck's return. Laura was lying back against the mounting block, her eyes staring round the yard in horror at what she could see.

McDour's masked gaze fell on Sumila. 'Where's the rifle now?' he asked.

'Hanging on Gruby's shoulder,' Chuck said.

'Okay. I got an idea.'

McDour walked over to Gruby and tapped him on the shoulder. Gruby nodded and slipped the rifle free. His cock was deep down Morag's throat and the wheel and the whole wagon shuddered and creaked at his every thrust.

McDour moved over to Sumila. He untied her and let her fall heavily onto the cobbles. He kicked her in the stomach, and dragged her curled-up body over the cobbles.

Right in the middle of the yard stood a flagpole, no longer flying the great oriflamme of the defiant McDours, but still complete with its rope-halyards and tackle. At the base of the pole McDour dumped the girl. With the toe of his boot he pushed her over onto her stomach, jerked her arms up above her head, and tied her wrists firmly to the halyard.

'Give me a hand here, Chuck.'

After whipping and fucking Catriona until she was a soaking, shivering wreck, Chuck had been regarding Laura thoughtfully. She had been lying across the mounting block, keeping absolutely still and hoping that everyone had forgotten about her. Or perhaps they would think that one of the others had dealt with her.

The block was hard and uncomfortable, but anything was better than being mauled by those monsters.

‘Sure, Donal,’ he said, turning his eyes away from Laura. She hadn’t been forgotten at all. But she was still hoping.

‘We’ll just pull on that rope together. This Asian bitch is a dead weight.’

‘It’s the tits,’ said Chuck. ‘A woman with tits that size ain’t gonna be no lightweight. You want her right at the top of the pole? Long way up there.’

‘No, I dinna want her up there. Where would the sense be in lifting her out of reach? Just get her up so her feet are off the ground.’

The two men hauled on the lanyard. The flagpole creaked and groaned with the unaccustomed weight. But it had been made to withstand the gales and storms of a Scottish winter, which are not gentle. So Sumila found herself slowly lifted from a lying to a seated position, and from there up onto her feet, until she was dangling from her wrists, her toes quite unable to touch the rough cobblestones at the base of the post.

McDour wound the rope firmly around the cleat of the flag-staff and stood back to admire his handiwork. Sumila gazed back at him without rancour. ‘Tch, tch, the bitch likes it.’

‘That’s the problem with her, Donal. How can you deal with a dame that doesn’t even understand what you’re doing to her? She’s a real disappointment.’

McDour shrugged. ‘There’s not a piece of cunt alive that can’t be broken.’

Chuck looked sceptical. ‘There’s always an exception.’

‘I want something to stick up her ass. Something she won’t like.’

Sumila’s eyes had glazed over with a look of perfect tranquillity. She seemed to have recovered from her earlier experience with Ronnie’s rifle.

Chuck scratched his bald head. Then a twisted grin came over his face. ‘Yeah. I saw some things over in that junk.’ He walked over to the junk-pile, rooted around for a moment, then returned with a handful of rusty objects.

McDour took one from him and examined it. It was an iron bolt, about eight inches long, coarse threaded along its whole length, and terminating in a thick ring.

‘One and a quarter inch Whitworth, I guess,’ said Chuck, who had served a fitter’s apprenticeship before entering the Marines. ‘That should slide up her ass nicely!’

Slide up her ass it would not. The coarse, sharp Whitworth threads would

have to be forced inside the unfortunate girl a fraction of an inch at a time. McDour seized Sumila Patel's right ankle and lifted her leg wide. She swung round on the rope until her she was facing the pole. Her big tits rested one each side of it. McDour offered up the big bolt to the tiny dark aperture between her round ass-cheeks. It was perfectly obvious that it would not go in.

But McDour had done many things in his lifetime, and many of them people would have judged impossible. Behind his mask his eyes narrowed, and he pushed the bolt hard and unrelenting against the crinkled star of her anus, twisting it at the same time as if he was intent on starting the screw-thread and winding it into place.

Chuck watched with interest. The girl reacted to the intrusion by trying to twist her hips away. She began to moan. Her ass-hole widened, almost far enough to take the bolt — a testament, Chuck thought, to the many times the girl had been ass-fucked since she had been snatched. But a hundred vigorous pokings by the thick cocks of her would-be tormentors had not

truly prepared her for this rigid, hard, sharp-edged horror. With only a the first inch inside her, she was screaming so loud that Chuck wondered if her gag had fallen out. But it had not. And McDour, oblivious to the noise, was intent on forcing every inch inside her.

Any reasonable person would have desisted when three or four inched had entered her. Any reasonable person wouldn't have tried in the first place. But McDour was far from reasonable when it came to women. Only when poor Sumila's ass-hole had opened and closed around every single spiral of the screw-thread was he satisfied. Only when the ring at the head of the bolt was the only thing showing did he stop. Clearly she would never be able to expel the device by herself.

But McDour never took chances. He produced cord, passed it through the ring, then around Sumila's hips, back through the ring, between her legs on either side of the lips of her cunt, and brought the ends up to the loop around her waist. He knotted it firmly.

Chuck nodded his approval. He liked thoroughness himself. And this was thorough.

But McDour didn't stop there. That was only the beginning. He knew well enough that, for all her screams, for all her jerking and twisting and fighting, she would recover quickly from that.

He took two clips from his pocket, clips of the type that had so impressed Chuck, and snapped them one on each of the hanging girl's nipples. The teeth embedded themselves deeply into the tender buds of her nipples. Sumila looked unhappy about them, but she'd experienced them before, so it was nothing. At

least it was nothing as far as the men were concerned.

McDour threaded cord through the eyes on the end of the clips, and then pulled the cord tight. This had the effect of drawing Sumila's nipples towards each other, and compressing the massive mounds against one another other. He wasn't satisfied until both nipples were pressed together, a feat that took some strength to achieve. The breasts were now one single mound.

He let go the long end of the cord so that it dangled down her body and between her legs. Then he took Ronnie's rifle from Chuck and held it up to her.

She looked at it unhappily.

'Now listen to me, bitch,' growled McDour.

Sumila's eyes were rolling in their sockets. She was remembering the rifle and trembling. Her mind was in a whirl and she wasn't listening at all.

McDour smacked her tits with his free hand. It didn't get her attention, not right away, but it felt so nice, the slap of his hard hand on the firm, taut flesh of the side of her breasts, that he smacked her again. And again and again. Then he moved the rifle to his other hand and smacked the other side of that inviting mound. He punched her, as if he was fluffing up a pillow, though harder, and that felt good as well.

He would have carried on but her eyes were wide-open now, and she was staring at his masked face with something that looked temptingly like hate.

He held up the rifle. He pointed to the long exposed barrel. 'You know where this bit is going, I'm sure you do, bitch. Straight up your cunt. And you're going to hold it there in place with your thighs, pressing them together. I don't want it to slip out at all. I should be very displeased if it did slide out.

And just to make sure you take this seriously, when I've got the barrel inside your pretty cunt, I'm going to pull this cord that dangles so beguilingly from your tits under the butt of the rifle, and then bring it up and tie it to the trigger.'

Sumila was shaking her head as if she didn't understand. Or perhaps she did, and she was shaking her head in disbelief at the horror that faced her. He couldn't be serious.

But he was serious.

He did exactly what he said he would do, sliding the barrel of the carbine easily into her cunt. He brought the cord under the butt, pulling it very tight, so that her unified breast mound was tugged downwards, partially flattening the breasts against her chest — as far as such huge orbs could be flattened — and knotting it to the trigger.

‘Press your knees together and squeeze your thighs around the rifle. You can guess what will happen if you don’t.’

Sumila Patel could guess well enough. She pressed her plump thighs around the cold stock of the weapon as hard as she could. But she knew from the first moment that the weight of it was too much for her. Sooner or later she would drop it, the sweat between her thighs would cause it to slip. She let out an howl of despair.

And then the first blow fell. She’d had her eyes closed, concentrating on the weight of the carbine. She hadn’t expected the stinging whiplash that slashed home across the tops of her tight-fleshed tits. Nor the simultaneous raking of hard leather thongs across her thighs.

Both men were whipping her.

Lying motionless across the mounting block, Laura had watched all this with a mixture of terror for the Indian girl and relief that it was not herself who was being forced to suffer such torments.

But when the first strokes struck Sumila’s breasts and thighs, a shadow passed over her. She looked up to see a man — Gruby — standing astride her, facing towards her hips. And an instant later the searing pain of multiple blades of a studded whip striking straight between her legs deep up into her cunt-lips.

She screeched.

It had all happened so quickly. She had been sure that they had forgotten about her. But they hadn’t. Gruby’s whip whistled and hissed through the air, and slashed home on the delicate lips of her cunt, deliberately, it appeared, striking the same place time after time. With each blow her whole body spasmed, straining against the bonds that held her down. Her head shook from side to side, her hair swirled around her.

It wasn’t just the pain, it was the certainty that she could never escape them, never be forgotten by these men, or other men. A dull feeling spread through her belly, a feeling of hopelessness. He would whip her, he would fuck her, he would whip her again. When he had finished another would come along and do the same.

She became aware that he was talking to her. ‘You gotta neat cunt, doll. A cunt that can take some punishment. I like that. Does this hurt. I hope it hurts, ‘cos the more I hurt you the more I’m gonna enjoy fucking you.’

What was wrong with these men? Laura thought. How could she, blameless, ambitious Laura have fallen into their hands? She was crying, not just from the relentless pain, but from the feeling of utter hopelessness that overwhelmed her. She knew she’d never get away from them.

And the tears ran the quicker when Gruby moved, stood beside her and began to whip her belly, all across her hips, her thighs, and then — how could she not have known it? — her big breasts, those natural marvels that had got her into this situation in the first place.

Gruby said, 'Tears, doll. Real tears. I appreciate that, believe me. There's nothing like a doll who cries to turn a man on. I love ya', doll. I love ya' enough to fuck ya'! Woo-woo-whoopee!'

And that's just what he did, lying right over her, crushing her against the cold hard stone of the mounting block with the weight of his hard-muscled body, and ramming his cock with one ferocious movement deep into her cunt. She looked up at him, liquid-filled eyes distorting the image of his grinning face, the lips of her pretty mouth working around the massive ball that filled it. His hands clawed at her breasts, squeezing them so brutally they hurt, twisting and compressing them, clutching the soft, pliable flesh with his hard fingers, digging his nails into them. Then his mouth was full of her tits, sucking the nipples deep inside, squeezing them against the roof of his mouth with his hard tongue, and biting at the base of them with his sharp teeth.

She was sobbing. She was begging him with her torment-filled eyes to stop. And that was the worst thing she could do. It inspired him, excited him, gave strength to his body, tightness to his muscles, hardness to his cock. But at last it brought relief.

He came.

He came deep inside her, and she could feel his spasming cock jetting inside her, squirting his unwelcome, unwanted cum inside her, and already his mind was elsewhere, she forgotten, the image of other slave-women swimming into his mind. She was just the instrument of his lust. He left her. He left her lying there, used, abandoned, and already forgotten.

But he had had the pleasure of her, and that was all that mattered. She knew that. That was all that mattered.

For poor Sumila the torment was almost over. The two men whipped her solidly and with gusto. Chuck's face sported a wide grin of pleasure and expectation, and maybe behind his mask, so did McDour's face. They whipped her breasts for amusement, and whipped her thighs both for amusement and to weaken them. She knew now they wanted her to let the rifle slip, they wanted the dreadful thing to happen. The sweat dripped down her body, accumulated between her legs. The heavy rifle was sliding away, there was nothing she could do about it. Why didn't she just let it go and that would be the end of it.

She was crying.

For the first time she was genuinely crying. Tears flowed in rivulets down her walnut-skinned face, mingling with the drool from her gag and dripping onto her breasts. Something had happened to her, she knew that. She wanted this to stop. She wanted to go home. She hated these men and their torments. No longer was it the game she had thought it was.

No, Sumila Patel. It was no game, not for the likes of you. These men were cruel, and their cruelty had no limits. There was no ending to their lusts. And their pleasure depended on your pain, on your distress, on your helpless hatred.

And then the rifle slipped.

However hard she pressed her limbs together, her tired, whipped, weakened legs, the weapon was slipping away. The cord was tightening around her nipples, pulling the single mound of her breasts painfully downwards.

At last it slid away completely. The cord under the shoulder butt of the weapon jerked at the clips attached to her distended nipples. Sumila closed her eyes and gave herself up for lost.

And several things happened at once. The cord around the trigger, liberally lubricated with the girl's terror-struck perspiration slipped from the trigger. The carbine slipped from her cunt and fell to the ground.

And it went off. Bang!

McDour and Chuck leaped aside as the bullet zipped between them, struck the upturned farm cart beside Morag and sent a shower of splinters across the yard.

'Jesus!' shouted McDour in a noticeably American accent. 'Jesus H.Christ. I thought you'd checked the goddamn thing.'

Chuck, white-faced, turned to Gruby. 'You sonafabitch, why didn't you say it was loaded!'

Gruby was laughing. 'I did! I checked it. There must have been another round up the spout. Hey, you can't be too sure with firearms! That's what my grandpappy taught me. And he was right!'

'You're crazy. We could have been killed. And, hey, what if we'd lost this bitch? We gotta contract for seven, not six!'

'Oh, wow, I gotta fuck something, just to calm myself down,' said Chuck.

Sumila had passed out. When she came to Chuck was already spreading her legs and sliding his cock inside her. The ribs of the spiral of the screw-threads in her ass stimulated his cock nicely. He came all too quickly for him.

But then there was a queue for her cunt. They all wanted to fuck her.

Welcome to the chain-gang, Sumila Patel.

Chapter 12

Departures

The vessel was large and silent, its lights dimmed. It wallowed in the sluggish water like a stately mansion slowly sinking into liquid mud.

Except this vessel was not sinking. It was waiting. Waiting for its cargo to be delivered from the coast that lay a mile and a half to the east.

On the bridge, next to the captain, stood a man. He was hooded. He pressed night-vision binoculars to the eye slits in the hood and gazed intently eastwards. At his feet knelt what might have been a large pale-coloured dog. The creature's face was muzzled. A heavy collar hung round its neck. A leather lead, studded with shining brass, trailed from the collar to the wrist of the hooded man.

'What's the time?' The hood muffled the man's voice.

'Twenty-two hundred hours exactly,' the captain replied.

'They're late,' the hooded man said.

The captain shrugged. 'It's okay. I can lay offshore here till midnight so long as the wind doesn't get up. With the current running this way we're OK. But no later. This is no place to get caught on a lee-shore. Midnight and we're away.'

'Time and tide,' said the hooded man.

'You got it,' replied the captain.

The 'dog' shuffled. Without looking down the man gave it a hefty kick. He was getting edgy.

'You nervous?' The captain lit a cigar. 'Here, have one of these.' The man

shook his head and left the bridge, dragging the 'dog' with him.

He leant over the rail and continued to stare eastwards into the darkness. Surely they would arrive soon. They had to. The money was too important to McDour for him to renege on the contract.

Although it was ten 'o clock in the evening, up here, in these latitudes, in May, there was still some residual light. Surely he ought to be able to see the lights of a motorboat by now. McDour would not, could not, leave it till the last minute. He'd made the transfer too often not to know the freighter could only wait so long.

The man was just about to return to his cabin, when he thought he heard a splash in the water. He stopped; cocked an ear. The 'dog' also seemed to be suddenly more alert.

There it was again. The splash of oars. Shit! They were rowing the dames out. Unbelievable!

'Hey!' the man called. Two deck hands appeared. 'How do you normally load?' he asked.

Wordlessly they pointed to a large net which hung about ten feet above the deck.

'It swings out?' the man asked.

'Sure,' replied one of the hands laconically.

'And the guys? How do the guys get on board?'

The hand pointed to an iron ladder which snaked down the side of the ship into the inky depths of the sea.

'They climb,' he said.

The whirr of a motor, the cranking of machinery and the net began to shiver. The man watched as it slowly swung out over the water. Like a deflated balloon it swished past his eye line and disappeared. Man and 'dog' hurried back to the rail. They both looked down into the gloom.

Twenty feet below, bobbing on the waves was a boat. It looked small. Too small to be carrying the cargo.

Behind its muzzle, the 'dog' began to whine.

'Shut it, bitch,' the man growled.

With anxious eyes, the 'dog' stared down at the boat.

The net was hovering over it. There was a lot of movement and swearing. The little boat rocked alarmingly.

'You bastard sonofabitch, keep your fat ass outta my face,' a voice roared.

The hooded man tightened his grip on the 'dog's' lead.

More sounds floated up. The clink of chain, muffled screams, cursing and finally a shout. 'Haul away,' the voice called.

Machinery clanked. The line holding the net tightened. The little boat swayed heavily in the water. But the net lifted and swung in mid-air. Calm returned down below. From where he stood, looking down, the hooded man could see six pale faces watching the net rise upwards.

With bated breath, the hooded man also watched. So did the 'dog.' She had particular cause to do so. And under her breath gave everlasting thanks that she was not one of those trapped in that net.

One by one, the men in the boat started to climb the ladder. Only one would remain behind. Wee Jimmy. He didn't mind. He'd done as he was ordered. He'd ferried them all out here to the freighter, men and girls, by twenty-two hundred hours. He would have liked the opportunity to caress Catriona once more but he knew with Chuck and McDour on board he had no chance. So he was content to wait in his boat for the return journey.

Wee Jimmy was pleased with the way things had turned out. For one thing, he now knew that so long as the right kind of girl was available he could still spurt cum. So he was happy to wait for the next consignment to arrive at Killie Pit. And what made things even better, was that that bossy wee bitch, Morag, had got her comeuppance. From now on life could only get better for Wee Jimmy McSleight and he watched the net ascend with equanimity.

The hooded man also watched the net. It swung over his head, paused, swirled, rocked, and then slowly begin its descent towards the deck. The two deck hands waited, ready to steady the cargo and stop it from crashing heavily onto the planking.

Just inches from the deck, the machinery stopped, the rope holding the net slackened, the cargo squealed, and a jumble of arms, legs, breasts and bottoms tumbled inelegantly onto the wet, salty wood.

The hooded man strode forward. He could see the girls were chained, one to another. Transporting them in the net had led to a tangling of the chains. Handing his 'dog's' lead to one of the deck hands, he started on the task of untangling them.

He had only just begun when a heavy hand grabbed at his shoulder and a voice said, 'I don't think so.'

Donal McDour looked down at the hooded man from behind his own mask. At

McDour's side glowered Chuck. Behind them loomed Gruby.

The man got to his feet. He took his 'dog's' lead from the deck hand and stood up straight.

'Is there some problem?' he asked. 'You don't want me to touch the goods?'

'Not till the little matter of handing over payment has been sorted,' McDour said.

'You don't trust me?'

McDour shrugged. 'You're a new agent. I only heard a couple of hours ago that it would be someone new on board.'

The 'dog', who should have sat patiently and obediently at her master's feet, was getting restive. She kept tugging at her lead. Once more the hooded man lashed out with his boot. The 'dog' whimpered.

Chuck and Gruby got on with untangling the girls' chains. They soon had them standing in a palely naked, manacled row.

Laura was at the front. She looked splendid. Her brown frizzy curls were tied in a topknot. Her face was skilfully made up. Her breasts were plump and shiny. The 'dog' seated at the hooded man's feet, began to get excited. Her own blonde locks were tied back tight into a silky tail. Her naked body, slender and supple, pulled on her collar and lead.

Gruby was staring intently at this silky blonde creature. His lip curled and he looked the hooded man up and down. Silently, he started to move away from Chuck and McDour.

Nobody noticed Gruby's action for at that moment a great heaving of breath and thumping of arms and legs came from just the other side of the freighter's rail.

'Hey,' a voice called, 'could someone give Ronnie a hand? He can't make it over this rail on his own.'

McDour let out an exasperated sigh.

Chuck, with an embarrassed glance at his boss, hurried to give baby brother Ronnie, some assistance.

Gruby moved slightly closer to stand by the hooded man's side.

Ronnie came lumbering over the deck. His big face was red and shiny with effort. He was rubbing his hands on the seat of his pants and grinning from ear to ear.

'Hey, this is neat,' he said. 'This boat, it's big, ain't it?'

‘It’s a ship,’ hissed Chuck. ‘A freighter. This is what transports the girls back to the States.’

Ronnie beamed. ‘Yeah,’ he said. ‘That’s right. It transports the babes back to the States.’ He gazed soulfully at Chuck. ‘But not my babe, ey, Chuck? I get to keep my little honey, don’t I?’

Donal McDour punched a fist into his palm and shouted, ‘For crissake, Chuck, can’t you get it into the thick skull of that brother of yours, that this is a business deal? The girls have to go. They are now the property of this gentleman here. At least, they are when he hands over the dough. We do not get to keep any of them.’

Ronnie pouted and pawed at the deck with his foot.

Morag began to weep.

Sheena shivered violently in the cool evening air.

Sumila looked cowed and obedient.

Laura looked defiant.

Kim, Karen, and Catriona gazed around at the ship, trying not to see the lustful looks of the deck hands who stood around.

The ‘dog’ began to whimper.

The sound of the ‘dog’ caught Ronnie’s attention. Previously, he had not noticed her cowering at her master’s feet. He glanced down at the muzzled animal. He looked at the silky blonde hair. The ‘dog’, whose rear end was facing Ronnie, did not know she was being closely examined.

All of a sudden Ronnie let out a whoop. ‘Hey,’ he hollered, ‘hey, that’s the skinny dame. I’d recognise that beautiful butt anywhere.’ He snickered to himself. ‘Yeah. Ronnie’s cock remembers that asshole okay. That’s Sheldon’s dame. Hey,’ he looked round expectantly, ‘does that mean Sheldon is on board? That old son of a gun. Hey Sheldon, old buddy, you hiding somewhere close by? Come on out here. It’s your old buddies Ronnie and Gruby and Chuck and Mr McDour himself. Come on out here and say howdy.’

In an instant Gruby was by the hooded man’s side. ‘Okay, amigo,’ he hissed.

‘You bet,’ the man replied from beneath his hood.

‘How many on our side?’ Gruby enquired urgently.

‘You, me and a coupla of dago deck hands.’

McDour and Chuck looked at one another. Each felt for his weapon.

But Gruby and Sheldon were too quick for them. It was Chuck and Donal

McDour who were taken by surprise. They were older and softer. Gruby and Sheldon were still young and fit.

Sheldon went for McDour, Gruby for Chuck. Both older men were seized in an iron grip.

Sheldon wrapped an arm round McDour's neck and breathed in his ear. 'You'll be mighty glad to know that I am on the other side now, slime bag. And you cannot treat me like I was shit. Hell no. I'm the one calling the shots now.'

Sheldon's hood had flown off when he first went for McDour. It gave him great pleasure to now rip McDour's mask away.

'Hell,' Sheldon exclaimed. 'No wonder you wear a mask, buster. I don't think I can stand to look at you for one moment longer.' And with muscles pumping, he tipped McDour over the side and into the sea.

'Hey, Wee Jimmy,' he called. 'Better get your fishing net out. There's one hell of a catch swimming about out there somewhere.'

Meanwhile, Gruby had Chuck by the balls. He was marching him to the rail, a grin of intense satisfaction on his face. 'Hey, sergeant,' he cooed. 'You ready for a dip? The weather's fine and the water's just great.' And with that reassurance ringing in his ears, Chuck found himself tumbling and spinning seawards.

Sheldon and Gruby, their eyes shining, gave each other a high five.

'We did it buddy,' Gruby grinned.

'You bet we did,' Sheldon hollered.

'We can weigh anchor now.'

'I'll go tell the captain.' Sheldon started for the ladder that led up to the bridge.

But Gruby grabbed his arm. 'Hang on a minute, buster. Where in the name of Moses is R-a-a-h-n-ie. What was he doing when we were butt-kicking ol' Chuck and McDour over the side?'

In the deep gloom of a Scottish night, both men peered round the deck. The 'dog', Kirstie was nuzzling up against her friend Laura. Both of them delighted to be reunited at last.

Morag, Sumila, and the other four girls, were still standing in a terrified line. Unable to move because of their chains and manacles, not at all sure what was going to happen to them next, they gazed helplessly at Gruby and Sheldon.

But the last girl on the chain looked peculiar. Instead of standing up straight, shoulders back, eyes wide, lips smiling, she was half bent over, jerking and swaying. Gurgles of distress came from her lips. Her eyes bulged every time the

neck chain pulled tight.

‘What the fuck!’ Sheldon said.

‘What the hell is wrong with those dames?’ Gruby demanded.

The two men strode to the back of the line. Sheena, the end chick in this chain gang, was bouncing up and down on her toes like a jack-in-the-box. Her eyes looked ready to pop out of her head and her heavy breasts were swinging wildly from side to side.

The two men looked at the girl and then at one another.

‘Ronnie,’ they cried in unison.

And they were right. Pumping happily up his honey’s ass was Ronnie. The fight, the ignominious despatch of both his brother and his boss had passed Ronnie by. He was happy. He was deeply embedded in his honey’s ass.

Gruby and Sheldon let him jet his satisfaction into the petrified blonde. When he’d done, they grabbed a shoulder each and marched him to the rail. The expression on Ronnie’s face as he tipped over the rail and into the water was one of bemused triumph.

‘Honey,’ he yelled as he disappeared, ‘Ronnie wants his honey.’

The splash when he hit the sea geysered water into the air, spattering all on board the freighter.

Gruby grinned at Sheldon. ‘Do you think that’s the last we’ve seen of him,’ he asked.

‘Na,’ said Sheldon. ‘He’ll come looking for his snatch. But by the time our new boss has finished with her,’ he shook his head, ‘there ain’t no chance of him recognising her, or any of the rest of this chain gang.’

Up on the bridge the captain rang for full steam ahead. The freighter shuddered into motion.

‘Hell, it’s a good life, ain’t it, Sheldon old buddy?’

Sheldon ran his hands over the cool flanks of the line of young women slaves. ‘Sure is, Gruby old pal. It sure is.’

THE END

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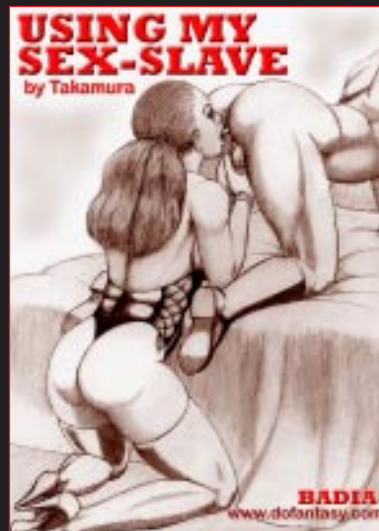
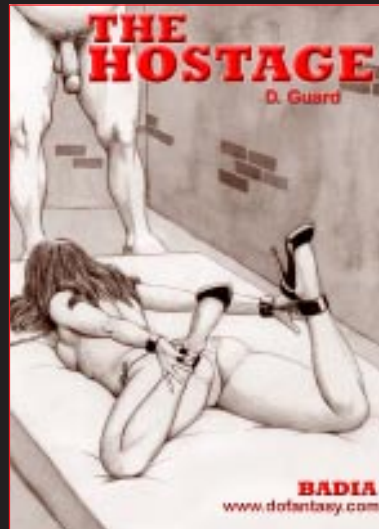
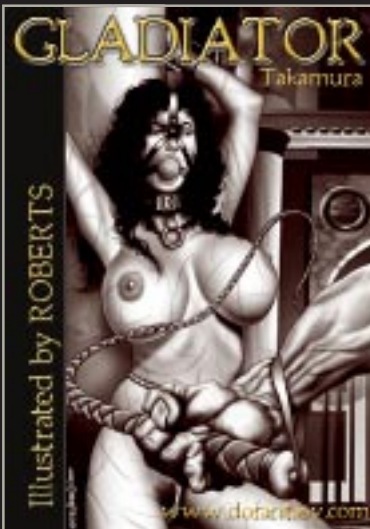


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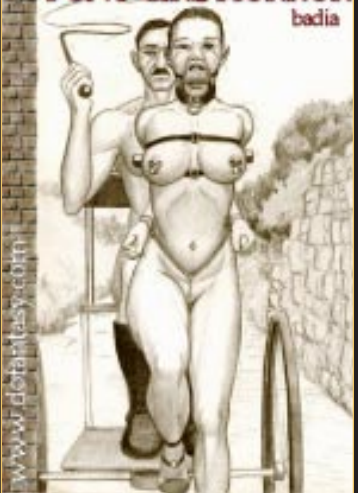
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