

DETAINED AT PLEASURE (Book Two)

by

Harmony Laine

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Like Shelley, Martin was taken back to a different cell after the performance in the theatre, but unlike her he did not have the benefit of the company of a fellow prisoner. The new room seemed more like a private hospital ward than anything else, with white walls, gleaming ceramic floor tiles and powerful overhead lighting. The bed was metal framed and could be adjusted and there was a side locker on top of which rested a disposable urine bottle and a thermometer in a glass of liquid. Two male guards followed Martin and Amanda and stood in close attendance as she stripped him of everything except the helmet. She then passed him a short, sleeveless smock made from white prolex and instructed him to slip it over his head.

When he had done so, she locked a wide belt around his waist underneath the garment and passed each arm in turn through slits in the side of the smock. The main belt had smaller straps attached to it at either side, one each buckling around the arm above the elbow and the other about each wrist at the front. As a final touch, a prolex sleeve was fitted over Martin's hands and locked in place, forcing him to keep his fingers touching on his stomach. Letting the smock fall back into place to conceal his bondage, Amanda pointed to the bed.

"Get yourself on there and get some rest," she instructed him. "One of the doctors will be along to give you a medical in the morning and there'll be a nurse in shortly to give you your medication."

"What medication?" Martin asked. "I mean, what medication is that, Miss?" he corrected himself, mindful that she gag was still on the chair near the door and could easily be replaced if he upset Amanda.

"Various vitamin supplements and certain proteins to keep your body the way we think it deserves," Amanda replied. "Now, enough of your questions. Get onto the bed and don't give the nurse any trouble, otherwise I'll put your boots and ankle hobble back on you for the night and give you a sound birching for good measure."

The nurse arrived only minutes after Amanda and the guards had departed. She was possibly in her early forties, with a bland, open face and wide, friendly eyes. She introduced herself as Sister Jensen and smiled encouragingly.

"I shall be taking care of you during your stay in the sanitorium," she said. "We'll make you as comfortable as we can and I advise you not to make any trouble, otherwise they'll have you strapped down so you can't move a muscle and that gets very uncomfortable after two weeks."

"Two weeks?" Martin repeated. "Why am I going to be here that long? There's nothing wrong with me, is there?"

"No, no," she soothed, holding up a small syringe and squirting a thin jet of liquid into the air, "nothing like that. It's just that certain categories of prisoner are selected for special treatment to help them achieve a better physical condition. Your time here may be quite arduous at times, as you've no doubt already guessed and the powers that be insist that all inmates meet exacting standards. Now, just hold still a moment." She

injected the syringe into Martin's upper arm with practised, professional ease and then swabbed the area with a disinfectant bud.

"Now," she said, dropping the syringe into the waste bin, "I'm about to make myself a cup of tea, Daisy. Would you like one?" Martin looked down pointedly at the bulge beneath his smock where his arms lay useless. Sister Jensen smiled. "It's okay. We have special beakers with built in tubes like straws and I can bring in a lazy table to put it on. Strictly speaking, of course, it's against the rules, but I like to make all my boys and girls feel at home. Relatively speaking, that is," she added with a smile.

Relatively speaking, Shelley had had a few easy days since she had been put in with Selina. The pair of them had acted as somewhat bizarre waitresses, or maids, at a small dinner party given by one of the guests in his chalet. For this, they had been dressed in burlesque French maid costumes made from a shiny satin-like material, with long stockings, small white gloves and frilly aprons and little lacy caps perched on their heads. Both skirts and apron had been short enough to reveal not only their suspenders, but also the bizarre prolex panties which both wore, with internal dildoes front and rear and a realistically sculpted set of male genitals on the outside. As they moved about the room their make-believe erections bobbed about ludicrously, but none of the eight diners seemed at all phased by this.

The guest whose chalet it was, a tall, blonde Dutchman the others called Hans, was the model of politeness during the meal, but afterwards, when Shelley and Selina had cleared the last of the dinner things onto the large hostess trolley, he clapped his hands for attention.

As you know, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have invited you here tonight because my dear wife," he indicated the small featured redhead who had sat next to him at table, has expressed an urge for a birthday treat a little out of the ordinary. As she is thirty six tomorrow, I thought I would give her her wish this evening, with you people here to witness it. Monika," he continued, talking to the redhead, "I have come up with something which I think will suit you perfectly."

Hans' present was indeed out of the ordinary, for he produced an assortment of straps and chains with which Shelley and Selina had to secure her, having first divested her of the designer dress that she was wearing, though leaving her still attired in the very expensive basque and stockings which she wore underneath. She was then bent over the back of a heavy chair and each of the diners in turn delivered two stinging strokes across her rump with a long, whippy bamboo cane. Even Shelley and Selina were required to take their turn. Selina went first and Shelley was astonished at the venom behind the two blows. She expected Hans to intervene, but he seemed pleased. He looked straight at Shelley as she took the cane from her cell mate.

I trust you will do as good a job as your companion," he said, smiling. If not, when we have finished, you will take Monika's place and we shall start all over again." Reluctantly, Shelley delivered her brace of strokes as hard as she could bring herself to do, marvelling at the way the captive woman had not made a sound throughout. Her panties had only a narrow thong at the rear, leaving her buttocks totally unprotected, yet although the pale skin was now criss-crossed with angry red welts, she had not so much

as twitched during her punishment. When she finally stood up again, Shelley saw that her face was almost as red as her backside, but her eyes seemed to be glowing.

The remainder of her birthday present consisted of both maids coupling with her, individually and then together, using their male appendages to full effect. Only then did Monika show any emotion, writhing and bucking and finally screaming aloud as she came to a tumultuous orgasm.

“That was excellent entertainment,” Hans said, when the exhausted woman finally lay panting on the carpet. Perhaps we should consider an additional present, seeing as how you enjoyed that so much, my darling.” Monika opened her eyes and looked up at him, expectantly. “Maybe you would like to take the place of one of these young ladies,” he said, nodding towards Shelley and Selina, “maybe for a week or so?”

Shelley’s eyes opened wide at this suggestion, but they opened even wider at Monika’s reaction. She sighed, hauled herself to her feet - with some difficulty as her arms were still strapped behind her - and pressed herself close to her husband’s chest.

“Hans, my love,” she breathed, “I would just love that, if you can fix it for me!”

“She’s a born masochist,” Selina explained later, after the two girls had been returned to their cell. “That’s why she’s married to him in the first place. There are lots like her, but after a while it gets boring doing the same things with the same people. She wouldn’t be the first wife or girlfriend to spend time as a prisoner for her own kicks.”

“It would hardly be the same, though, would it?” Shelley pointed out. “After all, everyone would know she wasn’t the genuine article.”

“Not at all,” Selina said. “She’ll go down masked and everything and most of the guards and handlers won’t know the score. She’ll get treated the same as us and she’ll love it. One woman was supposed to do ten days as a prisoner, but her husband gave instructions for her to be left with us for an extra week.”

“I bet she went berserk when she wasn’t released on time!” Shelley gasped. Selina grinned, wickedly.

“Not a bit of it. And when they did release her, I reckon she was a bit disappointed. She was having the time of her life and she really had started to believe it was going to be permanent. Apparently her husband had hinted that he might leave her for good. It turned her on something rotten!”

Martin, meanwhile, was trying very hard not to get turned on - by the succession of video films that were kept fed into the wide screen television that was wheeled into his room shortly after the doctor had examined him that morning. The never ending footage showed a variety of people performing a bewildering range of sexual practices, utilising some of the most bizarre costumes and props and employing every bondage theme Martin could ever have imagined and several he could not have done before.

There was even one disc showing the events in the theatre from start to finish, brought in by the cool as ice Amanda, who sat watching Martin as he lay watching himself. When the film ended, she pressed the button for automatic replay, but also fiddled with an extra control which added in extra scenes that had not appeared in the first showing. These scenes showed the anonymous black-suited female with whom he had been forced to couple before her arrival at the theatre. The original tapes, or discs, had been cleverly

edited slightly out of sequence, so that it was a minute or two before the woman's face was shown clearly, in the moments before the prolon helmet was lowered over her face to obscure her identity. The eye makeup, with its outrageous colours and shaping together with the dyed hair, almost deceived Martin, but the frame froze just before the helmet came down and he suddenly recognized her beyond doubt. For the next ten minutes he lay mesmerized through the rerun, horrified now he realised that the poor, helpless figure being stretched on his monstrous appendage was none other than Shelley!

"Thought you'd be interested to see that," Amanda said, withdrawing the disc from the machine. "Bet you wouldn't have been half so enthusiastic if you'd known it was her at the time, would you?"

"I think that's evil," Martin muttered, forgetting himself for the moment. "You must all have really warped minds." Strangely, Amanda did not seem at all annoyed at his reaction. She started up another disc and turned towards the door, only stopping to look back at the bed when she had opened it.

"For your information, Daisy," she said, tartly, "little Miss Pert Tits there must be pretty warped herself. You may have failed to notice at the time, but she had plenty more than just three orgasms whilst you were servicing her!"

All the rest of that day, Martin fought hard to put the sight of Shelley's bizarrely made up face out of his mind, but it was nigh impossible. Despite the evidence, he still found it hard to accept that the writhing figure in black could have been the demure girl he had shared so many section meetings with and who he had been trying so carefully to court, afraid that a wrong move would kill off his chances forever. Perhaps they had tricked him, he told himself. After all, there was no proof that the figure on stage was the same as the one he had seen being dressed and prepared for the performance. They could have pulled a swap at any time. The footage of Shelley could have been recorded afterwards, for that matter and then added into the final version just to get at him. It was a good thought, but he knew it was not the truth and he drew no comfort from it.

Shelley had little time to reflect on her ordeal in the theatre. Both she and Selina were kept fairly busy, assigned mostly as a double act. In between 'engagements' they performed as a double act alone in their cell, for Selina was clearly either a lesbian, or at the very least bisexual and had an insatiable appetite for Shelley's body. The half-caste girl - Shelley discovered that her mother was Indian and her father Irish - used her bewitching fingers and tongue in the most imaginative fashion and, to her complete and utter astonishment, Shelley quickly discovered that she enjoyed these sessions with her new found friend.

On their third evening together they were despatched to perform maid service for the Dutchman, Hans, again and Selina must have used her powers of persuasion on the guard who escorted them back, for although Shelley was stripped of her outfit, Selina remained in her black uniform, complete with artificial penis.

"I'm going to give you a nice little treat, darling," she told a bemused Shelley, grasping the black cock lewdly in her hand. "Selina's got a lovely prick for you to enjoy tonight. Aren't you pleased?" At first, Shelley was not sure what she was, but very soon, as she lay, legs spread wide, beneath the grunting coloured girl, the thick dildo pumping

in and out of her hot, sopping wet sex, she knew all right. She came with a long, high-pitched wail, clutching the other girl to her, but Selina was not done yet.

Freeing herself from Shelley's embrace, she stood poised on her steepling heels in the centre of the cell and made Shelley kneel before her and suck her own juices from the dripping phallus. She then turned her over on her stomach on the end of her bunk and took her again, this time from behind, whilst a helping finger teased Shelley's swollen clitoris until she came again.

"Oh my God, what am I doing?" Shelley gasped as she lay panting on her back. Selina grinned down at her and waved the black cock from side to side.

"Having a bloody good night off, by the look of things," she chuckled.

Back in the sanitorium, Martin finally had another problem to occupy his mind and take his thoughts away from his theatrical debut. Beneath the loose smock his nipples were feeling sore and itchy, but he could do nothing about it. He asked Sister Jensen, who after a cursory examination, told him not to worry.

"Side effects from your medication," she said. "Only to be expected. The soreness will pass in a day or so."

She was not wrong, but the itchiness gave way to another sensation. Martin's flesh was beginning to feel taut, stretched and when he sat upright, or stood, there was a dragging feeling in his chest. He tried flipping up the front of the smock, but he did not have nearly enough freedom of movement to achieve this. He even considered lying with his torso suspended backwards off the bed, but quickly realised the smock would simply fall over his eyes.

One of the doctors - he had seen three so far - came to examine him again on the fourth day and Martin tried telling him about the strange sensations. The medic, a grey haired man in his late fifties, seemed strangely disinterested, though he did prod Martin's nipples a couple of times. The effect of his finger coming into contact with the swollen flesh sent strange little shockwaves coursing through Martin and he drew back in alarm. The doctor noted this reaction and gave a thin smile.

"Yes, I see," was all he said. "Quite normal. Quite satisfactory." And he left, leaving Martin no wiser than before, but a great deal more perplexed.

The Dutchman seemed to have taken a shine to Shelley and Selina, because for the third time in five days they were taken to his chalet. By now, both from questioning Selina when her mouth was not otherwise occupied and by using her eyes whilst being escorted to assignments, Shelley had learned a great deal more about the layout of the island.

The main complex was indeed large, occupying four floors, including the basement area where most of the cells were situated and housing the main theatre, two bars and a cabaret lounge, as well as a restaurant, a bowling alley and a cinema complex. The medical facilities occupied most of the top storey and there were offices and guest apartments in between. Many of the guests, however, like Hans, preferred to take a private chalet and there were forty or fifty of these dotted about in the woods, screened

from their neighbours by the thick foliage and affording their tenants much more room in which to indulge their predilections.

As Fiona led the girls along the path towards Hans' chalet, clad once again in their parodies of maids uniforms, Shelley anticipated another round of waiting at table and then performing for, or with, one or more of Hans' guests. The second night it had been the young fellow, Peter, who was apparently Hans' nephew. It was clearly obvious that he was still something of a novice in these events, for he had looked quite sheepish when Hans had offered him Selina, panties and artificial cock removed and bending obligingly over the dinner table. Hans himself had no such embarrassment and he had cheerfully rogered Shelley on the lounge carpet, whilst his wife had looked on impassively.

Tonight, however, Shelley detected a completely different atmosphere as they were ushered into the lounge. For a start, the furniture was different, a heavy, wooden armchair claiming pride of place in the centre of the carpet. The lithe figure of Dorothea, clad in boots, short skirt and starched white blouse stood quietly in the far corner, deep in conversation with Hans' nephew and the red haired Monika sat in an armchair, chewing nervously on her thumb. Upon their arrival, Hans turned to greet them, face wreathed in smiles.

"Ah, my two pretty maids," he said. "Excellent timing. And you will be remaining with us," he added, addressing this last remark to Fiona. The instructor nodded, her smile grim.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world, sir," she replied. "And it'll be better if I'm here to oversee these two bitches. Neither of them's done anything like this before and we wouldn't want them screwing up, would we?"

Shelley's heart skipped a beat or two at this. Whatever could they be planning that would need Fiona to ensure went off smoothly? Up until now, the presence of so many people at Hans' soirees had been more than enough, together with the threat of the lash which awaited them if they did not perform to standard. She did not have to wait long to find out. From behind the long sofa, Dorothea dragged a heavy chest and flung back the lid to reveal a seeming tangle of straps and assorted clothing. Hans turned to the two girls.

"You will recall, my dears, that you two were the first part of my beloved wife's birthday present," he said. "I thought it would be a nice touch if you were present again to help her begin the second part. I have indeed arranged for her to join you as an inmate and I thought you would like to prepare her." He looked from Shelley to Selina and back again. Shelley was at a loss for an answer, but Selina was more experienced.

"We should be only too pleased, sir," she said, turning to Fiona to receive her nod of approval. "Shall we begin immediately?"

"Indeed, please do," Hans replied. "My other guests are through in the dining room. I thought it better that Monika be presented to them only when you have finished your work." Selina nodded, nudged Shelley and strode across to where Monika was sitting. She grasped her rubber cock and waved it at the startled woman.

"Knees, slut," she ordered. "You know what to do!" Apparently, Monika did know, for she immediately dropped to the carpet at Selina's feet and began sucking avidly on the black phallus. Selina allowed her to continue for a minute or so and then seized a handful of her luxuriant hair. "Up," she commanded and Monika obeyed. Selina turned to Shelley. "Get that dress off her," she said. "It buttons at the back."

Fingers trembling, Shelley moved behind the redhead and began fumbling with the buttons. The silken evening dress soon slid, rustling, to the carpet and Monika stepped out of it. Once again she wore expensive stockings and underwear, but this was not treated as respectfully as the dress. Hans passed Selina a pair of scissors and she gleefully sliced the flimsy garments from his wife's body, leaving her clad only in her stockings and high heeled sandals.

"Get those off too," Selina said to her and less than a moment later the woman stood naked and barefoot before them. Selina walked across to the chest and began rummaging in it, emerging with a vicious looking corset of genuine black leather. Shelley helped her to wrap it around Monika and fasten the steel clasps which ran up the front. The garment was topped with half cups that supported Monika's full breasts, but left the nipples exposed and when the back lacing was hauled in, the twin mounds were thrust upwards and outwards invitingly. Monika let out an involuntary gasp as the corset tightened and Shelley felt a pang of sympathy as she steadied her against the pull.

'There's a pair of full length boots in the trunk,' Selina said and Shelley dutifully turned away to fetch them. As she disentangled them from the maze of straps and webbing, Shelley let out a low whistle at the height of the heels and the platform soles. Together, they would add ten inches to Monika's height, though it would be a precarious exercise to walk in such footwear.

Shelley had to steady Monika yet again as she stepped into the fantastic boots for Selina to begin lacing them up her legs. She had to look up at the redhead now, but could clearly see the wild excitement in her eyes. *Crazy bitch*, Shelley thought, *volunteering for all this. If she's that worried, I'll swap places with her any day.*

It took fully five minutes for Selina to complete the task of lacing and when she had finished, the gleaming boots stretched stiffly to within an inch of Monika's crotch, with its dark bush of pubic hair bristling with a red sheen. Selina wasted no time in sorting out a pair of shoulder length leather gloves from the trunk and as they each eased one up Monika's limp arms and laced them to a skin tight fit, Shelley saw that they were also designed to be laced together, for there was a row of strong steel rings stitched into the fabric up the inside of each glove. Selina found the long black cord intended for this task and swiftly set about it. A minute or so later, Monika stood stiffly to attention, her elbows all but touching and her chest thrust even further out.

"Collar next, I think," Selina said. She seemed to be enjoying herself, Shelley thought. Perhaps it was the thought that this stupid masochistic cow was eager to play at something which was, for the two of them, only too real and for keeps. The collar Selina selected was almost four inches wide and it was fortunate for Monika that she had such a long neck. What was not so fortunate was that, at the front just beneath the chin, the leather rose into a stiff, sharp point and Monika was forced to carry her head unnaturally high in order to prevent the prong from digging into the soft flesh beneath her jaw.

"Are we doing the full thing, Miss?" Selina asked Fiona. The instructor nodded.

"Yes, everything. All the equipment you need is in a wooden case at the bottom of the trunk." Ten minutes later, Monika stood looking a little surprised, for Selina had pierced and ringed her nipples and shaved off her pubic hair. As she clipped the chain between the two rings, Hans stepped forward from where he had been sitting idly on the arm of the sofa watching proceedings and sipping from a large brandy glass. He stood in front of his wife and ran his hands through her hair.

“Are you happy now, my darling?” he asked. Monika made as if to nod, but winced as she realised the pronged collar precluded such an action.

“Yes, darling,” she whispered instead. Hans cocked his head to one side and grinned at her.

“It’s ‘yes Master’ now,” he said. “All prisoners should address guests and staff in the correct manner. Failure to do so warrants corrective action.” He turned to Fiona. “Would you please attend to this slut,” he said. Fiona was only too ready to oblige. A moment later, she had the helpless Monika bending over a heavy chair and delivered eight stinging cuts across her bare buttocks, using a short crop which she invariably carried hooked onto her belt. The redhead did not make a sound, despite the effort Fiona put into chastising her. As Monika rose stiffly, Fiona took Hans by the arm and led him to the far end of the room, where they held a brief, but animated conversation in low tones that Shelley could not make out. Whatever Fiona said, however, seemed to please Hans greatly, for he started shaking with laughter and as the pair returned to the main party, he gave his consent.

“Yes, an excellent idea,” he said. “That will really surprise the slut and test her resolve. I will fetch one of the dining chairs through.”

The unresisting Monika was seated in the heavy chair and secured there by means of long straps about her waist and thighs and shorter straps about knees and ankles. Fiona grasped Selina’s arm.

“Do you know how to use the electronic makeup pens?” she demanded. Selina nodded.

“Yes, Miss,” she said. “I help out in the salon sometimes, when Miss Teri is off.”

“Good,” Fiona replied, “then I want you to do a really thorough job on this prisoner. Completely over the top, bright red lips and dark eyes. And find the heaviest earrings in the box. Her ears have been pierced, but I want her in something she’s never experienced before.”

The makeover session took more than half an hour, but Selina was good, Shelley had to admit. The semi-permanent dyes were added with artistic dexterity and when she was through Monika’s face looked as totally different as Shelley’s own had on her first day. She wondered what was going through the redhead’s mind now and also whether she realised that the makeup would stay as it was for some months. Perhaps she did and her husband knew it would give her a kick to be treated so totally like any other prisoner. Shelley remembered Selina saying that ‘volunteers’ like Monika received no favouritism and recalled how she had not quite believed her at the time. Any lingering doubts were removed by Fiona’s next announcement.

“This prisoner is guilty of the crime of pride,” she said, stepping forward and fingering Monika’s hair. “Apparently she spends three hours a day washing and grooming this mane of hers.” Shelley saw the first signs of alarm enter Monika’s eyes, for they had all guessed what was coming next and what had amused Hans so much a little earlier. Fiona turned to Selina.

“There are shears and electric clippers in the trunk,” she said. “I want this tangle removed, completely!”

“Completely?” Selina echoed. “You mean - ?”

“I mean what I said,” Fiona barked. “All of it, shaved off. And then use a depilatory cream to ensure her head shines like a billiard ball. And you still haven’t found her

earrings, so get a move on, or I'll shave you next!" As Selina jumped to obey, Monika suddenly seemed to realise that this was really going to happen.

"Hans, no," she pleaded. "This wasn't part of the bargain." Hans shook his head, sadly.

"The time for bargains is past, my princess," he told her. "These people are giving you exactly what you said you wanted."

"But not my hair, darling!" his wife wailed. "Please, I've changed my mind. Just let me out of this and I'll forget all I said before."

"Too late," Fiona growled and stepped forward holding something in her hand. She forced it into Monika's mouth and began tightening something at either side of her mouth with a small screwdriver type implement. When she stepped back, Monika sat staring dumbly up at them, lips apart to reveal a white shield device covering her teeth. Fiona turned to Hans.

"It's a very effective gag, that," she explained. "Especially when you don't want straps getting in the way. The curved shield fits between the teeth and gums and the inside of the mouth. Without the use of the hands it is hard enough to remove anyway, but there are small clamps which grip the inside of the back teeth. Once tightened, the wearer cannot remove the device without the proper tool. I think it quite suits her, sir."

"I agree," Hans said. "And so will a nice shiny head. I've often wondered what she would look like without all that hair."

He was soon to find out, for Selina was quick to carry out Fiona's instructions. Using a long bladed pair of scissors, she began shearing off the long tresses, holding each handful carefully and laying it out neatly on the nearby coffee table. The tears ran down Monika's cheeks as each chunk fell away and she looked absolutely pathetic, Shelley thought, left sitting with only a half inch of bright red stubble all over her skull. Even that was not left long, for the small battery-powered clippers in Selina's sure hands made quick work of it. The cream seemed unnecessary as far as Shelley could tell, but when it was finally rinsed away, she was forced to admit that it completed a thorough job. As she bent to thread in the hefty pendant earrings that Selina passed her, Shelley tried to give the Dutch girl a smile of sympathetic encouragement, but the bright, tear filled eyes never flickered in acknowledgement.

Releasing Monika from the chair, they completed her outfit with the same sort of crotch strap Shelley had worn into the theatre, the twin dildoes oiled and eased home by Selina as Shelley stood watching. She could not help but notice that, despite the trauma of losing her crowning glory, Monika's sex lips were already glistening wet and guessed that her final humiliation had proved to be a perverse thrill for her after all.

"Right then," Fiona said, passing her crop to Shelley. "Bend the slut over and give her another half dozen and then Mistress Dorothea will take her to her nice new cell." As Shelley approached her, Monika made to back away, but an armchair barred her retreat. She began to struggle and, despite her bondage, Shelley had trouble controlling her, but Selina came to her assistance and, between them, they managed to force her over the back of the sofa.

I wonder how you feel now? Shelley thought, as she brought the crop down upon the still reddened buttocks. *Just think yourself lucky you'll be out of this lot in a week or so, even if you will need to get a wig for a while!*

Boredom had become Martin's main enemy by now. At first, the television had held a fascination for him, if only because he had never realised that people could be so inventive, but after a while the novelty value wore off, though his cock still managed to come to erection during certain sequences. He wished his hands were free so that he could relieve the burning need, but the restraint belt and muffler sleeve remained in place at all times and he did not dare ask Sister Jensen. She had obviously experienced the situation before, however, for on the sixth morning she lifted his smock and smiled with amusement.

"Poor darling," she said. "All hard up and nowhere to go. Would you like me to do something with that naughty thing?" Wordlessly, Martin found himself nodding. The nurse studied his erection for a few more seconds and then let the smock fall back into place. She stepped back, lifted the front of her uniform skirt and eased her panties down her legs, kicking them off with a theatrical flamboyancy. Her hand disappeared beneath her skirt again and Martin gawped in amazement as he realised she was frigging herself with her fingers.

"There," she breathed, at last, "that's all nice and wet now." She moved up onto the bed and straddled him, pushing him back against the pillows and rolling back his smock again. "I think we both deserve this," she whispered, lowering herself down and guiding the head of Martin's cock between her damply waiting sex lips. As her heat engulfed his full length, Martin let out a long, low groan, for he knew he would come almost instantly and no amount of attempted self control would prevent it. Again, Jensen seemed to know. She touched a finger to his lips.

"Enjoy this one for yourself," she whispered. "Then you can repay me properly in half an hour or so." She had barely finished speaking when Martin felt himself explode inside her, yet, to his amazement, she was already climaxing too, riding him like a demented jockey as he emptied himself into her, jet after jet after jet.

Monika Haarlan climaxed immediately the cell door banged shut behind Fiona. She lay on the plain bunk bed, still with her arms strapped behind her and writhed in abandon as she finally realised that she was a real prisoner at last. She had seen the way they treated the prisoners here, male and female alike, but she had never fully understood how totally helpless a person could feel. Her vagina contracted around the thick dildo and her whole body trembled in ecstasy. She would have cried out, but for the gag and it was only when she had subsided into something like a normal state again that she began wondering how long it would stay in her mouth. She felt thirsty already, but there was no way she could make use of the tap in the tiny corner washbasin as things were.

What if they forgot about her? Or what about if Hans didn't really want her back afterwards anyway? She could die down here and nobody would ever know. She could not even cry out. The thought started her quivering again and as macabre images flickered through her mind, she quickly climaxed again, her juices running past the crotch strap and covering her thighs and the top of her boots. By the time a female guard appeared an hour later to remove her gag and unfasten her arms, Monika had orgasmed

four times more. Having slaked her thirst and meekly allowed the guard to place steel shackles about her wrists and ankles, Monika lay back on the spartan bed and sighed, happily, enjoying the cool feeling of her hairless scalp. She was going to enjoy the next week or so thoroughly, of that she was convinced now.

Martin was by now becoming really concerned about the strange feeling in his chest. He could not touch himself beneath the smock, but when he stood up and pressed himself against the wall, the sensation was totally alien. It was as though he had developed two areas of loose fat around each nipple, for the flesh certainly gave and moved beneath the pressure.

He sat perched on the edge of his bed and considered the possibilities. Was he starting to put on weight due to lack of exercise? Hardly likely, as he had not been inactive for that long and, besides, he was now getting at least one frenetic workout a day courtesy of Sister Jensen. True, he spent most of that time flat on his back with the nurse doing most of the work, but it was hard to just lie there and not respond to her energetic efforts. He wondered if she performed the same service for her other patients and concluded that it was most likely. She would be a sensation in the public health service back home, though it was doubtful if any of her charges could ever be persuaded to leave hospital afterwards.

Martin gazed down at his legs. There didn't seem to be much evidence of surplus weight there, although his thighs did seem to be a little fleshier than before. Perhaps it was the way he was sitting. He stood up and looked again. No, it was probably just imagination, though he could see that his toenails were in need of clipping. They had grown really long since he had last cut them, a day or so before his trial. His eyes narrowed as he remembered what Sister Jensen had said about vitamin and mineral supplements in the now daily administered injections. There was no mirror in the room, but he was also certain his hair was growing quicker than before. It had always been on the long side, ever since the Second New Romantic era in the pop scene, but now it was becoming straggly and when he bent his head forward Martin could see the trailing ends clearly out of the corners of his eyes.

He mentioned the possibility of a haircut to Sister Jensen, but as in all other things she was apparently unconcerned.

"They'll send a hairdresser up when the time comes," was her only reply. When that time would be, or who would decide why, remained a mystery. Martin walked over to the window, though there was no view through the opaque glass. Outside, a watery sun was beginning to set and he recalculated the passing of days for the umpteenth time. This was the seventh full day he had spent in this private ward, the only break in the monotony of its four walls and constantly playing television when he was taken across the corridor to relieve himself, or to the small room two doors down for the nightly enemas and their inevitable results. Afterwards, he was allowed the luxury of sitting in a shallow bath, whilst either Sister Jensen, or the young nurse, Fuller, she of the sour face and very few words, sponged him down beneath the ever present smock. Strangely, they had so far neglected to wash his hair and his scalp was now growing increasingly itchy. By the position of the sun, he worked out that one of them would be coming for him again before too long and he resolved to ask them for a shampoo.

As it turned out, he never got the chance.

Professor Frank O'Leary had been the best in his field ten years ago, acknowledged by his peers as a genius beyond compare. He had little or no doubt that he still was the best and still a genius, though the outside world was no longer privy to the results of his research and experiments and had no idea that he was still active following the scandal that had seen him sacked from his Leeds consultancy and his licence revoked by the BMA. At the time, he had been devastated, angry, bitter and almost suicidal, but now all that was forgotten. He had not looked back once since that first meeting with the woman envoy sent by Lydia Pierce.

At first, he had been a little dubious, but his facility here on Carne Craig Head was better than anything he could ever have hoped for in the public sector and there were no snooping bureaucrats with their moralistic codes and stupid regulations. There was also never any shortage of experimental subjects and Frank O'Leary had not the slightest compunction of using convict material in his work. The ends, he always believed, justified the means and besides, these people owed a debt to the society they had tried to harm. If he had to carry out certain lines of development to keep Lydia and her bosses sweet, then so be it, especially as it still left him the majority of his time free to concentrate on the slightly more mainstream side of his work. The totally reliable and one hundred percent effective treatment for pancreatic cancer justified everything else and that was just the beginning. The fact that the men it cured developed breasts and higher pitched voices was insignificant. Given the choice, Frank knew that he himself would put up with such minor inconveniences in exchange for decades more of life.

He studied the notes in the file before him and finally picked up the internal telephone on his desk. There were no external lines on the island other than those locked away in Lydia's and Montgomerie Lynch's private office suites. Lydia answered on the second ring and recognised O'Leary's voice without introductions.

"I just thought I'd let you know that I shall be doing the preliminary op on Daisy 23 this evening," he said. "The serum has worked well, better even than I anticipated, but I thought I'd see to the vocal cords anyway. As you say, the sooner we have them sounding as well as looking the part, the better. I thought you might like to have your makeup girlie come over and do her stuff whilst Daisy is still under."

"Good idea," Lydia replied. "Some of them get a bit rebellious if they realise what is going on and I prefer to see their faces when they see themselves for the first time without any prewarning. I'll ring down and have them send young Teri over to you. She's an absolute artiste and far better than any of the actual staff. She can see to the manicure and pedicure whilst Daisy is in post-op, if you like."

"Certainly. I take it you wish to be present when the patient finally comes round?"

"Not immediately. As long as Daisy gets no idea what's happened before I arrive. Tell them to put him back in the restraint as soon as he shows signs of waking and keep the smock on him and bootees on his feet. I'll do the unveiling personally, though I'll bring a couple of heavies with me as usual. They do tend to get a little over-reactive when they realise."

"I'll make sure Daisy is given a light sedative after he comes round anyway. That usually keeps them passive enough."

“Not too passive, though,” Lydia laughed. “Plenty of time for him to learn docility afterwards, along with a few other things. When do you think you’ll be doing the main operation?”

“About two weeks if Daisy maintains current progress,” O’Leary replied. “I could go for it earlier, of course, but I prefer to wait until the various internal changes are fully complete. I trust that is okay with you?”

“Quite,” Lydia said. “As ever, I bow to your judgment, Professor. You know that Braveheart has complete faith in you. And by the way, I have arranged for Pandora and Isadora to join you in your chambers tomorrow evening, to celebrate the successful launching of the Mark Two Pandora project.”

O’Leary smiled as he replaced the receiver on its rest. Not only was he completely happy in his work here, the job had other perks that no teaching hospital could ever offer!

Lydia Pierce replaced the telephone and swivelled her chair around to face the open window. Outside, the evening was still and balmy, the setting sun spreading a rosy halo around the top of Craigie Head, at seven hundred feet the highest point on the island and there were birds singing in the trees beyond the lawn. She smiled to herself and tilted her seat backwards, crossing her legs and lifting her feet onto the footstool that was always there for that purpose.

Life was extremely good, Lydia reflected. She was more than happy with the way her work here was going and the spinoff results, as she always referred to what O’Leary considered his main work, were piling money into the coffers of Braveheart’s various sister companies at a rate almost too fast to calculate. The treatment to retard the body’s natural aging was proving a huge success in America and China, though the government in Britain was still reluctant to license its use in the country of its discovery. Despite falling birth rates, they were still worried about over-population, but their attitude had its compensations. Anyone who could afford the extortionate price could still get the treatment from one of their three underground clinics and they had enough clients in high places to ensure that the authorities would never look too closely at these so-called cosmetic centres.

Braveheart’s burgeoning financial successes also ensured that Lydia’s quarterly bonuses were growing apace and her two Swiss accounts showed very healthy balances, even after the purchase of her little Mediterranean island sanctuary. She had never discussed her future openly, but privately she had every intention of retiring in another five years and retreating into an obscurity where she would still remain youthful for another thirty years at least. She would take two or three of her staff with her - Fiona and Dorothea for sure - and a hand-picked squad of prisoners to act as her personal slaves. By the time she decided to move on, the newer Pandora models would be perfected and she had decided that she would have a minimum of two for herself, together with two normal males and two or three normal females. A discreet Greek builder was already at work on her new house on the island, complete with its underground cells and punishment room. No expense would be spared to make certain that Lydia’s retirement would be a time of absolute enjoyment and total contentment.

She closed her eyes and conjured up a mental picture of Daisy 23. Yes, he was totally

suitable and would require a minimum of cosmetic surgery. Even the ears were the perfect shape and, when O'Leary and his team had seen to the lip implants and his makeup done, his face would look even more feminine. She had not seen him herself for several days, but the nurses reported that his hair and nails were growing at a terrific rate and that his mammary development was the quickest yet. She pictured that face and the expression that would be on it the following day, when he first saw the results of O'Leary's wizardry and her smile grew wider than ever as she drifted off into a light sleep to the lullaby of the evening birdsong.

Martin took a long time coming round and even longer trying to work out what had happened. The last thing he could remember was Sister Jensen entering the room just after sunset. She had been carrying the expected syringe and he had sat on the bed dutifully whilst she administered the by now customary injection.

Except that this had not been the usual injection, for within seconds of her withdrawing the needle and swabbing his skin, he had started to feel dizzy and weak and he dimly recalled her easing him back against the pillows and reassuring him, in gentle tones, that everything would be all right.

He turned his head towards the window. Outside it was full daylight again, but the sun was not yet on the glass, which put the time somewhere before one in the afternoon. But what day? He had been out cold all night, that was certain, but had he also been unconscious for the day following? There was no way of knowing.

He tried to swallow, but his throat felt dry and sore. The rest of his body felt heavy and unresponsive, but his brain was still so muzzy he hardly cared. He registered that he was still wearing the smock and that his hands and arms were still in their restraints, but now his feet were enclosed in something. With a great effort of concentration, he managed to kick aside the bottom of the thin sheet that covered him and saw that his right foot was now inside some sort of soft, shapeless bag, kept in place by a drawstring about his ankle. He blinked his eyes and tried to figure out why, but decided the effort was not worth it. He yawned, twice and drifted back off to sleep.

When he awoke, it was afternoon again; the sun on the window told him that much. He still felt groggy and weak, but not as bad as he had done earlier and after a few minutes he managed to swing his legs over the side of the bed and stand upright, albeit uncertainly. Moving slowly and carefully, he crossed the room and leaned against the wall by the door. Outside, all seemed quiet, but no sooner had he returned to the bed and sat down than the door opened and Sister Jensen breezed in, followed immediately by Lydia Pierce and two powerfully built male guards.

"As I promised, Miss Pierce," Sister Jensen said, "here's Daisy, wide awake and bushy tailed." Lydia nodded approvingly.

"Thank you, Sister," she replied. "Any problems or aftereffects from the anaesthetic?"

"None at all, I'm happy to say. The poor dear will still be a bit weak and unsteady, but that's the post-op sedative that Mr O prescribed." Lydia moved across to stand in front of Martin.

"How do you feel yourself, Daisy?" she asked. Martin looked up at her.

"Like I've got a massive hangover," he replied and then stopped, astonished at the sound of his voice. It had never been particularly deep, but now it was more like a

squeak. "What have you done?" he squealed. "What's happened to my voice?"

"It'll settle down in a day or two, don't worry," Lydia told him. "The doctor just made a few minor adjustments to your voice box, to supplement the natural results of the serum."

Suddenly, the penny dropped. In fact, a whole bag of pennies crashed to the ground as realisation hit Martin straight between the eyes.

"Pandora!" he gasped, his head reeling. "You're turning me into a bloody Pandora!" He tried to stand, wanting to smash his head into her face, but he was still too weak and she too strong and she pushed him back onto the bed without any real effort.

"I must warn you to think carefully, Daisy," she growled. "Certain allowances can be made, given your situation, but insubordination, or attempted violence will not be tolerated. You will find yourself hanging from one of our public whipping posts for three days and receive six lashes every hour, on the hour, plus anything else that any passing guests might like to mete out."

The anger subsided inside Martin, to be replaced by a tidal wave of hopeless desperation. This time, when he stood up, he did so slowly and Lydia Pierce stepped back and did not try to stop him.

"Show me," he muttered, hating the sound that came from lips that felt puffy and overly large. "Show me what you've done to me."

And they did, whilst the two guards stood one at either side, ready for any violent reaction. Martin, however, was beyond trying to fight and when Sister Jensen wheeled in the full length mirror and they removed the smock, booties and hand muff, he just stood and stared, unable to believe the evidence of his tear-filled eyes.

Shelley lay stretched out on her bunk, legs wide apart, Selina's head buried between her thighs, her tongue probing for Shelley's clitoris. The dark skinned girl never seemed to tire of their sexual games and Shelley was growing accustomed to waking up with either her nipple or some other responsive part of her anatomy receiving studious attention from her cellmate's soft mouth. She sighed and tried to extricate her lover's head. Selina looked up, her expression hurt.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Did I hurt you? If I did, I didn't mean it." Shelley sighed again and shook her head.

"No, it's not you," she said. "It's me, them, this place, all of it. I'm turning into some sort of sexual zombie."

"You don't like making love with me?" Selina asked, sitting upright and drawing her knees up under her chin in a defensive attitude. Shelley smiled and gave a little snort.

"It's not that," she assured Selina, "though I never thought I would enjoy lesbian lovemaking, I must say. No, it's everything else - the way this place is and the way everyone just seems to accept it as normal."

"It is normal - for this place," Selina said.

"I know, but we don't have to just accept it. I don't have to accept it, I mean. I'm just letting them knock all the fight out of me."

"When you can't win, there's no point in fighting," Selina said, sagely. "What you're doing is the sensible thing. Let it all wash over you and try to enjoy whatever there is to

enjoy. Like me.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Shelley admitted, “but it doesn’t make me feel any better.”

“Open your legs again and I’ll soon make you feel better,” Selina grinned. Shelley shook her head.

“Not just now,” she pleaded. “I’ve got a lot on my mind.”

“Like anything in particular?”

“Like someone in particular,” Shelley replied.

“This Martin chap you told me about, for instance?” Selina suggested. Shelley gave an affirmative nod.

“Yes, Martin,” she admitted. “That bitch Fiona showed me a photograph of him earlier. I couldn’t believe it was him. They’ve made up his face like mine and he’s got boobs, the way she said he would. Oh, they’re not very big yet, but Fiona took great delight in telling me they’d be as big as mine in another couple of weeks. They’ve even pierced his nipples and ears and apparently they’ve done something to his voice to make it sound like a woman’s. And even his hips and bum are starting to look like a girl’s.”

“That’s quick,” Selina said, her face registering surprise. “In the original Pandora project the subjects didn’t develop that far until at least a month, more like six weeks. They really have been making progress.”

“Is that all you’ve got to say about it?” Shelley retorted, angrily. Selina spread her hands in a non-committal gesture.

“What else is there to say?” she said. “Neither you nor I can do bugger all about it. Your Martin is becoming a Pandora, or rather a Daisy. Apparently that’s what they’re calling the Mark Two’s, after some silly nineties expression that men used to use when talking about particularly fanciable women. Anyway, if they want to turn people into Daisies, Pandoras or Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, we ain’t gonna be able to stop ‘em.”

“But what must poor Martin be going through?” Shelley wailed. “How would you feel if you suddenly started growing testicles and a penis?” Selina shrugged.

“Well, I’d think at least I can sort you out better at night,” she said.

After forty eight hours, Martin was still in a state of shock, although he realised that a major part of his psychological condition was probably due to the tranquilisers that they were injecting into him every few hours. The smock had been left off since the truth had been revealed to him, for there was nothing to hide from him now and he was able to sit and stare miserably at his budding bosom with its swollen nipples and their dainty silver rings, below which a diamente set in a silver claw glinted in his newly pierced navel.

The mirror had been taken away almost immediately, but he didn’t need its reflective powers to tell that his body was changing hourly. His new breasts were still small, but already they were noticeably larger than when he had first been made aware of them. His hips continued to thicken and when he craned his neck to look at the side of his buttocks, there was no mistaking the additional curves that were developing on his once angular frame.

The original arm restraint had been replaced by steel cuffs, joined by a single rigid link which was, in turn, joined to a new prolon belt that was locked about his waist. This arrangement prevented Martin from being able to vent his anger on any inanimate

objects, but left his newly grown, nicely tapered and brilliant red laquered fingernails. His toenails had been similarly treated and he kept finding himself staring at his feet as though mesmerized. Towards the end of the afternoon, he received a visit from a white coated girl, who proceeded to refile and repaint both sets of nails. Halfway through her task, she looked up at him and smiled.

"I don't imagine you feel much like smiling," she said. "It'd suit you, though and it takes less muscles to smile than it does to frown." Martin remembered the sight of his new look mouth in the mirror, the pouting, full red lips that had no business being any part of his face and grimaced.

"And I suppose you think you're funny?" he snarled. His throat was no longer sore and the squeakiness had slowly disappeared from his voice, but he hated the feminine sound of it and mostly refused to reply to any questions from the nurses. The manicurist studied him seriously for a few seconds.

"I'm not trying to get at you," she said, eventually. "I'd just like to see you cheer up a bit, that's all. You can talk freely, if you like. This room is only wired for video at the moment. I heard them saying there's a fault on the sound loop on this floor, so they can watch but not hear, okay?"

"Why should you care whether I cheer up or not?" Martin demanded. The girl's eyes were full of pity.

"Look," she said, "you can be as miserable as you like, for all I care, but I can tell you from personal experience that you'll find few enough friendly faces around here, so make the most of those you do. I'm Teri, by the way."

"And I'm Martin," he conceded, "though according to this place - well, you can see the tattoo for yourself."

"I know who you really are," Teri said. "And I've got a message from a friend. She says to keep your spirits up and don't let go, whatever they do to you. She says remember what you both tried to stand for and grab any opportunity you get, though I've tried to tell her that none of us have got a chance of escaping from here."

"You've been talking to Shelley?" Martin's mood lifted considerably. "How is she? Is she all right?"

"She's fine," Teri confirmed. "Or as fine as anyone can be around this place." A sudden thought struck Martin.

"Does she know - ," he began. "I mean - have they told her about ... about me and all this?" Teri nodded.

"She knows. The bitch queen, Fiona, showed her a photograph taken from the surveillance camera two days ago. She says to tell you she's really sorry she got you into all this in the first place, but she'll always like and respect you, whatever you might look like."

When Teri had finished with Martin's nails, she led him across the corridor into a small bathroom and proceeded to shampoo his hair. There was a small mirror over the wash basin and Martin was staggered at how much it had grown. He had barely noticed it when they had originally showed him his new look in the big mirror, but it was now touching his shoulders. Towelling it part dry, Teri produced scissors and a comb and made him sit back.

"Sorry about this," she apologised, "but I've got my instructions and if I don't carry them out, I'm in the shit, same as you would be." For the next fifteen minutes she

snipped and clipped, carefully restyling and then tied a plastic cape around his shoulders. "Change of colour," she explained, unscrewing a small bottle. "Orders again, I'm afraid."

By the time she finally switched off the blow drier, Martin was confronted with the reflection of a pouting, silver blonde with a precise pageboy style haircut and large, blue and black painted eyes. He could scarcely believe it was still his own face he was looking at.

"Tell me," he said, turning away from the mirror, "how did the others feel - the Pandoras, I mean?"

"Mostly the same way you do, I imagine," Teri replied. "Shocked, horrified, angry - all except the one you saw. She seemed quite taken with her new self, but then she was a kinky bastard to begin with. No matter what they do to her, or get her to do, she seems to lap it all up and want more. Those tits of hers are mostly implants and it was she who suggested that. Apparently she wasn't satisfied with what the original treatment had produced and she told Miss Lydia.

"Madame thought she'd get her for her insolence and told the doc to go really over the top, but good old Pandora just laughed when she saw those huge bazoomas. Lydia was quite put out at that, but she cheered up once she realised how popular Pandora was with the punters."

"Are they really going to do that to me?" Martin whispered. "You know, the other stuff, down below?"

"Afraid so, old love," Teri said, pulling a face. "They'll wait a week or two, from what I've heard, until certain bits inside have developed sufficiently and then they'll whisk you back into theatre and you'll wake up with a nice new twat between your legs."

"What about my other bits?"

"Oh, they'll leave them, though they fix it so you have to pee through the new bits. I'm not sure why, but apparently they have to do it for some medical reason. So it'll be a sit down job for you, from then on."

"It already is," Martin told her, glumly. "They insist I start doing it that way and stand over me whilst I'm doing it, just to make sure. But will I still be able to, well, you know?"

"Get a hard on?" Teri chuckled. "Oh yes, that's most important. The Pandoras usually need a bit of chemical stimulus, but apparently the latest version of the treatment is much better in that respect."

"I don't see the point of it all," Martin moaned. "It seems like a lot of fuss and effort, just to humiliate me."

"Don't you believe it, sweetie," Teri said. "The Pandoras are their biggest and most popular asset and the Daisies will be even bigger. You'd be surprised what people are willing to pay for, women as well as men."

"I think it's disgusting!" Martin snapped. Teri shrugged.

"There are worse things in this world," she said. "You'll feel better about it once you've had time to get used to the idea."

"Never!"

"Never say never," Teri retorted. "Anyway, let's get you back to your room. I've got another Daisy to do before I finish for the day."

"Another one? How many are there?"

"Two, so far and another four in the next two weeks."

“And you get to see all of them?”

“I get to see most people here,” Teri replied. “I’m general dogsbody. I do hair, nails, makeup - I did yours, by the way - and I do tattooing, piercing, massage, enemas - you name it, I do it. I’ll be back tomorrow to get you dressed properly, by the way and then you get to go for a walk in the fresh air. Apparently, what with the increased intake, the instructors and guards are short handed, so some of us are being delegated to do the basic chores.”

“When you say ‘us’, does that mean you’re a prisoner, too?” Martin asked. Teri nodded.

“Sure do, though because of my various cosmetic skills, I get a softer option. Mind you, I must say I didn’t realise how much I’d miss some of the other stuff. I haven’t had sex in at least three weeks.” She consulted the slim wristwatch on her left arm. “Actually,” she went on, “I’ve got nearly half an hour in hand. If I take you back to your room, do you fancy proving you’re still a man? Jensen’s on the desk and she won’t say a word, even if she does happen to turn on the screen.”

Shelley and Selina had had several relatively easy days, or so Selina assured Shelley. They had performed their maid duties at several other small parties in various chalets, but most of the guests they had come into contact with had fairly simple sexual tastes, compared to some Selina warned Shelley to expect. The worst experience was when one woman decided that her dining room needed vacuuming and she had a machine with a specially adapted handle which meant that the unfortunate maid - Shelley drew the short straw - could perform the task without the use of her hands, which the woman cuffed behind her for the exercise. It was a humiliating experience, but Shelley turned deaf ears to the lewd comments of the other guests, who soon became more interested in what the woman’s young male companion was doing with Selina in the main lounge.

“They’re worse than animals,” Shelley complained, back in their cell. “What sort of person gets their kicks watching a woman having to do what they made me do?”

“Rhetorical question, I take it?” Selina said, slipping her arm around Shelley’s waist and nuzzling her about an obligingly responsive nipple. “Don’t worry about it, my love. I’ll make sure there’s no nasty dust left in the cracks for you!”

Monika Haarlan had been a masochist all her life, though she had not fully understood the implications of this until her late teens. She was also bisexual, something which had only emerged during her two years at the ultra-expensive Swiss finishing school her parents had sent her to. This school, situated in wonderful Alpine scenery, had a somewhat unconventional approach to discipline, in that the girls themselves were responsible for it and chose the punishments they thought fitted the crime. At some stage in the past, the vote had been for corporal punishment, with the most senior girls administering either the cane or the tawse. This system was, of course, open to abuse, but there were rarely any complaints, as any girl who protested quickly found herself isolated from her peers.

Monika could recall her first really satisfactory orgasm quite clearly. She had been summoned to the sitting room of the Deputy Head Girl, a tall Swiss blonde named Francine, who upbraided her for her alleged slovenly appearance and then informed her that she was to receive six strokes of the cane across her bottom. Though surprisingly aroused at the suggestion, Monika was outwardly outraged and told Francine in no uncertain terms that she had no intention of bending over the back of a chair for her or anyone else. She was still in the middle of her tirade when the door to the adjoining bedroom opened and two prefects, who had been listening to the proceedings, rushed in.

Before she had time to realise what was happening, the three girls had stretched Monika over the back of the heavy wooden chair and tied her wrists to the front supports of the arms with soft, but very strong silken cords. When she had started to shout and scream, they forced a wad of cloth into her mouth and tied it there with a belt.

The school uniform, as such, consisted of a plain black skirt, white blouse or jumper and smart, tailored black jacket. Underneath, underwear was left to preference, though the girls were forbidden to wear tights for what the headmistress called 'reasons of hygiene'. Within seconds of securing Monika, the girls had removed her skirt and white lacy panties, leaving her with just her white suspender belt and pale grey stockings below the waist.

Francine seemed in no hurry to begin the punishment. She poured drinks for herself and her cohorts - the girls were permitted to drink wine in moderation -and walked slowly about the room swishing the long cane she had selected from the collection she kept in an antique umbrella stand in the corner. It was a performance designed to heighten the tension, for she then decided that the girls should secure Monika's ankles to the back legs of the chairs. It was whilst they were doing this that one of the prefects, an English girl called Jane, made what she pretended to think was a startling discovery.

"Hey!" she cried. "Take a look at this. The bitch is enjoying it. Her pussy's running like Niagara Falls!" And, indeed, Monika was becoming very excited, though her face grew redder and redder as she felt her juices beginning to trickle down her legs. Francine, however, knew this script backwards. She knelt down in front of her captive and began to stroke her cheek.

"I think you and I are going to get along just fine, little one," she crooned. "I know just what you want and we're just the girls to give it to you." She straightened up and gave a signal to the third girl, who dropped to her knees to Monika's right and quickly inserted two fingers into the Dutch girl's sex, searching for and finding, without difficulty, her swollen clitoris. She began toying with it and Monika was soon moaning and squirming in her bonds.

Judging her moment to perfection, Francine took up a stance on Monika's other flank and delivered the first stroke. As the red hot pain exploded across her buttocks, Monika reached the brink of orgasm and, by the time the sixth cut fell, she was oblivious to everything apart from the paroxysms of helpless passion which racked her body. When she had finally slumped, limp with exhaustion, they untied her, rubbed a cool cream into her buttocks and gave her a glass of wine, but when the two prefects left, Francine kept Monika behind. Ten minutes later, they were locked in a passionate embrace on the bed in the next room.

Upon leaving the school at the age of twenty one, Monika had indulged in a series of completely unsatisfactory affairs. She joined two exclusive fetish clubs in Amsterdam,

revelling in the opportunity to exhibit herself in the most outrageous costumes and making herself available for any dominant seeking a submissive, but she found most of her partners completely unfulfilling and came to despise the charades that were acted out at their various meetings.

And then she met Hans. They were introduced through a woman Monika had got to know through one of the clubs, but they met in a very straight, very expensive restaurant. He had been polite and reserved at first, but it was obvious to anyone watching that they were each becoming smitten with the other. The relationship had blossomed over a few weeks and then had come the first - and to Monika, wonderful - surprise.

They had made love in his penthouse apartment and fallen asleep together in the early hours, part drunk and part exhausted. Monika had slept the sleep of the dead until late morning and woken up to find that her ankles had been fettered with a short chain between the steel cuffs and her hands linked similarly. There was also a narrow steel collar about her throat, from which ran a chain that was linked to both wrist and ankle chains. She had sat up in bed, naked but for her bonds and studied herself in disbelief. Sliding to the floor, she had walked, clinking and jingling with every step, to examine her reflection in the full length mirror on the wardrobe door. She thought she looked adorably helpless and her sex was already beginning to grow hot when Hans entered.

He was carrying something black in his hands, but he did not yet reveal what it was. He merely stood, watching Monika, a gentle smile on his face.

“If you don’t like the little decorations I have chosen for you,” he said, “I will unlock them now and we will say no more. You are free to leave at any time, unless you decide that this is what you want.” Monika did not even need to consider the options. She rushed to him, as quickly as her chains would allow and dropped to her knees, fingers fumbling for the zip of his fly.

“Not yet, my angel,” Hans had told her and quickly pulled the leather hood he had been holding down over her head. There were openings for her eyes and nostrils as he laced it tightly about her skull, but where the mouth should have been the device was not only sealed, there was a soft rubber ball which Monika meekly allowed Hans to guide between her lips. When he had finished tying off the laces, Hans took something else from his pocket and held them up for Monika to study. They were the last things she was to see for several hours, for they were eye pieces designed to clip in place on the mask, blotting out all light completely.

Thereafter, Monika spent much of her time masked, gagged, chained, or some combination thereof. With Hans’ fortune, there was never any question of her working, so she frequently spent entire days alone, though on these occasions the gag was left off. The apartment was quite large, but Hans employed no staff. Instead, he brought home a selection of maid’s outfits, mostly with the briefest of skirts, though one was a full length Victorian creation. He also bought her the strictest corsets, into which she was laced around the clock, even in bed and she was expected to maintain the apartment in perfect order, sometimes even though she was blindfolded during her work.

Hans had taken their games a step further with the purchase of a new mask which had thickened pads over the ears. With small rubber plugs first inserted, it cut out almost all sound, isolating Monika in her own world of silent darkness. He would then surprise her, returning home unexpectedly, sometimes watching her for an hour whilst she worked on, oblivious to his presence. He would then seize her, sometimes for rumbustuous love-

making sessions, often to punish her with strap or cane, but Monika was far from complaining. She revelled in the control Hans exercised over her and craved even more.

Standing chained to the wall of her cell, arms bound wide apart, still perched on her impossible heels and wearing a mask identical to the one that had been her favourite at home, Monika felt the hands probing her moist lower lips and began to tremble in anticipation once again ...

In his chalet, Hans Haarlan was entertaining Lydia Pierce. He was one of the few people who did not feel intimidated in her company and secretly nursed a desire to reduce her to the same status as Monika. He studied her aristocratic features and imagined how those beautiful eyes would look staring out of a tightly laced mask of black leather, her gorgeous body clad only in high boots and the tightest of leather corsets. He wondered if she harboured any hidden need to be dominated, but he had never detected any signs that this might be so.

He refilled their glasses from the decanter of cognac which stood alone on the cabinet and passed Lydia hers, easing himself into the armchair opposite. She sipped delicately, but he noticed she hardly really touched the amber liquid.

“Monika seems to be enjoying herself in the cells,” she said, breaking the silence that had fallen between them. “If you like, we could take her and keep her here for several weeks at a time. That might teach her a lesson or two.”

“I doubt that very much,” Hans smiled. “Right now, she is probably wondering exactly how long I will leave her down there and getting excited at the thought that it could be weeks yet. Mind you, she knows that I would never leave her there permanently, though she’s probably playing little fantasies where she convinces herself I might.”

“You really do love her a great deal, don’t you?” Lydia said. It was not really a question and Hans nodded.

“I should not care to imagine life without her,” he said. “She is my perfect woman, strong willed enough for everyday matters, but completely submissive whenever I wish her to be.”

“And yet you ordered her beautiful hair to be shaved,” Lydia reminded him. Hans shrugged.

“In order to allow Monika the full effect of it all, I had to find something really extreme and unexpected. That was it. I may well decide to keep her shaved for a while longer. I shall buy her the largest collection of exotic wigs imaginable and then I shall be able to decide upon her ultimate appearance. She will enjoy that.” He took a mouthful of brandy, allowed it to wash around his tongue and swallowed. “But I do like your idea about giving Monika to you regularly. I think it shall be done as a surprise each time. She will never then know, when I fasten her chains and mask, whether that will be the day she will be whisked off back here”

“And you do not mind that she is used as other prisoners? By men, I mean?”

“Not at all. We’ve done similar things before. For a whole week I brought back an associate of mine and he took her whilst she thought it was me. When I told her, she was delighted and thereafter, whenever we made love with her blindfolded, she found it more

exciting because she would not know for certain that it was me. In turn, I found her responses even more gratifying.”

“And what about other women? Have you made love to others in front of her?”

“Several times,” Hans replied. “I was not sure how she would react the first time, but she told me afterwards that being bound and gagged and forced to watch it made her very excited and that she even climaxed herself.”

‘A truly amazing treasure,’ Lydia remarked. ‘You have been very lucky, Hans.’

‘I know,’ Hans agreed. ‘Very lucky indeed.’

“Tell me,” Lydia asked, “would you like to send for Monika now, so that she can watch?” Hans had been about to take another drink, but his hand froze, the glass millimetres from his lips.

“So that she can watch?” he repeated. Lydia nodded. “Exactly what would she be watching?”

“Us,” Lydia replied, quietly. She smiled at his surprise. “Am I not right in thinking that you would like to make love to me, or at least have sex with me?”

Hans lowered his glass slowly. “Any man would,” he replied, carefully. Lydia laughed.

“But you would prefer me trussed, gagged and helpless, is that not so?” Hans did not reply, though his heart was racing. Lydia continued. “Perhaps I might like that too - one day,” she said. “I might even like to chain you and see how you react.”

Hans was staggered at the suggestion, but to his surprise it did not repel him. He wondered what it might feel like to be helpless at the mercy of Lydia Pierce.

“It might be an interesting experiment,” he conceded and raised his glass once more.

“Right, Daisy,” Teri announced, depositing the suitcase in the middle of Martin’s bed, “there’s two ways of doing this. I’m going to have to release your hands for a while, but the door’s been locked behind me and I don’t have a key for it, so it’ll be a waste of time and effort if you’re thinking of trying anything funny. It won’t help you whatever, because they’ll just get Amanda or the bitch queen and a couple of heavies and you’ll get your arse thrashed for good measure.”

“I’ll behave myself,” Martin agreed, resignedly. “I know a lost cause when I see one, though I’d rather you didn’t call me Daisy. The name’s Martin, as you know.”

“I know it, you know it,” Teri agreed, “but we’re supposed to call you by whatever names the big-wigs decree. Sorry, but it’ll have to be Daisy, otherwise I might slip up and call you Martin in front of someone and they don’t need much excuse to use the strap or the cane, as I’ve already explained. Anyway, what’s in a name, or anything else for that matter. You proved your manhood to me yesterday, or have you forgotten?”

Martin certainly had not, though he was still disturbed by one thing. Their sex play had been unhurried and quite gentle, with Teri astride him having to do most of the work because of Martin’s bondage. He had expected to climax quickly, but had not and Teri had arrived at her orgasm well before him. It was when she had lowered her head and taken his nipple between her lips that he had lost it. He could not believe the fantastic sensations that flowed through him as her tongue flicked over the swollen bud and afterwards, when she had gone, he kept touching himself there again. The reaction in his

body was unbelievable, but he hated his new mammaries even more fiercely for what they were laying him open to. It was another reminder, not that he needed one, that part of his body was becoming more female with every passing hour.

When Teri had unlocked him, she passed him a garment of white prolex. He looked at it, recognising it as a suspender belt, but made no move to put it on. Teri made a tut-tutting noise and took it from his hands.

"I'll do it for you, this time," she said, "but you're expected to learn to dress yourself for ordinary daily routines." She wrapped it around his waist and fastened the clip at the back. From the case she took a pair of panties that looked far too small to fit him, but they were designed to stretch and she soon had them up to the top of his thighs. Moving behind him, she thrust her right hand between the tops of his legs and grasped his limp organ, drawing it up and back and eliciting a yelp of pain from Martin.

"What are you doing?" he complained, as she drew the panties the rest of the way up, imprisoning his genitalia in their unyielding grip. Teri walked around in front of him again and examined the effect. All that could be seen of his manhood was a slight mound, little more than a well developed female vulva. "It's not very comfortable," Martin groaned. Teri shook her head.

"You'll get used to it," she assured him. "You only have that on show when they've got a use for it and then you're usually mostly naked anyway, as you've probably seen with Pandora. At all other times, you're for the skirts, my girl and you're expected to look the part."

"Don't call me a girl!" Martin protested, angrily. Teri spread her hands.

"Rules, Daisy, rules," she said. "Same as the Pandoras, all the Daisies are to be treated as if they were females at all times except the obvious. You'd better start getting used to it, sweetheart. You've already got boobs and a nice feminine figure developing and pretty soon you'll have all the other bits a woman needs, including an extra bit she needs but doesn't usually possess personally," she added with a giggle. Martin felt his face reddening.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" he said, accusingly.

"Well, there's no point in being miserable, even in this place. I'm trying to cheer you up a bit, that's all."

"Well, you've got a bloody funny way of going about it, I must say!" Martin retorted. By way of reply, Teri suddenly grabbed him and planted a long, lingering kiss on his mouth, her tongue probing between his wide, thick lips and finding his own. At the same time, the fingers of her right hand found his left nipple and began teasing it. Martin felt violent shivers running up and down his back and his knees began to feel weak.

"Gotcha!" Teri said, pulling away at last. "Only a woman feels like that when someone plays with her tits." Martin's complexion turned darker than ever at her words, for there was no denying the effect that her touching his nipples had had. Teri was already busying herself for the next task.

The stockings looked and felt like nylon, but Teri explained they were made from another prolon derivative, Prolene 3.

"Just like the original article, but a million times tougher. You couldn't ladder these with a pickaxe." The stockings, like the suspender belt and panties, were white, semi-opaque and felt very soft as Teri drew them up Martin's legs. She fastened them to the suspender tabs and stepped back, admiringly.

“Great legs,” she told him. “Once we get you into a pair of heels, they’ll look even better.” And they did, even Martin was forced to admit. The boots were also white, ankle length with thick platforms and chunky high heels. The straps that secured them about the ankle were also lockable and there was no sign of a key. When he made to walk in them, Martin was surprised by their weight.

“Inside the heels and the soles is a lead core,” Teri explained, waving her own foot which was encased in a similar boot in black. “It’s so we don’t get tempted to try to swim for it when we’re outside. You’ll get used to them pretty quickly and you don’t half appreciate a normal pair of shoes afterwards.”

“I’ll end up with leg muscles like a heavyweight wrestler,” Martin said. “That’ll ruin the image they want to create.”

“Don’t you believe it,” Teri replied. “They know what they’re doing. Actually, this new concoction O’Leary has developed contains a clever little something or other that stimulates growth in your legs.”

“In what way?”

“To make ‘em longer, stupid. Women have longer legs and shorter backs proportionally, though it’s not always that noticeable. Madame upstairs wants perfection, though, so O’Leary came up with this doozy.” She stepped even further back and studied Martin carefully. “It’s hard to say,” she said, after a few seconds, “especially in those heels, but I reckon it’s already started working. I’ll bet, if you were to measure yourself, you’d find to were best part of an inch taller than before you arrived here.”

“That’s impossible!” Martin exclaimed. “People stop growing in their late teens, or early twenties at the latest and in any case, we can’t grow that fast.” Teri stepped closer again and cupped his right breast in the palm of her hand.

“These have,” she reminded him and once again his body responded to her touch.

Teri decided that Martin did not yet need a proper brassiere, opting instead for a cropped halter neck top, again in white. It was moulded to fit and support his budding breasts perfectly and felt quite comfortable, although for several minutes he remained aware of the pressure of the nipple rings being pressed against his flesh. The skirt came next, a little flared creation that would not have looked out of place on a tennis court and which barely covered the tops of his stockings. It sat snugly on Martin’s hips, leaving his jewelled navel clearly displayed between its waistband and the crop top. Also clearly visible was the tattoo of his new name, Daisy.

Short white gloves completed the ensemble and then Teri produced a key and unlocked Martin’s pron security collar. It was replaced, quickly, by a broader collar in white, with a jewelled star set at the front of the throat. Heavy pendant rings went into his ears and Teri nodded, satisfied.

“Very pretty,” she told him and his embarrassment grew anew, but with it came another feeling that Martin could not quite describe. He allowed Teri to lock the light cuffs with their nine inch chain onto his wrists and stood there, waiting to see what was coming next. Within a minute, the door opened and Sister Jensen appeared, all smiles as usual. She looked at Martin and let out a sigh.

“Oh, you look wonderful, my dear,” she said. “Quite the beautiful young lady. And I’ll bet you’ll be glad to get out in the fresh air for a few hours, won’t you?”

Why, thought Martin, angrily, as he followed Teri out into the corridor, still unsteady on his new heels, *why did I feel so pleased that silly cow told me I was beautiful?*

Shelley and Selina spent half an hour helping each other into the skintight red bodysuits that Dorothea had tossed onto the bed that morning. From neck to toe they were all enclosing, though an oval panel left their sexes and bottom holes exposed and there were cutouts through which their nipples peeped. Around their waists were broad, studded belts, cinched tight by means of three much narrower straps and there were red ankle boots with their weighted cores which locked automatically about their ankles.

"It's a bit unusual, isn't it, leaving us to dress ourselves?" Shelley asked. Selina smiled.

"Not when they're under-staffed or over-subscribed," she said. "I heard they're sending more than the usual quota over here at the moment. Rumour has it that they're training up special consignments for export to South America. I hope we don't get chosen. Conditions under private ownership are supposed to be a lot worse than here, from what the guards have told me in the past."

"I wouldn't mind so much, as long as we were together," Shelley said.

"I doubt they'd be much interested in me anyway," Selina told her. "They've got enough brown skins of their own. These Pedros go for nice pale skinned blondes, or at least the ones that I've seen here do." She picked up the two red helmets from the end of the bed and passed one to Shelley. It was a weird sensation, Shelley thought, voluntarily locking yourself into an outfit that could only be removed again when someone else produced the keys.

She adjusted the eye lenses - rosy pink this time - and tightened the strap under her chin. There was a lock on ball gag as well, but she was determined to leave that till the last possible moment. Instead, she snapped the ends of her ankle hobble into place and then adjusted her wrist manacles so that they fit snugly, but not too tight. She was tempted to leave them even looser, but Selina had warned her that if Fiona noticed she would force them as tightly as they could go, which would be really painful.

"Don't forget your nipple chain," Selina reminded her, as she clipped her own in place. This was really spooky, Shelley decided. Here they were, just like two teenage girls getting ready for a night clubbing, chatting away as if this were the most normal of circumstances instead of preparing themselves for who knew what was planned for them next.

At last they could delay it no longer and they locked their gags into place and sat waiting for Dorothea to return. Instead, it was the dark skinned Andrea who opened the door. She studied them and shook her head. Producing the code key from her pocket she unlocked and removed their gags, clipping them to rings in their respective belts.

"You're on casual duty today," she said. Selina nodded, but Shelley had no idea what she was talking about. "You stay as a pair," Andrea continued, unhooking a length of chain from her own belt and using it to join the girls' belts together. A lighter length of chain passed from Selina's left nipple ring to the one in Shelley's right, reinforcing the connection between them. "If anyone wants to gag you whilst you're out, you've got the necessary means with you. Just hope it's someone with a master key, otherwise you'll have to stay with your mouths stuffed until you get back."

She led them along the corridor and through a small door, beyond which a set of

outside steps led up to ground level. When they had reached the grass, Shelley stopped Selina.

“What’s actually going on?” she demanded.

“Like the lady said, we’re on casual today,” Selina explained. “That means we wander around the island and if any passing guest fancies, he, or she, gets the use of us. That’s why all our tempting bits are left on display, just to entice the customer.

“Working in pairs isn’t too bad, especially when they leave the gags off, but working on your own, gagged and even blindfolded, that gets a bit hairy. You get led out into the meadow or the woods and dumped there. If you’ve got a blindfold on, you just have to sit and wait. Sometimes, no one bothers with you all day, but it’s bloody boring. Other times, you end up getting upended, spanked or strapped, diddled up one hole or the other and then dumped back on your poor, sore arse again. And you never do find out whose cock’s been up you.”

Shelley shuddered at the images Selina was conjuring up. ‘Can’t we just hide?’ she suggested.

“Could do, but it won’t help much. These collars send out more than just a location signal. The guests are given little detector units that can pick up the presence of the other signal at over a hundred metres and then home right in every time. Sometimes they organise night time hunts and have competitions. We get dressed all in black, so we have a so-called sporting chance, but we always get caught in the end.”

They had begun walking again whilst Selina was recounting her story and headed out across the carefully tended lawn towards the screen of trees which ran all along its southern boundary. Selina seemed to know exactly where she was going, so Shelley just tagged along, not that she had much option.

“My two Aussie women are due about now,” Selina said. “They like to do the casual runs, though it’s usually to pick up a couple of blokes.”

“I thought you said they were lesbians?” Shelley replied. Selina laughed.

“They are, but they like a bit of sport. They’ll pick up two male prisoners and make them take turns diddling each other. The ladies have a great time watching and urging them on with the odd riding crop or whatever. They usually leave the poor buggers strapped together or tied to a tree afterwards. They don’t really like men very much.”

“Sounds like it,” Shelley retorted. “What happens if we run into them?”

“Well, once Maudie realises who I am under this lot, I’m hoping she might put me into one of her double enders, then I can diddle you whilst they watch.” She looked at the horrified grimace on Shelley’s lower features. “I’d rather do that than maybe have some great hulking German sadist ramming his cock down my throat!” she insisted. “Besides, I want to find out if Maudie and Alice have any more cruises planned. They promised they’d lease me out again and if I ask nicely, they’ll book you along too. Sort of holiday treat.” Her mouth looked wistful. “I wish they’d bid for me outright,” she said, “though I’d want them to take you, too.”

Shelley stole a furtive glance across at her friend. The two of them cut a bizarre sight, walking along in their shiny red skins, faces all but hidden under their helmets, chains tinkling, their incredible boots sinking into the soft grass with every step. She was beginning to understand what this place was all about now and why the heavy emphasis on the most outlandish costumes they could devise. She wanted to pull Selina to her, crush her lips with her own and fall onto the lush meadow and forget everything and

everybody else.

In the woods, they took a narrow, winding path that led them south west and they had not gone far when they came across a startling sight. In a small clearing stood a powerfully built man, wearing only a white leather vest, his trousers lying in a discarded heap nearby. Kneeling in front of him, her mouth full of his cock, was an exotic figure that Shelley knew instantly had to be Monika Haarlán, for despite the blindfold which obscured most of her features, the shining, hairless head was a giveaway and her arms were laced behind her back exactly as they had been when she had first entered her bondage in Hans' chalet. Who the man was, Shelley neither knew nor cared and he was too preoccupied to even notice the girls' presence. They skirted the far edge of the clearing and disappeared into the trees once more.

"Can she really be enjoying that?" Shelley asked in disbelief.

"Apparently so," Selina said, "though it's a bit late to change her mind if she isn't. The volunteers don't get to be released until their sponsors say so."

"I think I'd hate that, having some great brute I couldn't see forcing me to do that. I'd want to bite his bloody thing off."

Selina pulled up sharply, surprising Shelley and forgetting about the chain which tethered their nipples together. They both let out squeals of pain as the links jerked tight.

"Damn!" Selina cursed, rubbing the offending nipple between red sheathed fingers. "Sorry about that, but you shouldn't even suggest what you just said. One girl used her teeth on a guest and drew blood. She didn't do any real damage, but that didn't matter. They removed all her teeth and hung them around her neck as a necklace. Then they shaved her head and she had to walk around for days, wearing two massive plugs, weighted boots and with really heavy weights on her nipples. After that, the doctor removed her clitoris, so although she still has to service the guests, she doesn't get the slightest pleasure from it."

"Ugh! That's horrible," Shelley said, her hand going automatically to protect her naked crotch. "That's reducing her to nothing more than a sex doll."

"We're already that, doll," Selina chuckled. "Anyway, just heed the warning and don't get tempted to do anything stupid. I'd hate to think of you without your little clittie!"

They saw no one else in the woods, but when they emerged on the far side, onto a long stretch of moorland that apparently went right the way to the distant cliff edge, they could just see two figures in the distance.

"Should we turn back the other way?" Shelley asked.

"No, not yet," Selina replied. "Besides, they're both female, so it might be Maudie and Alice."

"You must have bloody good eyesight," Shelley retorted, for the two figures appeared as no more than stick men to her eyes. It wasn't long, however, before she was able to see for herself that Selina was right and soon she was able to identify the figure on the left. It was Teri, the girl who had tattooed her and dressed her in the room adjoining the parlour. She was accompanied by a tall girl with pale silver hair and elaborately made up features, dressed all in white and struggling to walk in a very extreme pair of boots and hampered even further by a shortish ankle chain. When they had come within distance, Teri hailed them.

"Thought you might like to know it's all clear along the way we've come, but steer

clear of the paths leading to the long paddock. They've got a race session going on and there are guests swarming all over the place."

"Thanks," Selina called back. "Nice of you."

"Don't mention it," Teri replied. "If you'd prefer, you can tag along with us. If we see anyone, I can put your gags in and pretend you're already booked for someone. They never question that sort of thing, not with so many alternatives to choose from."

"What do you think?" Selina asked, turning to Shelley. "It'd save a lot of ducking and diving." Shelley nodded in agreement.

"Have you got one of the keys for unlocking the gags again?" Selina asked.

"Sure thing. Look." Teri drew out the slended piece of plastic from a side pocket and waved it in the air. By now, they had all come to a halt, only a matter of feet from each other and suddenly, Shelley let out a shriek, for she had just seen the tattoo on the silver haired beauty's navel.

"Oh my God!" she gasped. "Is that really you, Martin?" The silver vision dropped her eyes, cheeks burning.

"Yes, it's me," it said, but not with Martin's voice, at least, not the voice that Shelley had grown so used to. Instead, it was a girl's voice, soft and pitched fairly high. Shelley grasped Selina's arm and urged her forward, reaching out to touch her former boyfriend. Martin tried to back away, but lost his balance and fell in a tangle of legs and chains, his skirt riding up to reveal stocking tops and suspenders and no sign of what Shelley would have expected to see inside the brief white panties. "Oh no!" she gasped. "Oh no, no!"

Martin turned onto his stomach, burying his head in his arms. Shelley stood frozen, staring at his back view, the nicely rounded hips and buttocks beneath the brief skirt, the soft line of his stockinged thighs. It just couldn't be so, her brain protested. Selina gripped her arm.

"Take it easy," she whispered. "He's had enough problems without you losing it." Martin's head whipped round.

"Don't you know you're not allowed to call me 'he' any more. I'm supposed to be referred to as 'she' at all times!" he snapped. Shelley could see the tears of humiliation welling up in his eyes.

"Have they ... I mean, have you ..." Her voice trailed off, but Teri had guessed what she was trying to say and stepped forward to offer a comforting arm.

"No, he's still got all his bits. They're just tucked up where they don't show so easily. And the other operation won't be for another week. Listen, don't worry about Daisy, she'll be okay. She was handling it quite well until she saw you."

"Martin's a he, not a she!" Shelley stormed. "And his name's not Daisy, it's Martin." Teri wrapped her arm about Shelley's shoulders and squeezed, gently.

"Listen, Miss, you'll get yourself in deep trouble, if anyone else catches you talking like that. The rules are the rules here and if they say that Martin is now Daisy and that everyone is to regard him as being primarily female, then that's what you do, at least in public. Besides, in another week or so he will be mostly female, even if he does still get to keep his male parts. And I wouldn't put it past the Ice Queen to have those removed, if the fancy ever took her.

"The very first Pandoras ended up with penises that wouldn't function at all, so she had them taken away and left the female bits on their own. Why do you think Fiona is such a bitch?"

“You don’t mean she used to be a man?” Shelley gasped. Even Selina seemed taken aback by this latest revelation.

“Yeah, she was,” Teri confirmed. “Though she was a guard, not a prisoner. He, as he was then, was a right strange bugger and actually volunteered for the project. Dead kinky that, but it all backfired. Now the bastard is a bitch who can’t give as good as she can take, at least not in that way. Mind you, Lydia did promote her and she lets her get away with things the others would never dare try. I reckon she feels a bit guilty, though not that much, knowing her.”

Martin was slowly getting to his feet, trying to look as dignified as possible. Teri stretched out a hand and helped him up. He stood, looking uncertainly at Shelley.

“You’re really horrified, aren’t you?” he said. Shelley made no reply. “Am I really so awful?”

“No, not awful,” Shelley said at last. She moved towards him, Selina forced to go to and held out her arms. “Not awful,” she repeated. “Beautiful. It’s just such a shock.” They came together and embraced, tightly. “It’s not your fault, I know,” she said, fighting back her own tears. “It’s this place and all these awful people. I mean, what do I look like?”

Martin sniffed and drew back his head. There was the faintest trace of a smile on his bright red lips.

“Very, very sexy, as it happens,” he said. “If we were alone, I’d prove it.”

“Go ahead and forget about me,” Selina quipped. “We’re just bosom buddies,” she added, rattling their mutual nipple chain, “and I can always close my eyes.”

The foursome only split up just before emerging back onto the lawn that bordered the main building, Shelley kissing Martin tenderly and trying to reassure him that it would all be okay eventually, though they all knew that was a forlorn hope. He had already been launched onto a course that could not be altered and he knew it as surely as anyone else.

“It doesn’t matter, though,” she insisted. “We can’t surrender to them, or else they win.”

“They’ve won anyway,” Martin whispered. “Look at us, all of us. You’re out here for the sport of anyone who fancies it and I’m - well, we all know what I am. And in a couple of weeks I’m going to be expected to lay back and spread my legs for any bloke who fancies fucking a cunt with a cock on it and they tell me there are plenty here who will. We’re worse than whores. At least they have a choice and get paid for it!”

“It’s because we don’t have that choice that it’s not our fault,” Shelley said. “Just remember that. It’s them who are corrupt, not us!”

“I’m not so sure, not any more,” Martin retorted.

It was purely bad luck that the two girls did not make it back to the building unaccosted. They waited in the trees for what they judged to be ten minutes to allow Teri and Martin to get clear, but half way across the lawn they were hailed by two men and a woman, all dressed casually in leather trousers and singlet tops and all, clearly, very drunk. The woman, who was apparently the ringleader, decided it would be great sport for her two companions to mount Shelley and Selina doggy fashion, side by side and see who could bring his mount to a climax first. At the same time, having divested herself of

her own trousers, the woman squatted in front of each girl in turn and made them pleasure her with their tongues.

It was a rough ten minutes, but neither man was up to more. Disappointed, the woman was determined to make the girls suffer more. From the small bag she carried, she produced two locking links, stood Shelley and Selina face to face, secured their nipples to their partner's opposite number and, for good measure, gagged them.

"Let's see you get back to your nice comfy cells like that then," she sneered, kicking one of her male companions who lay on the grass in a drunken, exhausted stupor. They managed it, but not without a great effort, holding onto each other's shoulders for support and crabwalking sideways, one careful step at a time. Back in the corridor leading to their cell, they were confronted by Fiona, whose reaction was to burst out laughing.

"Good one!" she cried. "I'll have to remember that for future reference." She made no move to release them, not from their gags, nor from the links that held them in such close proximity to each other and Shelley's worst fears were confirmed when Fiona's laughter had subsided enough for her to speak again.

"I think," she said, ushering them in through the door of their cell, 'that I'll let you stay like that a little longer. You two sluts have been having far too easy a time of things lately.' As Shelley stared out at her from behind the tinted lenses, she found it impossible to believe that this hard faced, yet undoubtedly beautiful woman could ever have been a man and her thoughts turned once again to Martin.

Martin had been given a different room upon returning from his walk with Teri. Set down in the main cell area, it was better furnished than his original cell, with a bed, a closet and a chest of drawers, as well as a hand basin and a flush toilet set behind a screen at the far end. The only thing was, the place had been decorated in pink and white, with pink floral curtains at the high barred window even. Sheets, pillowcases and valance all matched and the tiled floor had actually been covered with a pale pink carpet.

"Think pink, think female," Teri explained. "That's the psychology of it, anyway." She took Martin's hands in hers and squeezed them, comfortingly. "Look, your friend was quite right. You've got to ride the punches, otherwise you'll go down and out."

"Maybe that's the best thing that could happen to me," Martin sighed. "I don't think I want this."

"Don't knock it till you've tried it," Teri said. "It's not such a bad lot, being a woman. I should know."

"Yes, but I'm not a woman, am I?" Martin pointed out. "At the moment I'm just a man with boobs and a face that's had a certain amount of cosmetic shenanigans done to it. I know that they intend going further, but I don't know how I'm going to handle that."

"You'll do all right. Just look at as being a woman with an extra clitoris - a bloody great big one, maybe, but it ain't that different, not when you get right down to basics. Listen, we were all shipped here for one reason and one reason only and there was no getting away from it from day one. So what the heck if you can do it both ways at once and look like something out of *Bizarre Vogue*? Just concentrate on staying just the right side of sane and just think, if you ever did manage to get away from here, you'd be worth millions!"

Before leaving Martin, Teri unlocked his various restraints, though she left the white tracking collar in place. He sat on the bed, peeling off his gloves and staring at his long red nails then seized several strands of his silvery hair and drew them around in front of his left eye, fingering them and studying them absently. Finally, he got up and walked across to the dressing table, still staggered that the sexy female reflection approaching him in the mirror was himself. He sat down on the stool, leaned forward and peered closely at his face and pouted. The implants in his lips, especially the bottom one, had certainly altered the balance of his features. That mouth should have been on a topless glamour model or a movie siren.

He checked through the various drawers, but they were all empty. The drawers in the chest were the same, as was the closet. He paced about the room and realised that he needed to empty his bladder and, behind the screen, drew down the elasticated panties and freed his manhood with a sigh of relief. Suddenly, a hidden speaker crackled into life somewhere overhead.

“Daisy 23,” a metallic voice intoned, *“you will refrain from using the toilet in a standing position. Young ladies who do not perform their ablutions in accordance with the rules will be severely punished.”* Martin hesitated, looking around for the cameras, but could see no sign of them. The voice came again. *“Daisy 23, this is your first and only warning. Get your backside on that toilet seat, or else!”* With a sigh, Martin turned, pulled the panties down below his knees and lowered himself onto the cool plastic. After all, he reasoned, what did it matter if you peed standing up or sitting down, the feeling of relief was just as good, wasn't it?

Afterwards, he struggled to get the panties back into place properly and realised that it was the bulge he was now making at the front that ruined the fit. He considered this for a few minutes, standing in front of the mirror with his skirt raised. Would he be in trouble for not tucking his genitalia out of sight the way Teri had originally? Probably, he concluded and set about rectifying matters. A minute later, when he raised his skirt to the mirror, it was a totally feminine looking flasher who responded from the glass.

Fiona turned away from the bank of surveillance screens, stooped down to rummage inside the small bag in which she carried her few feminine necessities when not actually on active duty handling prisoners and drew out the silver compact. She flipped it open and stared at her magnified reflection, paying particularly close attention to her eyes. She swore softly to herself when she saw that the tiny lines were definitely still there. At forty seven, though she looked half that age, this should not yet be happening to her and she would have to see O'Leary privately without delay. She had been promised that the androgyne treatment would result in her keeping a youthful appearance well into her sixties, as well as the other potential advantages it had promised at the time. Well, one of those advantages had been a complete disaster, but Fiona had been prepared to balance the complete loss of her maleness against the promise of a longer, active and good looking life.

As Marcus Leadbetter, he had only come to the island by the strangest of flukes, for although Marcus was bisexual, with a varied collection of strange sexual preferences, he was, first and foremost, a top-notch forger. However, even the best can get caught,

though in Marcus's case a tip-off, followed by a hectic midnight flit, had just kept him out of the clutches of the police. Using an identity which he had prepared for just such an emergency, complete with bank balance and the relevant ID, Marcus had become Simon Wellington and gone to ground in a remote country cottage, knowing that the authorities would eventually lose interest in his case.

To help pass the time, Simon/Marcus had decided upon a touring holiday in Europe, most particularly concentrating on the various clubs that catered for people with his, or similar, sexual tastes. There he had met and befriended another leather-loving bisexual by the name of Colin Andrews, also from England and that friendship had culminated in an invitation for Colin to spend a week at Simon's discreet retreat. Colin agreed, though told Simon, regretfully, that he could only stay a week, as he was due to take up a new appointment with Braveheart Security.

During the week, Colin gave Simon plenty of less than discreet hints as to why he was so keen to begin his new career and Simon contemplated following in his footsteps, until his guest revealed that Braveheart's screening process was so thorough that it would undoubtedly turn up the fact that Simon Wellington was not who he claimed to be. Regretfully, he prepared to bid his new friend farewell and offered to treat him to a farewell dinner in the nearest country town.

On the way back to the cottage, the car engine died mysteriously and, as the two men continued on foot, they were waylaid by muggers and Colin was stabbed in the ensuing struggle. Before Simon had chance to get him to a doctor, he died from loss of blood. Simon was distraught, not just at the death of his friend, but at what any police involvement might mean - until he had his brainwave.

The two men were of the same height and build and not that different, facially. Simon had grown a small moustache since assuming his new identity and his hair was darker than Colin's, but a razor and hair dye soon took care of that and, with his criminal skills it did not take him long to doctor Colin's ID card to an extent where it would pass almost any sort of scrutiny. During the twenty four hours that it took Simon to effect all this, as well as emptying his bank account, Colin's body remained hidden in Simon's kitchen freezer, after which, having placed an authentic looking card in the name of Simon George Wellington on it, Simon deposited the corpse in the woods about fifty metres from the broken down car.

Now, with Colin's identity, Colin's papers and Colin's car, plus his own money stashed in the boot under the spare tyre, Simon set out for his new life off the coast of mainland Scotland. He passed scrutiny at the security desk with no trouble at all, settled in to his new quarters and, within forty eight hours, realised that he had found heaven on earth. However, the devil was lurking to reclaim his own - or, in this case, *her* own.

He never did find out how Lydia Pierce discovered the truth. He never dared ask and she never volunteered the information, but she had apparently been aware of his real identity for several weeks before she had finally summoned him to her office. Unmasked, not just as Simon Wellington, but as his real self, Marcus Leadbetter, our hero's head was full of tumbling images, in which it would be he downstairs in those cells and outrageous outfits and his peers and colleagues of the last three months who wielded their whips and canes on his flesh. Wildly, he considered grabbing Lydia and using her as a hostage to make good his escape, but before he could act, she made him an offer that left him speechless.

“You have some singular talents in a variety of fields, Marcus,” she had said. “Those talents are too valuable to waste, or to leave languishing in some cell to be squandered on the rich philanders who pay our wages. From time to time, we find ourselves in situations where the right paperwork is able to expedite matters that might otherwise prove tedious and your skills as an instructor and handler are the equal of anyone else here, with the possible exception of myself.” She went on to suggest that the name of Marcus Leadbetter should stay between the two of them and Marcus could have kissed her feet, much as such an action went against his normal demeanour. For a while, things returned to normal, or at least what passed as normal on Carne Craig Head.

The sucker punch had come three months later, though at first, Marcus/Simon/Colin had not needed that much persuasion. The Pandora Project - though it was known as the Aphrodite Programme in those days, had a certain perverse appeal to the cruel bisexual and the idea of retaining beauty into an old age which would not be physically failing until at least a decade beyond the biblical three score years and ten appealed to his vanity. With a growing excitement, he had agreed to join the prisoner subjects to undergo treatment.

Three months further on, Marcus Leadbetter had taken on the outward physical appearance of a beautiful young woman, though beneath his skirt he possessed all his male organs as well as his new vagina. His female parts were a tremendous success and he would never forget the first time he had seduced one of the young male guests, enveloping the eager satyr’s huge erection in his throbbing love tunnel and attaining the sort of orgasm he had never known as an ordinary male. At first, he had not even been that bothered by the complete failure of his male appendage to display any interest as well.

Professor O’Leary had initially assured him that it was a side effect of the treatment that would soon wear off and that, quite soon, Marcus, who had adopted the name Fiona in public on the island, would be able to sate his bisexual appetite in the best of both worlds. Unfortunately, O’Leary’s genius was to let him down in this case and, after a further year, Marcus/Fiona and the rest of the Aphrodite subjects had to face the inevitable truth, that their male parts were neither use nor ornament. Marcus/Fiona did not even bother protesting when Lydia ordered the professor to castrate them all completely. He became a she, but the woman who emerged from the sanatorium after surgery retained a grudge that would take years to assuage, if not the remainder of her life.

Fiona snapped the compact shut and dropped it back into her bag, returning her attention to the screens. Her fingers played rapidly over the keyboard and the various images flickered and changed. Her attention settled on two monitors in particular.

In the first, the bald, blindfolded figure of the Dutch girl could be seen chained speadeagled against the wall of her cell. The closed circuit camera did not show it, but Fiona knew that beneath the crotchstrap twin vibrators had been humming away for three hours now. The stupid creature was gagged, but Fiona still punched in the code to bring up the audio. The sad bitch would be moaning like a vixen in heat by now and Fiona made a mental note to visit that cell before midnight. She had plans for that one all right. She cursed as the speakers remained unresponsive. The maintenance crew were supposed to have finished overhauling the entire audio loop system by now and yet there were still ten cells and the entire sanatorium wing that were without sound.

Fiona turned to the second screen that had interested her. The camera currently displaying was pointing directly towards the bed and picked out the sole occupant in sharp colour. The silver blonde figure sat leaning forward, elbows on knees, chin cupped in her hands, except that she wasn't really a female yet, of course. Yes, Daisy 23, part of the Pandora 2 project. It wouldn't be long now before the slut would be back under the knife and by the time she had fully healed and convalesced, those tits would be twice the size they were now, at least. From the look of the bitch, she wasn't exactly happy with her situation, which was understandable and yet Fiona would have given anything to be able to change places with her.

Too late now, she thought, grinding her teeth in frustration. But if that particular Daisy thought she'd got it tough now, she had one hell of a shock coming to her.

Shelley and Selina had been left clipped to each other for several hours before one of the night shift guards, Dawn, had released them and unlocked their gags. They had managed to get themselves lying down, face to face on the bed, but they had not been able to move without considerable discomfort. Despite this, the incorrigible Selina had soon sought out Shelley's unprotected sex with her gloved fingers and brought her to orgasm with a swift expertise that Shelley was beginning to find awesome.

They spoke with their eyes and Shelley happily repaid the compliment, after which they dozed in each other's arms for a while before beginning all over again. If Shelley had not been starting to feel so thirsty, she could happily have stayed that way for the rest of the night. She didn't even care that she perhaps ought to be feeling guilty at the way she was beginning to enjoy sex in bondage, especially with her cellmate.

The two girls drank their evening supplement greedily, wondering if Dawn would return to remove their shiny red bodysuits, masks and boots, but after a while it became obvious that they would have to sleep as they were. Shelley sighed, stood up and placed her empty beaker on the side table, before beginning to pace back and forth, oblivious now to the weight of her footwear.

"Before you came here," she said, at length, "did you ever used to watch old movies on television?"

"Yeah, sometimes. Why?" Selina paused in the act of draining her own beaker and looked up, surprised at the turn in the conversation.

"Well, there was one, made back about seventy years ago," Shelley said. "It was called the Island-of-something-or-other."

"Doctor Moreau," Selina finished for her. "And I can guess what you're going to say. The only difference here is that O'Leary's little experiments turn out roughly the way he intended."

"The results are still pretty hideous, don't you think?"

"Still thinking about the boyfriend, huh? Better start thinking of him as a girlfriend from now on; start getting used to the idea, though whether you'll get much opportunity to see him again is open to question."

"Poor Martin," Shelley sighed. "I feel so guilty."

"Because of what we've been getting up to together, you mean? Well don't." Selina returned to her liquid meal and drained the contents in one gulp. "In this place," she

continued, stifling a belch, “you get what you can, where you can, etcetera, etcetera.”

“Is that how you think of me, getting what you can where you can?” Shelley protested. “I just happen to come along and so you make use of me, is that it?”

Selina stood up and drew Shelley to her. “No, I didn’t mean it like that, though if you want the blunt truth, yes, if they’d put someone else in here that I fancied, then I’d have done much the same thing. The point is, we ain’t got any choices here, kiddo, so we accept our little triumphs over the system wherever we can score them. I don’t know about you, but it’s what keeps me sane. Now, stop pouting and come to bed. Your twat looks too inviting bulging out of that slit and mine is getting lonely, too.”

During the years she had been married to Hans, Monika Haarlan had grown accustomed to spending long hours in bondage, usually wearing whichever bizarre costume her husband had most recently ordered from one of his favourite designer/manufacturers. However, she had never had to endure the strictures of the sort of outfits and restraints they used on Carne Craig Head. Furthermore, at home she had become something of an escape artiste, being supple limbed and very practical. They had incorporated that facet of her talents into the games they played and Hans had installed a sort of time clock which also photographed her, so that if she got herself free before he returned home, she would have the evidence to prove how well she had done. These people, she realised, did not play games; they went at it for real and, as Monika surveyed her latest predicament, she knew that there would be no escaping now, for the very outfits they put prisoners into, more often than not were part of the overall restraint themselves. Her current costume was a classic example of that.

Fiona had started by putting her into long, tall boots, the weight of whose soles and heels dragged when she walked, which she could do only with extreme difficulty as the heels were so extravagantly high that little more than the tips of Monika’s toes would have been in contact with the ground had it not been for the spreading effect of the platform sole, which extended backwards to support about two inches of the angled part of her foot. The boots were designed so that they could be laced together in the same fashion as many of the gloves that she had worn since that first evening, but Fiona had only used this facility from just above the knees up to where the tops nestled just beneath her bare sex. It meant that Monika could walk, but only with comical little waddling movements.

The corset and gusset were all in one, though there was a detachable flap in the gusset to allow access to whichever orifice might be desired and, although outwardly it was covered in leather, the inner shell was of thin, unbreakable and unbending pronon. The front busk, which stopped just short of Monika’s breasts, snapped together by means of a row of tiny studs which aligned with a row of sockets in the other half into which they were automatically locked when inserted. The laces which drew the back even tighter were made from a pronon type product, which Fiona delighted in telling her were unbreakable and uncuttable, at least with normal scissors or knives. It would, the woman gloated, require at least a heavy duty bolt cutter to sever the thongs, which, when they had been tied off, slipped through a locking device to prevent the knots being loosened off by anyone other than the keyholder.

The gloves were made in the same way as the corset, looking like leather on the outside, but holding Monika's upper limbs, including her fingers, rigid and inflexible. They, too, laced tight and had the knots locked out of reach. On the inside of each elbow was a short stud, shaped like a thin mushroom, which locked into a corresponding socket on the side of the corset. Once connected, there was no need for any wrist restraints, for Monika's arms were held stiffly to attention by this simple device.

The collar which Fiona fitted was a wicked piece of design and construction. Again, it appeared to be made from leather, but the outer covering concealed more unyielding prolon beneath, but it was more than just a collar, for it rose up to become a mask which enclosed the lower half of the head, together with a strange looking triangular nose shield. A gag was incorporated, which did not seem to be detachable and there were two prongs which were positioned one up each nostril. These were hollow, to permit the wearer to breathe, but produced a strange whistling sound when Monika did so. Fiona opened her hand to show Fiona two tiny stoppers.

"If you displease me," she warned, "these go in and you have no air supply. I will demonstrate for a few seconds, just so you know what to expect." Before Monika could react - not that she could have done much in her parlous state - Fiona had thrust the two little bungs home and Monika found that her attempts to breathe in met with total resistance. Her nostrils tightened around the hollow tubes, but that was all. She tried to suck air around the gag, but inside the mask was a soft oval seal which sat around her lips and there was no respite that way. Her head began to reel and a delicious sense of panic quickly overtook her before Fiona finally relented and removed the two obstructions. As air rushed back into her pounding lungs, Monika realised that she had climaxed in sheer, wonderful, helpless terror, but the fat shaft which the crotch strap was holding inside her vagina was so far preventing any tell-tale leakages.

"That was twenty seconds," Fiona told her, pocketing the stoppers for the moment. "If I have to use them in earnest, it will be for a minimum of a minute. It will not kill you and, if you are anything of an experienced swimmer, you will not even pass out, though I am told that it is nothing like trying to hold your breath under water." She looked deep into Monika's eyes and frowned. "Mind you, I think you might be one that'd enjoy it," she sneered. Monika could not reply, of course, and she could not imagine what anyone dressed in this fashion could possibly do to earn the sort of punishment Fiona was threatening, but she secretly hoped that she might find out. She sighed, slowly. After this, her games with Hans would pale into insignificance and one dark corner of her mind wondered how she would feel if he did not come to release her after all.

Having had all her piercings done in Hans' chalet, Monika had not seen the studio where Teri worked until now. Almost unable to walk, other than at a painfully slow rate, she was pushed down the corridor perched on a small wheeled stand, from which rose a tubular metal upright to which she was secured for the journey. Fiona steered her right up to the chair before releasing her, unlocking her elbows at the same time to facilitate her sitting down. Her stiff arms were pulled out straight and straps fastened them to the arms of the chair and the back of her collar was locked to the headrest.

Teri was on her own when they arrived and she and Fiona went into a whispered conference, flicking through the pages of a large format book. The instructor then took her leave and Teri approached Monika pushing a trolley on which were a number of objects that Monika did not recognise.

“Before I start,” Teri said, “I’m not supposed to tell you this, but the colours I am going to use and the technique itself are not permanent, not like the old fashioned style tattoo.” Above the mask and to either side of the nose shield, Monika’s eyes widened in silent enquiry. Teri understood. “Bitch Queen has decided that you’re to have your head tattooed. She’s selected one of the snake designs, with loads of foliage and stuff. With the gear we’ve got here, it’s a lot quicker than it used to be, but its still likely to take me all afternoon. I wish I could remove your gag and offer you a drink, but she wouldn’t leave the key with me, so I’m afraid you’ll just have to put up with it.

“Also, I’d appreciate it if you didn’t wriggle, or try to resist. You can’t do much like that and it’ll be done anyway, even if we have to put you under, so you might as well sit still and let me do a decent job. I’m not in that different a situation to you and I could find myself on the wrong end of the whip if the results don’t measure up.”

As Teri had predicted, it took her more than three hours to complete her task. There was no mirror in which Monika could monitor her progress, but the tiny humming needle pen covered every square millimetre of her face that was not covered by the mask, including her ears. She wondered what exactly Teri was doing, but was forced to remain in her enforced silence and bore it stoically, excitement mounting within her with every minute that passed.

Fiona returned after about two hours and removed the mask and collar, having been assured by Teri that her ‘patient’ had given no trouble. She looked down at Monika and nodded.

“Do the rest of it,” she told Teri, “right down to the neck. And decorate those tits, too. Come to that, you can put something on each shoulder. I’ll teach her that we don’t play kiddie games here.” She turned to leave again, but paused and looked back. “Stud her nose, too. Both sides and the septum, but just put flat studs in for now, or the tubes won’t go in her nostrils.”

When Fiona had gone, Teri stopped working and proffered a glass of water, holding it to Monika’s lips. The Dutch girl sipped, gratefully and had drunk half of it before she indicated that she was satisfied. She looked up at Teri and smiled, weakly.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “You are very kind.”

“And you’re another of these mad women,” Teri responded, curtly. “You need your brains examining, volunteering for all this.”

“At the time, I did not fully realise quite what was entailed,” Monika replied. Teri let out a short snort of amusement.

“I’ll bet you didn’t. Did they explain that you didn’t get any choices?”

Monika nodded. “They did. It was what I wanted, though I did not expect to have my hair shaved and neither did I expect this. Do I look really horrendous?”

“Depends upon your taste,” Teri said. “We have people come here who will come in their boots just from looking at you. Fiona has someone lined up for you already, a Japanese bloke who loves his females to look like tapestries. You want to hope he doesn’t ask to have you tattooed all over, because if he does, Fiona will send you back here like a shot. How do you reckon your husband will react when he sees you? Is he into all this body art stuff?”

“Not whilst I have known him.”

Teri pursed her lips. “I think I see what the Bitch Queen is playing at,” she said. “She’s hoping that when he does see you and finds out that this lot will take a few months

to fade, he'll decide to leave you where you are for a bit longer." If she had expected this revelation to cause Monika consternation, she was mistaken. The woman seemed positively excited at the prospect.

"What's the matter?" Teri asked her. "Don't you love your husband? Don't you want to be with him?"

"Of course I love him and he loves me, which is why he agreed to my doing this and why I agreed also. He knows what I need as well as I do and if I remain as a prisoner for longer, it is a further proof of our total devotion to each other." Teri shook her head, bewildered. There were some types of people she would never understand. She thought of Shelley, struggling to come to terms with the reality of her predicament and picked up the electronic art pen, working on in virtual silence until she had finally finished. She picked up the collar and mask and snapped it back into place and pushing the gag home unceremoniously, without bothering to ask Monika if she was thirsty again. *You wanted a bit of deprivation, madame, she thought, grimly, so bloody well be deprived for a bit longer!*

One of the side benefits of Professor O'Leary's age retardency programme was that it reduced the need for sleep, in some cases by up to seventy five percent. Lydia Pierce was one of these and could arise, feeling totally refreshed, after only two hours slumber. Not that this meant that she spent only two hours in her private boudoir, for there were plenty of choices of substitute pastimes to fill those extra hours that lesser mortals would pass in dreamland.

This particular evening, there were three other people sharing Lydia's bedroom, two by choice, though they would have had to be there even had they not wanted to and the third who was currently wishing that he were anywhere else. This was a prisoner of eight months standing named Paul ninety six, who had earned Lydia's disfavour by failing to perform satisfactorily in the human pony races which were a regular feature of island life. Paul had actually won all three of his races, but in each he had beaten Lydia's entry and she had lost wagers to several guests. Not that the money was important - it was a pittance compared to what she earned for just one day - but Lydia did not like to lose in anything and so had decided that Paul should suffer for his arrogance.

He had been brought to her blindfolded, in a full head and face mask, complete with uncomfortably large gag. The centre of this gag was hollow and could be attached to a plastic tube, through which a variety of liquids could be introduced. The breathing apertures for the nostrils could be closed off by turning a small valve, forcing the unfortunate wearer to swallow or suffocate. He had been spreadeagled on a specially designed frame set against the wall opposite the end of Lydia's huge bed, his feet clear of the ground, weights hanging from his testicles and nipples and a huge butt plug kept firmly in place by means of a harness which left his genitalia fully exposed. Lydia had then connected a tube from his gag to a small pump unit and then, via another tube, to a small commode stool into which she urinated copiously. The fluid dropped down as far as the sump of the pump, which then propelled it onwards and upwards, until it reached the mouth of her helpless victim. As Lydia was drinking generous quantities of wine and mineral water, Paul received a further measure of his own, bitter tasting refreshment at

approximately half hourly intervals.

After relieving herself for the third time, Lydia attached a catheter and another tube to Paul's penis and attached this to the pump in turn. It would not be too long, she calculated, before he was unable to retain control over his bladder and she smiled at the prospect. In his totally dark environment he might well have guessed what she had done and he would fight to the last, but Lydia knew of one sure way to make sure that his efforts were in vain. She turned the little disposable hypodermic over in her hand, wondering if she would actually need it. She would almost certainly use it regardless, but timing was the crucial thing. The local anaesthetic, if injected in the right position, would disable the muscles controlling the bladder, which would then empty itself automatically, but the best effect would be achieved by using it just before the prisoner would have lost control himself.

Lydia's other two companions were both female, or at least one of them was. The other was a Pandora, the red haired creature from the theatre, whose actual name was now Narcissus, chosen because she had become so proud of her new body that she spent most of her time preening in front of whichever mirror happened to be available. She had had another name when she first arrived on the island, but Lydia could no longer remember what it was; there were so many prisoners through her system that she had long ago given up wasting time on such trivial details. If she ever did need to know anything that badly, it was all in her computer anyway.

Narcissus Pandora (her original name in the outside world had actually been Adam Braithwaite, but even she never thought about that now) was reclining on a velvet covered couch by the window, stroking the huge erection that she now had thanks to Lydia allowing her to inject herself with a dose of the required stimulant. Her balls were encased in a tight lattice of gold wire, which one of the handlers had locked onto her very tightly, but Narcissus - or Cissie, as she was more generally known - did not mind the nagging pain. Rather she enjoyed it and the little sensations it triggered in company with the two steel balls which had been inserted into her now locked vagina. Her free hand toyed with one of her heavy nipple rings, stretching the elongated flesh even further and her eyes were half closed and heavy from the effects of the wine Lydia had been feeding her all evening. Very soon, she knew, she would have to squat on the commode herself and provide her contribution to Paul's liquid diet. She eyed her stiff phallus and stifled a giggle. Once, as a man, it would have been all but impossible to urinate whilst sporting such an erection, but now, thanks to O'Leary's magic knife, she peed via her female parts, leaving her penis free for less mundane pursuits.

She turned her attention to the mute figure hanging against the wall and wondered whether Lydia would require her to use her masculine attributes on him, but she was not really too concerned. Having a male rear end squirming on the end of her shaft was quite acceptable, but this evening she fancied either a nice wet female pussy, or else a throbbing cock belonging to someone else pumping away inside her own sex. Even better if the two could be done simultaneously! Cissy lost interest in Paul and she looked at the room's fourth occupant with increasing interest.

Joelle was Lydia's personal body servant. The Eurasian girl with the huge almond eyes was only four feet nine inches tall, but was otherwise perfectly proportioned and was rumoured to be able to accommodate the most generously endowed men with consummate ease in either orifice. Cissy had seen her before, but this was the first time

up close and also the first time she had been naked. Like Cissie herself, Joelle had been pierced and ringed in all the usual places and a fine gold chain and lock held her sex lips tightly sealed for the moment. Her face was made up in the exotic fashion that was commonplace among prisoners, but it was her hair that was the most striking feature apart from her eyes. About half her skull had been shaved and permanently depilated, but the remainder of her coal black hair had been drawn up through a golden tube and then allowed to grow down into a heavy braided plait which just brushed the floor when she walked without heels. At the moment, the girl lay across the end of Lydia's bed, the plait utilised by Lydia to bind Joelle's hands together behind her back. It would probably have taken little effort for her to escape this particular bondage, but she showed no inclination to do so, remaining docile and patient whilst her mistress, who was clad in a simple, thigh length shift of black silk, amused herself by adding extra weights to Paul's already painfully stretched scrotal sac.

"And tomorrow," Lydia said to the hooded figure, "I'll have them hitch you up to my trap and we'll go for a nice little drive. It'll be interesting to see just how far you open your legs after tonight." From behind the gag, Paul let out a muffled groan. Lydia tweaked the end of his organ playfully. "By the time you've had a few hours with Cissie to finish your night, you'll be too tired to feel any pain, my little stallion. You'll be more like a gelding, come morning."

Lydia turned away from Paul with a flourish, the black silk swirling about her hips to reveal that she was naked beneath it. She strutted across to the bed, swaying on her high heels and drew Joelle to her feet. The diminutive girl was wearing sandals with five inch platforms and ten inch heels, but Lydia still towered above her.

"His cock is in a pathetic condition," Lydia said, jerking her head towards the dangling Paul. "Use those magic lips of yours to make sure he remains as hard as possible from now on, but do not let him come. I want him to feel his skin being stretched and strained for the next two hours. After that, we will put him in a severe cock harness and let Cissie have her way with him." Wordlessly, Joelle moved to obey, looking like a strange doll perched on her ridiculous footwear and yet, such was her natural grace and balance, that she had no difficulty walking whatsoever. She stooped in front of Paul, drew his flaccid organ to her mouth and went to work. Within seconds, his flesh was responding and in less than half a minute his cock stood rampant, purplish veins bulging beneath its tortured skin. Satisfied, Lydia turned to the Pandora.

"Come," she ordered, gesturing with a crooked finger and slid onto the bed, propping herself against the mountain of silk covered cushions. Cissie, cock still in her hand, rose obediently and joined her mistress, kneeling, thighs spread wide, a foot or so from her. Lydia stretched out one hand and stroked Cissie's bulging knob.

"You are a slut, Cissie," she said. The Pandora held her head proudly, her face impassive.

"Yes, Mistress," she said. With her free hand she lifted one pendulous breast and proffered it to Lydia. Lydia shook her head.

"Not yet, Cissie. Put that hand to your pussy and slide your fingers inside. Tell me what you feel."

"I feel my clitoris, Mistress," Cissie replied, when she had done as Lydia ordered, working one finger between chain and rings and stretching the soft flesh just wide enough to permit passage. "I feel my clitoris and my wet tunnel."

“And in your other hand, Cissie? What do you feel in your other hand?”

“My cock, Mistress, throbbing and bulging and eager to please you.”

“Would you like to push that ugly, beautiful thing inside me, Cissie?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Does it give you a feeling of power when you have your Mistress impaled upon that monster and sucking your huge tits?”

“Not power, Mistress, just pleasure that my mistress finds her pleasure in turn from this humble body.” Lydia sat up, laughing.

“You are a liar, Cissie,” she snorted. “A good one, at times, I grant you and yes, I do love to feel that cock in me and to suck on the tits that I gave you. But there is still enough male pride within you that you relish your man’s shaft being deep within me, though we both know that I can control you with just one finger on your woman’s sex bud.”

“Yes, Mistress, we do,” Cissie agreed. Her finger was beginning to move rhythmically now and her breasts rose and fell with her heavy breathing. Lydia lay back again, reached under the pillow and withdrew a small packet. She tore it open with her teeth and drew out an old fashioned rubber condom. Leaning forward, she brushed Lydia’s right hand aside and fitted the sheath over her cock. She lay back again and nodded.

“Continue, Cissie,” she commanded. “Now we have made sure that there is no unnecessary mess, I want you to make yourself come for me. Wank your cock and rub your clit and fill that rubber teat with your seedless spunk. I want to see those great tits wobbling for me, do you understand?”

The Pandora smiled, sweetly. “Yes, Mistress,” she said. “I understand.”

Martin lay on top of his bed, staring at the ceiling, which was also painted a pale pink. It was conditioning, he reasoned. This latest environment was totally feminine, without a sign of male influence in the layout or decor and had been designed to separate him from his own male background. Teri had told him that he would never be allowed to wear anything remotely masculine again.

“It’s skirts for you from now on,” she had said and had continually addressed him as though he were a girl, despite his pleas. He looked down again and studied his legs. They certainly looked like a girl’s legs, in their sheaths of artificial nylon, the brief skirt revealing full, soft thighs, the feet arched by the high heeled boots into which they remained locked. And his rounded bosom was definitely not something you would find on any normal male. He touched his chest gently, wondering just how much bigger it would become, remembering the huge breasts of the Pandora, with their distended nipples and heavy rings.

Unconsciously, his other hand strayed between his thighs, fingers running over the taut fabric of his panties. Only their contents remained to show his true sex, but even they were shortly to be changed. Martin closed his eyes, trying to imagine what it would feel like to have a vagina as well as a penis. He had been strangely excited at the sight of the Pandora and he had wished that his own cock had not been trapped inside its rigid, sensory depriving hard shell whilst he was fucking her, for she had certainly responded as vigorously as any female lover Martin had known. Now, or very soon at least, it would

be his turn. He knew he ought to feel revulsion at the thought of another man putting his cock inside him, but somehow he didn't. Perhaps it was the effect of whatever it was they were injecting into him. If his body was now awash with female hormones, it was logical that his brain should experience feminine emotions. Did all women lie on their beds, playing with themselves and conjuring up rape fantasies?

Inside the panties, his cock was straining to grow hard. He fought against it for several minutes, closing his eyes and laying with his hands limply by his sides, but he knew it was a losing battle. He opened his eyes and sat up again, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed and standing unsteadily on his heels. He reached up under his skirt and began wriggling out of the panties, pulling them down over his thighs and knees and letting them fall about his ankles. Stepping out of them, he tossed them carelessly into the centre of the room and then fell back onto the bed.

He drew the hem of his skirt about his waist, revealing stocking tops, suspenders and a shaft that was already fully erect. His fingers closed around it and he began to pump it, steadily at first, but faster and faster as the response began building deep inside him. He looked up to where he imagined the camera might be, probably secreted in the light fitting and grinned, insanely.

"Is this what you want?" he cried, his soft, feminine voice echoing around off the walls to mock him. "Is this what I'm supposed to do, wank cocks and suck cunts for the rest of my life? Well, do your worst, all of you. I'm going to bloody well enjoy it!"

Fiona roused Monika from a deep sleep just before dawn. She unlocked the chains that tethered her to her hard bed and led her through the maze of corridors until they arrived at her selected destination. Inside the room was a bewildering array of garments and hoods hanging from the wall on neat racks and filling the enclosed space with the heady aroma of real rubber. There was a small sink and a toilet bowl in one corner, with a heavy, backless stool bolted to the centre of the floor as the only actual furniture.

Fiona bent Monika over the stool, securing her with a heavy strap across the small of her back and administered a large enema with the sort of efficiency that showed she had performed the task hundreds of times before. Monika was then released and left to sit on the toilet for half an hour, until Fiona was satisfied that the soapy liquid had completed its work. She was then told to wash herself at the sink, whilst Fiona prepared her costume.

"This is the genuine article," Fiona said, as she helped Monika into the tight body suit. "Real rubber and no synthetic substitutes." She worked away tirelessly, tugging and twisting, easing and smoothing, until the garment was up to Monika's neck. It closed at the back with two zips, the second closing a rubber seal over the first.

"Completely water tight," Fiona said, leaving Monika no wiser. Fiona motioned her to sit on the stool and began making adjustments. When the rubber had first enclosed her feet and hands, Monika had noticed that there were two layers of the fabric at these points. The inner layer was molded to fit every digit perfectly, even the toes squirming into individual pockets, but the outer layer was loose and shapeless. All now became much clearer as Fiona attached a small bottle of compressed air to the four valves in turn, inflating each outer skin until it resembled an oval ball and pressing the inner layer even tighter against Monika's flesh. Her feet felt strange, resting against a floor she could no

longer feel and her hands were rendered totally useless. She looked down at them, noticing the thick loops that had been attached to each extremity and the similar loops dangling ahead of where her toes should be. She looked up at Fiona, questioningly, but did not dare speak without permission.

“All will be revealed shortly,” was all Fiona would say. Monika felt herself trembling with anticipation. She did not know what Fiona was going to do, but something told her that this was going to be an experience to top anything else she had suffered, or enjoyed, so far. She sat meekly whilst Fiona inserted molded plugs into her ears. They reached deeply within, blocking out almost all sound except that close by and Monika felt her heart rate begin to quicken.

The rubber hood fitted over her head and down to overlap the high collar of the suit where it, like the suit before it, was joined and sealed by a double layer zip. There were lenses for the eyes, but Monika could not see out of them properly, for there seemed to be a limp outer skin to the helmet too. There was a gag, of sorts, that Fiona manoeuvred into her mouth soft tubes that fitted her nostrils, though like the earlier tubes and the ball that now filled her mouth, they were hollow and allowed air to pass in and out reasonably freely. Fiona moved behind her and Monika felt her fiddling with something. A loud hissing sound suddenly filled her head and the pressure of the rubber on her features grew greater as the outer helmet was inflated. The two sets of lenses came into line, though everything seemed small and remote, the way things looked through the wrong end of a telescope.

Inside the double layer, Monika did not here the door opening, nor the approach of the two male guards. Her first knowledge of their presence came when they hoisted her up between them and carried her from the room. Cocooned within her rubber skins, Monika began to imagine all sorts of possibilities, but she was not prepared for what actually happened.

Their journey was a brief one, only as far as an adjoining room. Through the lenses, Monika could see little, apart from what appeared to be a small swimming pool. It was water, as she discovered when they lowered her into it. hands, feet and head bobbing on the surface with their extra buoyancy. She felt, rather than saw, the tethers being attached to the loops at hands and feet, her arms and legs being drawn wide, though not excessively so. She was aware that someone was in the water alongside her, fastening something about her wrists, the extra weight causing her inflated hands to sink just beneath the surface. The process was repeated at her ankles and then a weighted belt secured about her waist, so that her whole body, with the exception of her head, floated a few inches down.

Something was being fitted to her nose and mouth and Monika felt the cool draught of fresh air in her nostrils. Suddenly, her ears were filled by the sound of Fiona’s voice and she realised, with a start, that each earplug must contain a tiny receiver.

“You are in one of our sensory deprivation tanks, slave,” Fiona said. “You will remain there until I decide otherwise. You can breathe and every few hours the air supply to your mouth will contain moisture enough to maintain the necessary fluid levels. You will hear nothing, see nothing, smell nothing, taste nothing. Your air supply will shortly be passed through a sterilisation unit that neutralises all odours and tastes. The water in which you are suspended is maintained at the same temperature as your body, so you will feel neither heat, nor cold. At present, your head is above water, but it is now being

attached to a line which will hold it below.” As she spoke, Monika felt the faintest tug, but her head sunk inexorably under the pressure and the water closed over the outer lenses, leaving her with nothing to see but a silvery shimmering. Even that was soon to be denied her, as a dark shadow crept slowly across her view. Fiona’s voice spoke to her again.

“The top of the pool is now being covered,” she informed her. The last chink of light faded out, leaving Monika in a darkness as black as that created by any blindfold. She could hear the thumping of her heart and the sound of her own breathing, but that was all, until Fiona spoke to her for the final time.

“You are now sealed in your own environment,” she intoned. “Soon, all passage of time will lose its relevance. Minutes become hours, hours become seconds, days become months. This is the last human contact you will have until I decide otherwise, so sleep well, my arrogant slave bitch. Sweet dreams.”

And then she was gone and the silence and the darkness closed around Monika. She gripped the soft ball gag between her teeth, drawing a deep breath and swallowing, revelling in the weightlessness and total isolation. She sighed, long and deep and then, without warning, was suddenly swept up in the most violent orgasm she had ever experienced.

Though he was not aware of it, Martin now floated in the tank next to Monika’s, having been dressed and prepared in almost identical fashion. The only difference in the suit that Fiona and Amanda had put him into was the rigid rubber cup that surrounded his genitals, keeping outside pressure away from them and leaving ample room should his organ become erect. It was an unnecessary precaution, though, for unlike Monika, this strange, weightless, deaf and blind environment did not excite him.

He had read about this sort of treatment and knew that overwhelming fear and terror could sweep through him at any moment. In the old days, sensory deprivation had been used for treatment of certain psychiatric disorders, but it had also been used as an interrogation tool and even its medical application had caused more problems than it had cured, so such experiments had been outlawed long ago. Not that the laws seemed to extend to Carne Craig Head.

Martin closed his eyes, though it made no difference, but the action allowed him to pretend that he was preparing for sleep. How long he had been in the tank he had no idea. It had to be several hours by now, though he knew from what he had read that all meaning of time would have ceased within the first two hours or so.

He began writing his autobiography inside his head, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to recall specific incidents, or even the faces of people who had been quite close to him. There had been someone else, he was sure, a female, but he couldn’t remember her name. Something like Kelly, but it could have been Sheila or ... it didn’t really matter, he thought, listening to the rhythms of his own body, his breathing now very slow and shallow. He slept. He knew he slept, because he dreamed, but did one need to sleep here in order to dream? And was he really awake now.

The soft voice filled his head and he knew that he recognised it. It was repeating his name, or at least his feminine name, over and over, like a siren call from far across the

water.

“Daisy ... Daisy ... ”

Give me your answer do, Martin thought, irreverently. *I'm half crazy ...*

The voice changed, subtly, but the tone was still gentle, encouraging.

“Oh, sweet Daisy, alone in your lonely world. Are you comfortable, sweet Daisy? Do you ache for the arms of another? Soon, sweet Daisy, soon you shall rejoin the world, as a new creature that all will worship as you shall worship all. Sleep now, sweet Daisy, for when you awaken, your new dawn will have come and you shall be complete as no other before you.”

Dimly, Martin was aware of a slight change in the air he was breathing. It was barely noticeable, but after so long without any outside stimulation it was unmissable. In the darkness, his brain began to feel numb and he knew it was not from the effects of the tank. He tasted the faint sweetness and knew that he was being drugged, but that feeling, as he slipped quietly into unconsciousness, filled him with a warm sense of complete well being.

Professor O’Leary pulled the thin sheet back slowly, revealing the recumbent body beneath with a show of theatricality that Lydia found faintly amusing. There were times when the doctor’s little idiosyncracies annoyed her, but she was generally prepared to make allowances, for there was no doubting the man’s genius and his work was worth billions to her principals and millions to her personally over the next few years.

She peered down at the sleeping form, noting how the male genitalia had been carefully tied inside a linen pouch and taped up across the stomach to keep the area of the recent surgery clear. She saw the angry red swelling about the newly formed opening and the sterile, prolon tube which kept it open during the accelerated healing process. She could not see it, but she knew that the tiny clitoris was already in place, still growing towards its ultimate size, which O’Leary calculated it would attain in another seven days. Her scrutiny moved upwards, to where the breasts were visibly much larger than when she had last seen them, even though the Daisy was flat on her back. They would need proper support when she finally woke up, Lydia thought and wondered how large she ought to instruct the professor to let them grow. Not as large as Cissie’s, that was for sure. That had only been done to try to teach the arrogant Pandora a lesson, but had misfired totally, though those giant melons were definitely a plus factor among a certain element of the clientele.

No, this one had to be perfect. Already her hips and thighs were those of a model, her legs having grown two inches since the beginning of her treatment. They still had a little way to go, for Lydia wanted this protege to turn heads and stiffen cocks just by passing. The face had changed subtly during the past days, apart from O’Leary’s original cosmetic work on the lips. He had said that the new serum would produce staggering results, but Lydia had not expected his predictions would prove so understated. She looked across at him and could see from his face that he was feeling proud of his handiwork.

“I must congratulate you, Frank,” she said, smiling benignly. “This is by far and away the best one yet.”

“It’s a work of art, isn’t it?” O’Leary said. He never referred to the Aphrodites or the

Pandoras as 'she', not until the former had been finally castrated, anyway and it appeared that he intended to continue in this way with the new Daisies. "The regenerative hormone and genetic implant have speeded up the rate of healing by a factor of eight, too. That is as satisfying as the other side. You will find a huge market for it worldwide."

"And you will find your bank balance swollen accordingly," Lydia assured him. "My principals will be well satisfied, you can be sure of that. How long before she is fully recovered?" she added, nodding to the figure on the bed.

"She's been under sedation for seventy two hours or more already. In another twenty four I intend to remove the tube and anticipated that the flesh will be totally regenerated. I advise a further twenty four hours after that before we allow the patient to regain consciousness."

"And it will be safe enough to return her to the tank just before she does so?"

"Absolutely. I will attach sensors and probes so that we may monitor the recovery and at the first sign of any problem it can be removed. I take it you consider this course of action prudent?"

"I do," Lydia replied. "From previous observations, we know that prisoners emerging from the tanks suffer from complete disorientation. Daisy here spent thirty six hours there before being brought to the sanitorium, her air supply laced with a mild sedative to ensure that she did not experience panic attacks or some of the other less desirable side effects. The last thing she will remember is my voice as she went under. When she awakes, she will not know she has been out of the tank, though she will hear relaxing music for two or three hours before we bring her up again.

"When her suit is removed, she will see her new sexual characteristics for the first time, including her larger breasts and I am interested to see the reaction. I believe she will be more easily adaptable to her new circumstances, not having had the usual period of anxiety immediately prior to surgery."

"You may well be right," O'Leary admitted. "I shall call you tomorrow, if the patient is ready for transfer."

Martin emerged from the dreams of sleep to the dreams of black wakefulness, the soothing music filling his ears. He could see nothing, taste nothing, feel nothing and hear only the soft strains of the plaintive strings, but he knew something had changed. He felt relaxed, rested, unthreatened by the lightless cocoon that engulfed him and the sudden light from above, when it came, seemed like an intrusion on his comfortable isolation.

Hands lifted him from the water, carried him from the room, supported him whilst the rubber suit was peeled from his body, though the mask was left in place till last. Peering down the reverse telescope tunnel, he made out minute figures bustling about, but could hear almost nothing of what they were saying or doing. He felt something being wrapped about his waist and fastened at the back and realised that it was a skirt. Shoes, or boots, were put onto his feet and he felt the locking bands being snapped about his ankles. His arms were drawn behind him and cuffed together, though not tightly and then he was taken, supported by hands at either side, along a corridor that appeared to stretch for miles. They entered through a sliding door which closed after them and Martin felt the sensation of being carried upwards. The elevator stopped after only a few seconds and

his escorts led him onwards again. This time, however, the walk was but a short one and as soon as they had entered the room, Martin heard her voice in the ear pieces.

“Hello, Daisy,” Lydia purred. He knew it was her and he jerked his head from side to side, trying to locate her. Eventually he found her, a tiny distant figure in a long, black, sleeveless dress. “I instructed them to leave the headgear in place,” Lydia was saying, “because I wanted to unveil your new self to you personally. Now, if you will just stand still, I will remove this ugly thing and we will brush out your hair for you. You will need a bath too, the smell of rubber is quite strong, but no matter. You shall use my own bathroom and I shall wash you myself.”

The sudden change of perspective, coupled with the extra rush of light when Lydia finally pulled the helmet clear of Martin’s head left him feeling totally disoriented for a minute or two and he made no resistance when Lydia guided him to a stool and began brushing out his hair. It was some time before he registered the fact that his hair was now several inches longer than when he had last seen it in the mirror, falling well below his shoulders now and feeling thicker and heavier than he remembered. Or had it always been this long? He was no longer sure of anything and he simply waited for Lydia to finish brushing.

“There,” she said, at last, “very pretty. I can even ignore the rubber smell, Daisy. Would you like to see your new self in the mirror?” Martin did not yet trust himself to speak, but nodded and let her lead him across to the far side of the massive bedroom, where she drew back a heavy velvet curtain to reveal a huge mirror. For several, long minutes, Martin stood, transfixed by the image before him. The hair was indeed long, a silvery white cloud that shimmered at his slightest movement. The eyes seemed even bigger than before, the lips fuller, the cheekbones higher, yet more softly defined.

He studied the breasts. Before, he remembered two pert, budding little mounds, but in their place were now the undisputable breasts of a fully developed woman, though they sat high and proud, without the hint of any sagging yet. His hips were broader, too, his legs longer and more feminine than ever and, when he finally turned to study his profile, he saw that his buttocks jutted out invitingly.

Lydia made no attempt to interrupt his reverie, standing away to one side whilst Martin contemplated the visible changes to his body. She waited until he had studied himself carefully from all angles before stepping forward again. She reached down and slowly raised the front of the brief skirt, revealing the limp penis and heavy testicles. With her other hand, she gently cupped his manhood and lifted it, exposing the pink vertical gash behind it. Martin let out a small gasp of astonishment. He remembered something she had told him a hundred years ago, but he had not been expecting to find it was already a part of him.

Lydia released her hold on both sex organs and skirt and moved behind him, unfastening the waistband and peeling the skimpy wrap away. Now, when she held his male organ again, her free hand explored beneath, probing the tight opening, seeking and finding. A wave of pure silken fire swept through Martin, touching every nerve end and straining every fibre to breaking point. His mouth fell open and he let out a moan of pure ecstasy.

Lydia’s face was a mask of triumph. She released him again and quickly unlocked his manacles, shrugged herself free of her own dress and stood before him again, her fingers prising her own labia apart to reveal the darkly glistening tunnel beyond.

“Kneel, Daisy,” she commanded. “Kneel and thank your mistress for your wonderful new body.” As though in a trance, Martin sunk to the carpet at her feet, his lips and tongue seeking, eager to please her. He felt the warm, salty sweet taste of her juices and then his hands sought out his own dual sexuality, one fist closing about the thrusting shaft of his erection, the fingers of the other probing deep inside his own wetness, then withdrawing just far enough to find the electric button that Lydia had shown him. He sucked, drawing Lydia’s swollen clitoris between his lips, gagging himself with her to stifle the cry of release that accompanied the fountain of white, sticky fluid that jetted into the air and the lightning bolt of the second orgasm striking deeper within.

As he slumped weakly back onto his haunches, head reeling, he felt her hand on his cheek, stroking, soothing, encouraging.

“We must get you into that bath now, you messy girl,” she said. “Come, give me your hand and stand up. And we must dress you according to your new status,” she continued, as Martin rose unsteadily to his feet. His breasts rose and fell rapidly in time to his laboured breathing, the tiny nipple rings sparkling prettily. He saw the girl in the mirror, her cock still clutched in one hand, the curtain of silver half obscuring her flushed features. Lydia squeezed his fingers in her own and raised his chin, looking into his eyes.

“You do understand what your new status is, don’t you?” she asked, not unkindly. There was a long pause, only the sound of the birds outside the open window breaking the silence that fell between them.

“Yes, mistress,” Daisy replied at last. ‘I am Daisy and I am your slave - forever.’ Lydia patted the new androgyne’s pert rump.

“Good girl,” she whispered. “And forever will be a long time, I can promise you.”