

Detained At Pleasure (Book One)

By

Harmony Laine

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It was not very long before the euphoria of January 1 2000 AD was displaced by a growing disenchantment with the prospect of life in the twenty first century. By the year 2012, after fifteen unbroken years of New Socialism, the machinery of state had all but ground to a halt in the face of spreading poverty, crime, drug abuse and social despair from the poorer classes which was the spur for steadily increasing civil unrest. Taxation was at its highest level since the Second World War and with France and Germany struggling to rescue their economies from the effects of what had proved to be a premature launching of a common currency, Britain's Euro contributions were at an all-time peak.

The New Nationalism Party, founded a year before the General Election of 2007, made an unspectacular first descent into the political arena. Far more right wing than even the most die-hard Tory supporters, they were viewed with suspicion in most constituencies, though they did manage to win two Tory marginals as far apart as Cornwall and Cumberland. During the next five years, however, they made rapid gains under their new leader, Sir Philip Batchelor, a self made billionaire with a mile wide smile and the energy of a nuclear power station. Captains of industry saw this man and his party as the only safe route back from chaos, destruction and total economic collapse; the masses saw him as a man who had risen from their own ranks and a champion against the darker forces which had seeped into the very marrow of the political system.

In the election of 2012 the Batchelor Party, as some Fleet Street wag had nicknamed the New Nationalists, swept into power with one of the largest majorities ever seen at Westminster and the nation held its breath, waiting to see the wind of change blow through the corridors of power and into the country as a whole. There was not long to wait, but the wind turned out to be a tornado against which no structure, tradition or system could hope to stand.

Draconian laws, coupled with a radical new social strategy, were put in place almost before anyone had realised it. Cannabis was legalised in a bid to cut the drug barons off from a large percentage of their revenue as well as the automatic trade line which could turn soft drug users into addicts of harder and more expensive drugs. State controlled brothels were opened for legalised prostitution while the penalties for illegal soliciting and pimping were increased out of all proportion. For a first offence the sentence was an automatic five years with no remission and for a second offence, twenty years, again to be served in full. Convicted drug dealers could expect to serve the rest of their lives behind bars, even for first offences and the death penalty was reintroduced for most categories of murder.

Justice was dispensed swiftly, with much of the time wasting deadwood cut out of the legal system. The penal system, meanwhile, groaned under the additional burden imposed on it, but once again the government was ready with the solution. Already partially privatised, the system was now placed entirely in the hands of private

investment under a scheme which was part revolutionary and part based upon the American prison farms system. Penal colonies sprung up on islands around the coast of Britain which had remained unpopulated for centuries. With the water as an additional safety defence, security personnel could be kept to a minimum, saving on costs and making it easier for each colony to become not only self sufficient, but profitable, too.

Surpluses were soon being exported all over the world by the containership load. The rest of the EEC complained loudly and bitterly of unfair competition, but the Government's response was uncompromising. In a nationally networked television statement, Sir Philip Batchelor announced that, as from midnight that day, March 31 2013, the United Kingdom would be withdrawing from the European Union, confident in its ability to stand on its own, rather than to see twenty percent of national efforts being diverted to subsidise an edifice which had been crumbling since the turn of the century. 'Britain's Wealth for Britain's Health' was the battle-cry and the nation partied all night long.

Or rather, part of the nation partied, for there were those who entertained doubts and misgivings at the way big money and big business were now so openly in control. However, the official opposition was dealt a mortal blow less than a year later when The Right Honorable David Maskell, leader of the New Socialists, was connected with a bomb blast at the Albert Hall which had apparently been intended for the Prime Minister and the young King, both of whom had been due to attend a concert there that evening. The conspirators were rounded up and tried without delay, for seventeen innocent people had been killed in the explosion and another eighty six injured. Maskell and several other leading Opposition figures received jail terms ranging from fifteen years to fifty when two of the bombers, in a desperate attempt to avoid the ultimate penalty, made sworn statements that the funding of their group had come through these men in high places. Twenty years earlier their testimony would have been thrown out of court, but the world of Britain would never be the same again and the convictions stood. Maskell and his lawyers appealed, without success, for the main witnesses against them were by this time dead, hanged in the old execution shed at Pentonville, despite having given their damning evidence.

In the next few years, several other leading figures found themselves in court facing charges ranging from corruption to attempted vote rigging at various by-elections and the official opposition parties wilted visibly. In the 2017 General Election the New Nationalists all but swept the board. Only nine MPs remained from outside their numbers and when one of these was killed in a car crash only a month later, that seat also fell to the Batchelor Party. The Liberal Democrat Member for the Islands in Scotland was the next casualty, one of seventeen people to die in an outbreak of food poisoning in a Dunfermline Hotel and another seat fell to NN in the resulting by-election.

A week later one Tory and one New Socialist MP announced their retirement on health grounds - they wanted to ensure theirs stayed good - and the last Tory MP, the Member for Westminster, defected to the Government benches which by now were, in reality, all the benches in the House of Commons. A month later, the New Socialist Member for the Welsh Valleys shot himself through the head in his study at home, leaving behind a suicide note and confession letters admitting fraud and deception over the entire thirty years he had represented his constituents. The NN candidate at the ensuing by-election was returned unopposed.

After the General Election of 2022, Britain was a one-party state in all but name and what was left of the opposition parties found their activities severely curtailed by a new wave of legislation which could see a man in prison for belonging to any organisation whose declared aims and purposes did not conform with government thinking and policy. However, crime, violence, drug addiction and poverty had been so drastically reduced that the population in general did not seem to worry overmuch about their democratic rights being manipulated so blatantly. Prices had remained steady, working hours reduced, pensions increased and two million plus houses had been built. Exports were higher than ever, the country was wealthy and something like three million miscreants and misfits had been removed from society and put to work repaying their debts in the most practical fashion.

The courts became much quieter places, dealing mainly with traffic offences, drunkenness and minor disorderly conduct. Would-be serious offenders kept their heads down or emigrated, with the exception of a few still foolhardy enough to think they could buck the system. A few continued to escape the clutches of the system, but most failed, as did those small bands of dissidents who believed that the government had gone too far. Idealists in a world that had been far from ideal since the dawn of time, they too were doomed to certain failure, yet the nature of their beliefs still required them to try. For some, they would discover that the system they opposed was even more dreadful and oppressive than they could ever have imagined ...

The heavy cell door banged shut. The sound of the lock being shot home scraped around the bare brick walls with an air of finality that made Martin Benson shiver. For several seconds he stood just inside the threshold, surveying the small chamber's other occupants. Danny McCoy and John Simmons he knew - they had been arrested together in the dawn raid on Shelley Gibson's basement flat - but the third man was a stranger. About their own age group, mid twenties, he had the air of an office type, hair neatly trimmed and parted, hands small and neat, large spectacles giving him an owl-like appearance. Danny was first to speak.

"How'd it go?" he asked ruefully.

Martin sighed. "Exactly as we knew it would. How about you?"

"Twenty years. John too."

"The bastards wouldn't listen to a thing," Martin scowled, "and that bloody lawyer was less use than a chocolate fireguard."

"Same here," Danny agreed. "The whole thing is fixed before we even get into court, but we knew that. So what now?"

"The bailiff said we'd be kept here until tonight and then moved to whatever centre they've allocated us to," John interjected. "It's unlikely we'll all be going to the same place, though. They like to split up as many friendships as possible."

"Have you heard how Shelley and Diana got on?" Martin asked. He had been growing very fond of Shelley in the few months since he'd joined the group and had been trying to talk her into getting out of it with him before it was too late. Trying to change the world was all very well, but there were rather more personal factors coming into play and the thought of ever being separated from her was one he didn't like confronting. Now the

worst had happened and there was no way of turning back the clock.

“One of the screws told me they were sentenced yesterday,” John said. He was always the one who managed to wheedle information out of anybody, with his open face and boyish innocence. “He took great delight in telling me Diana got fifteen years and Shelley twenty five.”

“Twenty five?” Martin echoed. “Why did they come down so heavy on her, for God’s sake?”

“Because it was her place we were using and she’s been in the movement longer than any of us,” John informed him. “And there’s no appeals for anyone convicted of subversion and conspiracy. We were lucky they didn’t go the whole hog, or our next meeting would have been with a rope.”

“They knew that bloody bomb was a plant!” Danny exploded. “They knew we weren’t terrorists, so the cops planted the damned thing just to justify a sentence that keeps us out of the way for longer. Besides, we’re all young and healthy, so we’re better off alive and working than we would be swinging from a gallows. Shelley was right when she said it was only the older ones who get the chop.”

“They might as well hang us, the way I’m feeling now,” Martin said, dropping down onto the end of the wall mounted bench next to the stranger. After a moment, he turned to the young man. “What did they give you?” he asked.

The fellow pulled a wry face. “Seven years,” he said.

“Lucky bastard,” Danny muttered.

“What are you in for, then?” Martin persisted.

The man looked sheepish and lowered his eyes. “I’d rather not say,” he mumbled. “It’s not something I’m very proud of.”

“I’ll bet,” John chimed in. “Stealing women’s knickers off washing lines isn’t something I’d write home to my mum about either!”

There was a moment’s silence and then suddenly they all four exploded with laughter, even the poor chap who was the butt of the joke. In their present situation they had to hang on to their sense of humour at all costs.

In a different part of the underground cell complex, Shelley Gibson was waiting for transportation in a state of numb shock. The severity of her sentence had been bad enough - God, she would be nearly fifty before she got out! - but what had happened shortly after she had been returned to her cell had left her traumatised completely.

Unlike Martin and company, Shelley was locked up alone, but she was not left that way for long. The door had banged open and two burly female warders had stormed into the room. Without a word, they had stripped her naked in a matter of seconds, tearing the clothes from her back and throwing them into a discarded heap. Shelley had tried to resist, but both women were much bigger and stronger than she was and it had proved futile.

Once she was completely nude, her hands were dragged behind her and her thumbs cuffed together. Similar small cuffs were used on her big toes before she was hauled up and deposited on the padded bench. The taller warder had dragged in a large canvas bag upon entering and now she started to extract its contents. At first, Shelley could not make

out what the purpose of the long canvas garment was, but she soon found out. First, her feet and legs were forced into what appeared to be a long narrow tube of the fabric and it was hauled up around her waist, chest and finally, her shoulders. The front was open from ankles to neck, but there was a row of steel eyelets set up either side through which one of the women began to thread long corded laces. As she worked, the bag was drawn tighter and tighter about Shelley until, when the cord was knotted off at her throat, she was completely cocooned and unable to flex a muscle. Looking along the length of her helpless body, Shelley found her voice at last.

“What are you doing?” she demanded, trying to sound bolder than she felt. “There are rules about treatment of prisoners, aren’t there?”

The taller woman smirked down at her. “Oh yes, sweetie-pie,” she sneered. “There are rules all right - our rules, and rule number one is that all prisoners shall be transported in a totally secure condition.”

“And I’ll bet she feels nice and secure now, eh Anna?” the shorter warder joined in. “All nice and snug in her body sheath. All the time she can control her bladder, that is.” She laughed harshly and the first woman copied her.

“Trouble is, June, they take them up by chopper now, so she won’t really be tested properly, though they’ll soon have her shitting herself when she gets to the other end. Dirty little communist whore deserves everything she’s going to get.”

The one called Anna nodded in agreement and bent closer to Shelley, baring her teeth.

“My brother was killed in one of your bus bomb attacks,” she snarled. “For two pins, I’d stick a grenade up you and pull the pin. You don’t deserve to live.”

“Don’t worry,” June said, “she’ll soon wish she had swung. I’ve seen where she’s going, don’t forget.”

“I still say you should have let me cane her before we put her in that thing,” Anna protested.

“And have them querying where the marks came from? No, you know we can only do floggings with the proper permission and there isn’t time to get all the forms stamped today. We’ve got another eight to do by teatime, don’t forget, and they’ve all got to be on the same transport.”

She turned back to the bag and rummaged through it again, producing two small black objects which she thrust into each of Shelley’s ears, filling them completely and rendering her all but deaf.

“I’ve never planted a bomb anywhere!” Shelley protested, her voice sounding strange inside her skull. “I’ve never owned a gun, used a knife, or ever laid a finger on another human being!”

“That’s what all you shit-slugs say when you’ve been caught,” Anna scowled, her words scarcely audible. “Well, it makes no difference now. You belong to the system and soon you’ll belong to Braveheart Security. And the best of British luck, I don’t think!”

Still they had not finished with Shelley, for now Anna took out a contraption that looked like an old leather flying helmet, though with an extension at the front which came down to cover the wearer’s eyes completely. This part was padded with soft rubber, not for comfort, but to ensure that all light was completely blocked out. Shelley cried out in terror as she was plunged into total darkness, but they showed her no mercy, buckling the thing securely under her chin.

“Please,” she called out, “please don’t do this. I can’t stand the dark.” Her only reply was the sound of distant, mocking laughter. “Bitches!” she screamed. “You’re barbarians! You’re - ummpphhhh!”

Her insults were cut short as the rubber ball was thrust between her teeth and before Shelley could even try to spit it out she had been rolled over and the gag strap buckled at the base of her neck. She felt herself rolled over again and something being tightened across her shoulders as she lay on her side. One of the women spoke, very close to her ear.

“We’ve left you on your side and you can’t topple over at the moment, just in case you choke. It takes a bit of practice to get used to a gag, girlie, so you had better thank your lucky stars I’m in a good mood, otherwise you’d be on your back and gargling in your own spit.”

Then the sounds of them faded and Shelley heard the door boom shut behind them. She tried to wriggle her position, but whatever they had fixed across her shoulder made movement impossible. In her mouth saliva was collecting around the rubber gag and she tried to swallow it without success. Instead, she felt herself dribbling helplessly from the lower corner of her lips and, in the darkness behind her blindfold, she began to weep silent tears of despair.

Not long after this, Martin met the same fate as his lover at the hands of three male warders. In his case, however, they did not just rely on superior strength to overpower him, but used a skin infuser to inject a strong dose of muscle relaxant into him, rendering his arms and legs useless and uncontrollable within seconds. The effect was not long lasting, but by the time it had worn off Martin, too, lay trussed, gagged, blindfolded and nearly deaf, drooling helplessly and wishing Shelley had listened to him over a month ago.

The journey northwards was distinctly uncomfortable. Shelley heard them come for her and then felt herself hoisted up and thrown over someone’s shoulder. She was carried for a few minutes and then suddenly found herself hanging upside down, the blood rushing to her head and pounding wildly against her temples. For a minute or so she experienced a feeling of swaying back and forth and realised that she was being wheeled somewhere (much later she learned that there was a sturdy ring sown into the feet end of the canvas cocoon and that prisoners were hung, using this, from a wheeled framework not unlike a dress shop display rail.)

Once inside the helicopter, to her great relief, she was turned right way up, sat on a bench and straps passed about her waist and chest to keep her from sliding about. She sensed that there were others being loaded and remembered the remark in the cell about the eight prisoners still to be prepared. She wondered how many had been given the same treatment before her and how many were now on the aircraft altogether. She pictured what they must all look like, virtually faceless dummies, anonymous in their

helmets and tightly laced shrouds, ears and mouths stopped, bodies rigid and helpless. The thought started her crying again.

The loading up process was carried out quickly and efficiently and it was only a matter of minutes before Shelley heard the whine of the powerful engines starting up. Not long after that she felt her stomach lurch as the transport rose into the night sky, banked and turned towards Scotland. A little later, she felt hands unbuckling the gag and gratefully spat out the hateful rubber ball. She heard a warning voice very close to her right ear.

“Make any sound at all and it goes back in, understand?” Dumbly, Shelley nodded and clamped her lips firmly tight. Anything was better than having the gag in her mouth again. She wondered how Martin was faring and wished now that she had agreed when he had asked her to leave the group with him and go to America ...

Martin felt a slight bump as the helicopter touched down and realised, to his surprise, that he had been sleeping. Or maybe, he reasoned, it was only natural, stuck in this strange deprived state, unable to hear much and unable to see at all. The straps with which he had been secured were tight and unyielding, so that all he could do was swing his helpless legs a little, but at least they had taken out the gag not long after takeoff. That respite did not last long beyond landing, however, and he quickly found himself swinging in the same terrifying, upside down position, rubber ball strapped immovably between his jaws.

There was the sound of several voices when the engine noise finally ceased, but the earplugs made it impossible to judge their exact number, or even the sex of the speakers. Martin felt himself being bumped along over slightly uneven ground, then guessed they had entered some sort of building, for the ride was much smoother now. Also, the temperature was much warmer and he soon began to sweat freely inside the heavy canvas.

Large hands grasped him and he was turned right side up again to be deposited on a slightly padded surface. The gag was removed and he felt the neck of a bottle being pressed to his lips.

“Drink and keep quiet,” a voice instructed.

Martin did, oblivious to the water which spilled from his eager lips and ran down his face. “As long as you don’t make a noise, you can sleep without the gag,” the same voice informed him. “In the morning you’ll be in for assessment and induction. Oh - and welcome to Carne Craig Head, punk.”

Shelley woke, soaked in her own perspiration and for a few seconds she was completely disoriented. What had happened to the lights? Why could she not move her arms? Why - ?

And then she remembered where she was, or at least how she was, for she still had no idea of her location. The woman who had taken out the gag had mentioned a name, but it meant nothing to Shelley, other than that it sounded vaguely Scottish. She lay still, straining for any sounds of movement. She wanted to speak, to ask if there was anyone

else there, some other poor unfortunate in the same condition she was who would welcome the sound of her voice as much as Shelley would welcome the sound of theirs, but she remembered the warning and kept quiet. Anything rather than that dreadful gag!

If only she had known, she thought, much, much later. The gag was uncomfortable, frightening even, but these devious, soulless bastards had refined the art of will-breaking to perfection. Two of them came for her not long after.

When they pulled off the blindfold helmet, the light at first dazzled Shelley, but as her pupils adjusted she saw that this pair were not so unlike the warders who had stripped and trussed her the evening before. In their late thirties or early forties, both were big, muscular women with close-cropped hair dyed black and hard features. They were dressed identically in tight black leather trousers and sleeveless white cotton blouses, cut to show a generous amount of cleavage. They wore heavy ankle boots with chunky three inch heels and Shelley wondered how many unfortunates they had subjected to a kicking with that ominous looking footwear.

“Time to get you properly dressed,” the slightly shorter woman said, tossing the discarded gag to one side. She picked up a clipboard and studied it for a few seconds. “You are Shelley Gibson, aged twenty four, sentenced to twenty five years special servitude?” It was a statement, not a question, but Shelley nodded. Suddenly, her face exploded with pain as the woman slapped her hard across the cheek.

“You will address me correctly!” the woman snapped. “When answering a direct question you will reply ‘Yes ma’am,’ or ‘No ma’am’. Understand?”

Shelley nodded her head again, but this time voiced the required response. Her eyes were filled with tears and she had to blink furiously to bring her tormentor back into focus. The woman was studying her with evident malicious satisfaction.

“From the look of your case file you have much to learn, slut,” she growled, “but you are in the right place to be educated, believe me. Officer Johnson, please remove the prisoner’s body sheath and toe cuffs. I will prepare the depilator.”

As the second woman began unlacing the tight canvas, Shelley looked around the room. It had a cell-like quality with high, barred windows, but there was a row of cupboards along one wall atop which stood a heavy worktop. She herself was perched on something not unlike a hospital gurney, though the surface was much more robust and heavily padded with a thick rubber covering. There was a wash basin in the far corner and a couple of tripod stands on castors, whose purpose she could only guess at, though the one which the woman began wheeling towards her did not require much imagination, considering the woman’s words.

Her pubic hair was removed quickly and methodically, the curved tip of the ultrasonic depilator sliding over her neatly trimmed bush without a sound. Its passage left pale swathes of naked flesh, slowly exposing Shelley’s sex in shocking nudity and the woman took great delight from informing her prisoner that the hair would never grow back again.

“Just be grateful that you aren’t down for a head job yet,” she added, laughing towards her companion. “Right, let’s get your thumb cuffs off and do your armpits. But be warned,” she said, her eyes narrowing, “if you try any silly business, I’ll hang you upside down out in the courtyard and thrash the skin off your back and arse.”

Shelley was in no doubt that the woman meant every word of that threat and stood obediently, hands clasped atop her head, whilst the woman ensured her a permanent hairless state beneath her arms. When she had done, the thumb cuffs were replaced again

and an ankle restraint added - two cuffs joined by a two foot length of steel tubing, which forced Shelley to stand in an uncomfortable straddle. She saw why when the woman called Johnson produced the 'garment' she was to wear.

Made of the new Prolon, a tough, rigid, nylon-like plastic as tough as steel and a tenth of the weight, it was moulded into a travesty of a pair of high cut panties with a cruelly narrow waist and two oval holes to leave the top of the buttocks exposed. To fit the thing onto a wearer, the device was made in two halves, front and back, which hinged beneath the crotch and snapped together at the waist by means of two slim locking sockets. But the worst thing of all, Shelley saw as the woman opened them up, was the two protrusions which arose on the inside just to either side of the central hinge.

When she understood what was intended, Shelley tried to back away, but the ankle hobble and the firm hands of the senior guard prevented that. Johnson laid the garment aside, pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and took up a heavy duty syringe, not unlike the sort of thing Shelley had seen her mother ice cakes with. Deftly, she inserted the nozzle between Shelley's lower lips and depressed the plunger. The grease was cold and clammy and Shelley shivered, especially when the process was repeated on her rear orifice.

"Lucky we haven't run out of lubricant again," Johnson sneered. "I reckon we're too soft on you bitches, anyway. I prefer to put these in dry and watch the eyeballs bulge." Even with the grease, the rear dildo was painful as it was forced home and as the locking catches were snapped shut, Shelley felt a wave of nausea threatening to overwhelm her when she realised the two invasions would remain in her body until someone else chose to unlock her.

They took off the ankle restraint then and made her walk back and forth across the cool tiles. The rigidity of the panties meant that the two shafts moved inside her at every step, a sensation which was distinctly uncomfortable at first, yet strangely exciting after about thirty seconds.

"Self induced orgasm," the senior guard told her. "The bosses like to see you pretty little tarts walking around on heat all day long. They reckon it keeps you focused and prepares you for proper service. Me, I think a nice flexible bamboo cane across the backside has just as good an effect."

Shelley looked at the woman, aghast. "How long have I got to wear this - this thing!" she wailed. The guard gave a non-committal shrug.

"How long's a piece of string?" she replied. "I just follow orders, but I can tell you this much: you'd better get used to it, 'cause most of the slags here have to wear 'em for sixteen hours or more a day, sometimes round the clock, though you do get a few minutes break every six to eight hours to perform your ablutions."

"Six to eight hours?" Shelley protested. "That's inhuman. What if someone can't wait that long?"

"Then you just pee yourself and have a damp twat under there with what doesn't drain out. As for the other, well you don't get much choice. Whilst you're wearing those, you just can't do it."

The abominable pants were only the start of Shelley's ordeal, as she quickly found out. Her feet were rapidly encased in lockable ankle boots made of the same, semi-opaque Prolon material, with chunky four inch heels that made walking quite awkward, for Shelley had never been one for high heels before. Wide Prolon bands were snapped

around her wrists and Shelley saw that there were semi-circular attachments to which cords or chains could be easily affixed. Another band went around her neck, forcing her to hold her head unnaturally high and then her hair was scraped up into a high pony tail and secured by means of a Prolon tube, which produced a fountain effect that might have been cute or sexy in other circumstances, but which now made her feel like a show pony.

Finally, they turned their attention to her nipples, attaching moulded circular discs which hinged open for each nipple to be pulled through and then snapped shut again so that the slightly serrated inner ring gripped the flesh painfully. Shelley closed her eyes in shame, wondering what sort of spectacle she must be offering up and exactly what was going on here. She had expected harsh treatment during her sentence, but not this sexual degradation.

“Right, Gibson,” the senior guard announced, “that’s you ready to rock’n’roll.”

“What about her name?” Johnson asked.

“They’ll see to that down the corridor,” her partner replied. She turned back to Shelley and grinned, malevolently. “You see, slag, here you’re no longer Shelley Gibson. The court took away your freedom and your rights and sent you to us for correction and re-education, or at least, that’s the general idea. But our organisation has its own methods. Here you’re nothing unless you’re told to be. You’re reduced to the basic elements and taught to serve and obey.

“Even your uniform is designed to show you’re nothing more than an object to be moulded into whatever finished product is decided, depending upon individual qualifications. In some ways you’re lucky, because you’re young and attractive, otherwise you’d be in the fields or the workshops for twelve hours a day. And the uniform, as I was saying, is part of your re-education. That stuff is virtually see-through, so anyone who looks at you can see the butt end of the two cocks you have to take everywhere with you and, what’s more important, you know they can see them.

“In those boots you have to wiggle your arse whether you like it or not, so you’re on show and under discipline at all times.”

“But why?” Shelley almost whispered and then hurriedly added “Ma’am.”

“Oh, you’ll find out soon enough,” the guard said. “But first we have to take you to get your name changed. You don’t even get to keep your own names here. They’ll choose a nice new one for you, something like Buttercup, or Daisy, or maybe even Clarabelle and then you’ll get a number after it, because there’s only so many suitable names and more and more of you sluts arriving daily.”

“Those names sound like the sort of thing you’d call a cow, or even a sheep,” Shelley muttered. The guard did not seem to notice that Shelley had omitted the correct title this time, she found Shelley’s observation too funny.

“You’re getting the idea, little Miss Prim Tits. That’s exactly what you are here, a little cow with swinging udders and big, silly eyes, or they will be when the studio’s through with you. And they’ll tattoo your new name right here,” she jabbed her forefinger just above Shelley’s navel, “so everyone’ll know what to call you.” She stepped back and gestured towards the door. “So we’d better get going and find out exactly who you’re going to be for the next twenty five years.”

Less than three hundred yards away, though neither of them knew it, Martin was faring no better than Shelley. He too had been stripped and depilated, though like Shelley the hair on his head remained untouched. They had taken off the fine stubble on his face though, amidst comments about saving on the bill for razor blades in the future. The guards dealing with him left the blindfold in place whilst they worked, presumably to lessen the chance of any resistance, but once they had his feet locked in the ankle boots it was removed so that he could see what they had done. He stared down past his baby-smooth genitalia.

“These are women’s shoes,” he protested.

The nearer of the two men, a heavy set individual with square features and a jutting chin, looked amused.

“Actually they’re boots, not shoes,” he corrected. “And they’re prisoner boots, male and female. There’s no sexual discrimination here, at least, not that kind.” He guffawed loudly at this and his companion, leaner, taller and younger looking, joined in.

“And don’t worry about anyone taking you for a woman,” he added, when the laughter had subsided, “these’ll take care of that.” He held something up for Martin to see and Martin stared, open mouthed.

A few minutes later he too was wearing a pair of the Prolon pants. Like Shelley’s, it was designed with two prostheses, though because of the difference in their anatomies only one of them was internal. The second external addition was hollow and encased both his penis and his scrotum, so that it appeared as though Martin were in a state of constant erection. He groaned inwardly, wondering if he were losing his sanity. He had been prepared for the worst, even before sentencing, but not this; this was like something from a horror story.

Like Shelley, his wrists were banded and a collar locked about his neck, but his nipples were left alone. His guards were less talkative than the women had been and he was quickly marched out of the room, down a long corridor past several other heavy doors and into a room that reminded him of a dentist’s surgery. Waiting by the heavy chair were two people, a man and a woman, both wearing short white jackets over pale blue trousers. The man was probably in his early fifties, Martin guessed, though the woman was young enough to have been his daughter.

The guards guided Martin to the chair and pushed him back into it, the additional pressure as he sat forcing the dildo even further into him. It had been bad enough whilst he was walking, the slight movement causing his stomach to flutter, but this actually made him wince. They passed a heavy strap across his chest and another across his shins, rendering him completely immobile and then the older man, who was evidently in charge, took up a pair of old fashioned clippers. Quickly, he shaved a small area on Martin’s left temple before the young woman passed him what Martin recognised instantly as an electric tattooing needle. Martin closed his eyes and sat rigidly whilst the man went about his work, but jumped when he transferred the needle to an area just above the navel. When the faint buzzing finally stopped, Martin opened his eyes and peered down. It was not the easiest of angles and he was having to read it upside down, but eventually he deciphered the legend *Daisy 23*. He looked up at the tattooist in puzzlement.

“Haven’t you made some sort of mistake?” he asked, tentatively. The fellow looked at him blankly.

“Mistake?” he echoed. “No, I don’t think so. Why?”

“Well, that’s a female name, isn’t it?” The tattooist gave him a resigned smile.

“Listen,” he said, tiredly, “I don’t care what it is. I just follow orders and if they tell me to put ‘Daisy 23’, then that’s what I put.” The older guard stepped up from where he had been waiting at the back of the room and glared down at Martin.

“What’s the matter, puss-brains, are you afraid someone might mistake you for a girlie in your pretty high heeled boots? You’ll have more than just that name to worry about before long, believe me.” He looked across Martin at the tattooist. “Stop wasting time on idle chatter,” he said. “Get on with it. We’re due on our break soon.”

The other man shrugged and turned to the instrument tray which his assistant had wheeled up. He picked up a cotton bud, which he dipped into a pot full of sticky white fluid and dabbed it into each of Martin’s nostrils in turn, concentrating on the septum side. Martin felt a slight tingling sensation at first, but this soon faded and he realised the solution must have been a local anaesthetic when the man took hold of a wicked looking needle and deftly pierced the deadened skin. A thin, stainless steel ring was inserted through the piercing and when the fellow had brought the open ends together with a pair of pliers, he neatly joined them together with a small laser welder, spraying the end of Martin’s nose with a freezing cold solution in case the heat should transfer through the metal and damage his skin. Satisfied that the ring was properly secured, the man repeated the process on each of Martin’s earlobes and inserted a sleeper stud into both piercings.

The girl now handed the man a small syringe and he injected its contents into Martin’s upper arm as neatly and clinically as any doctor or nurse, swabbing the skin with antiseptic both before and after. Returning the empty hypodermic to the girl, he looked over Martin’s head and addressed the guards.

“I presume he is to have a helmet?” he said.

“No one’s told us any different,” the senior guard growled. Martin could sense that the man was getting impatient, but the tattooist/body piercer/whatever else his functions might have been did not seem worried. He smiled thinly and turned to the girl.

“Probably a size three sixteen, at a guess,” he said, “but you’d better measure him, just to be on the safe side.” The girl stepped forward, pulled an old fashioned tape measure from her jacket pocket and rapidly measured around at the level of Martin’s forehead and then over the top of his skull and down under his jaw. Turning back to the man, she nodded.

“Three sixteen it is,” she confirmed. “I’ll see if we’ve got one.” They had and it was soon fitted. Similar in style to the leather blindfold helmet Martin had worn for the journey, it was made of Prolon, slightly more opaque than the panty restraint and the boots and, instead of a blindfold, there were two oval apertures to enable the wearer to see out. The whole thing fitted very snugly and was kept in place by means of a locking chinstrap, which also served to restrict the amount Martin could open his mouth once it was properly adjusted. Satisfied that his job was done, the man removed the restraining straps and nodded across to the guards.

“He’s all yours now,” he said. “Try not to damage the goods any more than you need to.”

In the female induction block Shelley had gone through the same tattooing and piercing process, except that she also now had rings through both clamped nipples with a slim chain connecting them. The two attendants here were both female, but they were no less proficient at their work and Shelley found it unnerving the way they handled her as if she were just a piece of meat.

One of the women picked up a device which resembled a thick biro, from which trailed a long, thin power lead and pressed a switch on its side. It started to give off a low hum and Shelley gave a little gasp of fear as the woman brought the tip close to her face. The woman frowned at her.

“Keep still and close your eyes, Emmeline sixty eight,” she instructed, using the ‘bovine’ name which she had tattooed on Shelley’s temple and stomach. “This is an electronic make-up kit, that’s all. The dye goes in just under the skin and stays there for about five to six months, which saves us the bother of having to go through all this rigmarole on a daily basis. Give me any nonsense and I’ll put you on report.”

What exactly being put on report might mean she did not enlarge upon, but just the tone of her voice convinced Shelley that she did not want to risk it. She closed her eyes and resigned herself to the inevitable. The process took nearly half an hour and, when the woman had finished, she held up a mirror to show Shelley the effect. Shelley let out a little squeak of astonishment when she saw the face staring back at her, for the eyes had been heavily shaded from black liner, through dark blue and out to a paler blue, making them look enormous. Her lips were vivid red now and there was a small beauty spot on her left cheek. Shelley was reminded of the sort of painted dolls she had seen in some of the more expensive stores. She wondered quite why they were going to all this trouble over her facial appearance, but then had to admit it was no stranger than the way they had dressed her and mutilated her body.

She, too, was locked into a Prolon helmet, though hers had an aperture at the crown of the head, through which her ponytail was drawn as the thing was lowered onto her. The senior guard whose name, Shelley learned during her ordeal, was Donnelly, hauled her out of the chair and marched her across to the far side of the studio where, behind a curtain, was a full length mirror. She made Shelley stand in front of this and take in the picture she now presented.

“And how does our little cow like her new self?” Donnelly sneered. “Not quite so full of the revolution now, I’ll bet. Hardly a leader of nations with her tits chained and bouncing, is she, Johnson?”

The other guard was still leaning against the wall near the door and Shelley heard her laughing.

“I just love seeing their little faces when we get to this part,” she said. “Total disbelief and wondering what the hell else is coming.”

“Well,” Donnelly growled, “she won’t have too long to wait before she finds out. Can you take her down to Induction on your own? I need the loo in a hurry. I’ll meet you back outside the next one’s cell in about ten minutes.”

Johnson straightened up, grinning. “Sure thing,” she agreed. “I don’t think the little slut’s got much fight in her now and she’s still cuffed, in any case.”

“Yeah, cuffed and stuffed,” Donnelly said. “All ready to learn a few facts of her new life, eh?”

Martin cast a covert glance to either side of him, trying to get a better look at his fellow prisoners standing in line before the podium in the centre of the room. They numbered about a dozen in all, eight males and four females, though further than their sex and the hair colour of the females he could not tell anything else, for all, like himself, wore the identity concealing helmets and none could now speak, for as each prisoner had entered the chamber a curved bar of Prolon had been clipped to the side straps of their helmet so that it ran across the mouth and held a projecting plate firmly in position over the tongue. Most of the escorting guards had left as soon as they had handed over their charges, leaving two men and two women, but there was, Martin could see, no chance of things getting out of control, for every prisoner still had their arms behind them and their thumbs locked into those devilish cuffs. The little devices were cunningly effective, he had to admit, for it was not through any lack of surreptitious effort that he had not been able to extricate either of his trapped digits.

They were kept waiting, at attention, for several minutes before another door, set at the back of the room and behind the podium, swung open to admit two striking figures. Both were in their early middle age, Martin estimated, though the man was probably a few years older than his companion and both were tall and imposing. He was at least six feet five, slim but muscular, clad in close fitting leather breeches, heavy boots and a tailored leather jerkin without sleeves. The woman was several inches shorter, but this was compensated for by the extreme height of her heels. Her outfit, apart from her boots, matched the man's, except that she wore black leather gloves. Both had jet black hair, but whether that colour was natural or not was impossible to say with any degree of certainty.

They stepped up onto the podium, shoulder to shoulder, surveying the helpless array before them with impassive scrutiny. The man spoke first.

"I don't think I have to explain to any of you scum exactly how the penal system operates in our great nation, but I feel that a few fine points should be explained at the start of your sentences. This particular penal colony is owned and operated by Braveheart Security Ltd and you have been placed in our hands by the courts to ensure that you are (a) no longer a danger to the society whose laws you have so blatantly violated and (b) repay the debt to society that you now owe.

"However, to an extent, Lockhart Security has already discharged your debt, for we pay the government a premium for every one of you we accept here. This means that your debt is now to us and we have no intention of you not repaying us, preferably several-fold over. And, before you entertain any hopes of escaping from our jurisdiction, I have to tell you that Carne Craig Head is not our main penal colony island, but a subsidiary several miles away from our main operation, which does not appear in any records anywhere in the system. Even if that were not the case, because of the fees we have already paid, I can assure you that no Prisons Inspector would ever be likely to trouble our happy little existence.

"By now you will probably all be wondering exactly what sort of regime we run. Well, take a good look at yourselves and at each other and think. Your first guess will probably be correct. Each of you has been selected for certain physical qualities which,

under the guidance of our experts, will be improved and refined as much as is humanly possible. When your initial training has been completed, you will be put to work in what is usually referred to as 'the world's oldest profession'. Yes, that's right," he continued, after a brief pause to allow his words to sink in, "you will be selling your bodies, or rather, we shall be selling them for you." He paused again and Martin heard the various muffled gasps and foot shuffling as his fellow prisoners realised what he was implying. The woman took advantage and took over.

"Yes," she emphasised, smiling cruelly along the line, "what Master Lynch says is quite true. As yet, you are no more than a rabble that has caused grief and unnecessary suffering to society, but when we have finished, you will be valuable property. And do not think that you will not yield to our regime, for what has happened to you in these past few hours is nothing compared to what we are capable of doing. As you all stand there, reflect on the phalluses with which you have been penetrated, the rings with which you have been infibulated and the restraints which hold you. As helpless as you feel now is as helpless as you will remain during the rest of your sentences.

"There will come a time when you will gladly do anything you are told and not just to escape punishment. Braveheart Security employs some of the most expert experts in the art of sexual enlightenment, as you may already have guessed. By the time they are through with you, you will seek self-gratification in the basest ways you could ever imagine and you will possibly even dread the day when you are finally returned to the outside world. That, happily, is one fear which will always prove groundless, for your sentences will not be what the courts decreed. No, my little playthings, the outside world is not for the likes of either what you are now, nor what you will become. You were born as misfits, but you will die as something quite different, for you will remain on Carne Craig Head for the rest of your unnatural days!"

The revelations made by Master Lynch had not quite penetrated the fog that had descended over Shelley's brain. What he had suggested just could not be possible: even under this government there were rules that had to be observed, surely? Someone took her arm and guided her from the room, steadying her as she tottered on the unaccustomed heels, oblivious now even of the two rubber phalluses embedded within her. It couldn't be true, she kept repeating to herself. It had to be another ploy intended to break their resolve.

She suddenly realised that she was in a cell not unlike the one in which she had been held beneath the courtroom and that the guard/warder was unclipping her gag. She stared at the woman, who looked no older than herself. Unlike the two guards who had supervised her initial preparation, this one had quite soft, pretty features and her fair hair was longer and tied back in a wispy ponytail. Shelley found it hard to believe that someone like her could be a party to this monstrous charade. The woman removed the gag and its curved armature and hung it on a hook on the far wall. Looking around, Shelley saw that there were several other ominous looking contraptions dangling from similar hooks. Some were clearly made of Prolon, but there was plenty of leather and steel in evidence.

"I suppose you can't quite believe all this," the guard said, unexpectedly. "I expect

you think you'll wake up any minute now and find you've been dreaming." She stood in front of Shelley, hands on leather clad hips, legs slightly apart. Shelley swallowed, hard.

"He didn't mean that, did he?" she sobbed. "Please, tell me it isn't true. I can't stay like this for ever."

"Oh, you won't stay like that, pet, I can promise you," the woman replied. "That look is far too spartan for most of the clients. No, if you play your cards right you can end up looking like almost anything you fancy - well, at least, anything you'll fancy by the time your training is over."

"Don't you have any human compassion?" Shelley moaned, shocked by the woman's apparent lack of emotion. "How can you let yourself be party to something like this?"

"Like what?" the woman demanded, her eyes flashing. "You really haven't got the first idea, have you? Sheltered upbringing, good education, top prospects and yet you have to try to fight the system. Oh yes, I've seen your file; we all have. You've never gone without in your entire life and yet still you weren't satisfied. I spent five years working on a state farm for little more than two meals a day, plus maybe a bottle of wine and an extra clothes allowance if I opened my legs for the senior supervisor."

"And why did I have to put up with that crap? I'll tell you," she said, jabbing at Shelley's midriff with an extended index finger. "It's because of people like you, people who are never satisfied and who want to take, expect to take, without doing a decent day's work in their whole lives." She stalked across the room and took down a braided crop from the wall. Turning back to face Shelley, she pointed to a spot a couple of feet in front of her.

"Get yourself here, slag!" she snapped. Like an automaton, Shelley tottered across to stand where the woman had indicated. "Now, bend over, head right down."

Shelley stared at her, round eyed. "You can't!" she protested. "I haven't done anything."

"Says who?" the girl grinned. "One thing you'll learn, Miss Jangly-Tits, is that you don't get to decide what is right or wrong around here. Now, are you going to bend over, or do I get a whipping frame in here, strap you over it and give you a dozen instead of the six I originally intended?"

"Please," Shelley begged, tears filling her eyes. "I'm sorry. I'll do anything you say."

"Is that so?" the woman said, nodding her head slowly. "Anything at all?"

"Yes. Oh yes, anything," Shelley gushed. She watched as the woman's mouth curled into a lopsided grin and then sighed with relief as she tossed aside the whip.

"In that case," the guard said, "we'd better put you to the test." She knelt down and quickly unbuckled her high heeled boots, pulling them off and tossing them aside. She tore at the buckle of her belt and pulled down the front zipper. A few moments later her trousers joined the boots and she was stepping out of her panties, revealing a prominent vulva and gaping sex lips beneath a pubic area as hairless as Shelley's own.

"On your knees, slut," she commanded, "and get yourself here."

Shelley managed to lower herself down and shuffle across the cold tiles, the hard surface unyielding beneath her unprotected limbs. The woman took hold of her ponytail and bent Shelley's head back so that she was staring up at her.

"You can guess what you've got to do, slag," she hissed. "Only first, I need to pee, so get that pretty mouth open!"

Martin, meanwhile, was faring little better than his former girlfriend. Like Shelley, Lynch's remarks had reduced him to a state of numbed shock and he made no attempt to resist as the tall female guard led him down several corridors and guided him into an empty cell. Unlike Shelley's guard, however, this woman made no attempt at conversation. She simply pushed him down to sit on the edge of the padded bench and clipped a chain from his collar to a ring set in the wall above the mattress. Then, still without a word, she turned on her heel and strutted out of the room, banging the door shut behind her.

The bit gag was left in place and Martin sat, unmoving, wondering what sort of nightmare he had stumbled into. There had always been stories about the prison colonies, of course, but nothing to prepare him for this. The place was an asylum taken over by the lunatics, there could be no other explanation. They expected him to become some sort of prostitute, some sort of sexual hireling? They had to be mad!

His thoughts were interrupted when the cell door clanged open again and the woman from the podium strode in, followed by a young female guard whose coffee coloured complexion spoke of mixed parentage. Her black hair was drawn back from an attractive face and pinned into a chignon, but her wide eyes seemed almost soulless as she stared down at him. The older woman walked slowly around the cramped room and then leaned casually against the farthest wall, arms folded across her impressive chest.

"So," she said, her tone businesslike, "Martin Benson as was - Daisy 23 as is. Don't you look every inch the revolutionary now?" Her mouth curled into a derisive sneer. "Well, allow me to introduce myself, Daisy dear. My name is Lydia Pearce and I am Deputy Governor of this establishment. When given permission to do so, you will address me as Miss Lydia, or Madam. This is Amanda, who is to be your Personal Instructor and you will address her likewise.

"You have already heard from Master Lynch as to what you can expect from your time here and I hope that you are under no illusions that he might have exaggerated the case. He most certainly did not, especially in your case, but you will be told more of that when the time comes. For the present, suffice it to say that you have been selected for certain qualities which, if brought out properly, will make you a very profitable investment.

"If you obey the rules and co-operate with your instructor, life here could be a lot easier than trash such as you are entitled to expect. It certainly will not be a bed of roses, but the alternative could be far, far worse than anything you might imagine. Very shortly, Amanda will give you a demonstration of what we could do, should your conduct not prove satisfactory. Not only that, but any breaches of discipline on your part will not only earn you swift retribution, but also severe punishment for the slut Gibson."

Martin stiffened at the mention of Shelley's name. She was here too? They had been told that the system split up friends and groups who were convicted together, so why not in their case? And where was she? Martin racked his brain, trying to recall the other anonymous figures in that semi-naked line up, but he had not really been taking things in properly at the time. All he could remember was that there had been females there, but he had hardly got beyond the fact that they had all had pierced nipples with chains dangling between them. These damned masks made individual identification all but impossible, except perhaps if you were close up for quite a while.

“Many penal establishments prefer to split up close friends,” Miss Pierce continued, “but we find it useful to keep particularly close friends in the same establishment as a way of encouraging both parties to strive a little harder. I doubt you would like to watch whilst she had the skin whipped off her back, for instance. No?” She opened her eyes wide in mock surprise. “Well, isn’t that strange?” She straightened up and took a couple of paces towards Martin. “So we can expect total co-operation, can we?” she said, her voice hard and menacing. She stooped down, reached out a hand and grasped the mock erection which was pointing straight at her face. “Stand up, slag,” she hissed and hauled Martin bodily to his feet. She pulled him closer to her so that her breasts were pressing against his naked chest and the Prolon cock was thrusting against her own groin. This close, Martin realised just how tall she was, for his eyes were only level with her mouth.

“Look up at me, Daisy,” she said, her voice suddenly quieter. Obediently, Martin raised his head and she slowly lowered her lips towards his gagged mouth. Very gently, she took his top lip between her even white teeth and closed her jaws together, though not hard enough to cause any real pain. She held him like that for several seconds, their eyes locked, then suddenly released him and stepped back, a strange light in her eyes.

“Oh yes, my pretty Daisy-boy,” she whispered, “I’m going to enjoy having you here. Amanda is still your instructor, but I shall make it my personal business to supervise your development.” She turned to Amanda, who had remained immobile throughout all this. “You can take him down to Corrective Tuition now,” she said. “I’ll leave the number to your discretion, but I want you to administer it personally. Those two thugs, Harrigan and Seymour, have no finesse. And make sure you don’t leave them alone with this flower, Harrigan will have those pants off him in seconds and replace that plastic cock with his own.” She turned back to Martin, her expression now deadpan. “I’ll not have you bugged until I decide it’s time,” she said, as if by way of explanation.

Martin stared back, aghast. It was bad enough having the Prolon phallus forced into him, but the thought of what she was suggesting horrified him. And it wasn’t even just a suggestion, he realised, his stomach turning somersaults, she intended for it to happen as surely as she was standing there.

Shelley was fast learning, if she had not understood beforehand, that the guards could, and would, do anything they liked with her. She had tried to satisfy the woman with her mouth and tongue, surprised that she had not been as disgusted at performing oral sex on her as she had feared. In fact, to her horror afterwards, Shelley was forced to admit that the guard’s warm little pouch had not tasted unpleasant and when her tongue found the distended bud of her clitoris she had sucked on it eagerly, desperate to avoid the thrashing that she knew awaited her if she did not succeed. It was not easy to perform cunnilingus wearing the Prolon helmet, either, for the chinstrap restricted her opening her mouth much beyond half of what she could normally have achieved.

The guard did indeed reach a climax, her juices flowing freely into Shelley’s open mouth, but still she was not satisfied. Keeping a tight hold on Shelley’s hair, she released a warm stream of urine, using her free hand to grasp at Shelley’s lower jaw and force it as far open as the chinstrap allowed. Shelley coughed and spluttered, but her captor was unrelenting. Most of the liquid splashed out, but when the flood had stemmed to a

trickle, the woman forced her mouth shut and held her nose until Shelley was forced to swallow the final mouthful completely. Even worse, she was then forced to use her tongue to wash the guard's sex lips and inner thighs.

Still naked from the waist down, the guard stepped away and walked over to where the various accoutrements were hanging from the wall. She selected two lengths of chain and brought them back over to where Shelley remained, kneeling back on her calves. She stepped around behind her and selected the shorter length, which Shelley saw had a strong spring clip at either end. These were attached to the ankle loops on the inside of each boot, preventing Shelley from moving her feet more than seven or eight inches apart. Moving back around in front of her helpless charge, the guard proceeded to clip one end of the longer chain to the loop on Shelley's collar just below her chin and then fed the free end back under Shelley's crotch, forcing her to bend forward whilst she did so. Returning behind Shelley again, she took hold of that free end and began pulling hard on it, so that Shelley was forced to keep bending further and further until her head touched the floor in front of her. She heard the chain being fastened off to the middle of her ankle hobble, preventing her from rising again and only then did she realise that her earlier humiliations had all been in vain.

"You promised!" she wailed, knowing at the same time that her pleas would do her no good. The woman laughed.

"Promised?" she taunted. "I promised nothing. You were the one who said you would do anything rather than get the thrashing you deserve. I never said it would make any difference. Mind you, slut, if it's any consolation to you, you're a pretty good cunt-sucker - for an amateur, that is. Or have you had practise, eh?" She prodded one of the exposed sections of Shelley's left buttock with the toe of her boot. "Yeah, I'll bet that's it. In fact, I'll bet this ain't the first time you've had your butt plugged with a nice fat cock. All you anarchist bitches are the same, cheap little whores who can never get enough. Well, miss, you'll get more than enough here, I can promise you."

Once more she walked across to the wall rack and, peering up from her cramped position, Shelley watched as the woman selected a short, braided leather strap. She swished it through the air a couple of times and Shelley shuddered at the sound it produced.

"As I'm feeling in a charitable mood, I won't use a proper whip on you after all, though this little beauty stings well enough." She paused, reflecting for a few moments and then dropped the whip on the floor and returned to the rack yet again. For a second, Shelley feared she had changed her mind and would take down one of the longer, heavier whips after all, but instead she unhooked a simple ball gag.

"As you're a newcomer," she said, bending to offer the ball to Shelley's mouth, "I don't want you biting through your tongue or lips, so we'll have this in. Besides," she added, "these walls echo something awful." She had to release the chinstrap in order to force Shelley's teeth far enough apart to accept the hard rubber, but as soon as the strap had been buckled securely, she locked it back in place, doubly ensuring that there was no way the ball could be forced out. Satisfied with her efforts, she retrieved the whip and took up a position to Shelley's left.

"This," she said, with a grim laugh, "is going to hurt you a lot more than it does me." And, as the leather exploded against her unprotected flesh for the first time, Shelley knew that she was understating the case by a long, long way. Dimly, through tears of pain and

humiliation, she realised that the long, muffled wail had been torn from her own throat.

The Corrective Training Facility was situated below ground level and reached via a large service lift. As the guard, Amanda, ushered him along the maze of corridors, Martin wondered exactly how big this place was. He had yet to see the outside of the building, but judging from what little he had seen of the interior, it had to be massive. They had already passed at least thirty closed doors by the time they reached one marked with the department's title. Inside was a square reception area with a female guard sitting behind a counter. Her lower body was hidden from view, but above the waist she wore the same crisp white blouse that appeared to be part of the uniform. Around her throat, however, she had a black shiny choker-cum-collar with the letters 'CTF' blazoned in small gold characters beneath her chin.

As they entered, the girl - for she could hardly have been out of her teens - punched some keys on the pad in front of her and studied the slim VDU which slid up from beneath the surface of the desk.

"Benson, Martin - now Daisy Twenty Three?" she asked Amanda, carelessly tossing her blonde curls. Despite his predicament and whatever ordeal he knew must await him beyond the inner doors, Martin could not help thinking that there had to be some sort of cloning for receptionists all over the world. He wondered if, when they had passed on through, she would pull out a glossy magazine and a nail file, or whether she would pick up the phone and start chatting fashions and boyfriends with some other receptionist in some other department. No, somehow he doubted whether the women here had boyfriends in the conventional sense of the world and from what he had seen so far, fashions were utilitarian, severe and somewhat bizarre.

Amanda confirmed the prisoner's identity and the receptionist pressed more keys. "You should have been here fifteen minutes ago," she complained. "That George Harrigan will be bending my ear again."

"I'll bend his cock if he says anything to me," Amanda asserted. She shook her head and leaned over the desk. "You really should take less crap from arseholes like Harrigan, Denise," she said. "Big as he is, he's just a great whingeing girl underneath and he makes life hell for people he thinks won't stand up to him."

"He's a bully," Denise said, her mouth set in a grim line. "He keeps on that if he reports me for this and that, I'll end up on punishment and he'll take great pleasure from whipping my backside."

"Ignore him," Amanda advised. "Besides, he's more interested in male backsides, as you should know by now."

"I told him as much myself, but he said that one arse was as good as another and he didn't care whether there was anything dangling in front of it or not."

"You leave Harrigan to me," Amanda retorted. "Miss Lynch already knows all about his little predilections and it wouldn't take much more for her to put him on a disciplinary."

"No?" Denise brightened, visibly. "You're a pal, Mandy. I'll have to buy you a drink when we're off duty. I hardly get to see you at all since you got your promotion."

"I know," Amanda said, her tone apologetic. "It's these personal training assignments.

Normal shifts go out the window. We get at least two initiates each, sometimes three and we have to oversee them totally for their first few weeks. Tell you what, though, why don't you come over one night and I'll have a couple of them up to my quarters. We could have a bit of fun."

"Won't we get into trouble for that?" Denise asked.

Amanda shook her head. "Part of the perks. We get to train and test the goods before the customers are turned loose on them, just in case there are any little flaws still need ironing out."

The inner doors led to yet another door lined corridor, but here the doors were spaced much farther apart than any they had passed previously. The third room on the left was where Amanda finally brought Martin to a halt and pressed a small button set into the doorframe. Looking up, Martin saw the tiny camera watching over them and whoever was inside the room must have been satisfied with what it showed him, for there was a short buzz and the door swung open. Martin's heart sank even further at what he saw within.

Everything in the long chamber had been deliberately designed to strike terror into the heart of anyone entering it in the same position in which Martin now was. The walls, the floor and the ceiling were all black, the only relief coming from strategically placed spotlights of red and blue. One battery of lamps was currently highlighting the room's centrepiece, whose purpose Martin rapidly deduced, for the various clamps and straps left little room for doubt.

The uniforms of the room's two occupants had likewise been chosen to enhance the fear factor. George Harrigan was pale skinned, tall and slim, with close cropped white blond hair. His features were angular to the point of hawkishness and his grey eyes looked hard and uncompromising. His companion, Winston Seymour, was as black as Harrigan was pale, slightly taller and built like a heavyweight boxer. Both men wore knee length boots with heavy soles and heels, into which were tucked loose fitting black leather trousers. Above this, they wore sleeveless jerkins of the same material, heavily studded, as were the broad collars which encircled their necks. The uniform was completed by studded leather gloves with thick, spiky wristbands and Martin wondered which fetish fashion magazine had been the inspiration behind all this.

Harrigan stepped forward first and grasped Martin by the shoulder. He looked down at his hapless victim and grinned, revealing a set of even white teeth.

"Daisy 23, eh?" he chuckled. "Well, you must be a pretty one under this lot." He tapped the top of Martin's helmet and turned to Amanda. "No skin to be broken then?" he asked. Amanda nodded. "Well, you can leave little Daisy to us, if you want to go for a coffee break? Give us about half an hour."

Amanda shook her head emphatically. "No way, Georgie boy," she said. "Miss Lynch gave explicit instructions that I was to remain and witness the punishment. She feels that a plastic cock is plenty good enough for him for now."

The grin faded from Harrigan's face. "That witch is prejudiced. A good butt fuck gives them the right message from the start." He looked Martin up and down. "Do we take the pants off?"

"No, they stay on. They push the flesh up nicely, anyway."

"Have it your own way, girlie."

"I usually do, Georgie," Amanda retorted. "Besides, you know how much it'd frustrate

you, seeing a nice bare arse and not being able to screw it. Anyway, can we get on with this? I've got two more of these on my schedule at the moment and I haven't eaten yet today."

The two men moved into action with practised efficiency. Martin was hustled across to the frame beneath the spotlights and quickly fastened to it. The contraption consisted of a vertical post section about five feet high, across the top of which ran a horizontal bar, forming a T shape. In the centre of this bar was a hinged circular attachment, which, when Martin was forced forward, locked about his collared neck. At either end of the horizontal bar was a smaller lockable manacle and, when the thumb cuffs had been removed, his wrists were similarly secured. Seymour crossed out of the pool of light and Martin could just make out the control panel on the wall to which he now went. The guard pressed something and immediately the horizontal bar began to extend, dragging Martin's arms so wide that he thought they would be torn from their sockets, but the man knew his business and stopped the motor before that could happen. He pressed another control and this time the central support began to shorten, forcing Martin to bend at the waist. The neck pillory section had been designed so that it could pivot around the horizontal bar, otherwise Martin feared his vertebrae would have snapped under the strain.

From the base plate of the upright another section hinged down, at the top of which was a curved steel bar, which Harrigan adjusted until it fit snugly against Martin's stomach. From either end of the curved strut dangled a thick strap and this was now buckled around Martin's back, so that he was held tightly against the brace. Another press of a button and this section, too, began to extend, lifting Martin's torso until his booted feet swung helplessly clear of the ground. From the floor beneath, the final section now rose up, a shorter T shape, with clips on either end of the horizontal. These clips were now attached to the loops on the inside of each of Martin's boots, Harrigan dragging each leg wide in turn to effect the manoeuvre. He nodded to Seymour, who again adjusted the controls and the bar emulated the actions of its higher counterpart until Martin's legs were forced as far apart as possible. The position was excruciating.

Harrigan was now unclipping the bit gag from Martin's helmet and loosening off the chinstrap to enable him to fit the huge ball gag which Seymour then passed him. It barely fit between Martin's distended jaws and a wave of panic swept over him. He fought to get himself back under control, knowing that there was no way they were going to take any notice of him and he was determined not to give way to any show of weakness.

When the first blow from the heavy tawse cracked across his constricted buttocks, however, that resolve fled straight out the door.

Shelley was left for a few hours alone in her cell following her whipping, both ball gag and thumb cuffs removed, thankfully, though each hand was now encased in a stiff plastic mitten which denied her the use of her fingers. She crawled onto the spartan bed and stretched out on her stomach, her buttocks and thighs stinging from the guard's onslaught and wondered how much worse it would have been if the woman had used a heavier whip on her. She was dry-eyed now, past tears, deciding it was time to take stock of her situation.

From what little she had gathered so far, she knew that she was not on the main island where the organisation kept most of its prisoners. The man, Lynch, had told them that they were to be trained as prostitutes, but why should they bother with that when there were always plenty of people willing to volunteer for work in the state approved brothels. The wierd outfits of the prisoners and the bizarre uniforms of the guards were clues enough, she decided. What Lynch and his sadistic underlings were running was something far more extreme than was available generally. True, there were specialist brothels which catered for mild sado-masochistic needs, but the emphasis was always on the word 'mild' and the authorities imposed strict guidelines. Not that Shelley had any first hand experience, but there were plenty of books, magazines and even documentaries on the subject.

So Lynch and Braveheart were exploiting a demand in the market, she thought, but who were the clientele? Not just any old Tom, Dick or Harry, surely? The risk of security breaches would be far too great for them to exploit the general market at will. Besides, from what she had seen already, this place must cost a fortune to run and it wouldn't pay for itself with a string of two hundred pounds a time customers, that was for certain. Therefore, they must be aiming at exclusivity, people with more money than they knew what to do with, who would be willing to pay thousands for the opportunity of acting out their wildest fantasies.

In the half-light provided by the dim overhead panel, Shelley studied the rows of implements on the far wall. It was a cruelly impressive array, ranging from whips and canes to wrist and ankle cuffs, hoods, gags, collars, chains and straps and even a full body suit, made from what at first sight looked like rubber. Carefully, Shelley eased herself upright and tottered across the cell for a closer look. She prodded the suit with stiff fingers and pressed her nose close to it, but there was no smell of latex. She stood for a full minute, studying the sinister garment, noting the lack of any opening for the mouth and what appeared to be darkened lenses in the eye apertures. Awkwardly, she managed to grasp the fabric between her two almost useless hands and half turn the suit, revealing the heavy back fastening zip, all but invisible as it was made of black Prolon.

Prolon. Yes, that was it. The suit was made from a Prolon derivative. Shelley remembered a magazine article from a few months earlier, detailing the work of the team of Manchester scientists who had first invented Prolon. Apparently, their continued research had produced other discoveries based on the original molecular structure. She closed her eyes and tried to recall the names she had read - Prolite, Prolex, Prosyn, Prolene - she couldn't remember which of them was supposed to be what, except that they were all more flexible forms of the original and that one of them duplicated the properties of latex rubber. Another was similar to nylon, but a thousand times stronger and the hosiery manufacturers were up in arms at proposals to use it in the manufacture of stockings and tights. If hosiery became virtually indestructible, they argued, sales would plummet and most of them would go out of business within a year. The last Shelley had heard, the Monopolies Commission was still investigating their case.

She let the material fall back against the wall and took a closer look at some of the hoods and masks. Several were made from the same stuff, she saw, though there were some made out of original rubber and leather too. Shelley smiled, mirthlessly. Evidently not all the clientele appreciated the advances of science. The traditional fetishists preferred the old methods, or so it seemed. And whatever modern methods Braveheart

employed had not stretched back to the English mainland either, for those hoods the court warders had used on the prisoners had also been made from leather and the travelling sheaths had been nothing more exotic than canvas.

So Braveheart was big enough and powerful enough to have access to the latest scientific techniques and to have some sort of manufacturing source to have clothing and equipment made to their own specification. They were also confident enough that whatever they did was safe from the prying eyes of officialdom, or perhaps they just greased a few palms in high places. Shelley looked down at herself, at the slender chain still hanging between her nipple rings and felt a surge of anger well up inside her. She did not fancy being a high priced whore for any warped swine who could afford the fee. She had rights, she was -

- she was a prisoner. She was a prisoner of a system that was already corrupt enough and had been passed on to something even more corrupt. What few rights ordinary prisoners retained, even they would be denied her here, that much was already blatantly obvious. She banged the wall with her mittened hands, but the Proton remained unmarked. She looked at the assembled paraphernalia and had to fight back an overwhelming urge to knock it all to the floor and trample it. No! She shook her head fiercely and forced herself to return to the bed. Apart from the few rubber items, there was nothing there she could damage and all such a show of defiance was likely to produce would be another thrashing, of that much she was convinced.

But she just couldn't accept this fate without a fight, could she? There didn't seem to be much in the way of alternatives at the moment, though. She rolled back onto the thin mattress and tried to make herself as comfortable as possible. Her buttocks still felt hot, but the initial stinging pain had now subsided considerably, a tribute to the skill of the woman who had whipped her. Just enough to be extremely painful at the time, but no skin broken and no real damage done beyond a few welts and bruises. Bitch! And after what she had forced her to go through.

Shelley closed her eyes, trying to work out what sort of people could work for a set-up like this. Her tormentress had looked perfectly ordinary, apart from her uniform. She was above average pretty, though her eyes had looked vacant at times. Shelley thought about hypnosis and brain washing, but dismissed those possibilities as quickly as they occurred to her. No, that she-devil had been totally in control of her own actions. She was here because she enjoyed being able to inflict pain and misery on people and would not only get a virtually free rein for her perverted lusts, she was being paid for it into the bargain. There had been no shortage of people like her throughout history, Shelley knew, Nazi Germany less than a hundred years earlier being the prime example of that.

The only solution was to escape, but that was easier said than done. Not once since her arrest had the slightest opportunity presented itself and security here was even more rigid than it had been back in England. But no system could ever be perfect, Shelley consoled herself. Anything that relied on human input was flawed, inevitably. They would make mistakes, of that she was sure, but when they did, then what? They were on an island, as were ninety percent of the penal colonies and there were frequent one and two paragraph stories in the media about this prisoner or that going missing, presumed drowned, whilst making a bid for freedom. The seas up here were notorious for their high swells and fierce undercurrents and the water was extremely cold, even during the summer months.

A boat? Yes, there would have to be boats, even if they did bring in the prisoners by air, for there would be contact with the nearest mainland as well as with the main island that Braveheart administered. And there would be materials exported back the other way, too, although Shelley realised that the main export of this particular island was human services. A sudden thought horrified her and her eyes flew open. What if they actually exported the prisoners themselves? If there was a large enough demand to bring clients to this far flung outpost, then surely there would be plenty of people with the time, inclination, money and facilities to buy Braveheart's suitably trained and obliging slaves. Shelley had a vision of herself in some faraway country, chained day and night at the beck and call of some fat, loathsome foreign millionaire pervert. The thought almost brought on the tears again, but before they could start, the cell door banged open and the blonde guard entered. She stood over Shelley, looking down at her and then gently touched one of the exposed ovals of Shelley's buttocks. The contact made Shelley flinch, but it was only fleeting.

"Just remember what I told you, slut," the guard said quietly. "That was only a light beating, just enough to get the blood circulating. You could find yourself getting far worse if you don't behave. Now, stand up and put your hands behind you." Shelley did as instructed and felt something being clipped between the two stiff mitts, holding her wrists a few inches apart. The guard turned her around and regarded her, dispassionately.

"If you keep your whorish mouth shut, I won't gag you," she said. "But I've got the biggest ball gag you've ever seen, here on my belt." Shelley looked down to where the thick strap dangled from the woman's hip. The ball at its centre did indeed look enormous, surely too big to fit in any human mouth! "You'll feel like your jaw's being dislocated if I put that on you," the guard warned, "so don't take advantage of my good nature.

"Now, before we go any further, a couple of points. I am Fiona, though you will address me as Miss Fiona, or Miss, understood?" Shelley nodded her head, but Fiona shook hers and smiled.

"You will answer me correctly, slut. Now, I asked you a question. I will ask it once more and if you do not use your mouth correctly, I will assume you do not require the facility of speech." She unclipped the ball gag and held the strap stretched between her two hands. "Now, you will address me as Miss Fiona, or Miss. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Miss Fiona," Shelley replied tonelessly. She eyed the huge ball warily, imagining how it would feel crammed into her mouth. Fiona seemed satisfied, though and returned the strap to her belt.

"Now, Emmeline, we need to make a few more changes to your appearance. Nothing to be frightened of, but I have received new instructions from on high and you are to be ready for a little soiree that Miss Lydia is giving this evening, where you will be part of the cabaret."

"Cabaret?" The word was out before Shelley realised and she quickly tried to cover her mistake. "Cabaret, Miss Fiona?" she said, hoping that the guard would not be angered by her speaking. Apparently she was not and had even expected some sort of response, for she smiled as she replied.

"Yes, cabaret," she said. "Miss Lydia has some especially important guests staying here at the moment, very influential and very important contacts in the big, bad world. She likes to keep them amused whilst they are here and a little show featuring some of

the new prisoners is always popular.”

“What sort of show, Miss?” Again, Shelley held her breath after speaking, but Fiona’s reply was almost affable.

“I shouldn’t think you’d need to use too much of whatever passes for an imagination,” she replied. “The London Palladium this ain’t. If you want me to spell it out for you, I will.”

Shelley shook her head. “No. No thank you, Miss,” she mumbled. “I can imagine.”

Fiona laughed. “Don’t look so glum, girl,” she said. “You won’t be the first woman to get screwed for public entertainment and besides, you already know the other half of your double act.”

Shelley looked at her, uncomprehending and Fiona continued. “One Martin Benson, I believe, or that’s what he was called.”

Shelley was stunned by this revelation. “Martin?” she cried. “Is he here?”

“Oh yes. Other organisations like to keep various group members apart, but we have a different outlook at Braveheart. Each of you is a sort of hostage, or parole for the behaviour of the others. Your former boyfriend knows that if he steps out of line, you’ll get as good a thrashing as him. It works the other way around, too. Now, enough chatter, let’s get you along to the studio. They’ve got a busy schedule on today.”

Returning to the room where she had earlier been tattooed and pierced, Shelley felt a cold shiver of fear running up and down her spine, but this time, instead of strapping her into the heavy chair, she was taken into a small side chamber and perched on a stool in front of a vanity unit. The two attendants were the same two who had handled her earlier and now the younger one entered, carrying a tray on which were balanced a variety of plastic containers. She turned to Fiona.

“Any colour preference?” she asked. “Presumably something a lot darker. That blonde hair is a bit distinctive.”

“Precisely,” Fiona replied. “Have you got jet black, Teri?”

The attendant nodded. “We’ve got all the colours of the rainbow here. I can do bright pink with green streaks in, if you like.”

Fiona seemed to consider this for a moment before shaking her head. “No, I think we’ll stick to basic black. It’ll match her body suit. And can you use that makeup gismo on her nipples before you finish. Make them as bright red as her lips, so they stand out like a couple of fog lamps.”

Fiona left, promising to return within an hour and Teri began unfastening the chinstrap of the helmet. She removed it carefully and then unfastened the high ponytail on the top of Shelley’s head.

“In case you hadn’t realised,” she said, her tone not unkind, “I’m going to dye your hair. I’ll also darken your eyebrows to match. Hair is a very distinguishing mark on anybody and unless I’m much mistaken, they intend pairing you with someone who might otherwise recognise you, is that so?”

“Yes, Miss,” Shelley replied, dully.

The attendant smiled. “You needn’t call me Miss,” she said. “At least not whilst we’re on our own. I had enough of having to do it myself before.”

“You? You mean - “

Teri nodded, smiling sadly. “Yes, I was a prisoner originally. I still am, I suppose, but my various talents earn me an easier lifestyle.”

“Don’t you want to get away from here altogether?”

Teri’s smile faded. “What we want and what is possible are two very different things,” she said. “This island is surrounded by sharp rocks on all sides and the seas are impossible, even for a strong swimmer. Besides,” she added, stepping back, “do you see these?” She indicated her boots, which Shelley had not really noticed before. They were made of white Prolon and had platformed soles and chunky heels. They also seemed to be locked at the ankles. “The key to these is held by a senior officer,” Teri went on, “so I can’t take them off unsupervised. Inside each sole and heel is a core filling of solid lead. Not only does it make walking hard work, if I went into the water I’d sink like a stone. In addition, this collar,” she added, fingering the Prolon band which encircled her throat, “contains a homing bug which tells them where I am round the clock. If I wander outside certain areas, the computer sets off an automatic alarm. Your own collar contains a similar device and every collar is individually coded, so that the guards up in control know just who is where at all times.”

Shelley felt her heart sink to new depths at this revelation. Teri seemed to sense the effect of her words and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“I know how you must feel,” she said, gently, “but it’s hopeless trying to beat the system. Just go along with it and they go easier on you. Okay, you feel revulsion at this stage, but what I did was convince myself it wasn’t really me doing it. No one ever gets to see anyone’s face, or hardly ever, so you just think of yourself as an anonymous automaton. And some of the clients are very fanciable, I can tell you.”

“But it’s my body,” Shelley protested.

Teri shook her head. “Not any more it isn’t,” she said quietly. “Your body now belongs to Braveheart Security. The state says so, sweetie, so you’d better get used to it. I know it must seem awful now, but it could be worse. If you’d been plain looking, they’d have you at it in the fields or the factories back over on the main island and there you get thrown to any of the charge hands and guards who fancy you. Some of them are complete pigs, too.”

“Is this really any better?” Shelley demanded. “The fact that whoever it is might happen to look - ”

“Believe me, you’re better off here,” Teri cut her short. “The whole set-up is totally off-the-wall bizarre, I’ll grant you, but you get looked after better. The clients don’t want sub-standard goods, not at the prices they pay.”

“Yeah, that’s it,” Shelley wailed. “We’re just ‘goods’ for consumption by the man with the fattest purse. It’s inhuman.”

Conversation waned somewhat as Teri set to work, though Shelley did manage to slip in one or two questions that brought illuminating answers. Teri, it appeared, had originally been employed in one of the licensed brothels in England, but had discovered that the Director had been creaming off extra percentages to line his own pockets. Realising that his unofficial profit sharing scheme had been rumbled, he had set her up, using a client and she had been charged with stealing the man’s wallet and credit card. There was even a video, showing a female who looked enough like her to convince the court, using the card to make two separate withdrawals. She had been sentenced to ten years, with another five added for contempt when she had tried to protest her innocence in the courtroom. She told Shelley that there were plenty of others on the island who had been wrongly convicted and that Braveheart also seemed to be involved in some way.

“They’ve got talent scouts out scouring for any likely victim. Pretty females, good looking men, that sort of thing and if they think there’s a chance of getting them in front of a judge, under any pretext whatsoever, they’ll provide the capital to bribe witnesses. That bastard who fitted me up received a few thousand as a bonus for putting me into their clutches.”

“But how do they know a particular so-called criminal is going to end up being sent to their facility?” Shelley demanded. “There are over a hundred colonies these days, so the odds can’t be that good.”

“How do you think?” Teri asked, bending Shelley over the basin so that she could rinse out the excess dye. “They’ve got court officials in their pockets in every major city in the country and enough cash behind them to make sure they get exactly what they want. It’s totally corrupt, before you say anything, but then money has talked loudest and longest for centuries, so what else should we expect? Especially with this government,” she added, grimly.

“So, I’ve been selected to come here because of my looks?” Shelley said. “What about my boyfriend? I’ve just found out he’s here too.”

“Is he handsome?”

“In a sort of way,” Shelley said. “Actually, he’s a bit wimpy looking, if you know what I mean. He’s not that tall and he’s quite skinny, not your average macho man at all.”

“Ah well, it takes all sorts,” Teri replied, mysteriously.

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, you’ll see, in good time,” Teri said, and refused to be drawn further on the matter. She towelled Shelley’s hair vigorously and then used a powerful blow dryer to complete the job, brushing out the now black tresses and returning them to their original pony tail. Next, she applied a gooey black substance to each eyebrow, wiping it off after five minutes and then plucking out a few hairs with a pair of tweezers to produce a more pronounced arching effect. Combined with the lurid blues and the black lining of her eyelashes and following the total change of her hair colouring, it transformed Shelley’s appearance totally. She could barely recognise the figure in the mirror before her and said as much.

“That’s the general idea,” Teri told her. “It gives you some idea of what passes for humour around here. You’ll no doubt be performing with that boyfriend chap of yours in front of some sort of audience, only he won’t have any idea it’s you he’s screwing. They’ll all be in on the secret, of course, which they’ll find very amusing.”

“But he’s bound to recognise me close up!” Shelley protested.

Teri sighed. “You’ve got a lot to learn, sweetie-pie,” she said. “But I’ll leave you to find out for yourself. Now, come on back through and we’ll colour your nipples. And mind out for Shona out there. She’s one of them, not a trustee like me.”

Fiona returned exactly an hour after she had left. Over her arm was draped some sort of garment and she carried a large case in her other hand. She examined Shelley’s appearance, noting the now brilliant red nipples and nodded approvingly.

“Has she given you any trouble?” she asked Shona.

The woman shook her head. “Good as gold, but they normally are by the time they’ve had a few hours taste of this place, aren’t they?” She laughed harshly. Fiona joined in and then held up the black garment and the case.

“Are you busy at the moment?” she asked.

Shona thought for a moment. “I’ve got a pair of tits to tattoo in about ten minutes, but Teri’s free for a little while. What do you want?”

“Get the slut dressed for me,” Fiona replied. “One of the other instructors has taken sick and I’ve got one of her bitches to escort over to the stables. I’ll be about half an hour, if that’s all right?”

“Sure. Give Teri the stuff. All pretty basic, is it?”

“Nothing she won’t have worn herself at one time or another,” Fiona leered, offering the things to Teri. When Fiona had departed once more, Teri gestured to Shelley to follow her back to the smaller room and Shelley trotted after her obediently.

“What are those things?” she demanded, suspiciously.

Teri laughed. “Your stage outfit, sweetie,” she replied. “Nothing too awful, I promise you, but even if it were, you’d have no option. If you don’t let me dress you, they’ll only send for help and I’ll be for it as well. Now, stand still and let’s get those pants off you. You’ll have to have an enema as well.”

Shelley stared at her, horrified. “You can’t be serious!” she exclaimed, trying to back away.

The other girl shrugged. “Listen, you idiot, you’ve had a plastic cock stuck up your back passage for a few hours and you’re about to have another one, made of heavy duty Prolex, in its place. Better we empty you out whilst we have the chance - it could be hours before you get another opportunity. It’s not so dreadful, I swear, at least not if I do it. If they get Shona to do it she’ll use the biggest nozzle we’ve got and pump in an extra few pints just for her own amusement.”

When she saw the state of the rear rod after it was withdrawn from her, Shelley reluctantly agreed that Teri was correct and dutifully adopted a position bending over a steel tubed frame that Teri wheeled in.

“Anyone who tries to resist gets strapped over this and left with a bung in for an hour after the flush goes in,” Teri told her, busying herself with the equipment she needed. Looking back and up from her inverted position, Shelley saw another stand, similar to those used for drip bags in hospitals, with a red thing not unlike an old fashioned hot water bottle dangling from the top of it. From this, a short tube ran down to a rectangular box unit fixed to the upright about six inches below and from the bottom of this unit a long hose emerged, at the extreme end of which was an ominous looking object shaped like a slim, extended pear.

“I’m lubricating this well,” Teri assured her, “which is more than Shona sometimes does, especially with the reluctant ones. Now, don’t fight against it, just relax your muscles and I’ll ease it in gently.”

A few minutes later, as she sat on the toilet which adjoined the small room, Shelley found herself wondering exactly what it would feel like to be bound helplessly for an hour with that awful warm soapy solution sloshing around inside her. It had been bad enough trying to hold it in for the few seconds it had taken between Teri extracting the nozzle and her gaining the toilet. Sixty minutes, even with a bung to prevent any leakages, must be hell.

“All done?” Teri asked brightly, appearing at the cubicle door. Shelley, oblivious to her undignified position, nodded dumbly. “Good girl. That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“It was hideous,” Shelley groaned. “I felt like all my innards were spilling out.”

“Only the nasty bits,” Teri assured her. “Now, get yourself here and I’ll clean you up.”

A few minutes later, boots and wrist cuffs removed, Shelley braced herself against the side of the vanity unit as Teri helped her into the black bodysuit, for that was what the garment proved to be. It was similar in design to the one she had seen hanging on the wall of her cell and Teri explained that it was made from Prolex.

“It’s very much like latex rubber, as you can see,” the girl told her, “but it has several advantages, not least in that it’s porous and you don’t sweat like you would in latex. Oh,” she added, grinning, “I don’t suppose you’ve ever worn latex, have you?”

“No, I haven’t,” Shelley admitted. “It always seemed a bit pervy to me. I’ve seen magazine pictures and all that, but it beats me what people see in it.”

“Well, it’s been popular in certain quarters for at least half a century,” the other woman said, “but this stuff is far better. For example, with a rubber suit you need something like talcum powder, otherwise it sticks to your skin and it’s impossible to get anything this tight onto you. Whereas Prolex, as you can see, slides over you easily.” She finished drawing the leggings up over Shelley’s hips. “Now, one arm into each sleeve and away we go.”

The sleeves terminated in gloves, which Teri carefully eased over each of Shelley’s fingers in turn. Shelley stood passively, holding her arms slightly bent whilst Teri worked the fabric onto them, staggered by the matter-of-fact way the girl was going about things. She could have been dressing Shelley for her first adult party, rather than to be sacrificed in some disgusting ritual showpiece for the benefit of a crowd of decadents.

This suit differed from the one in the cell in two important ways. Like the first suit, it had an open crotch which left Shelley’s denuded sex exposed, but it also had two openings at the tips of the moulded breast cups. Teri unfastened the chain from the nipple rings and carefully teased the two red points through the holes, before drawing the suit up and over Shelley’s shoulders. The second difference was in the helmet, or head piece, for it was designed more like the Prolon helmets, with the mouth and chin left fully exposed, whilst the eyes peered out from behind oval slits into which had been set pale blue lenses. As the stretchy fabric was pulled over her head, Shelley suddenly found herself looking at a world tinged with blue, a very eerie feeling indeed. Teri moved behind her and began closing the long zip and Shelley gasped as the Prolex suit began to grasp her in a tight embrace. When the zip was finally closed in the nape of her neck, Teri took a wide black Prolon collar from the case and snapped it around Shelley’s throat, preventing any fingers from being able to reach the tab beneath it and finally reconnected the chain between the nipple rings. She then instructed Shelley to bend over and try to touch her toes.

“Sorry about this,” Teri apologised as she fumbled with a hidden fastening between Shelley’s buttocks, “but if it’s in the spec, then you have to wear it.” From the case she took a long, slender black dildo and held it out for Shelley to see. “I’ll use plenty of lube again,” she said. A minute later, when she resealed the fastening, Shelley was once more impaled by a long Prolon shaft, though Teri had indeed been more considerate than the guards who had first put the awful double dildoad pants on her earlier.

“I take it this is standard practice around here,” Shelley said.

Teri shrugged. “Better get used to it,” she said. “Some days, if Shona’s in a bad mood, she makes me wear a plug and a dildo, sometimes even vibrators and that’s horrendous, trying to walk around and work with a couple of buzzing cocks inside you. It’s

impossible to concentrate.”

“I can imagine,” Shelley said, resignedly. “Okay, so what other surprises are in the box?”

“A good old-fashioned corset and gusset, complete with attached internal cock. The corset is heavy duty Prolex, the cock, of course, is Prolon, all in eye catching midnight black,” Teri replied, taking the garment out of the case. Shelley took one look at it and groaned, but made no effort to resist as Teri fastened it about her. She did gasp when the laces at the back were drawn tight, for the corset had a small waist and Teri was determined to reduce it to its minimum.

“If I don’t,” she explained, “then they’ll just get one an inch or two smaller and have one of the guards do it. You’ll hardly be able to breathe then, so it’s best we do the job properly now. Apart from anything else, I don’t want to jeopardise my position here. It could be me in a bodysuit with an eighteen inch waist and a ten inch cock up my sex otherwise.”

As Teri brought the gusset, or crotch strap, between Shelley’s thighs from the rear, she looked down at the huge dildo and groaned inwardly. Not only had Teri not exaggerated its length, but it was extraordinarily thick and had several deep ridges around it at half inch intervals. Mercifully, Teri applied a generous helping of the lubricant before presenting the tip to Shelley’s sex lips, but even so she accommodated it barely.

“There,” said Teri, fastening the gusset to the lower front edge of the corset, “that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“Speak for yourself,” Shelley gasped, as her first movement caused the tip of the monster to press against the neck of her womb. “I feel like I’m being ripped apart. Having Martin’s thing in me will be child’s play after this.”

“Don’t be so sure,” Teri retorted, darkly. “They’ll make sure he doesn’t get any fun out of tonight, I can tell you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ll leave that for you to find out,” Teri replied and once again changed the subject. As the other girl was going through the contents of the case again, Shelley turned to study her reflection in the vanity unit mirror. She could not see below her knees, but she was far enough back from it now to study the rest of herself. And she presented a bizarre sight, clad in the tight, shiny black, the slightly duller surface of the corset and gusset clearly visible. The corset had been cut to support, but not conceal her breasts, which thrust out proudly inside their black cocoon, with their fierce red nipples and shining metal rings standing out like twin beacons.

The Prolex suit was surprisingly cool and, apart from the fierce constriction of the tight laced corset, would have been very comfortable to wear, despite its all enveloping nature. However, wearer comfort had not been uppermost in the mind of whoever had selected Shelley’s outfit for that evening, for the next item, or rather items, which Teri took from the case were a pair of long black boots, made from the stiffer Prolon and terminating in heels that were at least two inches longer than those which Shelley had been locked into earlier. There were heavy Prolex inserts to enable a small amount of flexibility around the ankle, but from that point up to the thigh there would be no give at all. It was not an easy task fitting this extreme footwear, for there were several locking tabs, the first of which snapped the two hinged segments into place over the instep, the second fastened

the flexible ankle band and the third secured the two halves of the main boot all the way up the back of each leg. When Teri had finally finished, she stood back and instructed Shelley to try walking. It was just possible, but only with a stiff, puppet-like gait, though Shelley realised that the tight inflexibility was actually an asset in heels so high, for the long boots supported her calf, knee and thigh muscles against the strain that walking in such an unnatural position placed upon them.

“Nearly done now,” Terry announced, locking Prolon wrist bands on each arm and clipping each of them to a ring set at the hip on either side of the corset. Shelley looked down at herself, elbows forced backwards like two retracted wings and felt a surge of helplessness. For the past little while, safe in this small room with the cheerful and kindly Teri, she had almost lost sight of what was really happening. Now, as her new found confidante began the final stages of rendering her completely powerless, she realised that she would soon have to face up to the inevitability of what was planned for this evening.

Teri took out a ball gag, but shook her head and placed it to one side atop the vanity unit.

“We can leave that till last,” she said. “No need to put that on until that bitch Fiona comes for you. Now, let’s see, what else is left in here. Oh yes, ankle hobble.” She clipped the short chain between Shelley’s boots, though it was hardly necessary, for the boots provided all the restraint against any attempt at flight that would have been needed. However, the short chain with its two Prolon manacles that was used to link and pull together Shelley’s elbows behind her back was really restricting, forcing her to thrust her breasts forward even more. Teri was as apologetic as ever.

“Sorry it’s so tight, sweetie,” she said, “but there’s no adjustment in the chain. Someone’s measured this especially for your build.”

“But why go to all this trouble?” Shelley protested. “I’m hardly going anywhere to start with and with my wrists secured either side I can hardly put up much of a struggle.”

“That’s not the point. With these buggers, you not only have to be helpless, you’ve got to be seen to be helpless. Whoever’s in the audience tonight will have specified roughly what they want to see and this obviously fits the bill. Mind you, you do look stunning, I must say. You’ve got great legs and nice firm tits.”

“Udders with rings in, you mean,” Shelley muttered.

“Exactly. They want to see you totally at the mercy of whoever they choose to service you. Not that he’ll be in any better position. They’ll probably have him trussed up just as severely and he won’t get much out of it. It’s just a sort of macabre parody, you see, a bit like the rituals that some of my old punters used to like. It wasn’t the sex itself, but everything surrounding and leading up to it. You could almost be a robot for all they care, though I suppose it does give them a buzz to know it’s a real female inside this lot and you haven’t exactly volunteered.”

All too soon, Fiona returned for her charge. Teri made to fit the gag, but the instructor waved her away.

“I’ll see to that when I’m ready,” she said. “You can go back through and help Shona now. I want a few private words with snake-hips here.” Fiona waited until the door had closed behind Teri and then turned to Shelley, who had remained in the centre of the room, totally motionless.

“We’ve got about an hour to go before show-time,” she said, “so I’m going to take you

down for some basic refreshment. It's not very tasty, but it contains all the vital vitamins and minerals and can be sucked through a tube. Not that I imagine you could eat much in that outfit, eh?

"But before we go, I thought I might tell you a little story. As you know, you and your boyfriend are going to perform on stage this evening and I want to see you climax properly. If you don't, I'll take a whip to him afterwards and let you watch. In any case, you should make the most of the opportunity, because he's earmarked for special treatment."

"What sort of treatment?" Shelley asked, alarmed at the woman's tone. "Miss," she remembered to add, still able to feel the warmth in her bottom. Fiona's mouth twisted, cruelly.

"Well, it may interest you to know that Braveheart leases research and development facilities to a private American medical concern and your beloved whatever his name used to be has been selected as a perfect guinea pig for their latest project."

"They're not going to hurt him, are they?" Shelley cried, her eyes wide behind the blue lenses.

Fiona shook her head, grinning. "Not hurt," she replied, "just carrying out a few modifications. And, if they're successful, which they certainly will be, then Master Lynch has a string of clients who will be only too willing to pay handsomely for his services. Or should I say 'her' services. It's a bit of a grey area, that one."

"What are you talking about?" Shelley almost screamed, forgetting what she had been told about speaking to guards and instructors, though Fiona ignored her transgression. She was enjoying her prisoner's discomfiture and alarm too much for that.

"Simple, rosy tits," she snarled. "Your dearly beloved is going to become a woman, or almost. He'll keep his male bits, though they'll probably shrink a bit, but we'll be giving him tits and a cunt as well."

"But why?" The question seemed banal, but Shelley could think of nothing else to say. On top of everything else that had happened to her, this latest revelation did not seem to have penetrated as sharply as it should.

Fiona was enjoying herself more and more. She moved closer to Shelley, until their faces were only inches apart. "Because," she hissed, "we can. And because there are plenty of people who are totally fascinated by androgynes, which, in case you didn't know, is what they call people who are both sexes in one. You do get them naturally, but they're few and far between, so when we find suitable candidates, we give nature a helping hand. Our Doctor O'Leary has been working on something which is a cross between female hormones and a gene corrupting agent. Years ago, transsexuals had to wait a long time for hormone therapy to work properly and even then the results weren't always satisfactory. This process is up to fifty times faster and, so far at least, one hundred percent effective.

"A week from now, your lover boy will already have boobs, as well as a nice girlish bum and thighs. He's already been given the first dose of the compound, though he doesn't know what it's for, of course."

"But that's hideous!" Shelley shrieked. "You're all monsters!"

"You think so?" Fiona replied, totally unruffled. "Well, each to her own opinion, of course." She stepped back and looked Shelley up and down. "Shame they don't have the techniques to do it the other way around, then we'd see who was the monster around

here. You'd look quite cute with a prick." She walked over to where Teri had left the ball gag and picked it up.

"The thing I'm going to enjoy most tonight is watching him screwing you whilst you know what's already started to happen in his body, yet can't tell him anything because your pretty little mouth is going to be full of this. And all the while, you'll be looking and looking, trying to see if there are any differences yet. Oh yes, miss, I find that very funny. You and your subversive cronies wanted changes, so changes you're going to get. Maybe not the changes you had in mind, of course, but big changes nonetheless. Oh yes, mega big changes."

She started laughing again and walked slowly towards Shelley, the gag strap extended between her two outstretched hands.

Totally unaware of the ultimate fate that had been decreed for him, if not exactly blissfully so, Martin had been prepared for the evening performance by the dusky Amanda. The semi-opaque Prolon pants had been replaced by an identical pair in black, during which he, too, had been subjected to an enema. Like Shelley, he also now wore a tight corset, though without the crotch strap, which was superfluous because of the pants. A black collar had been locked around his neck in place of the original and Amanda had made him stand on a low stool whilst she clipped a chain to it. The other end of this chain was secured somewhere up in the ceiling and was automatically drawn taut when Amanda adjusted its length from a wall mounted control panel.

"I'm now going to release your hands," she informed him. "If you try anything stupid, I'll simply kick this stool out from under you and leave you hanging there. We are also being observed through at least three cameras and the cavalry can get here within seconds, if necessary. Of course, you'll almost certainly have choked to death by then, though you may have been able to hang on with your hands. Not that it would be easy whilst I was whipping you at the same time."

Martin was appalled by the casual nature of her warning, but nevertheless knew that she meant every word of it. Consequently, he stood quietly whilst she fitted the long black Prolex gloves to his hands and arms. On the inside of each wrist was a small ring and this was clipped onto a snap connector at either side of his corset. Then, like Shelley, although he was not to know this yet, his elbows were linked by a taut chain. As he stood there, chest thrust forward, Amanda fingered his nipples, thoughtfully. Her light touch sent little shivers through Martin and he looked down to where she was stroking. The flesh seemed pinker and somewhat swollen and he had been experiencing a mild itching sensation in that region for the past hour, though other things had been preoccupying him far more.

"Do you like that, Daisy?" Amanda cooed, rolling each nipple gently between thumb and forefinger. Martin could not deny it, for he could also feel his cock straining within the confines of the jutting prosthetic. He nodded and let out a long sigh before he realised what he had done. Amanda found this amusing.

"Little tart," she laughed, but continued to caress the two swollen buds for several seconds more. Martin remained rigidly at attention, trying vainly not to give her any further indication of the effect she was having on him. He could smell her now, the

warmth of her body, the musky scent and the aroma of leather from boots and trousers. Bizarrely, he found himself wondering why all the prisoners seemed to be dressed in synthetic substitutes, whereas the guards and instructors wore the real thing.

Abruptly, Amanda broke contact and stepped away. "Mustn't get you too excited," she said. "Time and tide waits for no man - or woman," she added. The boots she put onto him were identical to those Fiona had selected for Shelley, even to the height of the heels and Martin could barely balance in them at first, let alone walk. Amanda was insistent, though, forcing him to parade up and down the cell until he had mastered the art at least well enough not to fall over, though his movements were still ungainly, especially without the use of his arms as an aid to balancing.

Like Shelley, Martin's Prolon helmet was removed and replaced by a Prolex substitute, which had pale pink lenses over the eyes and also left the mouth and chin exposed. Amanda reached out with her index finger and flicked his bottom lip.

"Nearly ready now, my little beauty," she teased. "Just the ankle hobble to put on you and then a nice, comfy gag. Not too big tonight, but they won't want you making any unnecessary noise and besides, the gag I've got in mind gives you an extra option."

Five minutes later, when she led Martin, ankles joined by twelve inches or so of fine chain, out into the corridor, that extra option was bobbing jauntily ahead of him, just beneath his nose, a long, slightly curved penis in black heavy duty Prolex jutting out from the ball gag to which it was attached.

Lydia Pierce switched off the VDU which dominated her desk and swivelled around in the high backed leather executive chair. Montgomerie Lynch, reclining in one of the sumptuous armchairs which were dotted about the cavernous office, looked up from the file he had been only partially studying and smiled.

"This month's figures are the best yet," he said, smoothing a non-existent crease from the tight leather of his trousers. "The Board are considering your suggestion of expanding to another satellite island. There are two or three possibilities within a twenty mile radius, though one of them doesn't have an adequate supply of fresh water."

"That would be Ornave Island, over beyond Skag Minda," Lydia replied, stretching her shoulders. She was wearing a long, flowing dress of black silk this evening, the neckline cut low to reveal a generous portion of her bosom. Underneath the dress she was wearing one of her favourite black satin corsets, which were modelled on a particularly strict Victorian design, though the stays were made from Prolon rather than the original whalebone of the nineteenth century. Her long legs were sheathed in stockings made from Prolite, the derivative of the Prolon process which could be manufactured to resemble nylon, silk, or even lace and which had a life expectancy far in excess of any of the fabrics it sought to mimic. Usually, Lydia preferred genuine silk stockings for evening wear, but the night before she had ripped her last pair during a particularly energetic session with one of her chosen male prisoners and somehow her order from London had failed to arrive a week since. She made a mental note to send him a reprimand that would melt the net.

She looked across at Lynch and, not for the first time, wondered why he was in this job. The man did not seem to derive any personal pleasure from his position the way she did. Even the sight of a naked female prisoner strung up for punishment did not arouse

him and he never laid a finger on any of them personally, preferring to watch whilst underlings carried out sentences. Lydia, on the other hand, enjoyed meting out justice personally, whenever the opportunity arose. She intended to take an active, if small, role in this evening's proceedings and had already selected the whippy Prolon cane she would use to ginger up the performance of any reluctant participant.

"The water situation is the only drawback," she continued. "Other than that, the place is perfect. One landing place only, about half a mile of moorland that would be ideal for the pony sports and a flat area sheltered between two hillocks that's large enough to build a suitable complex." She paused, stroking the side of her jaw. "It's also still registered to the Crown, so it would be cheap to buy. I suppose we could ship the water in from here easily enough."

"That depends on how many people you envisage will be using the place at any one time," Lynch replied. He flicked idly at the collar of his dark blue silk shirt and Lydia had to suppress a smile. The man was positively paranoid about his appearance and yet he never seemed interested in putting it to good use. For a while, she had wondered if he might prefer men to women, but she had never seen any evidence to support that theory.

"I would say," she went on, "that on a place that size we would need maybe thirty prisoners, which would mean ten officers, a couple of kitchen staff and a stable man. The cleaning duties and such can be covered by the prisoners themselves. If we send a couple of TVs in the group, it'll give the clients a good laugh. The place could accommodate between twenty and thirty guests at one time, depending upon their preferences. I've already spoken with Sir Rupert and he would want to book two fortnights per year exclusively for himself and his own little band. He's even prepared to pay the first year in advance, in case we have any trouble raising the necessary capital."

Lynch laughed, a low, rumbling sound. "Not much danger of that," he said. "But if we get the go ahead, take his money anyway. It'll earn a nice slice of interest."

"Already done," Lydia replied. "He insisted. Said we could repay him if the project doesn't go through. The man's got more money than he knows what to do with."

"In common with most of our clients. What about O'Leary and his merry men? How's their project coming along? The Germans are eager to buy a sample consignment, once it's been properly tested."

"He's very pleased with the last batch of trials," Lydia said, rising and walking around the end of the desk. "This next lot could be the finished article. Apparently, he's increased the dosage of growth hormone in the compound and reckons that could halve the transition period. We'll soon see. I've had four of the new batch started today and one of them's on tonight's bill."

Lynch gave a brief snort. "Sometimes I think our clients represent a worse section of society than our prisoners."

Lydia smiled, disarmingly. "Lucky for us they do," she said. "Otherwise, Montgomerie, you and I would be looking for a new job."

The auditorium was much larger than Martin had anticipated. He had been expecting a small stage with perhaps a few seats close around and the low-ceilinged atmosphere of a cabaret club. Instead, a large semi-circular stage stretched out into a horseshoe shaped

bank of seats, which rose at least ten rows high all around. Above the stage itself, a gantry supported banks of lights as well as several cameras and huge screens above and to either side of that showed the stage action in sharp close up. As Amanda marched him down the aisle through the centre of the seats, Martin saw that the stage was already occupied.

A lone figure lay strapped to an X-shaped timber frame, restraints at ankle, knee, thigh, waist, shoulder and throat rendering movement virtually impossible. The frame itself was supported by an upright column at the centre of the X and was clearly designed for the X itself to be tilted at varying angles. It was currently at an angle of about thirty degrees from the vertical and the naked prisoner's heavy breasts lay full and unsupported. Martin was so mesmerised by these huge orbs that he failed to notice the figure's genitals until they were half way to the stage. When he did, he almost stopped in his tracks, for, instead of the neat mound of a female vagina, there hung from the shaven groin a large, though flaccid penis and a pendulous pair of balls.

'Keep going!' Amanda hissed in Martin's ear, sensing his hesitation. She guided him to the left hand side of the stage where, thankfully, there was a sloping ramp instead of steps. In the stiff boots, stairs would have presented an almost impossible obstacle to him, Martin realised. There were three upright posts set into the floor near the edge of the stage and Amanda backed him up against one of them, fastening a short chain between the pillar and his collar to prevent him moving away. She then stood behind him, apparently waiting. Looking up, Martin tried to focus on the occupants of the seats, but it was difficult to see much, as the seating area was in near darkness and the tinted lenses restricted his vision even more. All he could make out were shadowy figures, perhaps thirty of them in all and most of them grouped together opposite the centre of the stage, leaving the vast majority of the seats completely deserted.

The seconds ticked by slowly and Martin turned his attention once more towards the helpless figure on the cross. He - or she - had long, auburn hair, which had been braided into a long plait with several thick thongs that extended back and down to where they were tied to a stanchion, forcing the prisoner to keep his/her head well back. From the angle, Martin could see almost nothing of the face, though the eyes appeared to be heavily made up and the lips painted a vivid crimson. The one ear Martin could see had been pierced and from it, now at a crazy angle due to the extreme position of the head, hung a heavy pendant.

Suddenly, there was a rustling of the curtains at the back of the stage and a figure stepped through into the light. Martin recognised the Pierce woman instantly, though she was dressed quite differently from when he had first seen her whilst standing in the line of new prisoners. The long, black dress was cut tight around the bodice and sleeves, but the skirt billowed and gleamed under the stage lighting. Beneath almost floor length hem she wore black shoes with impossibly high, tapering heels and yet she seemed to float with ease as she moved towards the apron. When she spoke, her voice boomed out from several hidden speakers and Martin saw that she wore a tiny button microphone on a slender stalk which was somehow clipped about her right ear.

'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,' she said, addressing the almost invisible audience. 'Welcome to my special soiree. This evening, for your entertainment, we have assembled several demonstrations which I trust will meet with your approval. I hope you will agree with me when I say that they are as varied as they are imaginative and, for

those of you on your first visit with us, serve to demonstrate just some of the many facets of our catalogue.

‘I thought we would begin with Pandora here.’ She waved her hand towards the outstretched androgyne and at the same time, Martin felt a sharp prick at the back of his shoulder. He swung his head around to find Amanda standing very close. She held something small in her hand which she was replacing into a slim, black case.

‘Just something to help you get in the mood, Daisy,’ she whispered. ‘If you foul up in front of this lot, Madame will have your balls for supper - raw!’ Martin turned his eyes back to Lydia Pierce, who had in turn moved around so that she was standing just to one side of the spread-eagled Pandora, level with his/her waist. She reached out one hand and lifted the flaccid cock.

‘As you will see,’ she said, ‘Pandora has breasts and a penis, but also a fully formed vagina just behind her scrotum. This makes her very versatile. The only problem she has is that her male organ is slower to respond than many of us would like, however further research by our own specialist team has produced two remedies for that. One is a small injection, which I shall administer to Pandora in a few moments. The other is a slight change in the course of treatment which produced Pandora and her many sisters. The Mark Two Pandora will be as easily aroused as any normal male, I am told. We shall no for certain in a week or so.’

She made a gesture with her free hand and another figure appeared from behind the curtains. Dressed in a tight body suit of clinging black and high heeled ankle boots, the girl’s hair had been pinned up into a high cascade of curls that bounced attractively as she strutted across to her mistress. She was slim hipped, like a model and moved with a lithe grace and in her black gloved hands she carried a small silver tray which she presented to Lydia.

‘Thank you, Dorothea,’ Lydia said, taking up the small object which was the tray’s sole content. The girl bowed her head and stepped back a few paces. Lydia held up her hand so that everyone could see the small hypodermic.

‘This is the antidote which will awaken Pandora’s interest,’ she announced. ‘It will take a minute or so to work, but we have provided extra stimulus.’ She extended her arm and Martin realised that she was pointing straight at him. As he stared across at her, he realised that her figure had shifted slightly out of focus and he blinked hard, trying to sharpen up the image.

‘Daisy 23,’ Lydia was saying, ‘is from our most recent intake, arriving only this morning.’ This morning! Was it really only this morning? Martin could scarcely believe it, for it seemed like a different century already. ‘As some of you already know, our training regime here is designed to instil, in all our inmates, an iron discipline. In Daisy’s case, of course, there is still quite a way to go, but you will see shortly that he has already learned the basic lessons. Amanda, please release Daisy.’ Behind Martin, Amanda reached up and unclipped the chain from his collar. ‘Daisy, come over here,’ Lydia commanded. Numbly, Martin moved to obey, his head buzzing. Whatever Amanda had injected into him was already beginning to take effect and he felt totally calm and removed from everything that was going on. Teetering on the ridiculous heels, the ankle chain restricting his stride even more, it took several seconds before he was standing before Lydia.

‘Turn around, Daisy,’ she said and, when he did so, she reached out and unbuckled the

gag strap, grasped the grotesque dildo extension and drew the ball from his mouth. 'We'll put that back in later,' she promised, 'when you've no further use for that mouth.' She turned back to address the audience. 'Daisy will now perform fellatio on Pandora, after which he will perform cunnilingus - a unique double act, I am sure you will agree. Daisy,' she continued, turning back to Martin, 'move around and get between Pandora's legs.' Somehow, Martin managed to comply with her instructions, struggling not to stumble. Close up, he peered along the length of the recumbent body before him. Had it not been for the male appendages, he saw, Pandora would have appeared totally feminine. Apart from her massive breasts, her hips and thighs were full and rounded, her waist slim and her legs long and slender. He stared down at the limp member.

Whether at a signal from Lydia, or not, the heavy cross began to tilt further backwards and at the same time the central support rose slowly out of the stage, until finally the helpless Pandora lay nearly horizontal, her dual sexuality level, almost, with Martin's face. Behind him he heard a buzz of anticipation from the spectators and guessed that they were seeing in close up on the screens above what was now being presented for his close scrutiny. Beneath the thick male member was now distinctly visible the deep red gash of a female vagina.

'You may begin, Daisy,' Lydia instructed. 'Start with your tongue and then use your mouth until she becomes fully erect. Don't stop until I tell you.' As though in a trance, Martin moved forward, lowering his head until his mouth was no more than a few millimetres from the slumbering organ. Very cautiously, he extended his tongue and touched the bulbous tip. He sensed rather than saw Pandora's body stiffen and slowly licked the purplish flesh. He was aware of Lydia moving closer to Pandora's side and that the hand holding the syringe made a swift dart towards the androgyne's flesh. Whether it was the injection, or Martin's attentions, he could not tell, but within seconds, as his tongue began to work rhythmically, Pandora's cock began to thicken still further and slowly rise. When it was finally fully erect, it was an awesome sight, sticking up rigidly like a pole and pulling its scrotal sack half clear of the gaping vagina beneath.

'Now take the head in your mouth, Daisy,' Martin heard Lydia say. At the same time, the cross began to tilt slightly further forward again, presenting the impressive rod at an easier angle. Realising what he was doing, but somehow no longer caring, Martin descended upon the thing greedily, sucking the head into his mouth and gripping it firmly with his lips. He felt a slight pressure on his shoulder and heard Lydia's voice close by.

'Easy my dear,' she said. 'We don't want poor Pandora coming in your mouth. The ladies and gentlemen want to see her spunk blow like a geyser - when the time comes.' Martin slowed his rhythm, sliding his lips up and down, taking as much of the length into his mouth as possible, short of choking himself. He dimly wondered why he didn't find this totally disgusting, but some inner urge was driving him on. He wanted to totally satisfy this alien creature with the massively over endowed sexual organs, to suck on her enormous nipples, to swallow her cock and to fill her gaping sex with his own member and fuck her till she cried out for him to stop. Lydia, however, had other ideas for the moment.

She moved in and released Martin's right wrist from its clip restraint. His elbows were still connected by the chain across the small of his back, but he had just enough freedom for the one hand to perform the task Lydia intended.

'Lift her bollocks and use your tongue on her cunt,' she instructed. 'Find her clitoris

and make it grow like another cock.’ Dutifully, Martin changed the emphasis of his attentions, using the ends of his fingers to move the heavy scrotum clear of her entrance, the cross tilting back again to present the perfect angle. Pandora’s sex was hot and already more than just moist and, when Martin’s tongue found her prominent bud, it immediately started to swell and her juices really began to flow. From somewhere in the distance he heard Lydia’s running commentary.

‘You will see from the floor camera that Pandora is already dripping,’ she intoned. ‘Her cock remains fully erect, but one of the curious features about our Pandoras is that any attention to the vaginal area will induce a deep seated orgasm which will not effect the penis itself. If Daisy were to continue for much longer, you would see Pandora climax quite spectacularly, but not from her male organ. Enough, Daisy, stand back.’ She grasped Martin’s shoulder and hauled him away from Pandora. The red headed Dorothea was approaching with her tray again, but this time it contained something completely different from the original syringe. It looked like a deflated set of male genitals, which, in a way, it was, for the black rubber sheath had been moulded to fit snugly over Martin’s artificial Prolon cock and balls. As Lydia stretched the thing into place, Martin saw that it was heavily ribbed along its length and that on top, for the last few inches leading to the base, were a series of stubby nodules that would make no uncertain contact with the now ballooning clitoris just within Pandora’s dripping vagina.

‘There you go, Daisy,’ Lydia told him, snapping the rubber finally into place. ‘You will now please fuck Pandora with the huge cock we have given you. Of course, ladies and gentlemen,’ she continued to the audience, ‘poor Daisy will have little or no sensation of what he is doing. The Prolon prosthetic prevents any real stimulation reaching his own organ which cannot even become fully erect within the tube. However, it is quite usual, in these circumstances, for the male to come anyway. We do not mind this, because, of course, it in no way inhibits his performance. He is, in effect, little more than a walking dildo.’ Martin heard a ripple of laughter from the gallery and saw the smile spread across Lydia’s face. She nodded to him as a signal that he should proceed.

Cautiously, he stepped forward again, the cross slowly changing angle until both missile and target were in perfect alignment. It was just as well, he thought, for the boots allowed for no adjustment on his own part. Even his ‘cock’ could not be realigned by more than the few millimetres achievable by bending at the hips. Using his one free hand, Martin presented the rubber tip to the gaping opening and pushed forward, burying the double layer of prosthetic to its hilt. He heard a gasp from the direction of Pandora’s head and saw her chest rise an inch or so, breasts bouncing. He began to pump, in and out, feeling nothing himself but for the persistent pressure of his own member against its confining prison, but feeling a surge of adrenaline as his androgynous partner began to writhe in ecstatic response.

Lydia stepped closer and pointed to Pandora’s wildly waving shaft. ‘Wank her as you fuck her,’ she commanded. ‘She’s nearly ready, the slut, so make her come simultaneously.’ Robot-like, Martin obeyed, grasping the pulsating pillar in his gloved fingers. He began to masturbate her, in time to his thrusts into her female sex and all of a sudden there came a terrific, howling scream. Despite the straps, Pandora’s hips began to spasm and, without further ado, her cock shot a tremendous fountain of semen at least two feet into the air. From the audience came a loud gasp, followed a second later by a thunderous round of applause accompanied by cheering and whistling.

Lydia laid a hand on Martin's shoulder. 'Enough for now, Daisy.' she said. 'Come out of her and go back across to Amanda, please.' To the audience, she said: 'That concludes our first little scenario this evening, ladies and gentlemen. If any of you would like to reserve either Pandora or Daisy, either for later tonight, or for any other time during your stay, please see Dorothea at the end of the performance, or make your bookings through normal room service.'

As Amanda re-tethered him to the upright, Martin was fighting to get his senses back into something like normal order, but it was a losing battle. The drug that Amanda had administered was having strange effects on his entire system. Every nerve ending seemed charged with electricity and the whole focus of his being was centred upon his throbbing groin. Trapped, only half erect, within the Prolon sheath, it cried out for release and, as the cross tilted slowly back into the vertical position, Martin was overwhelmed with a burning desire for its helpless burden. He wanted to suck on those huge nipples, knead those massive tits between his fingers and plunge his cock, free of restrictions, into her gaping sex. And what was more, he realised, he wanted to tease that massive cock back to attention and see it spray like a fountain again.

He shook his head, blinking furiously. No! No! This wasn't right. It was the stuff coursing through his veins, not him. He didn't want sex with the hermaphrodite, he tried to tell himself, but other parts of his body were telling him different. In his confusion, he hardly noticed when Amanda pushed the ball gag back into his mouth and buckled it securely in place once again. His attention was focussed on Pandora, as the lithe Dorothea began unfastening the straps that had held her so passively for him.

Shelley was waiting in a small room behind the stage, but she had missed none of the action, for there were several monitors on a stand relaying the pictures that were on the large screens out front. She watched, wide-eyed, as Martin (she knew it was Martin only because Fiona had told her so) aroused first the cock and then the cunt of the incredible figure strapped to the bondage frame and then gasped behind her gag as he fucked and masturbated her to that spectacular climax.

Around her now were several other figures, three trainers, or instructors, dressed in their leather boots and trousers, makeup immaculate, but way over the top and three more prisoners. Two were male and they were costumed exactly as Martin was, standing mute and anonymous in Prolex hoods and gags, perched on their incongruously feminine Prolon heels, Prolon erections jutting crudely in front of them. The third figure was unmistakably female, for she was dressed in a way deliberately intended to show off her assets.

The top part of her face and head was enclosed in a tight fitting helmet of bright red Prolex, behind which her eyes darted about at an almost frantic rate. From the top of the helmet her hair rose up, held tightly within a stiff tube of some five or six inches in length and then cascading down to her buttocks in a silver-blond cloud. Without that tube, Shelley calculated, that hair would reach almost to her ankles. The girl had not been gagged, but her full lips remained tight closed, though Shelley thought she could detect a slight tremor in the bottom one. Hardly surprising, she told herself, I'm trembling like I've got a fever myself!

Below the obligatory neck collar the girl was little better than naked. She wore long

gloves and high heeled ankle boots which matched the colour of her helmet, but apart from that the rest of her costume was purely decorative. Like Shelley, her nipples had been pierced, ringed and linked with a chain, but heavy pendants had been added to each ring, distorting her nipples and pulling her impressive breasts down somewhat. In her navel she wore a huge glittering stone set in a gold mount, from which another fine chain descended down over her hairless mound. Peering closer, Shelley's eyes widened as she saw that the lips of the girl's sex had been pierced on either side and two rows of three small rings infibulated her. They were currently pulled together and the chain passed through them to hold her vulva closed. Shelley's guess, later to be proved right, was that there was a small lock on the free end of the chain to prevent its removal until the appropriate time.

Shelley looked from the girl back to the two males and wondered if they felt as calm as their docile demeanour suggested. Her own heart was pounding and her breathing shallow and rapid, partly due to the tight embrace of her corset, but even more so to the horrific anticipation and the knowledge that very soon now she, too, would be out there under those spotlights. She caught sight of her reflection in a long mirror on the farthest wall and gave silent thanks for the concealment of her mask. She shuffled her feet slightly to get a better view of herself, a bizarre black figure with no features, chained nipples and a bright red mouth bulging around a large gag. A huge wave of despair overwhelmed her and she felt tears beginning to trickle down her cheeks. She did not even react when Fiona pressed the hypodermic into her shoulder and depressed the plunger.

* * *

The initial rush of the aphrodisiac drug had passed, leaving behind a feeling of detached euphoria that Martin new was totally false and yet which he was no longer willing to fight. *Okay*, he kept saying to himself, *if this is what they intend for you for the next god-knows-how-many years, then you might as well go with the tide*. At least it was better than being lashed by that bastard Harrigan, though he wished they would remove the damned penis sheath so that he could at least derive some pleasure from all this. *No chance* a voice inside his head told him. *That's all part of it, don't you see? You're not supposed to enjoy it, just perform for the punters like the good little trained animal they're turning you into*.

Centre stage, Pandora was now standing upright, no longer restrained, eyes half closed and hands loosely hanging by her sides. Another trainer had appeared from the curtains at the rear and Martin marvelled at the way Braveheart had managed to assemble so many tall, beautiful females on its payroll. Even the basic guards, who would never win any beauty contests, had a handsome arrogance about their features, though the finesse was applied by the cream.

Lydia nodded to the newcomer, a dark-haired woman in her late twenties, Martin guessed, who strutted across to Pandora and seized her long plait, forcing her to her knees. The androgyne seemed to know what was expected of her, for she instantly grovelled at the woman's feet and began licking her boots. From the speakers came the sound of a deliberate, pulsating electronic rythmn, a basic tune with a slow, driving beat. The trainer reached down and tapped Pandora on the head. Almost reluctantly, the androgyne rose to her feet again, took her half deflated male organ in her hand and began to stimulate it in time to the music. To Martin's astonishment, the organ began to swell

back to its full size, though it had been but minutes since he had induced that violent climax.

As soon as Pandora's erection was completely restored, she began to dance, writhing her hips and jiggling her massive breasts, her hand still grasping the swollen member as though it were a dancing partner. Lydia, who had retreated, unnoticed, to the rear of the stage, parted the curtains and reached behind, her hand re-emerging holding the arm of the most beautifully erotic sight Martin had ever seen.

The girl moved forward under Lydia's direction, the stage lights glittering off the waterfall of silver blonde hair that cascaded down from the top of her red helmet. The chain between her nipples sparkled different colours with every step and the chain from her jewelled navel glistened in unison. The height of her heels forced her hips to sway with every move and, even over the music, Martin heard the mutterings of approval from the watchers out front. He felt his own frustrated erection becoming more and more painful the longer he watched the girl, but he could not bring himself to tear his eyes away from her.

Lydia's voice cut through the music. 'This is Isadora, who is a trained dancer. She has been with us for nearly a year now and is therefore fully trained in every other way, too. Notice how proudly she wears her rings, ladies and gentlemen.' Isadora had reached the front of the stage now and was standing completely still, just a few feet away from the writhing Pandora. Without being told, she moved her feet apart and Martin heard a gasp from the seats.

'You will see better on the overhead screen,' Lydia intoned, 'how Isadora wears her other rings, which are currently secured together by the silver chain which runs from her navel. Without the key, she must remain chaste, or must she?' Lydia clapped her hands. Martin, who could not see Isadora from the front, did not understand the significance of any of these latter remarks, but the hand-clap was evidently a signal, for Isadora pirouetted on one toe, so that her back was towards Pandora, bent gracefully at the waist and grasped one ankle with each hand, sliding her feet as wide apart as she could without overbalancing. Her cascade of blonde tresses fell in a wide pool around her inverted head, the changing colours of the overhead lights making it look as though it were alive.

Pandora dropped to her knees behind her, stretched out her neck and began nuzzling at the tiny rosebud of the blonde girl's bottom hole. In return, Isadora loosed her grip on her right ankle, reached back between her splayed legs and began massaging Pandora's right nipple. The androgyne eased herself along the floor so that she was right beneath Isadora's crotch, her neck arched backwards to keep her mouth in contact with the other girl's arse. Isadora responded by taking the other nipple in her left hand and Martin marvelled at the ease with which she maintained her balance whilst bent nearly double. A moment later, he was even more amazed, for the girl managed to force her head back between her knees and close her own lips on Pandora's right nipple. There was a round of applause from the audience at this feat of athleticism, but if either of the participants in this curious sexual display heard it, they showed no sign.

'Isadora is completely double jointed, in addition to her training,' Lydia explained. 'She is a breathtaking experience for either man or woman and very popular with the majority of our guests, for she is in constant training, is extremely fit and possesses incredible stamina. I have seen her emerge from a room, leaving four people totally exhausted at the end of a night and then still have the appetite for more. One client

offered us a king's ransom to take full possession of her, but Isadora is more than one average human being can handle alone.' Lydia clapped her hands again and Isadora immediately returned to her original position, hands grasping ankles. Pandora pushed herself backwards and slowly stood, just behind the mane of blonde hair.

With her right hand, she grasped her straining cock and presented it to the one free orifice. Isadora remained motionless, waiting. The androgyne looked across at Lydia, who nodded and then raised the fingers of her free hand to her mouth. When she withdrew them, Martin could see that they were gleaming with fresh spittle, which she quickly transferred to the swollen nob at the tip of her shaft. A moment later, grasping Isadora's left hip in her left hand, she guided the purplish knob against the tight ring and with a short thrust from her own hips had penetrated the other girl. Her right hand released the now seated cock-shaft and grasped Isadora's other hip and then slowly, unhurriedly, she pushed the full length of her maleness home, drawing a muffled grunt from her partner.

The two figures remained motionless for several seconds, Pandora upright, embedded, Isadora bent double, impaled and then slowly, deliberately, Pandora began to fuck the blonde's ass, in and out, in and out, still in time with the background music. Suddenly, Isadora crumpled forward, breaking her fall with outstretched hands, but ending up on her stomach, her head hanging over the front of the stage and her hair flying. Pandora, however, did not lose her grasp or her position, but went with her until she was lying on top of her, her weight supported on her hands, her huge breasts bouncing against Isadora's naked back and the tumble barely interrupted her pistoning action.

The music was beginning to increase in tempo now and Pandora began to follow suit, her humping and thrusting becoming more and more vigorous and her tits leaping wildly. From his position, Martin could not see Isadora's face, which was largely screened by the curtain of her hair, but he could see her head jerking and lolling in response to the androgyne's efforts. The thick artificial cock inside his own rectum seemed to grow larger as Martin looked on and he could imagine Pandora's thick rod of hot flesh in its place.

Suddenly, from Isadora there came a long, high-pitched shriek and her arms waved wildly into thin air. Pandora let out an answering scream of triumph, her back arched and her arms locked rigidly. Her hips thrust once, twice, three times more and then she subsided into a limp heap on top of Isadora. Several cheers rang out from the audience and there was a ragged round of applause. Inside his sheath, Martin was on the verge of climaxing himself and he bit hard into the gag in an effort to control himself. Even the dark haired trainer, who now moved across to separate the two figures, seemed affected by the performance, for her cheeks looked flushed and her eyes gleamed as she hauled Pandora to her feet. Only Lydia appeared unmoved, standing patiently whilst both performers were directed to new positions: Pandora to squat on her heels, knees apart, on the far edge of the stage, Isadora to stand in front of the heavy cross. Behind him, Martin heard his neck shackle being released and then Amanda's quiet order to move once again. He started forward, the ankle chain rattling with every reluctant step.

Backstage, Shelley continued to watch the proceedings via the monitors, her heart beating faster and faster as she realised that every passing second brought nearer the time when it

would be her out there on the other side of the curtain. She had no idea what they had planned for her, other than that Martin would be involved, but she did not doubt for one moment that it would be the most bizarre experience of her young life, notwithstanding everything that had already happened to her in the last few hours. Fiona, who had never strayed more than a few steps from her charge, was taking a savage delight in deliberately baiting Shelley every few minutes, knowing that the hapless girl's nerves were already stretched to breaking point. The drug that Fiona had injected into her had taken effect almost immediately, but its aphrodisiac powers were still not enough to countereffect Shelley's horror at what was to come, although the twin rods inside her seemed to be growing thicker and more insistent by the minute. Her loins were sending her one message, she knew, but her brain was screaming something totally different.

Fiona gave a sharp tug on Shelley's nipple chain, forcing an involuntary grunt through the gag. The smile on her face was the cruellest thing Shelley had ever seen and she wished she were free to wipe it from her twisted features.

'Not long to go now, sweetmeat,' Fiona sneered, her face closer than ever. 'All those people out there waiting to see you become a star; aren't you just thrilled to bits?' She extended the fingers of her right hand and grasped Shelley's left breast, kneading it brutally. 'Lover boy out there is gonna screw the lights out of you,' she continued. 'He's gonna hump you for all he's worth and do you know why? Because he's been told you'll get the thrashing of your life if he doesn't and he doesn't know it's actually you he's performing with. He'll be told afterwards, of course, but for the moment it's a case of ignorance is bliss. I find that very amusing, don't you?' Her free hand reached down and grasped Shelley's crotch strap, tugging it fiercely and thrusting the twin dildoes even deeper into her. She fought not to let Fiona see the effect it had on her, but could not prevent the low groan that escaped her muzzled mouth.

On screen, the stage was being cleared and reorganised in readiness for the next act. Shelley saw Martin being led under the lights and wondered if the unseen audience really did know about her and him. She felt certain they did, for it would add to their perverse enjoyment and she wondered just what sort of people could take pleasure from the ritual humiliation of fellow humans. Except that the prisoners here no longer seemed to be regarded as human beings. She was now just the property of some powerful, ruthless corporation, who exploited their raw human resources in the same way a mining company exploited its mineral deposits. Both existed, in the eyes of their owners, simply to provide revenue and thus profit and nothing else.

Surely the government was not sanctioning this, not even the corrupt politicians that her group and all the others like them had been trying to expose with their underground newspapers and network bulletins? Yes, they were far from being above exploitation, but never on this scale; this was something utterly different that even the New Nationalists could never justify. Or maybe they could. Was it really that different from using forced convict labour in factories and on farms, instead of properly salaried employees? After all, this was only a few steps further on than the state approved brothels, wasn't it? The only difference here was that the poor creatures on whom the paying customers could slake their jaded thirsts did not have any choice in the matter and weren't just doing it for the money and that would add even more spice to the scenario.

The thought of spending the next twenty five years - no, they'd been told they would never leave this place, hadn't they? - spent as a cowed plaything for any deviant who

could afford the price of the ticket was too much to contemplate. There had to be some way to escape, no matter what others said and if there wasn't, then Shelley was determined that she would take the ultimate way out. It would be a pyrrhic victory, but at least she would have the satisfaction of knowing, in her last moments, that she had cheated them. She took a deep breath through her nose and closed her eyes for a few seconds, steeling herself and willing her pulse rate to descend.

'Fair enough,' she said to herself. 'You can do what you want with my body, but you shan't have my soul. So, do your worst, you warped sons and daughters of bitches. Do your bloody worst and see what it gets you!'

Completely different emotions were overtaking Martin as he was escorted to the apron of the stage. The chemical cocktail had been doing its work for several minutes longer in his case and, although he was vaguely aware that the normal him would have been appalled at being involved in something like this, he had long since reached a plane far above even detachment. His entire body felt as though it were on fire, nerve ends that he never knew he had tingling in anticipation. His restrained cock was throbbing with urgent desire and the growing pressure from the huge artificial phallus imprisoned inside him was slowly tightening a knot of passion deep in the pit of his stomach. As Amanda clipped his ankle chain to a steel hasp set into the floor, he looked down at her and knew that he wanted her, wanted to prostrate himself for her, worship her and give himself to her to do with whatever she desired. He stole a look across to where Pandora and Isadora now waited quietly for their next involvement and knew that he wanted both of them also and, for the elegant, haughty Lydia, he would have crawled in chains to the end of the world. Inside the tight fitting helmet the rapid sounds of his own breathing and thundering heart drowned out all other noise.

Amanda stood up and stepped back. She stared hard into his eyes and a sly grin of triumph crept across her face.

'I reckon you're just about ready for your big moment,' she said, though Martin scarcely heard her words. 'We'll just bring on the lucky wench and then I'll finish making you worthy of such a delicious offering.'

Lydia was addressing the audience over the PA system, but Martin was oblivious to what she was saying. Only the slow rise and fall of her magnificent bosom and the mesmeric movement of those beautiful, cruel lips held any relevance to him now. His gaze fixed upon her and she gave him a narrow smile in return.

'Daisy 23 now appears to be as ready as he will ever be,' she told the gathering. 'Remembering that this is still only his first day with us, prepare to be amazed at what is to follow and imagine what another month will bring!' She turned towards the back of the stage and held up her arm. Almost immediately, the curtains parted and yet another instructor appeared, leading a female prisoner who was sheathed in black from head to toe, corsetted and gusseted as he was himself and teetering on identical heels. The lights glinted on the slender chain which hung between her ringed nipples, the silver contrasting not just with the black of her skin-tight costume, but also with the brilliant red of the two small cones of flesh which were just about the only parts of her anatomy, other than a small strip of flesh above and below her gagged mouth, that was not covered.

She walked stiffly and Martin saw that not only were her heels the same as his own, but that her legs were encased in boots of the same design. These and the restrictive corset and wide crotch strap forced her to move with a curiously sexual swaying motion and Martin felt himself beginning to tremble at the thought that very shortly now he would be coupling with this anonymously exotic creature. He yearned to be free of the rigid casing which imprisoned his genitalia, so that he could feel her hot, dripping sex about his own engorged flesh as he penetrated her. He knew, however, that it was not going to happen that way.

The instructor leading the girl stopped her at the front of the stage, about six or seven feet from where Martin was tethered and Dorothea appeared from the wings carrying what at first appeared to be some sort of tubular framed bar stool. As she set it down between them, Martin saw that it was indeed a stool, but that it had been designed and constructed for a totally different purpose than sitting on to sup cocktails. The seat itself was narrow and short, like a truncated bicycle saddle, from which rose a wicked looking black phallus. There were various straps attached to the framework at different points and their purpose was very soon demonstrated. Between them, the two instructors removed the crotch strap from the black clad figure, the two dildoes sliding out as they did so, the front one leaving behind a sex that was already wide open and wet. Discarding the garment, the women now stood to either side of the bound girl and lifted her, one arm each under her armpit and the other gripping and supporting a thigh. With no more effort than had they been lifting a child, they hoisted her over the saddle, adjusted her position slightly and then lowered her down, the rigid shaft sliding into her rear orifice and her sex lips thrust forward with nothing beneath them.

They worked with frightening efficiency, buckling her ankles and knees to the front supporting legs, her stiff limbs held wide apart to present an unimpeded view of the pinkish red slit beneath its shaven mound. The girl tried to struggle, or at least to ease her position, but the straps and boots allowed for no margin and she quickly resigned herself to this. Forced to sit proudly upright by her bondage, she waited there, poised, helpless and available for whatever was planned next.

Amanda now turned her attention back to Martin, first removing the outer flexible sheath which she had put on over his original, rigid prosthesis. It was replaced by another, of similar design, except that the rubber, or Prolex, whichever it was, was considerably thicker than before, adding at least an extra half an inch to the diameter of the artificial penis. Martin saw the girl prisoner's eyes widening in horror and he swallowed hard himself at the thought of what such a fearsome weapon would do to her.

'If you will refer to your brief programme notes,' Lydia was saying, 'you will see the paragraph which refers to Daisy and Clarabelle. These are they, ladies and gentlemen and Daisy has now been equipped with the means to satisfy even the most lustful female. As you all know, the sensor collars tell us when the moment of orgasm arrives. This evening, for your added enjoyment, we have patched both Daisy and Clarabelle into our in house system and you will see the two displays appear in inset boxes on the main screen when they begin.'

'I have decided that they shall continue until Clarabelle has attained three climaxes, though Daisy will undoubtedly spend himself long before that. Luckily for the greedy Clarabelle, Daisy's equipment will remain in its current state indefinitely, so she will not be disappointed. Amanda, you may begin now, if you would.'

Shelley lay on the bunk bed in the new cell, staring up at the dim ceiling light and listening to the deep, even breathing of the girl in the other bed, who had not stirred from her sleep once since Shelley had been stripped of her costume and deposited here naked and exhausted. The aphrodisiac had all but worn off now, but the memory of what had happened in the theatre would remain with her for a lot longer.

She had been determined not to show any sign of weakness, whatever they did to her, but it had finally proven too much for her. Firstly, when they had lifted her up and impaled her on the devilish butt plug, she had felt shivers of cold anticipation welling up from deep within her. She had not struggled, merely trying to adjust her position so that the phallus was pressing against some different point inside her, but as they had strapped her booted legs to the framework of the seat even that had been denied her. The heels and soles of her boots remained agonising millimetres clear of the floor and the straps about her lower limbs had been left just slack enough to deny her any purchase from that quarter. Shelley had simply been forced to wait there, legs apart, sex wide open and vulnerable.

And then she had watched, horrified, as they prepared that massive artificial male organ for Martin unknowingly to impale her with. The trainer had, mercifully, greased it well and she was already well lubricated herself, but even so it had been a miracle that she had been able to accept it. They had released Martin's arms enough for him to be able to guide the monster and steady her hips, though that was largely a cosmetic exercise, for there was no way Shelley could draw back as he started to enter her, her labial lips stretching and distorting beneath its assault. And afterwards, when it was finally inside her and the thrusting pressure against the neck of her womb, the fiendishly placed projections and rings stimulating her clitoris and the overriding effect of the drug combining to induce sensations Shelley had not believed possible, she could not even respond to Martin's thrusting efforts. The butt plug ensured that she simply had to remain on her perch and allow herself to be ravished to orgasm after orgasm. She vaguely remembered the cheering and applause that had accompanied her every climax and knew that she had achieved far more than the three that Lydia pierce had stipulated. She also remembered, to her shame, how disappointed she had felt when they had finally taken Martin from her and hoisted her from the stool. She had wanted him to stay there with her, wanted to be able to cry out to warn him what they were going to do to him, what they had already started to do to him, according to what Fiona had told her.

Not that it would have done him any good, she realised, hopelessly. After all, he was as trapped as she was, so what good would it do if he knew now, or found out later that he would soon become another Pandora.

'Bastards!' she spat, into the gloom. 'Perverted, evil, sadistic bastards!'

'Tell me about it,' said a sleepy voice. Shelley turned her head towards the other bunk and could just make out the dull gleam of two eyes watching her. For a moment or two she was at a loss, not realising she had spoken out loud, but her cell mate continued. 'On second thoughts, don't bother. I know most of the scripts off by heart now and you'll need every minute of sleep you can get, believe me.'

'I'm sorry,' Shelley muttered. 'I didn't mean to wake you.' In the gloom, the other

girl sat up. Shelley could just make out dark hair and darkish skin, against which the paler colour of a sensor and location collar stood out clearly.

‘Forget it,’ the girl said. ‘I must have slept for hours as it is. The screws have left me alone since this morning. They’re usually pretty busy when a new intake arrives. I suppose this is your first day?’

‘Yeah, it is. I’m still a bit numb from everything that’s been happening.’

‘That’s all part of the plan. New prisoners are thrown straight in at the deep end. That way we go into a sort of state of shock and we’re under the thumb before we know it. A good whipping or two, a good screwing or three and, whenever possible, an audience watching, just to hammer the point home.’

‘They certainly use a big hammer,’ Shelley said, sourly. Her sex still felt hot and swollen from what had happened on stage, though curiously there was no real soreness. The dusky girl chuckled in the semi-darkness.

‘It’s not usually the size of the hammer you have to worry about,’ she said. ‘At least, not during the first week or so. They get the guards with the biggest cocks, or else they use the biggest dildoes they can find. At first, I thought they were mad; after all, most men prefer a nice tight vagina, but they give us all sorts of medication that rejuvenates and stimulates the muscles, so you’ll end up as tight as a virgin again within a few days.’

‘But what’s the point of it all?’ Shelley was astonished at the girl’s blase attitude. The chuckle came again.

‘There doesn’t have to be a point, not with this lot, but I reckon it’s to make us feel grateful when we get turned over to one or other of the paying clients and get screwed by a normal sized dick. Oh, by the way, I’m Selina, though I’m known as Jasmine forty one around here.’

‘Shelley,’ Shelley said, automatically. ‘Clarabelle something-or-other.’

‘Pleased to meet you.’ Shelley heard sounds of sheets rustling and saw the dark silhouette stand up from her bed. There was the soft pattering of feet and a slight motion as Selina perched on the edge of Shelley’s own bunk. Up closer, Shelley could make out the Asian features, the beautiful eyes and the high cheek bones. She felt a hand on her shoulder, warm and soft.

‘Want to talk about it?’ the other girl asked. ‘It might help.’

‘I don’t think it will,’ Shelley replied, morosely. ‘Nothing short of a cyanide capsule could do that.’

‘Hey, hold on!’ The hand on her shoulder tightened its grip. ‘That’s no way to talk. Things are never that grim.’

‘No? Well, just how much grimmer do they need to get?’

‘Listen to me, Shelley,’ Selina persisted. ‘I know just how you’re feeling. I’ve been there and done it myself. And, just in case you think I don’t know, let me guess - they had you up in front of a bunch of drooling wierdos, performed all sorts of lewd acts in as many crazy poses and positions as you could never have imagined before and ... you ended up getting your rocks off on it.’ She squeezed Shelley’s shoulder again. ‘Am I somewhere about right?’ For several long, drawn out seconds, Shelley could not bring herself to say it, but finally she squeezed out the words.

‘Apart from the drooling bit,’ she muttered. ‘They probably were, if you say so, but it was too dark to see and in any case they were the other side of all the spotlights and stuff.’

‘Oh, they had you in the main theatre, did they?’ Selina sounded almost impressed. ‘Must have been a real special on tonight. I got my debut down in one of the guest bars, on a tiny little stage you couldn’t swing a cat on. Only they did and the cat had nine tails and it was my bum it kept landing on.’ She paused, chuckling again. ‘There were a few others on the bill with you then, if you were in the theatre proper?’

Shelley told her, as best she could remember, about the androgynous Pandora, the double jointed Isadora, with her incredible hair and about Martin and how he had not known it was her inside the bodysuit.

‘That’s a favourite trick of theirs,’ Selina agreed. ‘They’ll have told him by now, of course. I’ve had the same myself, especially when I first came here. My boyfriend - I suppose he’s really my ex-boyfriend now, seeing as we only ever get to screw when they say so and we hardly ever know we’re doing it with each other until it’s all over - well, my boyfriend had to carry me around on his back for two hours, with me strapped to him so I couldn’t get off and then he had to watch whilst three bloody great Turks took turns with me. They told him who I was, of course, but I had no idea that he was the poor bastard staggering around under me all afternoon.’

‘What about that Pandora?’ Shelley asked. ‘Are there really more like her, or is it him?’

‘Well, one question at a time. Yes, there are several Pandoras now, so I don’t know which one you saw tonight. Strictly speaking, as far as I know, they’re all ‘hes’, rather than ‘shes’, though they’re always referred to as if they were female. I guess it’s hard to be accurate, seeing as they’ve got all the bits for both sexes and they don’t seem to mind who they do it with. I’ve done it with two of them so far and they were both pretty good.’

‘How can you say that?’ Shelley protested. ‘It’s gruesome.’

‘Oh, it grew some both times, I can tell you,’ Selina laughed. She leaned over and placed her hand on Shelley’s left breast, fingering her nipple and its ring. Strangely, Shelley did not feel the urge to stop her. ‘Listen, sister Shelley, by the time you’ve been here a couple of weeks more, you’ll come to view things from a different perspective. When it comes to a straight choice between having your back or arse lashed and having a Pandora stick her more-than-decent-sized prick up you, there’s no contest.’

‘Don’t you ever think about trying to get away?’ Selina’s chuckle became a full, deep laugh and she rocked backwards, though retaining her grip on Shelley’s tender flesh.

‘Escape? Don’t make me laugh,’ she said, regaining her composure. ‘The only way you get off this place is as a drowned corpse, unless they sell you on direct. Oh, you might get leased out for anything from a few days to a couple of months, but only to people who either have their own handlers along, or who are prepared to hire from Braveheart whatever they decide is necessary.’

‘So you just gave in and went along with everything, is that it?’

‘Listen, kiddo,’ Selina said, easing herself out alongside Shelley, ‘you still don’t seem to have got the picture. Like I said, there’s no alternative. And if you do co-operate, it can be reasonably okay. I got lucky a couple of months back. These two Aussie women leased me and another girl for six weeks and took us off down to the Med in their dirty great yacht. You’d probably know their names if I told you. They’re the pair who started that franchise chain *Mistress*.’

‘You mean the shops that sell all that old fashioned nineties leather and PVC stuff? I

never did quite see how that became so popular.’ Shelley moved closer to the wall to give Selina more room. She felt strangely comforted by the touch of the other girl’s warm, naked body.

‘I reckon you must have led a real sheltered life, sweetie,’ Selina giggled. ‘All the fetish stuff is big business. Blokes love to see a woman in kinky gear, whether they want to boss ‘em about, or whether they want to be bossed about by them.’

‘I didn’t think there were that many perves in the world,’ Shelley said.

‘When you’ve had a few weeks here, you’ll see just how many there are,’ Selina retorted. ‘The only difference here is that our perves are rich perves - mega rich perves, in fact.’

‘You sound almost possessive towards them,’ Shelley sniffed. Selina wound an arm around her waist and snuggled closer still.

‘In a funny way, yeah, I suppose you’re right. Daft really, because they think they own us, but you get your favourites after a while. Some of them are not so bad. The two Aussies are a good example of that. As long as I slide around in a rubber body suit and don’t mind who does what to whom with an assortment of dildoes, they’re fine. And the food on board their yacht was out of this world.’

‘Is that why you didn’t try to escape when you were in the Mediterranean with them?’ Shelley said. Selina sighed.

‘We moored offshore only twice during the whole time,’ she said, ‘and during that time I was confined to a special cell cabin they’ve got, where they can chain you to the bulkhead, or lock you inside this sort of Iron Maiden contraption with only your head showing. Even if the boat had been close enough to land to make shouting worthwhile, I was gagged anyway.’

‘Whilst we were at sea, I was allowed on deck during my free time, but before you say anything, it ain’t worth trying to swim when you’ve got weighted boots locked to your feet and a weighted belt locked around your waist. With that lot on you’d be favourite for the Olympic one hundred metres straight down race.’

‘So, what you’re saying is,’ Shelley said, ‘that I should just go with the tide and let them do what they want to me?’

‘They’ll do it anyway,’ Selina retorted, ‘and you’ll get whipped or caned at every excuse. Besides, there are benefits. This place may be gothic in its concept and outward appearance for the punters, but it’s high tech all the way behind the scenes. The medical facilities here are something else. They’ve developed drugs which not only prolong life expectancy, but which keep you looking twenty five up until you pass sixty or more. They’ve even done some work on cancer cures, which has earned them fortunes outside.’

‘I’ll try not to give thanks for their benevolence to loudly,’ Shelley muttered. ‘After all, we’d be no use to them if we all looked like old hags, would we?’

‘Quite. But I, for one, have no problem with staying young as long as possible. Who knows, by the time I’m actually sixty, they might have improved their techniques even further.’

‘But how do they get around not releasing us when our sentence is up?’ Shelley persisted. Selina’s hand was working slowly down her stomach.

‘They’ve got it all well covered, believe me,’ she replied. ‘Only a small percentage of their total prisoner intake actually comes to this island and there’s never any record of that, so as far as the system is concerned, we’re part of the main island population.’

They've got tame visiting magistrates who will give additional sentences for alleged offences, tame doctors who will issue fake death certificates, supposed escapes and release forms all properly completed and witnessed. Most of us here have been selected, not just because we happen to have the right looks, but because we have no really close family or friends to ask questions. And, if anyone does get too nosy, they're likely to meet with a nasty accident.'

'How come you know all this?' Shelley demanded.

'Asking around and being friendly with the guards. Give one of those morons a half decent blow job that he's not entitled to and you'd be surprised the sort of privileges that come your way. And I've talked to girls who've been here a lot longer than me.'

'Don't the bigwigs mind the talking?'

'Why should they? It helps their discipline the quicker new prisoners realise that there's no way out. That's probably why you've been put in with me. I've been around the ropes a few times and I know the score. They know I'll do my best to keep you out of trouble.'

'And turn me into a nice, compliant little whore for the benefit of their clients,' Shelley added, grimly. 'There is one other thing. Do you know the instructor called Fiona?'

'Doesn't everyone?' Selina retorted. 'She's a real bad news case, that one. She really loves her job and she goes further than most of the others. Don't cross her, whatever you do. I did, about eighteen months ago and she had me on the punishment pole for sixteen hours.'

'What's the punishment pole?'

'Believe me, you don't want to know,' Selina replied. 'But why did you want to know about Fiona?'

'She's supposed to be my instructor and it was something she said earlier, something about Martin, my boyfriend.'

'Like what?'

'She said that they were going to, well, make him like that Pandora, you know, with boobs and everything.'

'And you wondered whether she was winding you up, is that it?' Selina laughed, hollowly. 'Well, she wasn't, not if your Martin has got a pretty face and the right sort of bone structure. They've already done a lot with the Pandora project and they're looking for improvements every time, so I reckon your poor fella is heading for skirts all right. But like I said,' she went on, as her hand reached Shelley's hairless mound and one finger began to probe the entrance to her vagina, 'it ain't worth worrying about. You can't do anything about it, so forget it. Besides, as a hermaphrodite, he'll get the best of both worlds, won't he?'