

Road Trip
By
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ONE

Happiness Is The Road.

The road stretched into the distance.

It lured the eye to that distant location on the horizon where the parallel lines of the shimmering tarmac met at a point. Empty of traffic and lined with bare fields of harvested corn, the distant mountains on the horizon were just slight undulations that disturbed an otherwise level skyline.

Graham sat on the dry grass and drank from his water bottle as he squinted in both directions. This was where he had been dropped by his last lift, a local who had turned at the dusty intersection and

headed south, off route thirty six. Far away to the east was New York, the place that he had begun his tour of the USA. That had been a month ago, sixty days of wandering here and there, wherever the urge or the lifts took him.

In general he had not been bothered where each lift had taken him because he was meandering without a plan, just a credit card and a day's rations in his pack.

Originally he had planned hitch with Carol his girlfriend of two years or so, but they had split up, partly over his craving for this road trip.

So here he was in the middle of Kansas, contemplating the horizon and the distant mountains in the west that were his target. The shimmering heat of the summer sun on the blacktop melted the view with ripples of liquid heat as he sipped the water.

Screwing closed the lid of the bottle he carefully replaced it in his pack and pulled out the creased

map that was his only guide and plan. His finger traced the straight road to Marysville where he hoped to be by nightfall, possibly the last stop before he reached Denver at the foot of those distant mountains that had lured him west.

With a sigh he stood and looked down the highway to the east. A slight movement caught his eye, a smear of red that crept towards him with deceptive slowness.

Instinctively he combed his hair with his fingers and focussed on the approaching vehicle.

Each hitch was different, each one a quantity that he had to adjust to with the mentality of a chameleon. A lorry driver hungry to talk to relieve the boredom, a local farmer on his way to deliver his stock or buy provisions. Sometimes a family or single man on their way to some distant destination.

The red dot resolved to certainty, a red pickup driven at a slow pace that crawled towards him

until he could see the woman driving and the man beside her. He felt a twinge of disappointment because both seats were filled, leaving no space for a casual passenger.

At a hundred yards he held out his arm and waited to see if there would be a response, but he had no real hope of a lift to Marysville from this couple. Far behind he could see another approaching car, another chance, a possible hitch.

The pickup slowed, and pulled into the verge by him.

“Where you planning on going?” said the man to him through the open window.

“Marysville,” answered Graham with a smile. “If you’re going that way.”

“Near Washington’s where we’re heading.”

“That’s even better,” said Graham.

“You’d better get in then...”

The door of the pickup opened and the man got out. Despite the worn look of the pickup the man was dressed in brand new jeans and polished boots. Graham slung his pack into the back of the truck and climbed in next to the attractive female driver.

“All right,” said the man as he climbed into the cab and slammed the door closed with a clunk. “We have a farm up by Washington way.”

The pickup started with a clash of gears and pulled onto the road with a steady roar of the engine.

“Washington would be great. I’m heading for Denver.”

The man laughed and stretched out his legs in the foot well.

“Where you staying in Marysville?” asked the woman without looking away from the road.

“No idea, I’ll find a motel.”

“You can stay the night with us if you like,” said the woman with a grin. “Sure beats a motel anyways.”

This sudden generosity on the part of the young couple was like a breath of fresh air after the last lift that had left him in the middle of nowhere after promising to drop him in Marysville.

“My name’s Graham,” he said. “Graham Kleist.”

“Well hi there, Graham,” said the man. “I’m Bill and this is Florrie. Welcome aboard!”

Graham looked at Florrie and admired her tight jeans and tighter shirt that was stretched over large breasts and muscular arms. The hint of a tattoo reached from under the cuffs of the shirt. She wore sunglasses and her hair was pulled into two bunches. Strong features partly covered by the large

sunglasses, striking rather than beautiful, purposeful rather than frivolous. The expensive watch that she wore seemed at odds with her casual cowboy clothes.

“We own a small farm, mainly pigs and chickens, but there’s a few acres of corn as well.”

“Sounds like it keeps you busy,” said Graham.

“Sure does! Always working, that’s us!” said Florrie as she allowed a green sports car to pass. “Non-stop work, but we love raising pigs!”

The conversation did what it always did. It revealed the lives of the participants in casual words. By the time that they were ten miles from Washington, Graham had told them about the breakup with Carol and his dreams of a road trip that would take him to San Francisco and they had told him a little about themselves. The farm had belonged to Bill’s parents, but after they died in an accident, he married Florrie and took it over.

A few miles short of the small town of Washington, Kansas, they turned to head south, off the highway down a narrow track that made the pickup rock and rattle in the ruts of the well-worn road. Finally they came to a gate and Bill jumped out of the pickup to open it.

The track led another mile until the white house and farm buildings came into view.

“That’s the homestead,” said Florrie as they pulled up by the porch of the massive house. “Used to be called Stallion Farm, but we call it Hogland!”

She laughed at her little joke and grimaced as the smell of the pigs arrived with a breath of wind.

“Sure spoils the effect of home cooking,” she said.

A large motorbike stood under a lean to by the house, a Harley soft-tail tricked out with leather saddlebags and leather fringes hanging from every part of the polished machine.

“That’s a great bike,” said Graham.

“It’s more than a bike,” said Florrie. “It’s a lifestyle and a part of the family.”

“Do you ride?” asked Bill.

“No, never done the licence,” said Graham. “Thought about it though!”

“Round here it’s a must. You know for the society.”

Graham got his rucksack and followed the pair into the house. His impression was of slight dilapidation and disorder, mix and matched furniture and old fashioned fittings.

“I have to thank you so much for this,” said Graham as he followed them into the airy kitchen. “I mean putting me up like this.”

“It’s nothing,” said Florrie as she pulled out a

couple of pans and squinted into the huge ancient fridge. “It’s sure good to have company.”

Bill pulled up a chair and sat at the table before licking off his boots.

“Florrie’s right,” he said. “It’s what’s missing here, good company.”

It was already two in the morning when the bottle was finally finished. The empty bottle was pushed to the side and the glasses were raised in a toast.

“To the pigs,” said Graham as he lifted the bourbon and let it slip over his pallet.

He could feel waves of alcohol and tiredness sweep over him. Bill appeared similarly the worse for wear, but Florrie seemed to shrug off the effects of the bourbon with a casual shrug.

“She’s a real drinker, our Florrie,” Bill had said just an hour before. “Drinks us all under the table.”

“Drinking you under the table is not exactly difficult,” she smiled.

Her shirt was open to the third button allowing Graham to see a generous portion of décolletage that was fringed by the lines of a tattoo. He tried not to stare, but in his drunken state he could not resist.

“No peeking, Graham,” she admonished him. “That’s not polite!”

Graham mumbled an apology and hung his head. The drink had left him befuddled and dazed and he longed to get to a bed and sleep to stop his head turning.

At last Florrie drained her glass and Bill stood unsteadily, his hand resting on the back of a chair.

“You city types,” he said to Graham, “just don’t

understand farming. You have to do it for years and then you'll see what real work is!"

"I don't think that it's something I want to do," replied Graham.

"You might change your mind," answered Florrie.

"Don't think so," mumbled Graham.

"Don't be so sure!"

The bed was soft and fresh. Metal framed like an old fashioned hospital bed it creaked when he crept onto the covers. The sheets were fresh and crisp and the room smelled of lavender.

Graham pulled off his shoes and tossed his rucksack under the bed. Too drunk to undress, he laid on the sheets and felt the room spinning around in his head. The room was dark, his eyelids were heavy.

He slipped into a deep slumber, the sleep of exhaustion and bourbon.

TWO

The Society Of The Road.

What woke Graham was the roar of a motor. A deep throbbing with an overlying roar that shook the windows in their panes. Actually it was the roar of several engines overlying each other. One by one they were silenced until at last there was the tick over of just one bike left, a throb that made his head ache with the sharp pain of a hangover.

Finally that noise was stilled and there was silence in the room.

He rolled over and felt a sharp pain in his wrist, a cutting pain that made him gasp with agony. He looked at his hand and saw that he had been handcuffed by one wrist to the post of the bed.

For a moment, in his confusion, he could not understand what was obvious to his eyes. He pulled at the cuffs as though they would fall off at a tug. The pain was terrible as the cold steel bit into his wrist and the cuffs tightened another notch.

Graham stared at the handcuffs and wondered at their meaning before he noticed something else that had been different when he had crawled into bed. He was sure that he had crawled onto the bed clothed, now he was naked.

In panic he looked around for his clothes and shoes, but they were not there. He looked under the bed and saw that his rucksack too, was gone. He was about to cry out for Bill, but then he realised that it must have been Bill that had done this to him. Calling for help from Bill might just be the wrong thing to do!

He tried to calm his throbbing head. He was on the verge of a headache that threatened to overwhelm him in waves of pounding hurt. He looked around the room for inspiration. The keys

were not in sight so maybe there was some other tool that he could use to at least get free of the cuffs.

From outside the window he heard a woman's voice. Maybe it was Florrie? No! Some other woman who was supressing a low giggle, controlling a fit of laughter.

“Are we gonna play hide and seek?”

Then silence.

Graham's eye was drawn to the small bed side cabinet. He opened the top drawer to find a few odds and ends. A hairgrip! He took the small piece of wire and stretched it straight with trembling fingers.

For a minute he fumbled as he tried to lift the ratchet that bit the teeth of the metal loop that crushed his wrist. At last he managed to jiggle and work it in and the cuff fell open with a small clink.

Taking a sheet he wrapped himself like a Roman senator in a toga and tiptoed to the door. He peeped through the keyhole to see the kitchen where he had spent last night drinking. The empty bottles lay on the table where they had been left, but his field of vision was narrow and he could see little else.

He crept to the window and twitched the thin curtains to look outside cautiously. On the dust of the yard was the pickup and six of those huge Harleys like the one that Bill owned. His heart dropped with fear as he saw the jacket casually hung over one of the bikes.

‘Hell’s Angels.’

‘Slaver’s Chapter.’

“Shit,” he muttered. “Shit and fuck!”

His fingers slid up the parted slit in the curtain and found the catch that held the sash window closed. He turned it and eased the window up so

slowly. Slowly, slowly with exaggerated care until it was open. Finally he risked parting the curtains and looking to see if the way was clear.

Outside it was so quiet that he could hear the birds singing and the slight clinking of the metal ornaments on the parked bikes rattling in the breeze.

Finally, sure that the way was clear, he started to climb out of the window. Gently he extended a leg out of the window and quested for the boards of the veranda with his toes. His foot resting firmly on the boards, Graham climbed out of the window just as a woman's voice came from the open kitchen window.

“I think that we should wake him now! Fucking wanker's had enough sleep by now...”

Graham stood on the veranda and took a fast look around him. It was obvious that he had to get away regardless of leaving wallet, clothes and rucksack behind.

He started to run for the shed, the first building that blocked the vision of the surroundings from the house. It was not just cover it would conceal him as he headed away from the house.

His bare feet hurt with the stones in the yard. Cosseted for years in shoes and trainers they hurt with the small stones of the uneven surface.

He took one last look at the house and headed around the back of the shed. He could hear the sound of the hogs and their rank smell coming from within. He climbed a fence behind the shed and ran for the nearest rise.

It was just fifty yards, a short dash but as he sank down into the dry stream bed beyond he felt winded. His head throbbed unmercifully from the alcohol, his feet were bleeding and the sheet was torn from climbing the fence, but he escaped the house for now.

Behind him he heard a sound that brought him

from his reverie and made his heart beat with terror.

Voices.

Shouting in a confused medley!

They had found that their victim had escaped the nest. He stumbled forward down the stream bed hoping that it would remain a gully for a while to allow him to stay below the level of the ground.

He stubbed his toe and looked down to see that he was leaving small partial footprints with his bleeding feet. Panic took him. Horror of the nightmare that had taken him in its arms.

He stumbled down the bed of the stream, hopping from one flat stone to the other to save the soles of his feet. Behind him he could hear the distant confusion turning to order as the surprised Hell's Angels organised themselves. A shrill series of what sounded like orders in a woman's voice and then the shouting was over.

A motor started and then faded as it drove out of hearing.

All he could hear now was the panting and gasping of his own breath as he staggered on with increasing fear making all judgment impossible.

He just had to escape!

A singing in his ears added to his gasping as the stream bed opened out to reveal the distant horizon. There was the highway, that black ribbon just a mile or two away across the broken terrain of cropped corn fields and stony dry waterways.

He tried to crouch as he moved but it gave him a stitch in his side, a searing agony as his body betrayed him. A hundred yards on he came to another dried stream bed that had a few sparse trees growing by its banks. He almost fell into the cover and crouched by the bole of a tree trying to dispel the agony of the hammering that filled his head and the matching pain of the stitch.

Finally his breathing calmed and he began to take stock of his problem. Simply put, he had no resources and he had to get miles to even have a chance of finding help. All the cards were in the hands of those who had stripped him and left him handcuffed to a bed.

He crawled so slowly to the lip of the miniature canyon that he was in and peeped over the gnarled root of the tree that shaded him.

He had a split-second warning of movement.

Not enough time to react, but enough time to register the boot that caught his temple and knocked him the six feet onto the hard rocks of the dry stream bed. He lay face up and saw a figure silhouetted against the sky.

Leather jeans and knee high cowboy boots, she looked down at him with a smile on her face.

“Look what I found,” she said. “It’s our little runaway pig! Time to go back to the farm little

piggy, time to get slaughtered!”

THREE

The Low Road.

With his wrists in cuffs, no longer wrapped in the sheet, Graham stumbled to keep up with the young girl who had captured him. His feet hurt so badly but she had pulled a thin rope through the cuffs and almost dragged him at her speed.

He was led to the sway of her hips; the firm tread of her boots and the slight tugs that she gave on the rope. She wore a loose shirt that was open almost to her waist. As she had cuffed him, Graham had had a glimpse of round breasts that were covered by a slew of tattoos that formed a mismatched jigsaw of roses, skulls and words across that soft skin.

He could not resist, he was too shocked by his fall and the events of the last hour to put up any resistance. He was hers to pull behind her like a

stray puppy that had been rounded up at the end of the garden after a short pursuit.

As the owner and the leashed pup entered the yard a group of two men and three women whooped with cat calls and wolf whistles at the bizarre pair, one naked and hand cuffed, the other a smiling woman in her twenties who took a small ironic bow and gave a jerk on the rope as she did so to make Graham stumble and fall to his knees in the dust.

“Why are you doing this?” he cried plaintively as he rested on palms and knees at the feet of the woman who held the rope. “What have I done?”

“It’s not what you’ve done, darling,” said his captor. “This is more about what you will do...”

Tears welled in his eyes as he looked up at her face for a sign of pity or perhaps kindness, but all he saw was triumph and harshness.

“Please...”

Graham felt a tap on the shoulder and he looked up to see Florrie smiling down at him. It was not a pleasant smile it was more like satisfaction that he had been caught.

“Can’t have our little piglet running away can we?” she asked rhetorically. “You are worth more than you imagine.”

“What do you mean?” asked Graham.

There was a pause and then she struck. A slap that was almost as hard as a punch, broadside to the face with her open hand it left his head reeling from the force of the blow.

“You belong to us now,” she said. “You are ours to prepare and sell; you are just meat like all the other pigs on this farm. We run a few businesses between here and Denver. Fuck-pigs is just one of them, so be a good little piglet and shut the fucking fuck up!”

Her boot lifted from the dust and took a little kick between his open thighs. The toe caught his balls making him cry with pain as she laughed. Her foot lifted and came down to rest on his thigh with a finality that signified ownership.

“You go to Nebraska for some training with some friends of ours and then we will sell you on. Possibly to Mexico or possibly somewhere else. Maybe we will keep you, who knows where your road trip will end.”

He looked up at her, the tight leather of her jeans and the half open shirt, her breasts adorned with a mass of smudged tattoos and writing. Her face was attractive there was no denying it, but the look on her face was hard and uncompromising.

“Tonight you are the entertainment for all of us,” she said, “and we are pretty demanding so expect to have a busy night.”

Florrie took the rope from the hand of the woman who had recaptured Graham and passed it

to on to Bill, one of only two men present.

“Hang him up to wait for us,” said Florrie as she handed the lead to her boyfriend.

“With the pigs?” he asked.

“Don’t be so fucking stupid, Bill! I don’t want him covered with pig shit, put him with the others.”

Graham was led by Bill towards the pig shed. He stumbled behind as a door was opened that led down some steps into some sort of a cellar. The air was cool and for the first time Graham felt a shiver run over his naked body as he was led down twenty steps into a room that was lined with wire cages.

Most were empty and their doors swung wide with opened padlocks hanging waiting from the clasps. Graham caught a glimpse of two women in the cages. Naked and fearful, they looked at Bill and his captive and retreated to the back of their small cages as though they could hide from their owner.

“Brought you some company,” said Bill as he pulled down a hook from the ceiling. “He won’t be here long!”

Hooking the loop of rope that was Graham’s leash onto the hook he pulled the chain and Graham was pulled up by his wrists. The chain rattled through the block and tackle with a sawing sound until Graham was standing on his toes with his hands stretched above his head. The pain from the cuffs that bit his wrists was agony and Graham let out a groan as most of his weight hung from the steel manacles.

“Moan all you like, pig,” said Bill. “You’ll be screaming louder still when the girls get their hands on you!”

With that last comment he punched Graham hard in the stomach making him retch and cough as his stricken body tried to double up but stopped when all of his weight hung from his wrists.

“See you in a few hours, fuck pig!”

The door at the top of the stairs closed with a grim finality leaving Graham to be sick in the dark. Fear, the punch and the pain made him vomit the meagre contents of his stomach. The taste of bile in his mouth burned his tongue and lips as a thing liquid dribbled in stately progress from chin to groin and down his left leg to trickle at last to his foot and onto the hard stone floor.

At last it was over and the taste receded in his mouth to become a sour, bitter slobber that dripped from his lips. He managed to position himself and the rope gave a little to allow him to stand on the soles of his feet and rest the terrible biting cuffs on his wrists.

At last he understood what was happening, he had been taken by a biker-gang, a minor corps of the criminal underworld that straddled the nether regions between illegality and legitimacy. While they dealt in drugs, white-slaves, extortion and murder they posed as a club of bikers, a society of

the road.

This gang was largely female it seemed, but that made no difference to Graham's situation, he was nothing more than a chance captive that they had stumbled upon on the road.

He groaned as he moved a little to further relieve the pain in his arms and found firm footing.

“Who are you?”

The question came out of the dark, from one of the women held in the cages that Graham had seen built around the walls.

“Graham. Graham Kleist.”

“My name is Gerda,” said the disembodied voice in a rather plaintive tone from the darkness. “I have been here for a week now. At least I think that it is a week, it is so difficult to tell when you are only taken out and used at night and there is no regularity.”

Gerda started to sob and it was five minutes before she began to speak again.

“I have to talk because we have to know what the victim’s names are. That way if just one of us escapes they can go to the police and help get the others rescued.”

Another woman’s voice piped up from the total blackness.

“I’m not sure that I even remember my name anymore,” she said with a sob in her voice. “It feels like I have been trapped in this cage forever. Soon they will come again and do more horrible things to me and I will be put back in the cage ready for use, ready for more abuse.”

“There were five of us here just a little while ago,” said Gerda. “Three men and us two women.”

The other woman sobbed and then spoke a few words; “They told me that they were going to sell

me to make snuff films...”

Her words hung on the air and Graham expected her to continue but there was just a silence, expectant and pregnant with fear. On the one hand Graham did not want to know what the future held. It was sure to be grim and painful. On the other he wanted to know what was going to happen, he had to know!

“Gerda, how did you get here? I was hitchhiking and took a ride from Bill and Florrie. They got me drunk and I wound up here, in a cage.”

Gerda sighed.

“I suppose that it will pass the time to tell you how I got here, in a cage in godforsaken Kansas,” she said.

THREE - CONTINUED...

Gerda's Story.

“Back in about two thousand and five I passed

my exam for the bar and was finally allowed to practice as a lawyer,” she started. “I took the exam rather late because I failed twice, but third was best and I passed with flying colours.”

As Gerda told her tale her voice calmed, the occasional sob broke into the story, but she warmed to telling the narrative. Occasionally Graham grunted to show her that he was listening and offer encouragement.

“I passed in Boston but I finally got a job in Topeka. Of course it was a long way to head out west, but the job was good and I got on the train. For about a year I worked quietly there doing all the things that a legal secretary does. You know filing and preparation and some of the background stuff on the cases.

It was pretty clear that I was going nowhere in Johnston, Black & Capelli so I applied to the public prosecutor’s office in Topeka. To my surprise I got a job in the Asset Forfeitures Division helping seize the assets of criminals and drugs gangs.

The work is pretty involved, but interesting. I hooked up with one of the lawyers who works there, Steven Houghtonstone. I even moved in with him and it all seemed rosy for a couple of years. Then came the case against the White Angels. They were running the drugs and prostitution scene in east Kansas and Illinois. There was huge bust and half the gang ended up in state prisons.

They were kidnapping women for the brothels, shipping and transporting drugs and doing money laundering for some people in New York that we never managed to pin down.

I traced money that was moving to New York and Boston from Topeka. It was incredible the amounts. Millions of Dollars moved through banks and by couriers. The Asset Forfeitures Division traced and seized the money and I turned out to be the star witness that explained how the phone taps tied into the actual money.

I worked so hard at it, by night on the computer,

by day interviewing and linking the string of couriers, eighty of them all together. Steve, my boyfriend, worked with me and helped join the dots.

How could I know that he was involved with the White Angels?

Fucking cunt!

Every move that I made, every line of investigation that I followed revealed a few small time criminals and money launderers, but no big fish at all, because Steve was always ahead of the game. That fucking little shit screwed me at night and screwed up my work during the day.

One Monday morning I used his laptop and found a list of telephone numbers. I am working with numbers all the time, and I have a good memory for figures, it meant that I recognised the third on the list as one that belonged to one of the crooked sharks that the White Angels used to cover court appearances.

Like a fool I confronted Steve at midday when we met up. He looked shocked and almost frightened, especially when I told him that I was going straight to the office and our boss with his laptop. We finished the meal and I said my goodbyes, I was so mad at him that I hurried to the office in Quincy Street.

It was like one of those actions movies because I was half way there, waiting at the lights of Seventh and South Kansas when a van pulled up and I was snatched from the street in broad daylight.”

There was a slight pause before Gerda continued.

“There were two of them in the van, a woman and a man, both White Angels. They cuffed me to the wooden panels in the van as it worked its way out of the city and headed north. I know that it was north because we went over the river.

They took me to an isolated farm and chained

me up in a barn. I tried threatening them and tried to talk them out of it, but they never said a word in reply. I lay in the barn for a day before a car pulled up and there was Steve and a middle aged woman who I did not recognise.

She seemed to be in charge and Steve deferred to her in everything. He seemed pleased to be able to pass me off as a threat that he had eliminated, but she really burst his bubble!

‘Steve, you are a total fucking incompetent,’ she said in a strong New York accent as she looked at the laptop and realised how easily I had stumbled on his little secret.

‘Yes, you saved the day, but only because you dropped us in the shit in the first place! You are so totally incompetent...’

Steve looked crestfallen and said: ‘Irene, I apologise but...’

That’s how I know her name, ‘Irene’.

She was about one hundred and fifty pounds and was dressed like a million dollars and maybe fifty, fifty five. Not once had I seen an ‘Irene’ on any list from the White Angel case and I was *even* allowed to see the FBI case notes. I know that I’d remember because I have an Aunt called Irene and I always thought that the name was so old fashioned and pretty cute.

Anyway she dressed him down and threatened him like a mother scolds a small child before ordering him to kneel in the dust that covered the floor of the barn. I think that he thought that she was going to kill him. I would not have put it past her to pull a pistol from her suit pocket and blow his fucking head off.

She seemed so intense, but she just turned to me.

‘What are we going to do with you now?’ she asked and looked me over like a farmer checks out his cattle.

A small signal and the two silent women who had kidnapped me came and stripped me naked in several savage pulls on my clothes.

‘Not bad at all,’ said Irene. ‘Worth a few tens of thousands to the right man, no doubt. Mmm, nice tits and long legs, she would be ideal material. There are some women who would just love to own a piece of ass like you. On the other hand you are going to cost us much more if you manage to speak to the wrong person, so you’ll just have to be disposed of.’

I felt a chill go through my body and my knees gave way.

‘Please,’ I said. ‘I promise...’

‘You promise what, dear?’ she asked. ‘That you’ll be a good girl?’

She looked down at Steve grovelling in the dust and moved her foot slightly forward.

I'll never forget it, what happened next, because Steve bent and kissed her feet, dust and all! Like a little puppy, the man who I had been thinking about marrying, kissed her foot until she withdrew the shoe and looked up to smile at me.

It was a triumphant smile.

‘Steve is a good boy, he will do as I tell him,’ she said. ‘Men who do as they are told get some rewards in my world. I have not decided what to do with him; but you can see that *you* mean nothing to him compared to his dread that I might wish to punish him. Isn't that so Steven?’

‘I will do whatever you command, Irene,’ he mumbled as he looked up at her.

‘I know that you will, my dear, you are so useful at the moment that I *may* just decide to delay your punishment for all those mistakes. Fancy being so careless as to use my name in front of this bitch! Now I *have* to get rid of her! Be warned that if you make just one *more* error you will be disposed so

very easily. I am so scrupulous in covering my tracks and you fuck it up like this!’

Irene turned back to me and smiled.

‘If it’s any consolation I am sorry that you cannot be of further use to me, I would love to spoil myself to a new pair of shoes with the money that you would make me, but as you can see I am surrounded by incompetent idiots and I sometimes just have to cut my losses.’

Steve and Irene left and I spent another day in the barn, chained to one of the posts. I have no doubt that when Irene said that I was to be disposed of she meant that they should dig a hole and bury me in the cornfields.

But, she was *so* right, she was surrounded by idiots and the couple that kidnapped me sold me to Florrie. Shit! I don’t think that I fetched more than a couple of grand, two weeks wages I was sold for.”

Gerda laughed almost hysterically at this attempt

at black humour. Graham waited for her to continue. The pause after the laugh lasted so long that he was at the point of asking her to restart the story when of her own accord she did.

“Those bastards packed me into a crate and drove me here, to their little hideaway. The trip took ages and I was in agony even though they had packed me in foam to keep me from being able to make a noise. I had my hands tied right up my back and my knees against my chin. I pissed myself three times on the way and it rained and the water leaked over me. It was fucking freezing cold and then blazing hot.

Anyways, when we got here I found out what they had in mind because the girls raped me.

Their boyfriends stood and watched as Florrie, Suzi and Jerri had their fun.

The women are far, far worse than the boyfriends! The men just do as they are told and get the scraps thrown from the table. It is Florrie who runs this twisted bunch of bastards. I spent hours in

her bed licking her cunt and ass raw while the other two took turns fucking me with a strap-on. She is insatiable and terrifyingly intense. Every time that I made a mistake she slapped me until I was bruised black and blue. By the end of that first night I was aching and battered.

When the girls had finished, the two boyfriends got me. It was almost a relief to be passed to those two male sadists. They fucked me and then introduced me to this cage. Every day I get taken out at night and get to serve Florrie.

She's taken a shine to me and says that she is training me to be her 'little pet slut'."

Gerda hesitated and then continued.

"This gang is somehow connected to the remains of the White Angels. They sell drugs as well I suppose, but they seem to be kidnapping sex-slaves for Mexican brothels. I know what happens over there and I will do anything not to be sold over the border! Even if it means serving that

bitch Florrie for years. Anything!”

FOUR

The Road To Hell.

“What happens over the border then? In Mexico?” asked Graham.

“Brothels!” answered Gerda. “Of the worst kind.”

“I suppose that I am at little risk of being sent to a brothel,” commented Graham. “Not much call for men!”

The answer came out of the dark as a laugh. Irony and hysteria mixed in painful hilarity.

“You are such a naïve little shit aren’t you?” she asked rhetorically. “Do you think that the sort of brothels that I am talking about are some sort of New Orleans cat-house where gentlemen come to call to amuse themselves?”

Again she laughed.

“Most men and women do not survive longer than a few months! There are plenty of women who enjoy the services of some man who has to fuck and suck all night for hours at a time if he wants to escape the barbed whip. When the slaves are exhausted, when they are marked by the scars and bruises permanently, they become a last recreation for those who can afford to destroy people for the pleasure of it!”

Graham shivered as his mind's eye pictured a place where such people paid to inflict pain and death on their victims. Were there really such places?

“What about the police?” he asked.

“The police are corrupted by people like Florrie and Irene. They all need the money to put their kids through college as much as the rest of us. The money that reaches their outstretched palms is

earned by people like us.”

“Shit!” said Graham.

“That’s one of the little kinks that they indulge in as well!”

There was silence that was only broken as the woman who said that she had forgotten her name, wept in the confines of her cage.

There was nothing else to say except to repeat their names to each other.

Now that he was no longer distracted by Gerda, Graham felt every slight move that he made as lancing agony in his muscles. He tugged at the rope but there was no give at all left and the cuffs bit into his wrists with the tension. He could feel a welling of hopelessness sweep his mind. This was no casual escapade of a careless gang, this was their living, there would be few chances to escape and if he weakened he would never escape. Already a girl had recaptured him and he had been unable to

resist.

The door opened, the door at the top of the steps into the cellar. The pale light of evening spilled into the prison cellar. To Graham's light starved eyes it was enough to see Gerda crouched in her cage just two doors down from the woman who was still weeping softly despite the arrival of Florrie.

“Did you get to know each other then?” asked Florrie.

Graham looked at her and decided that Florrie was attractive despite the fact that he hated and feared her. Large breasts, wide hips and long legs that looked even longer when he looked up the stairs to see her framed in the pale light.

“My little ass licking slave pet can have a rest tonight, because I think that we should introduce my latest acquisition to the rest of his life.

Tomorrow he gets to go on a little holiday up in Nebraska so tonight is all we have!”

One of the other girls came into the cellar and loosened the hook that kept Graham’s arms up.

The shock of release after hours of being stretched was a relief that suddenly turned to sheer pain as the muscles of his arms and legs knotted in cramp of release. He fell to the floor, moaning and weeping with the distress. His legs twitched and his arms felt as though they had just been wrenched from their sockets.

“Fucking get up, you slut,” cried the girl who had released him.

She aimed a kick at his prone body, making him struggle to his hands and knees even though every move was agony. He crawled to the bottom of the steps. Gradually feeling was coming back to his legs, they felt like lead, numb and heavy.

Graham felt another kick, this time clearly

aimed at his balls hanging between his thighs. The blow was a flash of pain in his thighs as it missed the intended target and impacted the muscles of his thighs.

The girl walked to the bottom stair and picked up the loop of rope that ran through the cuffs.

“Come on bitch,” she said as she started to drag him up the stairs by the rope. “You’ve got some ass lickin’ to do so get the fuck up here!”

Half stumbling and half crawling he followed her painful lead. Once again the cuffs cut into his now bleeding wrists, the pain was excruciating but at least the cramps and spasms from his long suspension were starting to fade.

Four girls waited at the top of the stairs. Florrie stepped up and slapped him across the face with the back of her hand before she spoke: “You’d better learn what the fuck you are expected to do, fucker. On your knees bitch!”

Graham fell to his knees and hung his head. This was a nightmare come true, naked, kneeling in the dust whilst these girls treated him as a slave.

‘I am a slave!’ thought Graham in sudden realisation that this was not a nightmare, it was reality. *‘Nothing but a piece of meat for their amusement.’*

Florrie passed Lizzie a bottle of beer and drank from her own with relish. Her boot moved forward to catch the chain between the handcuffs to the ground with the arch of her heel.

“Want a beer?” she asked Graham, “Because you sure look thirsty.”

Graham tried not to look at her, he did not want to provoke her to do more than she already had planned for him. He felt a fear of these women fill his psyche as they laughed at his distress. At the same time he felt an erection springing up where none had been before. The humiliation was exciting him deeply while the terror he felt clouded his

mind.

“What are we going to do with this little piggy?” laughed a voice behind him.

“To start with he has to become just that, a little piggy for our amusement. Then I think that we will find out which little piggy comes to market!”

There was general laughter at this crude sally and Flossie kicked him in the ribs.

“Get the piggy shackles,” said Flossie.

“Get on all fours cunt!” she ordered as one of the girls arrived with a mass of shackles joined by thin steel cable. “We have to make you comfortable first!”

The four girls quickly fitted Graham with the shackles leaving him on all fours but balancing on elbows and knees as his wrists were bound to his shoulders and his ankles to his thighs.

All the while Flossie directed the operation and mocked her victim: “Get used to it you little shit, because this is how you get shipped by the ‘Slaver’s Chapter’ when we ship you to Nebraska in a crate ready for your training as a fuck pig.

Graham lost his self-control in his panic in the extremity of his distress and released his bowels.

“Lookit that,” howled one of the girls in laughter. “He ain’t gonna need no training, he already shits himself like a pig!”

Suddenly he felt hands hold his head and a hood was slipped over his head. Loose at first the laces were savagely pulled tight and it moulded to his features leaving mouth accessible but the rest of his head and neck gripped by supple leather. Once again the laces were pulled until he felt choked by the result. He gasped for air in his dread.

He tried to crawl away from his tormentress’, but a swift blow to his naked ass brought him to heel.

“Stay still, we have not finished with you,” came Flossie’s voice, muffled by the thick leather. “No pig of ours runs away from the slaughter!”

A sudden hissing, a splashing and he was hosed down. Freezing cold water doused him. It entered the lacing-eyelets of his hood and drenched his skin. Graham gasped and almost collapsed, but somehow he realised that it would invite more vicious torment if he dared collapse or evade the girls.

He gasped at the cold that crawled over him like a wave of ice and he felt his powerful erection fade as they directed the hose at every inch of his body with efficient cruelty. By the time that they had finished he was quivering from the cold as well as the sheer fear of being so helpless.

He tried to gulp some of the water, he opened his mouth to catch some of the spray directed at him.

“Oh, no, no, no!” said Florrie. “Nothing to drink yet, we want you nice and thirsty!”

The jet of water moved from his face and another kick to his ribs showed him that Florrie was attentive to every move that he made.

Finally it was over and he was dripping in the cold air of the dusk that was settling over the hills.

Graham heard a giggling, a surreptitious mirth that boded ill.

In his blind and constricted state he waited for the next humiliation, the next cruelty that these girls were going to inflict on their new pet.

In his ear he heard a whisper, Florrie: “Ever been fucked? Are you a virgin?”

Graham nodded and then shook his head as the realisation of the meaning of her words struck him. Instinctively he tried, irrationally, to run from his tormenters.

“Run piggy run!” cried one of the other girls and then “Sooeey, sooeey, piggy, piggy!”

His face ran into a wall and he was showered with blows and kicks before he felt the feeling that he had dreaded. The pressure that forced its way between the cheeks of his ass. The firm grip on his neck that stopped him moving. A hand on his prick that slowly milked him with a firm grasp. The pressure increased and something pressed against the clenched flower of his ass hole.

The hand on his prick gave him back his hard on.

The pressure forced the object into his ass.

Slowly, and with irresistible force, Florrie penetrated him, fucked him, screwed his ass as the skilled hand that controlled his prick stopped and slapped his balls.

“Make sure that he doesn’t come,” laughed

Florrie as she finally rammed the dildo home.
“Now that’s better!”

“The hand on his prick resumed its motion and then he felt something clasp the very root of his rampant cock. A click, a grim final snap of steel and the ring was fitted.

“Now that he has a nice little tail and his little dickie shows proper respect, we can start the party,” laughed Florrie.

Graham could hear the sounds of the girls clinking crates of beer. He heard dragging and then felt the radiated heat of a grill. He smelt the grilling meat and the general bustle of the girls preparing their grill. He began to drool at the smell of that meat, the thought of the beer the sizzle of the sausages.

While all this preparation was going on Graham moved towards the comforting heat of the barbecue where the cold of the water dried on his skin.

“Does piggy want something to eat?” asked Florrie. “Maybe a cool beer or a sizzling sausage?”

He nodded and opened his mouth in hope.

A man’s voice started to laugh as strong hands gripped his head. Something touched his lips and he opened wide in hope of food. Suddenly something was forced into his mouth. Not soft but slightly yielding, the object filled his mouth, forcing his jaw wide.

A gag!

Florrie commented as she pushed the rubber tube between his teeth, “That’s better, piggy, we don’t want you biting the sausage!”

Bill’s voice came from nearby: “I’m not sure if it’s sizzling yet though!”

There was general merriment and someone slapped the cheeks of his ass. Graham stumbled forward and felt something enter his mouth.

Bill sighed in anticipation and pushed his firm prick into the hole that needed to be filled in the mask that covered the face of their new fuck toy.

Graham felt his mouth being filled, the prick choked him as it hit the back of his throat. He tried to bite but the ring-gag gave no ground. The grip on his head moved him up and down the prick in a gross simulation of fucking. He could feel the soft tip of the prick course his tongue to the back of his throat.

He could feel the rim of that tip and the veins that stood proud as it swelled to fill his mouth and begin to course back and forth in a terrible simulation of consensual sex.

“Sausage seems to suit him!” laughed Florrie as she enjoyed Bill’s rape of her new toy.

Bill grunted in reply and fucked the slave with violent pushes of his hips. The pace quickened and Graham wept as he was forced to perform for

Bills's pleasure. The cock blocked his air as it slid into his throat deeper each time, allowing only the occasional gasp of precious air.

A blow struck Graham on the side of his head and Bill urged him to suck and use his tongue properly.

“Come on bitch,” he shouted, “I can’t feel you trying!”

At last there was an end to the degradation as Bill climaxed with a cry of triumph. Slimy come greased the orifice of the fuck pig as the girls cried encouragement and slapped Graham’s ass with a shower of blows.

The cock pulled out slowly as Bill savoured even the ticklish sensitivity as he withdrew his prick.

A taste like salty soap filled Graham’s senses as a plug was pressed home and all that emission was trapped in his mouth. He swallowed, he could not

help himself.

“So now that he’s fed, we can eat a little as well!” came Florrie’s voice.

Graham found himself alone in a solitary black nightmare of humiliation as his tormenters started their barbecue. The taste of that come, the glowing of his ass, the penetrating object that strained his ass to the limit.

He could still almost feel the flesh that had used his mouth, the smooth firm cock that had filled him to choking.

It was clear that Bill did as he was told by Florrie as she directed him to pour the beer and turn the steaks and burgers on the grill. Graham just listened for signs that they were paying attention to him. He wondered if they were distracted enough to ignore him, but every now and again a hand pulled at his prick, slapped his raw ass or made sure that the dildo in his ass was firmly planted.

There was no escape.

The meal was over and the group chatted.

“Can I have another go?” asked Bill. “This little piggy needs roast beef!”

“No, he has had enough to eat, he’s going to get a drink later when we have all had enough beer and then he is going to find out that he loves being our little fuck piggy. After that it’s the cage for him. After all you have to transport him tomorrow so you need to get some sleep!”

“Please...”

“No! Go to fucking bed and get some sleep because this is girl-time, we are going to play with him and then we’ll pack him all ready for us tomorrow.”

Once again his head was gripped and someone fiddled with the plug in the gag. Graham tried to move and avoid the attention, but it was plainly

hopeless to resist when a strong hand gripped his balls to make him stay still.

“We could castrate the fucker,” suggested one female voice. “We’ve never done that before and it would be amusing to neuter our little pig.”

“If we keep him for ourselves we *will* cut off his balls, but let’s not ruin his dollar value just for a few minutes of fun,” replied Florrie.

Graham almost collapsed with fear at the brutality of his tormentors, but then his attention was taken by the sound of zippers being opened.

For a few moments there were giggles and a raucous comment or two, it was the calm before the next act of vile torture to be inflicted.

There was a slight hiss, the sound of air or water.

Abruptly his mouth was filled with liquid forced into him through the tube inserted into the gag. A

nausea overcame him as he gagged with the realisation that they were making him drink their piss. The taste filled his senses, it pushed into his throat and then he swallowed. The human urinal had a need for air that made him swallow the salty-bitter fluid that cascaded into his mouth.

It lasted for ever, that first drink.

The girl who was using him as a toilet slut, sighed in release as she relieved herself fully into the trussed form that could not help but swallow all that beer that her body had transformed.

“That’s better, now there’s room for more,” she breathed.

“Of course there is, he’s going to drink from all of us!”

“I meant that I’m ready for another beer or three now!”

There was a pause before Florrie availed herself

of the facilities. The five bottles of beer that she had drunk were almost too much for Graham. He choked and spluttered as he tried to swallow and breathe. It seemed to him that she had a pungent taste that was particularly unpleasant.

“God, that was good!” said Florrie as she zipped up her jeans and passed the funnel to the next girl. “Where’s the beer? Let’s get another crate.”

Graham felt himself fill up, a desperate need to piss himself. He tried letting go. But the steel ring and his captured erection would not let him release himself. The purpose of the sequence of events was becoming clear. They were going to push him to his physical limit and beyond.

This was how they crushed their slaves.

Humiliation, helplessness, pain and frustrated sex. Forced to suck a cock, bound and trussed, Graham was being invaded inside and out. His mind rebelled but his body toed the line. That was all they wanted, the mental submission would come

in the end and it would signify that the victim was no longer any real use.

What was the point of a slave that wanted to be enslaved? A fuck-pig resigned to his fate was no longer any use, where was the piquant fear and terror that was required?

At the point that a slave broke and became torpid and unmoved by rape and torture, he was consigned to make a last exit, a last profit as some customer paid for the ultimate experience of finally destroying the apathetic slave.

For now they would fill him with their water, wank him to near climax and cane him until he was dazed from it all. Finally he was put back in his cellar cage. The mask stayed on, the fetters were simply tightened and the ring on the base of his cock was exchanged for a tighter one.

Finally they rubbed him with massage cream that made his skin feel as though it was on fire.

Every inch, balls, prick, ass and face were slapped with the cream.

Finally he managed to release himself as the pain and terror overcame all restrictions. His bladder pushed and he discharged all of the recycled beer with a gush that soaked him with his own water.

Once again he was hosed down and then the door closed to block off the laughter and giggles that had accompanied his terror.

Nebraska awaited!

FIVE

STILL ON THE ROAD TO HELL.

The pickup stopped moving with a lurch.

The crate in the back was tightly fixed and tied down, but it moved slightly causing discomfort to Graham who was buried deep in the foam that

protected him.

The thick rubber that they had slipped into and then laced tight over his whole body, held him in its firm grip making all sensation fade as his numb limbs suffered from the fetters. The gag made his jaw ache, while the dildo that still resided in his ass had become a just a background soreness.

He could hear Bill and Florrie discussing something and then the sound of another voice, a man's voice.

“Fill her up,” said Bill.

“Oil and water?” asked the voice.

“Yeah, check ‘em both please,” answered Florrie.

There was a clunk of metal as the gas dispenser connected with the truck followed by the gurgling of the petrol filling the tank.

“Got far to go?” asked the pump attendant.

“Arkansas,” said Bill.

“Delivery, I suppose?”

“You could say that,” said Florrie, “just meat.”

“In a crate?”

“Just dogfood really! Some fucking spoiled pig!”

Graham tried to cry out but the gag made his call a whimper and the foam soaked up the sound.

“Well then, have a nice trip,” said the attendant as he pulled the petrol dispenser and screwed on the cap.

There were other sounds as the hood was lifted and the oil and water checked. Finally utter stillness as Florrie and Bill went inside to pay and take a bite to eat.

The pickup drove at a steady fifty and soaked up the miles, hour by hour. The unwilling passenger became progressively more uncomfortable while the two in the front drank root beer and munched on sandwiches.

They refilled twice before finally coming to a halt in a vast yard that had two mobile homes parked around the field of dust. A few sorry trees overhung the two dilapidated caravans that had long since lost their charm and all of their wheels.

As Florrie and Bill climbed out they were greeted by a huge woman who strolled over to welcome them. She smiled at the crate on the back of the pickup and raised an eyebrow.

“How long have I got him for?” she asked of Florrie.

“Perhaps a week. Then we need him back.”

“That’s long enough,” said the fat woman. “The

usual price though, even though it's just half the time!"

"Five hundred, as usual," confirmed Florrie. "Just break him down a little and teach him to obey every instruction! We don't want 'willing', we want 'scared' this time because we have two special buyers lined up who are paying top dollar. Get Larry to sort out the usual bits and pieces and we'll pick the result up on Monday next."

"Good, Larry will cost an extra few hundred! What's it to be?"

"I have christened him 'piggy', so let's go with something like that... No more than three hundred for Larry, get him to be creative for the money!"

"Are you staying the night?"

Bill looked at Florrie and then answered: "Nah, we got some other stuff to do, so we'll love ya and leave ya."

“Better get the crate unloaded then!”

They levered the crate containing the hapless Graham off the pickup and slid it onto the ground with a bump.

“We’ll be back in a week to pick piggy up,” said Florrie with a laugh as she slapped the side of the crate. “Do the usual and don’t cause any permanent damage that would lower the value of the merchandise, Madison.”

The big woman, laughed with Florrie and said: “Nothing that can’t be put right!”

As the truck pulled out of the caravan park she turned to the crate and smiled to herself. It was always a special moment when the new victim came blinking into the sunshine. Singular and special for her, of course, because it would be the start of a week of hell for her prey. Madison would have done this for nothing, just for the intense pleasure of demolishing a vulnerable man.

‘But, being paid for her fun certainly greased the wheels and made it all so pleasurable!’ she thought to herself as she fetched the screwdriver to unfasten the crate.

It took her ten minutes to loosen the outer casing and fold back the wooden sides of the crate. The firm foam inner packing made Madison’s heart beat faster. The moment was near when the poor victim of her primitive correctional facility would be revealed. She stood a moment to draw out the anticipation and then cut the duct tape and lowered the slabs of foam to reveal Graham.

Still tied ankle to thigh and wrist to shoulder, still wearing the tight mask and an intrusive gag he was a picture of helplessness that made Madison feel a tremble that went from thighs to the tip of her tongue. He was so ideal, muscular and fit, it would be a pleasure playing with him for a week, such an indulgence in deviance.

She slapped his naked rear and saw that she had woken him from deep sleep. Somehow her little

victim had fallen asleep from fear and exhaustion and was just coming around to find the new abyss that waited for him in the shape of a woman who just loved malicious sex.

He started and she noted with approval that, even though his bonds were tight, he had not suffered from a cut-off blood supply in his limbs. Of the thirty or so victims of Florrie's Hell's Angels she had had to dispose of two because they were damaged by over severe packing on the day's journey to her caravan.

“OK, slut, let's get moving,” she said as she slapped his rear again. “We need to take a good look at you and figure out how much punishment you can stand.”

In his confusion, Graham moved a step back and then stopped.

“Not a good start, that's already earned you a thrashing with the cane, so let's be having you!”

Graham could hear her muffled voice and shook in trepidation of this new female voice. It sounded not just severe, but authoritative and threatening. He stumbled forward blindly on his folded limbs and moved a few steps.

A sharp slap on his rear guided him to the left and Madison herded her new chattel into her rather dilapidated caravan. As she guided him she spoke to him in a threatening voice.

“I will not be giving you any rules, piggy. You will just have to learn as you go along! Everything you do that displeases me earns you ten strokes of the cane and every sign of rebellion earns you double. There is no escape, or chance of rescue here so just serve me and be a good little piggy!”

She opened the door and watched Graham struggle into her caravan up the single step. As he did so she selected a cane from the three that stood in an old vase by the door.

“The punishment starts here for moving

backwards.”

She undid the Velcro fastening that held the gag in place and pulled the soft silicone stopper from between his jaws. Graham gurgled as his mouth was freed from the obstruction that had pushed a prick shaped plastic form into his mouth.

She plied the cane before he could speak out and had given him the second vicious blow to his ass before he had even managed to cry out from the first.

Graham was in a nightmare world of darkness and sensation. Blinded by the hood, every perception was doubled in intensity, every contact and impression filled his bewildered mind. Each blow of the cane was a line of fire that caused him to see brush strokes of red fire in his head.

Madison painted his ass with pain, she laid the blows without regard or artistry, simply making sure the maximum effort went into each swing.

The first caning was always the hardest! Of course the slave had longer to recover, but the main object was to teach her piggy that retribution was savage, indiscriminate and almost random. Fear and terror were the object lesson of the first hour!

The purple welts, like blood vast blisters, that were smeared on his pale flesh swelled and made small ridges on his skin as he howled in agony. Finally she was finished and her new slave stood trembling and weeping softly.

“I hope that you are a polite little fuck-piggy,” she said as she wondered at his endurance. Most of them collapsed at this first thrashing and only got up when the next ten strokes arrived to persuade them that a caning was to be taken on all fours and not lying on the floor.

The choked sobbing quietened and Graham spoke to this terrible angel of pain.

“Thank you, Miss!”

“Thank you, Madison!” she answered. “My name, make sure that you use my name. You on the other hand have lost yours! You are now just ‘piggy’ or ‘fuck pig’ or perhaps ‘suck pig’. It all depends on whether you suck cunt or are blowing a cock.”

She gave him two more blows of the cane across his back and watched him almost fall down with the shock.

“Thank you, Madison,” he mumbled as he bit back a sob that threatened to choke him.

Madison grimaced and thought of her instructions.

She was not to break this one, but to just make him ready for his new owners! It was a new concept for Madison and she wondered if it would be as satisfying as making a man cringe and obey without question or limit.

She reached down and unlaced the hood. It was

another one of the special moments that she so enjoyed. Most of the men that she had trained for Florrie reacted with revulsion when they saw that the woman who had been placed in charge of them was not some gorgeous dominatrix, but a twenty stone tyrant who offered no visual titillation to go with the intense sexual service that was expected of them. More than expected, it was squeezed from them by brutal force!

Graham looked up at his tormenter and she saw the look of shock. She held the cane for him to see his own blood marking its length and smiled to see him try not to weep.

“I have some special things that you are going to do, piggy.”

“Yes, Madison,” he said.

“That was not a question and required no answering back.”

The cane moved with lightning speed to leave

another welt on his back before he could realise that it was a mistake to speak out of turn.

Now the tears rolled freely down his cheeks and dripped to the floor. There was no reserve of self-control to draw from; it had all been exhausted in a matter of ten minutes. Graham was unable to help himself or imagine what he had done to deserve falling into the hands of this evil ogress of a woman who did not give orders, She expected him to read her mind and learn through sheer agony what her rules were.

“Time for us to see how well you can please me,” she said. “I would not like to think that you have all the fun!”

Her hand slapped his ass and Graham jumped forward as if he had an electric shock. Her flat hand on those welts was worse than the cane itself!

“Onto the fucking bed, piggy and I’ll teach you how to clean ass and lick cunt!”

SIX

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Madison lay in a contented slumber. Her exhausted trainee lay between her legs in the darkness of his own nightmare. His beaten body ached from the strain of performing from a deep sense of fear and he could get no sleep himself.

He relived the last hour of service and shuddered beside himself.

Just three days ago he had been sitting on the side of his road to contentment. A man at peace with himself; travelling the Midwest of the United States of America. He had been looking forward to the simple pleasures of seeing the mountains that embrace Denver. Climbing the rocky paths to the summits of those foothills and watching the eagles soar in majestic arches that embraced the sky.

That was three days ago, before Florrie, Bill and

the rest of the Hell's Angels. That was before Madison and her inexhaustible needs. The need to inflict pain. The need to create fear and the need to extract the last ichor of suffering from his body.

Worse still was the future!

What would happen after the week of 'training' here?

He dreaded to think...

He had been taken between her thighs and forced to give her orgasm after orgasm. His tongue, his lips and his face had been buried in that monumental slit that seemed to swallow him with ease. The columns of those massive thighs had closed to trap him and make him gasp for breath. Then they had opened wide to reveal a dark tunnel that needed filling.

That had been his job too, plugging that oversize tunnel of love. His cock had been fitted with a rubber shape that enlarged him to monstrous

proportions and he had fucked her to the timing of the thrashing of a cane.

Always the cane on his previous wounds.

There was no question of him being allowed to come. The tight ring and the rubber sleeve on his prick saw to that. Graham was just a machine to satisfy this crude and monstrous ogress.

Finally she had tired and lay back to enjoy a delightful half hour while he had delved between her thighs and the cheeks of that colossal ass. He had lapped the trickle of fluid that seeped from her satisfied cunt, the soapy liquid that was the result of her extreme pleasure.

That had been followed by more of her water to drink as he saved her having to get up from the soiled bed and perform her ablutions. Finally she had drifted off and he had been left to contemplate just how far he had fallen.

Inside he was still the Graham that had been

eager to see the eagles. The Graham that had left his girlfriend to savour the joys of being on the road. He was still the person that liked to read thriller novels and listen to heavy rock. That Graham had not gone, he had just been submerged in a dark dream of fear and loathing that had to have an end.

Madison stirred in her sleep and her legs opened wide to allow him to see the woman that he was now obliged to serve. He could see legs that were as thick as his waist and a vast mound of flesh beyond that was just the foothills of those substantial breasts that hung slackly over her torso. The cavern of her cunt yawned and hung slack. Over that black space hung the finger long clitoris that moved slightly to her heartbeat.

Unsheathed like a small prick it hung from its hood and throbbed.

Everything about Madison was large and her appetites were no exception.

Finally he managed to drift into a semi coma, a slumber that was always on the edge of awareness, a sleep that was barely an escape from the terrible world that was his waking nightmare.

Madison heaved herself from the bed and gave her little piggy a slap on the rear. He had things to do and she was looking forward to making him do them.

The soles of his feet and his hands showed her that he needed release for a while from the metal fetters that constricted him.

As soon as he had recovered he would be bound again in the way that she liked best and the games could continue.

The cuts and bruises on his body showed where Graham had been beaten in a savage enjoyment of agony by Madison. One or two of the stripes showed yellow and black, the rest were still livid

purple welts that invited more attention.

She slapped his behind and was satisfied to see that he was waiting for her cues. He dared not make a mistake and was coming around to the idea that she was in control of every move, function and feeling that his body was allowed to experience. She led him to her narrow toilet and sat on the bowl while he watched her drain herself.

She could see the relief in his eyes that she was not using him as a toilet. *‘There is time enough for that later. Having this fuck pig slurping hard to catch every drop of pee was going to be a daily treat for her,’* she thought as she shuffled forward and opened her thighs to allow him to at least lick her clean and taste those pungent drops of piss.

“Suck,” she commanded.

His lips pursed and slid over that clitoris. As he did so he tickled her with his tongue.

“Fuck it, piggy,” she moaned as his lips slid

back and forth over her.

Lips and tongue, no touch of teeth, just a smooth shafting of that monstrous clit until she climaxed with a shudder of rolls of fat and thighs.

“I think that you and I will get along just fine,” she said and patted his head. “When Larry comes tomorrow we will have a day of rest because you will be busy.”

Madison grabbed his hair and twisted his face up to look at hers. Then she kissed him on the lips and pushed her tongue into his mouth. Her grip on his head tightened and she pulled her lips from his.

“Let’s try that again, fuck pig. Only this time a little enthusiasm...”

She slapped his face and once again stooped to rape his mouth with hers. Her questing tongue forced his jaws wide and her fingers nipped his nose so that he had to struggle for air. The kiss seemed to last for an hour to Graham.

She stood from the toilet seat and led him into the dust of the yard.

Graham looked around and could see that the two derelict caravans were in the middle of nowhere. A dirt track that was scarcely more than the wear of truck tires led into the distance.

Madison left him there in the yard. It was a clear statement of her power over him. The message was: *‘Where the fuck are you going on elbows and knees? How can you possibly escape?’*

She returned with a length of chain and a collar.

“I have a few preparations to make for tomorrow so wait here for me!”

She fitted the collar and the chain and then released his other fetters.

Graham collapsed as life swept into his lower limbs and they weighed like smarting lead from

thighs to shoulders. An ache of pins and needles that made him whimper, swept through his body as Madison slapped his face with the back of her hand.

“No fucking noise, bitch. I speak you listen. I piss and you drink, I demand and you serve me. Later, I might just show you what happens when I shit!”

Graham rolled in the dust and tried not to whimper as Madison snorted her indifference to his pain and stumped off to attend to her preparations.

Slowly the pain in his limbs subsided to a background throb of discomfort and Graham pulled on his chain. It was thin and loose, but it defied any attempt to break it. Madison had padlocked it to a post and the other end to the collar that she had padlocked to his neck. He was in the open, naked and helpless, yet he could not see any way to escape. The taste of her filled his mouth; the stench of fear filled his mind.

Madison glanced at him as she went into her

home caravan and emerged with a box which she put in the other dilapidated mobile home. She showed no signs of concern that her victim was clearly visible to anyone who happened to pass. It was clear that no one ever passed this godforsaken place unless they intended to visit.

He heard her moving around in the mobile homes and tested the strength of his bonds once again. The post moved a little in the ground and he pulled at it with a will. Gathering the chain in his hands he pulled and then jumped away from the post.

His weight and the pull broke the post off with a dull snap and he was left lying in the dust with a five foot post that was joined to his neck by a chain! He stood and waited to see if Madison had heard the sound, but she was gone from sight.

He picked up the post and played with the idea that he might just attack her with it. He trembled with the shock of being free and did what his heart suggested, picked up the post and ran from the

small trailer park, the post in his hands and the chain pulling in the dust.

Graham was a hundred yards from the awfulness of the trailers when Madison emerged with a revolver in her hands. She looked at the snapped post and scanned the flat dustbowl to see her quarry heading towards the hills at a jog.

Just north of the small town of North Platte a vast wild area of dust, scrub and broken terrain extends northwards. It is only cut by highway eighty three and a couple of minor roads. This was the area that Graham was fleeing into. Miles of rough country and uninhabited wasteland.

Madison watched him and decided that there was no way for her to catch him so she made a telephone call to Larry.

“He’s heading north, naked as the day he was born. That is if he was born collared and chained to a post.”

There was a short pause while Larry answered and Madison nodded agreement.

“OK the, I’ll wait here and you find him with your buddies.”

She put the phone down and stomped out of her caravan with angry steps. She had been so confident and so ready to humiliate him without considering all the consequences. Now he had escaped and was on the loose!

‘If Florrie ever gets wind of this I will be in real trouble,’ she thought as she entered the mobile home that she reserved as a sort of oubliette for the slaves that served her. *‘Larry will find the pig and bring him back!’*”

At the moment there was just slave seventy-three, a young woman that Madison had kidnapped in Fort Collins, Colorado when the stupid bitch had called Madison a fat bitch. Of course now the boot was on the other foot and slave seventy-three had six months of severe punishment

behind her.

Decorated by Larry and his partner in crime, slave seventy-three now had the words ‘fat bitch’ scrawled all over every inch of her skin. Whenever Madison felt like it she enjoyed taunting her victim and working her over with slaps and kicks that left the formerly pretty girl in a state of pain and dread.

Occasionally she used slave seventy-three to serve her. All the while the girl had to say how attractive Madison was, how much she enjoyed serving her every intimate need. It was only right that she should spend the rest of her life regretting insulting her mistress and paying the price of that casual insult.

Madison opened the box and aimed a slap at the fettered bitch in a box.

“Get up now, bitch,” she shouted as she grabbed at her long hair and pulled her out of the box that was her home for much of the time. “Time to please me, fuck bitch.”

“Please Madison, please,” said the frightened girl as she stood. “You are looking so pretty today, Madison, I just love your slim figure. Can I serve you, please? Please let me serve you, I will clean every inch of you with my tongue!”

“Listen, fuck puppet, I want you ready for me! Just shut the fuck up and do what I tell you!”

She slapped her slave with the back of her hand, a blow that made slave seventy-three reel. The last time had almost broken her nose, this blow brought tears to her eyes. She stood trembling while Madison tipped the contents of a large box on the floor. A tangled heap of chains, rubber and locks that Madison stirred with her foot.

SEVEN

FREEDOM ROAD

Graham staggered up the next hill to the skyline

and hoped that he was now far enough away to pause for a moment. One thing was not in doubt, Madison was not able to follow him up to the top of this ridge, she was just not physically able to haul her bulk to this height!

He inspected the post and the metal ring that was padlocked to the chain that extended from his collar. He had to get rid of the post at least; it was just too much a burden to carry it.

Experimentally he bashed the end on a rock and was satisfied to see that he was going to be able to smash the wood and free himself of its dead weight.

It took just a few minutes before he could toss the post away and wind the chain into an easily carried loop. There was no way the he could get rid of the ironmongery that circled his throat without tools. That would have to wait.

He simply had to get to a town and ask for help!

He scanned the horizon and saw no movement at

all, but the clouds drifting. From this point he could no longer see the mobile home of Madison. He looked down at his feet and realised that they were bleeding with walking on the hard rock.

Graham shrugged and ignored the discomfort. After what he had been through, the beatings and humiliation, cut feet was the last of his problems.

He picked up his chains and headed into the next shallow valley, another ripple in the terrain that showed no signs of human activity in this barren part of Nebraska. It was clear that he was going to spend a night in the open so now he had to find running water.

If nothing else he had to get rid of the last traces of Madison that seemed to linger in his mouth. Rank and oily, salty and crude on the palate!

Slave seventy-three was trussed like she had

never been tied before. Her body was sweating under the clear rubber suit that Madison had zipped over her. A gag kept her mouth open and ready for any intrusion that her owner decided might be interesting or piquant. Extreme high heels perched on the feet that were fastened to her thighs and the zipper on the suit were open to allow access as and when was needed.

“You remember Larry?” asked Madison rhetorically of slave seventy-three. “He has gone out to capture an escapee pig. When he returns I am going to lend you to him for a while as a thank-you and I want you ready at all times to be eager and dressed the way that he likes. Larry likes the kinky stuff so you should be perfect!”

She looked down at the slim girl who was on all fours before her and realised that her interest in slave seventy-three was fading. She normally preferred men; they were so much more vulnerable, with their little balls and pricks dangling and ready to punish. Now that she had had her revenge on this bitch she could be disposed of.

‘Perhaps Florrie will take her,’ she thought, ‘or maybe I’ll just have to dig a fucking hole!’”

Better to give her away, digging a hole deep enough would be such a huge effort!

‘Finally, finally,’ thought Graham as he looked down the slope and saw the blacktop of a highway that crossed his path.

This was what he had been searching for!

The night had been a terrible experience, but considerably better than the previous night where he had been beaten and raped by Madison.

It had been so cold!

He sat in the mid-morning sun and watched for traffic. The occasional car crawled past and there

were a few trucks as well. He wondered how it was going to work and what the reaction would be when he flagged down a car, naked and chained as he was!

He worked his way down the slope for an hour and then stood by the road. The last time that he had been hitchhiking it got him into this mess. This time it would get him out of the mess!

He waited by the road and held his arm out at the first passing truck. The driver stared at him and swerved to pass him by at high speed.

Graham watched the truck speed a way and cursed the driver under his breath. It almost made him miss the next car to come, a woman in a small saloon car.

He saw a look of shock on her face as she pulled to a halt with a slight squeal of tyres. For a moment he thought that she was going to drive off as he approached, but she rolled the window down and gave him a look that said, *'What the hell are you*

doing in the middle of nowhere with a chain around your neck?’

“I have escaped, from a gang,” he said. “I need to get to the next town or sheriff’s office. Please!”

The ‘*please*’ came out almost as a whine and she hesitated before leaning back and unlocking the rear door. He stepped in and pulled the door closed.

“Where are we?”

“On the ninety two, heading for Saintsville,” she replied. “What happened?”

The way that she phrased the question almost sounded as though she did not really want to hear the answer.

“I have escaped a bunch of criminals,” was all he said about his nakedness, the criss cross of bruises and the chains. “I have to get to a sheriff as soon as possible!”

She did not look back but picked up her mobile phone and called a number that was displayed on the screen by touching it.

“Get me Lawrence,” she said, “now!”

There was a pause and she spoke to her passenger. “He’s the local deputy, because the Sherriff’s in ‘Platte. He...”

She cocked her head and listened and then said, “I’ve just picked up a man on the ninety two and he looks in a bad way, so I’m dropping him at the back of the office.”

Graham could not hear the reply, but she looked at the phone for a moment and then put it down beside her on the front passenger seat.

“He’s in the office, so I’ll drop you off there and you can speak to him. Nice guy, Lawrence, he’ll sort you out.”

“Thanks,” said Graham as he noted that she had

said that she would drop him at the rear of the office.

‘Probably doesn’t want to be seen with me in the car,’ he thought as they passed the first buildings in the small town.

‘Saintsville, population one thousand three hundred. Cottonwood County’ was written on the sign they passed.

The car took a small lane and came to a halt next to a Sherriff’s black-and-white in the small car park. Leaning on the car was a man in a brown sheriff uniform with a huge felt hat in his hand.

Graham climbed out of the car and the man gave him a quizzical look as the woman leaned out of her car and said, “This is the guy, he’s all yours...”

With that she drove off and the deputy opened the door into the small office.

“Come in, can’t let the folks here see naked men

running around here,” commented the deputy as he waved Graham into the office.

The door closed and the deputy turned to face Graham.

“What in God’s name happened to you?” he asked.

Graham heaved a sigh of relief and told the deputy a short version of his story while the deputy found a blanket and threw it over Graham’s shoulders.

EIGHT

ROAD TO RECOVERY

“I have to get you to the police in North Platte,” said Lawrence with a grin at the man in the back seat. “I would take off the chains, but it would be better if they see you like this and not all cleaned up. Adds credibility to the crazy story you told me.”

Graham nodded and felt himself slipping to sleep. Even though Lawrence had given him a stiff cup of coffee and a bite to eat, the sheer lack of sleep last night made him drift in and out of slumber and half wakefulness.

Graham tried to answer the questions, about Florrie and Madison, but after ten minutes in the back seat of the car he slipped off to sleep as they sped through the almost arid landscape.

Graham dreamed...

It was almost the sum of his experiences since he met Gerda in Florrie's cellar cage. A vague feeling of terror, a certainty as he dreamed that he was between those huge thighs. He could feel his pursed lips gently being fucked by that huge clitoris. He could see the cunt that threatened to swallow him getting larger as he heard Madison's laughter at his helplessness.

The car rocked gently on the road and Graham

woke with a start as the wheels struck potholes. For a moment he was dazed and then he recovered from the nightmare of falling into that cavern that he had serviced so intimately.

Graham sat up and looked out of the window.

The car was heading down a narrow track and bouncing on the potholes. In front of him he could see two dilapidated mobile homes that were propped up on bricks

The car came to a halt and Graham remembered what Madison had said *‘When Larry comes tomorrow we will have a day of rest because you will be busy.’*

Larry, Lawrence!

Lawrence, Larry!

He felt a sick feeling in his belly as Larry looked back at him and smiled. He tried the door but it was locked. He moved forward to climb into the front

and attack Larry, but Larry just said “I wouldn’t do that if I were you, stay quiet and enjoy the ride, piggy!”

Graham suddenly felt overwhelmed by the realisation that he had escaped and been recovered by that whale of a woman, Madison. How easily he had been recaptured! The thought of that gross woman made him leap forward to attack the smug man who was driving the car.

Larry used the stun gun with a casual movement of the arm that showed that he was no stranger to transporting dangerous people when he was alone in his car.

“Y’see what you made me do to you now,” laughed Larry as he pulled up by Madison’s mobile home. “Now you’re in no fit state to say ‘hello’ to the lovely Madison!”

“Please, please,” begged the man who was about to be delivered to a nightmare. “I’ll pay anything, I have to escape...”

“Sonny,” said Larry. “You ain’t got fuck all to offer me and Madison pays regular like, when I do jobs for her.”

Graham looked out of the car to see Madison with a woman on a leash. At least it looked like a woman, a pet woman, another victim.

“Mmm, like the look of that ho,” mumbled Larry as he admired the gift that Madison was offering. “Tight latex and all trussed up tight for me! See there’s no way that you gonna offer me something like that are you? I sure know who my friends are.”

He opened the door of the car and stepped out to meet Madison.

“That’s for me?” he asked as he pointed at the trussed and helpless slave seventy-three. “You sure know my little weaknesses!”

Madison laughed.

“I’m pretty fucking glad that you found this little piggy for me. I thought that I might have to explain to Florrie what happened to the first slave that I fucking lost!” she said as she pulled Graham out of the car by the chain that was still attached to his neck ring.

As Graham tried to walk she pulled the chain and then punched him in the face with brutal force.

“No more walking for you, piggy! From now on you get on fucking piggy all-fours and you stay there. There ain’t gonna be a second chance for you to walk.”

Larry was looked down at the woman that he had been offered as a reward for recapturing Graham and smiled.

“You and I gonna have a little chat about swallowing come,” he said as he led his new pet to the mobile home. “I might just fuck that nice round ass...”

Madison kicked Graham and dragged him in the dust with no regard for how fast he could move on his hands and knees. As she got to the door of her home she reached inside and pulled out a mask.

“From now on I can’t have you seeing or hearing so well, so put this on!”

That was too much for Graham. No matter how much he feared her, he was not going to willingly put on that mask. He quickly stood and tried to pull away.

Madison suddenly let go of the chain that she was using as a leash at just the moment that he pulled away. Graham stumbled and Madison was on him before he realised how she had tricked him.

A resounding buffet to the side of his head and he was reeling.

But, he was not out and he managed to recover his balance.

The second blow that she threw was a roundhouse punch that caught his jaw and threw him, dazed, to the ground. He lay prone and she stood over him and then dropped the mask on his motionless body.

“Fucking now!” she ordered. “Put it on slut!”

She sat on his chest and pinned him to the ground with her enormous bulk.

He looked up at her huge breasts that were just one of the rolls of fat that contoured her bulk. Her thighs opened and he could see the ragged hair of her pussy, the dark slit and the finger of that clitoris throbbing and waiting for the attention of his lips.

His trembling hands picked up the mask and tried to work out how it fitted. The zips described a face. One for each eye and on over the mouth.

They were already all closed and locked with miniature padlocks. A symbol of his helplessness!

On the back were laces, a complex pattern of eyelets and leather cords that would seal the mask onto his face like an evil second skin.

He pulled it on and was back in the darkness, claustrophobic and frightening. Strong hands pulled at the laces and the leather was stretched over his features to create a faceless fuck-doll of the man who was, for the second time, about to learn that Madison was a woman who got whatever she wanted.

Graham heard a door open and the steps of Larry on the hard dirt.

“Looks like you got your own fuck-doll there nicely under control,” came his voice. “When do I get to do the work on him?”

“Anytime you like,” came Madison’s answer. “He has to be ready for Florrie in three days, so the sooner the better! I don’t give a flying fuck if he’s bruised or not when you do it, so tomorrow would

suit me.”

“Three hundred?”

“I’ll get you three hundred, don’t you fucking worry. Larry.”

“That bitch of yours is one good fuck.”

“I’m getting rid of the ho, so make the best of it!”

“What? You selling her to Florrie and all?”

“One way or another...”

“Shame really,” he said as he pulled up the zipper on his pants. “I like the shiny wrap and the heels. A real fucking bitch of a pro, and so totally fucking helpless. I’m gonna ass fuck her now and then a bit of oral tomorrow when I come back to do this little shit.”

He pointed at the prone Graham and laughed.

“I’ll bring all the stuff tomorrow and we’ll spend a bit of quality time together, him and me,” he said.

“Fine, I’ll see you then in the afternoon,” she replied.

Graham was trussed, naked and masked between the thighs of his teacher. His brief spell of freedom had just reinforced his will to escape. He had been so close, virtually free and clear!

He had to get away, he could not surrender to this battering of his psyche and intellect. He had to get back to the outside world and get back into control of his life.

He felt those massive thighs close around his head. He could not see the pale flesh, the ridges of fat and the gaping pussy, but nevertheless he had to serve it or the cane would descend on his flesh with

terrible effect.

He pushed and felt a momentary resistance as the huge dildo attached to his mouth entered that cunt. Now he was fucking her with his face. His tongue could just slip out of the breathing hole and tickle her pussy; stroke that clitoris with the touch of a lover. It was what she preferred, to be filled and tickled as she lowered herself up to the hilt. She felt every ridge on the enormous rubber form that filled her to near capacity.

So much better than any man, so much more!

Her hands on the back of his head caused him a wave of relief because that meant that she had laid down her cane. Madison was concentrating on her own pleasure for now, punishment would surely follow.

She pulled his head up and down as she used him to bring her to her well-deserved climax.

NINE

THE ROAD TO PERDITION AND THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

It was not that Larry was a queer!

Oh no!

Not bent, pansy or gay...

No way!

There was no way that he would have either admitted to such a thing or imagined that others might think him so. Larry belonged to that small or large group of men and women for whom sex is *not* a matter of *pleasure* pure.

The pleasure, the gratification of sex is displaced by the power that comes from imposing their wishes onto a victim. It is that sense of supremacy that makes them climax as they bend another to their will.

Larry, Madison, Irene and Florrie were all members of that exclusive club that anyone can join, but so few manage to make reality. Madison organised his sexual adventures and Larry paid for them by submitting to her will. He had even fucked the twenty five stone woman once when she had attempted to blackmail him.

That little escapade had caused the present arrangement where he helped her with his position as Sherriff's deputy and she supplied some special trussed fuck meat. There was no way that he would allow her to get a handle on him like that, he had no intention of ending up as her little piggy. The cage next door to slave seventy-three was not his destiny!

Right now, though, what Larry was doing was certainly in the direction of a homoerotic experience. For four hours he had been earning a little extra cash from Madison by using his skill as tattoo artist to leave Graham in no doubt as to the position that he held in life.

“Piggy, fuck pig, and cock slut,” had said Madison as she counted the phrases on her fat fingers. “I want it written from his face to the soles of his feet. I want it on his cock in capitals and on his lips in black. I have shaved his scalp so that you can treat every inch of his fucking pelt.”

“Shit, Madison! It’ll take fucking ages to do, I have all the stencils and the ink, but it is a long, long job. Jesus, Madison, it’ll take a fucking week.”

“Just do it freehand, I want him ready by tonight, because Florrie could arrive at any moment and I want the little fucker ready for her.”

“OK, OK then. But, the three hundred ain’t enough, ‘specially since I got him back to you without a problem...”

Madison had grimaced and wondered if she could get away with four hundred, but Larry had had other ideas.

“I’ll tell you what, Madison. Let me have piggy

and seventy-three for the day and I'll settle for three hundred green."

That was how it had been sorted.

Now Larry had his prick reaming the mouth of the man he was tattooing while the latex clad slave helped herself to his balls with her lips and tongue.

Larry's hands shook as he worked and climaxed again. Each time, the fuck pig swallowed the come like a good little slave and Larry used his right hand to build his next erection. Through the window he occasionally saw Madison glancing in as he worked.

It might have bothered another man, but Larry was indulging his most basic fantasy. '*Let the fat cow watch,*' he thought, '*that way she'll know what I want next time.*'

Other people were there to serve him and he could take what he liked from them. He could feel another climax building. This was the third now,

slower to arrive, less intense and created with more effort on the part of the two slaves, but nevertheless the third inside three hours...

He pushed into the ring gag of the prone man and looked down at the woman who had the job of attending to ass and balls. Her eyes were looking up, into his. They were empty of all emotion, but fear!

Fear was enough!

The journey back to the Florrie's Hell's Angel's was a road trip of dread and fearful trepidation. Since being forced to put the hood on and being bound after his awful session with Larry, Graham had not been beaten, that would have damaged the healing tattoos. He had not seen what had been done to his skin and he had no idea what lay ahead except that somehow he knew that if he did not escape Florrie in the first few days he would never be able to get away.

He would be forever a slave slut to these perverse women.

So, that last day with Madison was one where she tortured him without using the cane. Four dry hours tied up in the sun followed by a long drink of her wastes. Then came the service that was pepped up by her use of Larry's stun gun.

Finally, the packing and preparation in which he was once again bundled and rammed into the soft foam with every hole filled to prevent unwanted emissions. As she packed him into the crate, Madison could not help but enjoy his distress.

She played with his prick until he had achieved a strong erection and then she slowly masturbated him as she told him what might happen when he returned to Florrie's tender care. As he started to come she slowed the pace and told him stories of previous slaves who had passed through her hands.

Finally she told him of snuff movies, operations

that made sex slaves so much more obedient or totally helpless. Private dungeons that slaves entered and never left. Playrooms of pain and suffering for the gratification of their rich owners.

As she whispered in his ear she watched and waited for the first tears to roll from under the mask. As they did so she forced him to climax to her tales of the future that he was going to experience as a victim.

It was one of her only moments of subtlety. Making the slave climax, in part stimulated by tales of the horrors that he would experience.

Finally, when he was in mental torment she closed the case and screwed the sides in place. It would be a few hours before Florrie was to arrive, so she decided to relax with seventy-three and enjoy a little massage and intimate luxury!

For Graham, the fuck piggy in the crate, the journey back to the Florrie's Hell's Angels' headquarters was much like the journey out. The difference was that Graham had finally realised that this was real.

It was his future, or at least what was left of it.

The noise of the truck covering its miles.

The stops to fill the car with gas, the painful bindings and fetters, the soreness of his skin. It was all part of a waking nightmare that was almost unendurable.

Finally it was over and the box was tipped off the back of the pickup with a shove. He heard a slap on the side of the crate, almost a friendly recognition that it contained a pre-packed slave.

Then nothing.

There was the sound of motorcycle engines revving and then some voices, mainly female that

penetrated the wood and foam of the packing crate.

Finally the crate was tipped onto its side and pushed along the ground, presumably to clear the open area in front of the house. Graham just quietly wept into his mask as he realised that he was of so little importance that he was just a commercial commodity to these people, a fairly valuable product and nothing more.

TEN

THE END OF THE ROAD.

Graham heard the car arrive. Just!

In the absolute still of the night he heard it over the small sounds of the insects and rustling of the wind. There was a crunch of gravel, slight but steady, that made a noise even though the engine had been turned off and the car had rolled the last hundred yards.

The doors of the limousine opened and two women and two men exited the car like ghosts. One woman stayed in the car and watched her followers prepare to dispose of a small problem at her behest.

It was not often that she happened to get to witness their work, usually she was too busy to be bothered with minor actions like this.

She smiled and watched them check their silenced pistols, a brief twist of silencer and a click as magazines were tested and safety catches were lowered. In the dark they faded around the house with almost no sound.

The woman in the car stretched her legs a little and rotated so that she could slide out of the car with ease. Her stiletto heels found footing in the dust and she stood and looked around the yard. All was quiet, a new moon would have hung in the sky, but small clouds covered it. From her smart jacket pocket she took slim silver case and lit a cigarette that she extracted with almost exaggerated care.

She heard a small sound from the house and smiled, this was the end of the affair at last. The last time that she allowed her people to become involved, implicated, in a total mess like this!

Motorcycle gangs, drugs and prostitution!

What were they all thinking?

‘It just remains to tie up the last loose ends and then go home to New York,’ she thought as she drew at the cigarette with real enjoyment.

There was something so satisfying about being in at the finish of course! First there had been the White Angels and the fact that they had connection to her organisation. All contact had been broken and cleaned up, including that stupid idiot Steven Houghtonstone from the prosecutor’s office in Topeka.

The idiot that had used her name in such an indiscrete fashion.

Well, Steve was no more, or at least he had been sold to a lovely Japanese couple, Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso. That left the problem of the slave who should have been disposed of, but instead had been sold on to this pack of cut-rate rats.

Irene heard a couple of muffled shots from the house.

Like soft claps they signalled that her people were finally taking care of business with a measure of finality.

She tossed the butt of her cigarette in the dust and twisted the sole of her shoe on it just as a couple more shots spluttered in the house.

Irene held her hand up with fingers outstretched and admired the manicure. Simple red with a crusting of gold that made it look as though her nails had been partly gilded.

‘Now there is just that stupid bitch from the prosecutor’s office in Topeka to deal with and then

the matter is closed, finally,' she thought.

The door opened and Florrie was pushed into the yard by an unseen hand. Her hands were half up and clear of weapons; her body was naked and drenched in sweat.

“Very good,” said Irene with a smile. “I wonder if you could help me find someone? Actually someone in particular.”

The question was framed in an ironic tone of voice as if Irene were asking for directions from a passing stranger.

“Who the fuck are you, bitch?” answered Florrie.

“My name is none of your concern, Florence Hardcampe. You are here to answer my questions, that is enough for you to know.”

Florrie took a step forward as if threatening Irene and one of the women who had been in the

car with their mistress stepped out of the doorway and placed the lips of a Beretta on her neck.

“I am looking for a young woman who was sold to you a month ago. I understand that you have her here on the premises? A certain Gerda Hartley?”

“What is it worth, to tell you where she is?”

A tired, bored look came over Irene’s face and she strolled to stand in front of the naked woman who was *actually* trying to bargain with *her*. Irene stretched out a hand and gently traced the shape of a breast with her nail. The hand slid down between Florrie’s thighs and parted her sex.

“I do not think that you understand what risk you are taking by annoying me with your stupid attempts to haggle with me. I can do things to you that you cannot imagine. I can reduce you to a boneless jelly that howls all night to beg to eat my shit if I care to.”

Irene pushed her finger up, deep into Florrie and

smiled as if they were just shaking hands.

“I cannot hear you, Florence...”

“The chicken cellar, there,” said Florrie as she pointed at the door in the barn.

There were now six people in the yard, Florrie, Miss Irene Clearmont and all four of her assistants. Irene indicated with her free hand to one of the women, who went to the door and opened it.

For a moment she stood at the top of the stairs before she disappeared into the gloom. There was a small pause. Florrie stood on her tip-toes as Irene pushed deep into her. A small smile played on her lips as she enjoyed the discomfort that she was causing.

The woman reappeared in the door way and signalled to Irene by drawing a finger-tip over her throat.

“You see how easy that was, how painless...”

Now all we have to decide is; what to do with you, Miss Florence Hardcampe. What do you think?”

“Let me go of course,” said Florrie with a defiant shrug of the shoulders. “You got what you came for.”

“I suppose that true,” said Irene as she slowly withdrew her finger from Florrie.

The hand came up and the finger that had fucked her was held to Florrie’s lips. Knowing what was required, Florrie’s lips parted and she kissed the finger that had raped her.

“Excuse me, Miss,” said one of the men, “but what is in that?”

He pointed to the crate where Graham was stored for a sale that would now never happen.

“Open it!”

It was a work of moments to strip the case down

to the foam interior and discover Graham curled up and entombed within.

“Who is he?”

Florrie answered the question immediately. She could feel the silencer pressing into her skull so she did not dissemble overly.

“I was on the point of selling him to that ‘Esclavo Servil’ brothel, you know near Buenaventura.”

“Isn’t that the place where they have that private little film studio?”

Florrie nodded cautiously, careful not to give the wrong impression to the woman who was holding a gun to her head.

“Well, Florence, it would seem that I am all done here apart from a few singular details. I suppose that I can offer you a choice. Of course it will be a little limited in scope. Either you can

come with me and we find out what the future holds for you or; on the other hand you stay here with no future.”

“I’ll go with you,” said Florrie, guessing correctly that ‘no future’ meant just that!

ELEVEN

TERMINI

The road trip was at last at an end.

Graham stood and looked at the mirror at what Madison had had done to him. Larry had covered every inch with the words ‘pig’ , ‘fuck’ and ‘slut’. As Larry had done it he had enjoyed his victim’s struggles to learn to suck cock.

Lips that wrapped tightly around the root of that large prick and then sucked and massaged to make

it spew its pleasure into a servile mouth.

Graham shrugged, all of it meant nothing, and all of the terrible privations that he had suffered were of no account! Compared with Florrie's dashed expectations his own trials and tribulations were inconsequential.

Florrie had been sucked into the system of which she had been just an inconsequential cog. She found herself spat out as a white slave in Indonesia, just a servile foreigner who was there to satisfy her buyers. She would serve the rest of her days as a depositary for the emissions of thirty men a night, who wanted to find out what it was like to fuck and rape a white woman.

Graham on the other hand, had engendered no risk for his new owners. He was picked up like a child picks up a tumbling pebble from the surf on the beach. Picked up and thrown back into the water with a casual cast.

The training and auction were almost like

freedom to him. After the terrors of Madison and Florrie, the canings and the cages, the rapes and the chains were gone to be replaced by a strict regime of service that was occasionally rewarded by his mistress. Once a week he was allowed to have a quiet hour to masturbate as long as he had not disobeyed any orders or failed in his duties.

She was so considerate, so generous to him!

Occasionally his owner would actually sit in and enjoy watching him perform for her. She liked to see a slow and steady climax from him while he stared into her eyes and asked her permission.

“That’s a good boy, come for me my little slutty piggy,” she said as his prick erupted for her. “I love the tattoos, piggy, they suit you so well! Say ‘thank you’ to me for looking after you.”

“Thank you,” he replied.

The rest of the time he spent locked up, his prick in a narrow tube that allowed him no relief. Up at

five in the morning to clean the villa and prepare for his owners to rise. He padded around the house in his tight uniform constantly under the supervision of the two women who ran the household. Washing, cleaning and tidying up constantly, there was no moment to think about what could or should have been.

Graham had long realised that a failure to please here would result in his being sold on. Finally, a lazy slave always ended in some brothel or film studio where his life could be measured in weeks.

So he served the master and mistress as well as the female supervisors with great care and attention. The supervisors had their nightly uses for the man who was lower in the order of seniority than the parrot whose cage he cleaned twice a day.

The road trip that had started in New York had ended so far away!

He had hoped to find freedom on the road, but he had lost free will on the way. He had lost

everything that he had once held so dear, but he had gained purpose:

The single minded service that made his betters and owners glad that they had bought him.

He had become the *perfect* slave.

THE END

For More Reading From
www.femdomcave.com See Below...

MORE READING AT FEMDOM CAVE

www.femdomcave.com

**“MY PASSAGE TO WOMANHOOD” By
Clare Penne**

Volume-One

Prompted by memories of the women who have taken control of his life since his days at university, a man-stroke-woman details his extraordinary journey towards a womanhood both voluntary and coerced and describes the dominant and compelling characters – women and men – instrumental in securing his arrival.

From university in Edinburgh, to leafy Vermont, to a harem in Doha and a lesbian s&m club in Hong Kong, then back to Vermont again; the adventures of Clare Penne’s hero-cum-heroine are as exciting as they are sometimes excruciating and constitute a sexual rollercoaster of a read as he/she is taken down a road that leads to the most exacting

servitude one man-stroke-woman can be both expected and forced to give a female born to that condition in our fledgling millennium.

Not to mention anyone the loving, but ultra-dominant and controlling, “Saffi” takes a fancy to having her slave serve.

This is Volume-One of a proposed ten... or maybe even more!

“ASCENDANCY” By Miss Irene Clearmont

Miss Irene Clearmont gives us the story of William, a god in his own mind whose fragile kingdom is about to be revealed for the palace of paper it really is by his new maid.

Impressed by his young German housekeeper’s hard-work and organisational skills, the domestically idle William cedes more and more responsibility to her without realising she has no

intention of ever handing it back.

Before he knows it – and in ways exceeding the intentions of Sandra and Kamali – his life is no longer his own and soon he is spiralling down into a life of servitude as he attempts to keep the young German girl he has become obsessed with by his side.

It would have been better for both his pride and his manhood if he had simply let her go.

“Better than ‘Dark Widow’ – and I really enjoyed that.” – Gracious-Admirer

**“VENUS ASCENDANT”BY SHAUNA
WILLETS**

Three men have been found naked on golf courses. Their connection? All have been castrated. In her race to find the perpetrator before there’s another victim, DCI Kate Berenson will find herself challenged by a woman abusing her disabled

husband, a dominant ex-debutante and her pussy whipped and paid for middle-aged lover, a needy ex-husband, and her own, confused sexuality.

Then, under pressure for a result from her superiors, a young detective in her team falls into the hands of the perpetrator and Kate finds herself in a race against the clock that will ensure the missing man will be less than a man if her attempts to identify the cutter and find her detective are unsuccessful.

It does not look hopeful.

“It’s not often you read a femdom novel and get a cracking crime story as well but Venus Ascendant pulls it off – even if the femdom elements aren’t the main thrust of the story. Great characterisation and insight and I’d really like to see Shauna Willets write something with femdom as its main theme. Really promising website too” - Steve Lynch

“Hi Shauna, I recently read Venus Ascendant and was both frightened and excited. I wondered where your work was available? Thank you so

much” – Brad

“LESSONS AT THE EDGE” By William Gaius

Using the infatuation of a friend’s college age son to her own advantage, the gorgeous RoseAnn leads the smitten young man into a life of thrallldom, training him step by step as her sexual slave and domestic servant. Age difference is no barrier as RoseAnn finds the devoted lover she’s sought since her divorce and Barry finds unexpected gratification in service to a beautiful, selfish woman. When the redheaded student, Gloria, comes into the mix and pursues Barry she shows every sign of being as dominating as RoseAnn herself and Barry must decide between them—or must he?

“Mr Gaius has satisfied the question of his own self-belief – along with a number of other requirements – and is to be congratulated on providing a riveting and erotic read...” Shaunm – Femdom Cave Forum

“SERVING SREELATHA” BY KURT

STEINER

When Tim Benson's partner in a thriving retail business dies it brings him into contact with his widow, Sreelatha". Having looked down upon the younger Indian woman while his partner was alive and visiting her with the intention of buying her out of the business, he finds himself coming under the influence of her sadistic housekeeper, a strange tea, and Sreelatha herself.

The loss of his business, his marriage and his manhood will not be far behind.

“I am writing to thank Mr Kurt Steiner for the wonderful read of *Serving Sreelatha*. English is not my first language but I find Mr Steiners writing very easy to read and also very sexy. *The Inferior* was also very marvelous...” Helenic – Femdom Cave Forum

“VINCENNES” BY KURT STEINER

On a trip to Calcutta, successful businessman,

Vincent Vincennes, becomes infatuated with a plain young Indian waitress named Samira. Obsessed for the first time and for reasons beyond his comprehension, Vincennes is dragged into the pits of humiliation and self-loathing by the girl as he jettisons his wife and family in England and sets up home with the girl

Unable to fight his inexplicable need for the girl, he tells himself things cannot possibly get any worse.

Then Samira hires a young maid.

“The writer must have been reading my posts on the Femdom Cave forum as this, even more than The Inferior, looks as though it will develop to be close to my heart...” Ms Indira

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