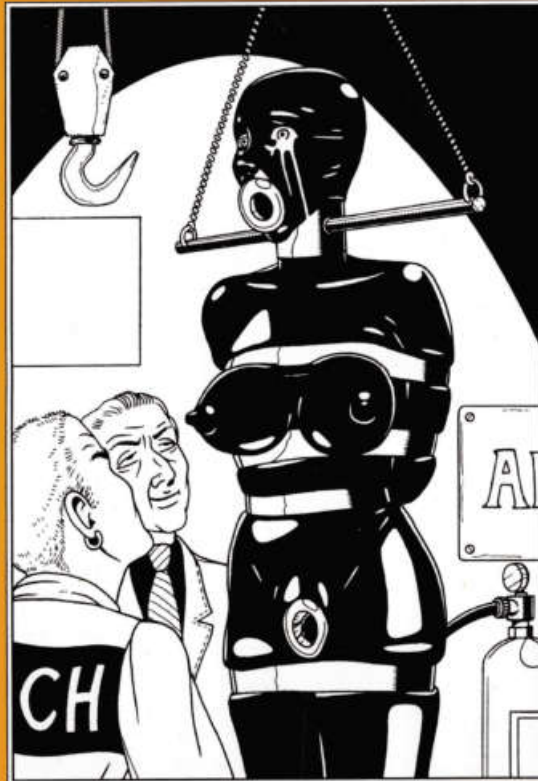




(ILLUSTRATED BY BENSON)

# GORD COLLECTION



## GORD



# **GORD COLLECTION**

**GORD**  
(Of Course!)



**A GENUINE HOUSE OF GORD PUBLICATION**

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#### **Author's Note**

For those of you who have never encountered the zany work of Gord, these short stories may appear to be the ravings of a homicidal misogynist, who's sole aim in life is to torture and degrade women.

Whilst one could be excused for arriving at such a conclusion, one would be entirely wrong. I adore women! No! I worship women. They are the sole reason why I bother to exist on this otherwise miserable planet of hypocrisy and double standards. To me, women are the elixir of life, and in my case, are required to do no more than just be there for me to admire.

It is a certain fact that I would willingly give my life to protect one of these creatures from the unwelcome attentions of a male assailant, and in fact, I would never be able to carry out such misdeeds as are chronicled in stories like Doll-Dames, or Maxine. I might be easily coerced into participating in something like Witchfinder, but alas, as with all these works, time travel is still a fantasy. More's the pity. I would enjoy wandering the trails of time rescuing damsels in distress and taking my rewards.

Julia is probably the closest I will ever get to a true life situation. I have my own special

Julia, albeit not as flexible as the incredible, spinning feline creature in the story. But she has been close in days gone by.

Rebecca is another story close to my heart, and was in fact written whilst lying in hospital, surrounded by nubile apron starched raw material in the form of nurses. It may interest you to know that Rebecca is the only commissioned story of them all. I was asked to write a bondage story for the disabled by a lady who had lost her legs in a car wreck. Needless to say, I accept her informed opinion as the only valued comment on this strange tale. She liked it immensely. And I enjoyed writing it!

By now you must be thinking that I am a complete paradox of conflicting thoughts and emotions. Ain't that the truth!

Of all these stories, I choose Julia's Birthday to dedicate to the fun loving ladies of the world. It was the first bondage story I ever wrote, and it came straight from the heart. At the outset, I had no plot in mind, and only the barest of ideas on what I wanted to describe. Pen hit paper, and what followed was a spontaneous outpouring of ideas, including my own humble effort at trying to describe the female orgasm - as related by women who have tried to pass over concepts and levels of pleasure that are truly staggering for the male mind to even try and conceive. My wife read this story and has rated the description at around ten percent of what it is really like!

If there is such a thing as reincarnation, let me return as a woman!

Read on, dear friends, for the world of fantasy knows no boundaries, and no one gets hurt in an entertainment of the mind!

Gord

August, 1996

## **Doll-Dames**

Three weeks had passed since Fiona took the job of secretary with Hersch Brothers, and in all that time she was still no wiser as to the finished product produced in the small factory adjoining her office block. Her repeated questions about the matter had been brushed off with comments like, 'Experimental' or 'Very hush-hush' or similar statements; all leading her to believe that perhaps they were contracted to some clandestine government operation. Whatever it was, it certainly entailed the use of some sort of rubber - of this she was certain, her assumption based on the strong, pungent odour of raw latex that could often be detected on her boss' clothes whenever he appeared. Another fact she was sure of was that whatever it was that they did, it paid well. Very well! The small delivery van left only once a week with the production quota, and yet the cheques always rolled in within a few days for amounts of generally more than £50,000 per unit; each unit always being designated by the invoice prefix of RFT/ and then a number.

It was during the fourth week while Fiona was working late one evening to catch up, when her attention was drawn to the window overlooking the small loading bay, by a shout in the yard. Looking down, she watched with interest as the van which had been about to leave reversed back to the dock and prepared to take on a late addition to its load.

Fiona realised that she didn't have time to waste watching the loading,

but nevertheless was intrigued. The sudden departure of her office colleague, Cindy, had left her lumbered with a mountain of work. 'Just

like that haughty little bitch to walk out without even giving a notice,' she thought. Her attention was drawn back to the loading bay as two men appeared at the factory doors. The van driver had opened the doors of his vehicle, so they disappeared from sight for a few seconds, but then reappeared carrying the new addition to the load.

Fiona strained her eyes to make out the nature of their burden, but could only see a long, black torpedo shape about six feet in length and some eighteen inches in diameter. Although she couldn't be certain at this range, the object appeared to be made of some sort of rubber. The van driver approached the two workers and his words carried up to Fiona's window as she watched.

"You'll have to give me a hand to shift the load, lads," he was saying. "I'll never get this consignment in with the others stacked as they are."

The two men dropped their load none to carefully on the dock and disappeared into the van's interior, closely followed by the driver. The load had bounced slightly as it was dropped, confirming her surmise that it was made of rubber. 'What did you expect,' she chided herself. The factory stank of rubber! Fiona started to turn away for there was nothing more to gain by continuing to watch — but as she turned, a faint movement on the dock caught her eye. 'That's odd,' she thought. The men were still inside the van and the only thing on the dock was the sausage-shaped rubber consignment. She stared long and hard at the silent rubber object but could detect no movement at all from it. Shaking her head, she concluded that it must have been a trick of the light.

She could have sworn that she saw that sausage bend slightly in the middle. With a shrug, she returned to her Work and was soon engrossed in preparing accounts.

The work progressed, but try as she might, Fiona simply couldn't rid herself of the fleeting image of the imagined, quivering sausage. In fact, the more she tried to push it from her mind, the more her conviction grew that she hadn't been mistaken. Her mind worked overtime on the possibilities of what could be packaged within those rubber containers that could produce such a movement. The list was endless, and there was no way she could ever put her insatiable curiosity to rest unless she actually managed to see what they made down there.

The offices were dark and deserted save for herself and Fiona knew that this was probably the only chance she would ever get to sneak down to the factory unnoticed and return with no one being any the wiser. Her mind was made up - she just had to know.

Slipping off her high heeled shoes, Fiona tiptoed out into the corridor in stocking feet, carefully checking each office as she passed them by for other late workers. There were none! Soon she had safely negotiated the staircase and was at the inner door leading to the factory floor. A large notice blared a warning from its inner face.

**NO ENTRY TO UNAUTHORISED PERSONNEL!  
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!**

Fiona hesitated as she read this, but already knew that it would be insufficient to quell her aroused curiosity. She eased open the door and carefully peered inside. Rows and rows of neatly stacked pallets stared back at her, all emblazoned with the legend 'Raw Latex'.

Of the staff, there was no sign. The sounds she could hear indicated that this was only a storage area and that the working area was beyond these stacks of stores. Silently, she crept forward through the canyons between the pallets, the stench of raw rubber now strong and pungent as she approached the bright lights and sounds of activity. The last row lay before her as she flattened herself into the shadows before sliding carefully forward to a position where she could see.

At first, her only view was of men's backs as they worked on something hanging from an overhead track. Then, as they moved back, Fiona saw for the first time the unique product of Hersch Brothers.

Her mouth sagged open as she looked upon a life-sized rubber doll hanging from the track. It was perfect in every detail, and yet totally made from shining black latex. Every tiny feature one would expect of a real person was present in the glistening surface of that doll. Even the creases around the eyes were faithfully reproduced. Fiona was at a loss to understand. What on earth were they making? Blow-up Sex Dolls? This was her first thought because the effigy hanging before her was very definitely female. Her second thought was that maybe it was some form of highly advanced robot, or android, made popular by sci-fi films. After all, she had been led to believe it was all very hush-hush! Uncertain, she waited for further developments that could maybe give her a clue as to what it was. The denouement, when it came, was a shock!

The men moved closer and began to work on the feet of the effigy and, in amazement, Fiona saw the rubber eyelids open wide, revealing a pair of frantic, human eyes.

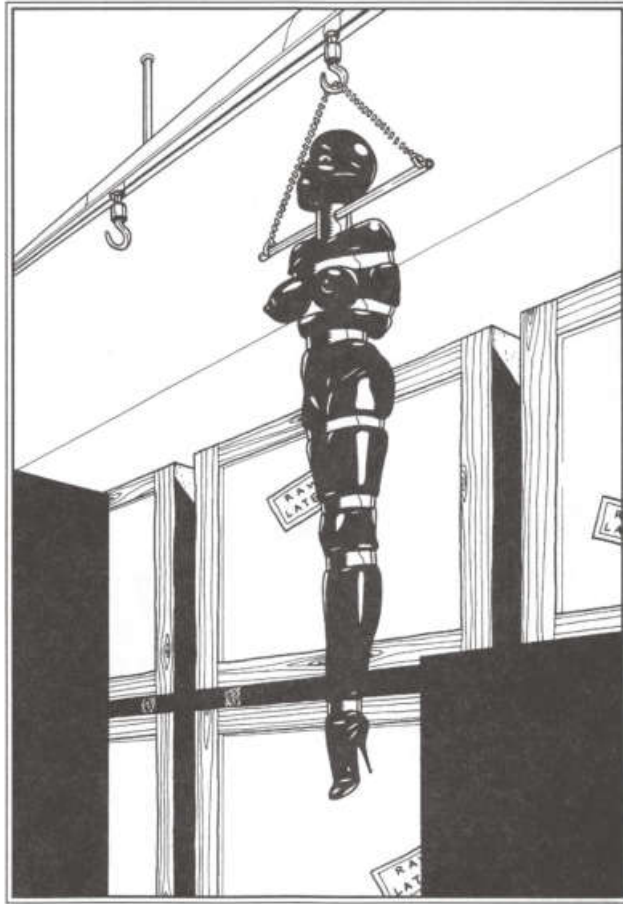
Stunned, Fiona struggled with her conclusions - seemingly impossible conclusions that wouldn't bear thinking about. As she wrestled with these thoughts, she continued to study the eyes. Eyes that seemed disturbingly familiar!

Cindy! My God! They were Cindy's eyes!

It was her vanished colleague - encased in rubber!

Struck dumb by this realisation, Fiona stood petrified while she watched Cindy's eyes lock onto her partially concealed figure. Cindy's eyes opened wider, and muffled pleas for help seeped around the huge bath-plug stopper filling her mouth. Fiona jerked her body back into concealment as the men turned to locate the source of their captive's surprise, but Fiona was already out of sight. She heaved an inward sigh of relief as the men turned back to their task. Her curiosity ruthlessly sated, she began to the long shuffle back whence she came and the safety of the open air.

A very relieved Fiona reached the door, but her relief would have been short lived had she looked up to see the figure of Mr Hersch on the workshop office cat-walk above her head. She would have been even more distressed had she known that he had been watching her ever since she'd first entered the warehouse.





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Scurrying back to the office, Fiona quickly donned her shoes and snatched her bag from the desk before heading for home. With a start, her eyes met the bulk of Mr Hersch blocking the doorway, a slight smile on his face as he closed the door behind him.

“Finished everything, have we?” His manner seemed pleasant enough, but there was a hint of menace in the tone. Somehow, Fiona got the impression he couldn't give a damn whether she's finished or not. Calming her impulse rush past him, Fiona brazened it out - knowing that he could easily stop her if she tried. No! It was keep your cool time, and talk your way out of this one.

“ Oh! Well no, actually,” she finally managed to stutter out. “My mother rang and she needs me urgently at home, I'll... err... finish everything tomorrow,” she added as an afterthought.

Hersch seemed satisfied, nodding his head in understanding, then pointing to his office he spoke again.

“Could you just spare me two minutes then, before you rush off,” he asked, guiding her inside. “I've got something to tell you that simply can't wait.”



His overweight bulk sank into the plush chair behind the walnut covered top of his executive desk. He motioned for Fiona to take a seat in the chair beside the desk as he reclined. Fiona moved over and sat down, eager not to arouse his suspicions before she could make a rapid exit and inform the authorities of the factory's activities. She never took her eyes from his face, and as a result was totally unaware of the hand that slid to a button beneath the desk.

A sharp pin prick jabbed at her buttocks and jumping up she was just in time to see a thin hypodermic needle slide back into the upholstery of her seat. She looked at Hersch for an explanation and was terrified to see a wide, triumphant grin on his face.

"I suggest you sit down again - whilst you still can, Miss Ford. That needle contained a measured dose of curare and you've got about one minute of movement left!"

Panic exploded into Fiona's brain as she realised that she had been rumbled and she ran for the door. Hersch made no move to follow. He sat watching with the same infuriating smile still on his face.

She had barely taken three steps before her limbs turned to lead. The hand-bag dropped from her grasp as she struggled to take a further step, but the curare matched her effort. With very little grace, she slumped to the floor in a heap, and watched horrified as Hersch stood up and moved over towards her. Movement was impossible. Every fibre of her being willed life into her limbs but they simply refused to move. She was totally paralysed and yet still fully conscious. Completely immobilised, Fiona watched in helpless fury as more men appeared, and with practised ease lifted her limp form to their shoulders.

Once in the factory, Fiona lay still on the bench as her clothes were stripped. She was unable to resist in any way as the men explored her nudity with probing fingers, laughing at the defeated stare in her eyes as she unwillingly offered her charms for inspection. Fearfully, she watched as a white-coated figure approached, laid down a surgical tool kit, and removed a syringe from its depths. He prised her mouth open.

She could do nothing as he systematically anaesthetised the whole of her gum area. After waiting for the drug to take effect, proceeded to remove every one of her beautifully shaped teeth. What had he done to her? She knew that teeth were harder to pull than that! She had plenty of time to reflect!

For two days she was kept paralysed and flat on the bench - each day suffering more inspections as the dentist came to check that her gums were healing. He never missed an opportunity to avail himself of her helpless charms, and Fiona lay unmoving as his fingers routed in and around her love channel. Apart from that, she was ignored save for the twice daily ordeal to force water and a liquid food into her; a rather unpleasant procedure requiring the insertion of a tube reaching down into her stomach. As a further humiliation, she invariably ended up lying in her own waste products, only to be hosed off by the crew.







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Day three arrived, and with it the dentist's announcement that she was fit to continue. He was returning her to the waiting work-force for whatever fate was in store.

Fiona's last hopes for freedom dwindled. The drug was finally wearing off, although she still couldn't move, but at least a slight tingling in her fingers and toes heralded the return of bodily control. Already, she knew it was too late - she would be completely under control long before the means to struggle was at her disposal.

A tube was forced into her mouth and her lips sealed to its outer surface by some sort of glue. Thin, rubberised flattened tubes were added to her lips and opaque contact lenses covering each of her eyeballs blinded her to further additions, which later she was to discover were minute capillary tubes running down to her feet. Another imposition teased her pussy, and appeared to have the function of holding the inner three inches of her sex tube open and inviting. More of the thin, rubberised tubes formed a second set of lips between her legs as they were added to either side of her mons. With horror, she felt the buzz of a ruthless depilator as her pubis and head were denuded of all hair

leaving her totally nude and smooth as a polished billiard ball. It seemed she was to be permanently devoid of all bodily hair. The device didn't cut, it plucked, and suffering extreme torment, Fiona endured as her tender pubics were removed by the root and her scalp set ablaze with the searing sensation of having her long tresses torn out hair by hair.

The next sensation she was to feel was as some sort of winch lifted her paralysed form by the thumbs, suspending her over a vat of evil smelling rubber compound — her earlier reconnaissance mission and the sight of the hanging Cindy was sufficient to fill in any gaps in her forthcoming itinerary.

Silent screams formed in her paralysed throat as the winch began her downward plunge, but her noiseless pleas were in vain. Soon the pleasantly warm, cool-mix latex compound was creeping inexorably up her legs, over her thighs and, horror of horrors, flowing into her opened tunnel of love. The cloying liquid continued its relentless



advance, marching over her ample breasts and flowing up over her shoulders towards her neck. Within seconds, the dim light filtering through the protective contact lenses changed to an impenetrable

blackness as her head was fully immersed.

As the tips of her thumbs sensed the liquid closing over their ends, Fiona felt the winch stop as was left in a silent world of total blackness. At a guess, she was left for some ten minutes or more - her only connection to the outside world being the thin tube supplying life» giving air to her lungs. A jerk on her aching thumbs, and she felt herself rising from the ooze, eventually to hang fully extracted from the clutches of that devilish brew.

The air drying Latex took scant minutes to cure as the ammonia base evaporated in the warmth of the factory. And as it dried, Fiona felt hands on her lips, pubis, and eyelids. The sealing layer was parted with special tools before the final curing took place. Her protective contact lenses were prised out, but with drooping, paralysed eyelids, her vision was still restricted to the merest glimmer.

The feeling was returning to her limbs and the first signs were flickering movements in her eyelids. Within minutes, she was able to fully open her eyes of her own accord, peering through the narrow slit she had been burdened with for so long. The heavier components of her body still remained obstinately inert.

Unable to resist, she hung quietly as the tube was removed from her mouth and the Latex coating trimmed to a final smooth finish around her coated lips. Similar operations took place below as her neat, denuded pubis was trimmed and the dark secret orifice of her anus was reopened for use of one sort or another. By the time this was completed, the first twitches of movement were noticed by the working team as Fiona's limbs awakened from their long inactivity.

"Time for banding, " suggested the foreman, who then watched as a box filled with thick, heavy bands of the same black rubber was carried over.

Fiona stared down at the bands as they were lifted out. None of them appeared to be more than four or five inches in diameter and were obviously too small to fit around any part of her anatomy. She was mistaken! After lowering her down and removing the thumb suspension she was forced to watch with dawning horror as four burly workers managed to stretch a band to twice its size.

Other helpers rolled her over as they dusted her entire rubberised form, coating her completely with some sort of powder; apparently to prevent the partly cured rubber sticking to itself. They gave a final check all over before pulling her arms together behind her back and allowing the stretched band to snap shut around her mated wrists. Two more bands soon encircled her elbows and upper arms, crushing them together in a single sculpture of rubberised limb. Her legs played host to a further five of the crushing bands of merciless neoprene, so that she was now welded into a single column of rubberised female. Strength was rapidly returning to her limbs now, and she struggled valiantly as a heavy, stiff collar of the same material provided the lifting point that now hauled her helpless figure into the same position on the overhead rail that she had seen Cindy occupy only days before.

Fortunately, the device had side extensions that snugged up both sides of her head. Otherwise her entire body weight would have resulted in slow strangulation. As it was, the upward tension clamped the side bars tightly to her head and spread the load most effectively. Tea break

seemed to have arrived and the workers left her to swing for half an hour, returning with Hersch himself in the group. He walked around her encapsulated form, inspecting the finished product before stopping in front of her.

"Well, Miss Ford. Now you know what we make. Rubber dolls for rich clients!" He was wearing the same self-satisfied smirk. The foreman appeared with a clip board.

"What does this one stand us at?"

The foreman studied the board, mentally totting up some figures before answering.

"I reckon she should retail at about £62,000," he answered, after some deliberation.

"That much?" queried Hersch, his eyebrows shooting up.

"Yeh! Well, we had problems finding a mortuary with the right body for her disappearing act." Hersch turned back to the anxious Fiona.

"As you may of guessed by that, my dear, no one is looking for you.

Your charred body was pulled from your car Wreck the night you stayed late. Such a pity for you to die on the short journey home."

He laughed as a look of total despair shaped the rubber coated features before him. Then, as if enjoying his revelations, he continued to appraise the helplessly cocooned woman of the technical genius of her confinement.

"My own invention, this stuff," he said. "Cold dip latex - with a difference! It's permeable. you see. Your skin can breath naturally through it without harm. And more to the point, it physically interlinks with the molecules of your skin. In short, that means you have a new skin that will last for five years - more if the material isn't abused too much!" A broad grin interrupted his monologue. "It's not just a coating, it has become part of you. Peel it off and you peel part of yourself with it!"

He beamed at her as if expecting some applause for his invention, but the rubberised Fiona was not in a congratulatory mood.

I-lersch's eyes narrowed as she remained silent so, turning to the foreman, he gave more instructions.

"Take her to the test bench and let's see what she can do."

The overhead rail began to move and Fiona felt herself being carried towards a small, cordoned-off area to the rear of the shop. The rail halted, leaving her swinging impotently and facing a large mirrored wall and surrounded by instruments and equipment. She could see the men busying themselves making connections and fussing around her as she stared dumbfounded at the rubber coated doll she had become. Hersch broke into her thoughts as he arrived on the scene and stood waiting for the test. Fiona felt her fear mushrooming within as the men stood back and indicated that all was ready. What was the testing to be? What on earth could they do with her when she was so completely trussed and helpless?



A hiss of air sounded and Fiona felt the tiny capillaries buried invisibly in her new outer skin begin to twitch as compressed air ran through them. Something on her lips stirred, then a stiffening sensation ran around the extremities of her mouth. With something akin to morbid fascination she studied her image in the mirror as her lips ripened and stretched, forcing her mouth ever wider as they expanded into a fleshy rubber covered 'O' shape. The final shape of her oral cavity was predetermined by the moulded shape of the deflated bladder. The hissing stopped and Hersch stepped forward to inspect her gaping mouth.

"Hmm! Not bad. Those new inflatable bladders seem much better than the last consignment," he observed as he tested Fiona's inflated lips with squeezing fingers. "The bonding onto her lips is permanent all right and the extra ballooning effect with this rubber should give a nice comfortable feel to her buyer when he sticks his cock in."

Fiona's eyes widened in horror and disbelief as the image she saw before her of herself suddenly made sense. Her gaping, round mouth was an exact living replica of the obscenely designed blow-up dolls sold in sex shops. Except that there was a living woman behind that hole. Tears coursed down her cheeks as the cruel inhumanity of her demise burned into her soul. She was just a toy - an inflatable sex toy with no means of escape. Sold to some rich, dirty old man to be used as



a glorified aid to wanking.

Hersch's voice snapped her back to the present.

"Right! Let's test the others, then."

The air hissed again and at once Fiona remembered the attachment of another bladder as her pubic lips stirred into to life, stiffening then stretching - eventually opening into a gaping maw. Fiona looked across and saw that even with her legs tightly banded together, her most treasured possession was now the parody of a melon with a quarter slice cut out. The deep pink interior showed blatantly, way past the rubberised outer extremities of her love shaft. Her innermost secrets were displayed for all to see, and available to do with as her owner wished. More hissing and she felt her buttocks being forced apart as the ring bladder attached to her tight little ass began to stretch her open with irresistible force. The pain of her violation forced frantic noises of dissent from her still widely opened mouth and she treated the lusting onlookers to a spectacular display of wriggling erotica.

Fully expanded in all areas, she struggled with all might - only to have even this luxury denied her as they strapped her feet to the floor, stretching her rigidly between neck and ankles;

A thorough inspection followed, after which Hersch stood up and spoke to his team.

"Seems okay on static. Better get on with the cyclic testing and see how it stands up to repeated use."

Fiona sobbed pitifully as they switched the valves controlling her to auto and stood back as the machine began repeatedly to expand and release all three bladders in quick succession. Her pleas for mercy flowed and ebbed from loud MMMMPPPHHI-IHs! to screaming OOOOOOOOWWSI as her mouth was repeatedly stretched open and then sealed shut by the irresistible rubber edges that now controlled her oral cavity movement. Her pussy pouted and pumped with a mind of its own, whilst behind a clenching, stretching ring added a new dimension to the word torment.

"We could save time if you do the 'Latoskin' abrasion resistance tests at the same time," added Hersch, looking at his watch and referring to the trade name of the evil outer skin coating Fiona. "If you start now, you can finish in time for this shipment."

Fiona was left to her pulsing plight as they readied new equipment. Having positioned everything as required, they switched on without any consideration of the effects on the terrified occupant of that traumatised rubber effigy.

Burning lines of fire raced across her buttocks adding to the already unbearable torment of her inflatable orifices as the abrasion test began. Machine mounted canes lashed with relentless regularity across her helplessly offered buttocks and rubber coated breasts as she was left to test the molecular bonded confinement's durability for the duration of Apparently, he had perfected his technique on many other women in the same predicament, for at the point of his explosive response, he pushed the mouth stretching sausage deep into her throat with a stiffened forefinger, and then reaching behind to the panel set all her openings to tightly close. It was a masterful ploy. Not only was she committed to swallowing the sausage whole, but her pussy clamped onto his manhood with a vice like grip. Fiona felt him stiffen as she

absorbed his explosive outpouring, but was powerless to prevent her own instinctive, frantic writhing convulsions as she tried to swallow the massive frankfurter. Jerking and wriggling, irrevocably joined to her tormentor by her own pussy clamp, she provided him with a most enjoyable sensation as she cavorted on the stiffened rod of his manhood. The evil sneer on his face did little to reassure her that she was anything other than a pleasurable and convenient dumping ground for his excess body fluid. Gulping and straining, Fiona finally managed to get the monster moving downward.

"Perks of the job, sweetie," he leered. "Had the last one up the ass; lovely and tight she was. The one before her was tested upside down - got her to swallow my balls as well," he chortled, obviously pleased that he had managed to get his huge shaft halfway down to the unfortunate woman's stomach before dumping his seed.

"Didn't half wriggle when I gagged her with a pound of hot throbbing cock," he added remembering with some relish the desperate struggles of a suffocating rubberised effigy. "Had a great blow job by an automated mouth, and she was really pissed when I blew cigarette smoke into her pussy! In pulse mode, she blew some neat smoke rings! Pity I won't be around when that frankfurter reaches the other end, that should be really interesting, seeing as it can't be digested with a condom wrapped around it. I'll bet that brings tears to your eyes, darling."

The satisfied technician returned to his book after switching her back to pulse mode, leaving the crying Fiona to drain in a series of long drools with each opening impulse of her love shaft. Her uncontrollable sobbing, distorted horribly by the regular opening and closing hole in her face didn't even seem to distract her tormentor, who was obviously well used to having converted females hanging around the place.

Fiona, meanwhile, was considering this small foretaste of her future use with a feeling of total despair. This lusting lout was only a worker, what other atrocities would a more inventive owner be capable of inflicting on her performing body?

Hersch and his staff returned after an eternity, and without switching off the machines of torment they proceeded to inspect the mechanised, rubberised woman as she performed for their inspection. Twitching, pumping, pouting with mechanical regularity.

"Seems okay," Hersch said at last and at a signal to his men, Fiona felt her pulsing form begin to slow to a stop.

"Have you done the gripper test yet," inquired Hersch. The foreman shook his head.

"No, didn't have time before lunch, we'll do it now."

Hersch turned back to Fiona as the Foreman busily began to switch valves on the test rig.

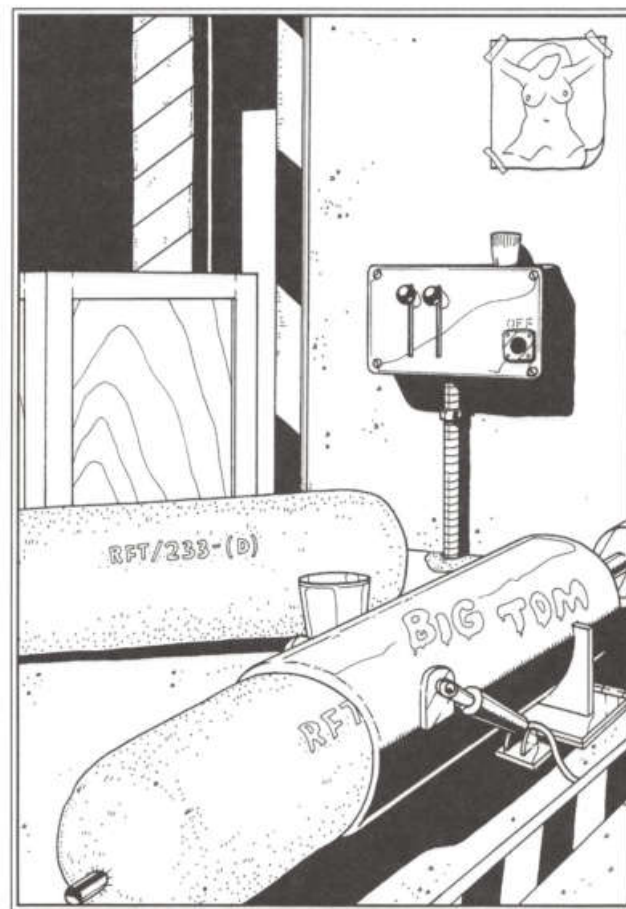
"You should find this amusing," he said, inserting a large steel dildo into her widely stretched pussy. "New design I thought up. Double bladder in your fanny. One opens you up, the other internal one is shaped to close you down like a vise. Gives variety to the client you see." He smirked. Hersch was good at smirking.

The air hissed again and Fiona felt a hideous stirring deep inside her body as the outer bladder deflated and an inner, far more sinister bladder began shaping itself inside. She struggled valiantly as she felt

her inner tube being drawn in and forcibly reduced until it held the invading dildo with a grip of iron.

Hersch tugged on the dildo and Fiona gasped as the pull tried to turn her inside out. But Hersch wasn't satisfied with that. He motioned the foreman forward. He grasped the hook of a nearby chain-hoist, leaned down and attached it to a ring on the outer end of the dildo.

The chain rattled through the hoist and Fiona found herself being pulled inexorably upward from the crotch. The lift stopped and her



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neck suspension was disconnected as she was left to hang inverted at an angle of 45 degrees, supported solely by the grip of her pussy. For ten minutes she was left hanging as Hersch attended to some paper work. When they finally decided to lower her down, it was by the easiest method. A quick twist of a valve and Fiona felt the awesome grip of her fanny-vice begin to fail. She screamed into her deflated and tightly sealed lips as her own weight dragged her from the suspending dildo and allowed her to plummet downward. But Hersch had no intention of allowing the goods to be damaged, he made sure that three burly workers deftly caught her trussed, falling form.

As the last gasping hiss sighed away from the air valves, another worker appeared rolling one of the torpedo shaped objects she had seen on the dock.

"Are we sending this one out with her," he asked, nodding to the suspended Fiona.

Hersch nodded.

"Yes, it's a pity we missed the last shipment due to those faulty bladders. We could have been paid by now. Oh! By the way, did you vulcanise the eyelids shut as the client requested."

The foreman confirmed that he had. Hersch turned and saw Fiona fearfully studying the shape on the floor, the number RFT / 233-( D) now stencilled clearly on its surface. Her puzzlement at the meaning of the marking was evident.

"RFT/ 233 Deluxe... that's Rubberised Female Toy Number 233, deluxe model," he enlightened her. "You know it better as Cindy! You'll soon be RFT/234-(S)... standard version!"

He paused as the look of hopelessness spread over her face, the whereabouts of Cindy's rubberised form no was no longer a mystery. And rather stupidly she felt miffed at only being a common 'standard version'. That made the humiliation seem even worse.

Hersch continued.

"She was a nosy bitch, just like you," smirked Hersch. "And vicious too! She gave me a nasty nose bleed before the curare took effect, but I expect her delayed delivery and being packaged like that for three or four days whilst we got you ready has calmed her down a bit."

He kicked the rubber sausage which promptly bounced away from him and commenced a series of slight bending movements as the woman within struggled for release.

"Special order she was and I'm glad to say the customer requested some additions that I personally took great enjoyment in installing."

He took even greater delight in relating them now to his captive audience.

"Real deluxe-doll, this one," he explained. "Arms forced into a back prayer before coating, nicely moulded so that her hands clasp her neck from behind. Very uncomfortable! Hair retained and plaited into a long pigtail from the top of the head, then dip moulded in special strength rubber before the coating went on. Useful for suspension, I suppose. She's also triple dipped with spring steel wire embedded between the layers. Took a hell of a job to band her! You see, she's designed to spring into a spreadeagle the moment anyone releases the bands. It took five men to compress her and get her straight for banding."

He paused, prodding the unfortunate Cindy with his toe, before turning back to a horrified Fiona.

"All that plus all the same fittings as you, of course, although she differs from you in that her ears were left without a seal when she was dipped so that she has solid rubber plugs permanently fixed into her deepest ear now and her eyelids were vulcanised shut when the customer changed his order. She's blind until the rubber needs replacing five years from now."

He returned to the now inactive package and rolled it back and forth with his foot, visualising the rubber encapsulated, spring loaded sex toy into which he had converted the ferocious Cindy.

Fiona tried to visualise the terrifying plight of the encapsulated woman; primed and ready to snap into a supine helplessly offered toy the moment anyone released those bands. A whiff of compressed air and that same spreadeagled rubberised doll would open up her delightful



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openings like a blossoming flower as she lay quivering in the relentless control of high tensile steel and bonded rubber. Hersch no doubt thought it a fitting demise for a woman who had dared to punch his nose. He had even added a packing note to her enclosure, offering to take her back and modify her at reduced cost when any new and more interesting developments were available. References were made in the pamphlet to the new electronic/ silicone implant devices being designed that would allow an infinite choice of sizes in boobs and buttocks, the dimensions of which would be altered at the press of a button. The discomfort such outrageous expansions would cause as they stretched within the doll were irrelevant.

Fiona stared down at the piteously converted Cindy and realised that she must be the one who had already undergone the trauma of being reamed up the rear by that disgusting technician. The rolling sausage she had seen on the loadingdock had obviously contained his reluctant

'Blow-job' conquest. Her thoughts were interrupted as Hersch turned back from his musing's and addressed Fiona directly once more.

"Like the packaging?" he asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he continued to expound his theories.

"A fitting packaging I thought," he said, chortling to himself. "Turning women into giant phallic symbols so that they can be shipped for use, shaped like the object they're going to be servicing."

Fiona struggled to absorb the enormity and inhumanity of Hersch's trade in living female toys as he continued with his lecture.

"I just had a new special order in from the States," he was saying. "The client wants a Viennese Oyster doll and fortunately the raw material arrived yesterday; an ex go-go dancer called Marie with just the right amount of flexibility."

He hesitated, as he saw the look of puzzlement in Fiona's eyes.

"Oh! Of course, you wouldn't know what a Viennese Oyster was, would you? he said laughing. "Well, we take the young lady and bend her legs until her feet are behind her head. Then we bond the soles of her feet together so that she's fixed in that position. Her arms we put into a back prayer, like Cindy over there."

He gestured towards the silent sausage nearby.

"Of course, we bond the palms and forearms as well before dipping. It doesn't really require dipping, there's no way to escape anyway, but as they say, the customer is always right, so our little Oyster is rubberised and fitted with the standard control bladders. As a special service to our customers, we usually connect the bonded feet to the wrists and tension them down tight. This pulls the feet away from the back of the head and allows the head to remain upright instead of bent forward. That little modification of course has the added advantage that we can bond a lifting pad onto the skull which becomes part of the rubberising coat. They make lovely hanging ornaments when not in use, these Oysters. And the final coating seals the whole arrangement into a one-piece immovable unit!"

Fiona cringed at the thought of being moulded and rubberised in this style, contorted and foreshortened into a pair of hideously offered holes - destined to remain that way for five years without relief! A hanging sex toy, or alternatively a saucer—shaped sexual floor decoration that rocked gently with every invading shaft. She thanked God for small mercies in that she was only designed in standard mode. Hersch's next words shattered her completely.

"We usually only do that conversion on exchange dolls, and the trade-in is resold as an Oyster. This is the first time we've been asked specifically for a brand new version. In fact, when you come back eventually that's how you'll be going to the next buyer, although we usually sell 'Oysters' in packs of four at knock down rates. Very easy to pack and ship, you see, and the shipping rates are cheaper if we can keep the crate below a cubic metre. We get four to a consignment if we flat-pack them - arranged pussy-to-face and banded."

He smirked, again, as a look of pure horror came over his captive's face and pointed to a small, silent crate resting on the fork-lift, its dimensions about three feet square and two foot six high.

"There's a consignment now - we got five in there! That one's going to a private South American zoo. The guy wants some hanging toys for

the Gorilla enclosure. He's hoping that four hanging Viennese Oysters

will give his prize bull-gorilla the incentive to get amorous with his mate - or alternately get some practice in first.

"He's been a good customer, this guy, so we've thrown in a free offer - a tiny little Chinese girl we were going to scrap and send to Algiers for the brothel trade. She should make a nice toss-about toy for Papa Ape - or maybe somewhere to keep his spare bananas. Hmmm! Come to think of it, she's small enough for him to use as a lunch box. She was very flexible; used to be a contortionist in a circus, so we've done a special with her. She's got her knees resting against her ears and her calves and feet drawn down to cross over her arm arrangement. Very compact and manageable; especially with her feet out the way. That allowed us to bend her head back a full ninety degrees and bond it in position between both knees.

"I was going to keep her for a desk ornament - paper weight or something, but what the hell! My place is already cluttered up with rubberised ornaments and in any-case, she's not very interesting moulded like that. No movement at all you see - not even the slightest twitch! I might as well have a genuine blow-up doll that takes up less storage room!"

Fiona stared at the crate with its hidden cargo of torment. All the incarcerated, compressed 'Oysters' were no doubt fully aware of their future use and helpless to avoid the ultimate degradation they would suffer. It was hard to envisage that such a small insignificant crate could contain five women, packed like a tin of sardines, each with her nose pressed suffocatingly into another's pussy and forced to breathe the hot cloying fumes of rubberised crotch.

Her heart went out to the tiny distorted ball of Chinese femininity that by now must resemble an oversize, screwable Tenpin bowling-ball - compacted, contorted, inanimate! A neatly curved, black coated ovaloid complete with finger holes.

It was, in fact, a similarity that had already been noted by the work-force. In particular, a hulking brute had demonstrated transporting such a ball in a two fingered grasp - to the amusement of his fellow workers and the discomfort and humiliation of the Chinese girl. But humiliation had become a way of life for this poor unfortunate, and would remain so for the foreseeable future.

This was the fourth time she had been traded in since being 'Oysterized'. Each successive owner had tired quickly with her inanimate form having exhausted all the possibilities for her usage. Over the period of three years she had variously been used as a comforter during a 4-x-4 trans Sahara rally, her usual mode of transport when not in use being mounted alongside the spare wheel on the back door. Her next owner, a woman who generally used her as a foot warmer in bed. She was something of a hygiene nut case and insisted that her 'warmer' was washed in the washing machine on a daily basis.

Perhaps her most degrading and traumatic usage had been her use as a fishing float. A flotation collar around her neck barely kept her head above water, whilst the baited hook hanging from her ringed clitoris became a source of searing pain when the bait was taken by a large fish. Dragged into the depths by the unseen diner below, she would be

pulled gasping to the surface as the line to her breast rings jerked taut and both float and fish were reeled in.

Assignment number four was a relative holiday due the fact that she was utilised in an inverted mode where her two built-in vases were used solely for flower arrangements.

Fiona had listened in shock as Hersch reeled of the list of atrocities this poor girl had suffered, then was distracted as she perceived movement on the other side of the shop.

RFT/234-(S) strained her head sideways for a better view as an unpacked, re-cycled 'Oyster' - RFT / OY / 299 - travelled along the-opposite production rail on its way back from the dipping vat and Hersch laughed again at seeing her shocked stare as she beheld her future configuration.

"Last time she'll be around here," he remarked nodding to the slowly travelling Oyster Doll. After five years in that mode, they can't be straightened out again for re-cycling so we have them sent direct to the baby-farm for re-coating and mounting into breeding frames."

He chuckled again.

"Apparently, it's quite amusing to watch them giving birth with their feet behind their heads - brings a whole new meaning to the term 'dropping a sprog' when they're suspended like that for the birth. The farm workers have great fun shafting them up the rear as the contractions start. It seems it's a completely different experience."

He stopped as tears rolled down Fiona's rubberised cheeks, then as if to console her, gave further details of the farm.

"Oh! Don't worry, my dear. Most of the time you'll be left alone. The whole affair is an automated process. As soon as you've been inseminated they place you in your very own incubator box and connect you to a machine. Look, there's an old incubator over there," he said, pointing to a metal cube that was slightly larger than the average family cooker and resembling a safe more than a habitat with the dial lock on its front. Presumably this was to prevent workers tampering with the fertilised occupant. It also guaranteed that the incarcerated Oyster remained exactly as she was, a dangling embryonic component in the baby producing machine; doomed to hang and slowly ripen like fruit on a tree until she filled every square inch of that claustrophobic cube.

"For the next nine months, everything is done by tubes," he was saying.

"Feeding, breathing, waste disposal; in fact, everything including day and night time are controlled by the computer, although we did have a problem once with that damned computer. It went haywire and overfed one of the incubators for the whole nine months on high protein, high fat foods. Couldn't get the woman out when we opened up, she'd gone from seven to twenty-two stone and actually formed into a cube shape as she grew into the container. We had to cut the container off her in the end, but she never resumed her normal shape after that so we sold her to a Russian circus as the world's only cubic woman. But not to worry, we've ironed out that little bug now. The new computer even senses when the baby's due and sends your box along to the delivery bay.

"They deliver the sprog, have a bit of fun before re-inseminating you from the sperm bank and then you go back to your nice snug little home for the next nine months. It's all a good laugh, you'll have lots of fun and



you won't be lonely. There are about three hundred incubator cubes stacked in that bay at any given time.

"With luck, a healthy girl like you will produce at least 10 to 15 young before retiring. But don't worry about that. We're a green company, you know. If the computer senses that the fertilisation hasn't taken after four months it automatically fills your cube with concrete and sends it for dumping at sea. All nice and clean - no pollution. Neat, don't you think? An Oyster at the bottom of the sea! In fact, we've just secured a contract to supply sinkers for buoys with the harbour authority, so I expect you'll end up serving a useful purpose eventually."

The humour of it all was lost on Fiona as she contemplated her final destination some ten to twenty years from now, no longer a sex toy, but instead a baby producing machine. A living incubator for some unknown male's offspring. Now she knew what it felt like to be a garden plot and have seeds planted in you; not to mention the task of providing an anchor to some rusty buoy in a deep polluted harbour.

She got no more time to consider the horror of being installed perpetually in a tiny sealed box, her every opening connected to hoses and pipes and frozen forever into that hideous oyster shape. It was time to complete her packaging. A switch was flipped and the bladders all inflated together, stretching all her orifices to aching limits. Huge plugs were rammed into her lower openings, before the most undesirable of all was pushed into her mouth. The bladders deflated and her plugs were tightly gripped and held firm by her newly rubberised flesh. A hole in the gag plug was immediately fitted with a breathing tube and her eyes sealed again with the contact lenses. She could feel her form being sprayed all over with something, but was in no position to realise that it was a coating of gel designed to prevent her new outer skin sticking to the next item of packaging.

Hoisted once more, the pitifully wriggling blinded rubber doll was positioned over a large stainless steel tube and then lowered until her form had vanished within its confines. Two men climbed onto steps alongside and began to pour a thick viscous liquid into the tube.

At first, Fiona could feel the goo lying thickly around her ankles, but then to her dismay and terror she felt the mixture of chemicals stir into life as the reaction started. The expanding flexible urethane foam crept purposefully upward, thwarted only in its bid for escape by the lid that had been fastened over the top of the tube. Angrily, the contained foam continued to expand as it increased its density and Fiona found her frantic movements being steadily reduced to near zero.

Barely ten minutes had elapsed before the cured torpedo was being extruded from its moulding tube, the entombed Fiona now safely, hopelessly packaged for transit. Ready for the first stage of a new existence that would ultimately end with her entombed, fertilised, fattened and serviced by a machine - reduced to a module, a binary number in the silicone chip brain of her keeper.

Pamela looked down from the office window as her third day's work ended and as she did so she wondered what was in those two strange sausage shapes that were being loaded in the yard. Whatever it was, it was some sort of secret project, but she knew that eventually her

curiosity would drive her to find out. Pamela strained her eyes and could just make out the markings on the shapes as the men dropped then and allowed them to bounce partly into the open back of the van, completing their loading with well aimed kicks that rolled the objects from sight.

"Hmmm! Just what the hell is RFT/233-(D) and RFT/234-(S)," she murmured to herself. A noise from behind startled her, and she turned to see a smirking Mr Hersch enter the office.

"Working late again, Pamela?" he asked. She nodded silently.

"Well, I'm off now, so I'll see you tomorrow," he advised as he turned for the door. He added a warning.

"You just make sure you stay away from the factory, young lady.

Remember it's all Top Secret work down there."

Pamela smiled sweetly.

"Oh! Of course, Mr Hersch, I wouldn't dream of going down there," she replied in a pained voice.

Hersch nodded and smiled. Obviously, he was in a rush to get to some sea-food restaurant thought Pamela, catching a muttered comment about nice oyster as he disappeared through the door.

## **WITCHFINDER GENERAL**

### **– Discovery**

Time travel in the year 1652 was the sole preserve of Witches, Wizards and Gods. In 1999, a mere mortal learned the trick. Being a sensible fellow, he kept the fantastic knowledge to himself. His name was William James Quail.

Bill, as he preferred to be known, headed a team of physicists at Lyneham University, which group had for years been studying the effects of high energy particles on living tissue. Whilst the rest of the team were compiling data on the destructive effects of these tests, Bill was doing his own research into a strange side effect that became apparent, and had yet to be satisfactorily explained. A small sample of amoeba laden gelatine had simply ceased to exist on being subjected to a hefty dose of L-gamma radiation whilst surrounded by a high gauss magnetic field.

The sample, although enclosed in a sealed test container, could not be traced. The container itself, appeared undamaged. Exhaustive tests found nothing that even remotely resembled traces of the test material. Baffled, the search went on for months, eating away at valuable resource capital.

It was eventually decided that the disassembled molecular debris from the sample had in some way penetrated the magnetic flux and been absorbed by the surrounding container. What other explanation was there? The work moved on, as it usually does, and the issue of the disappearing amoeba faded from memory in some dusty archive.

Except that Bill just couldn't get the phenomenon out of his mind. Something about the mystery nagged him to distraction. Something he had read tickled the distant reaches of his mind. Was there something in that old hypothesis that could shed some light?

Months passed, and as his team worked on, Bill became obsessed with the idea that the vanishing cells had a meaning of truly stupendous scientific importance. He spent almost every waking hour devouring tomes of scientific data from the past.

Bill was exhausted and disheartened as he rubbed his tired eyes and prepared to call it a day. That was a joke. He'd been reading since 7.30 am, and now it was 2.30 am on the following morning! The heavy volume slipped from his fingers and fell to the side of the chair. Leaning over, he reached down to retrieve the rare manuscript, made all the more valuable by the handwritten notes entered therein by a young Albert Einstein long before his face became as famous as his equation. Bill lifted the old book onto his lap, eyes absently scanning the page at which it had fallen open. His hands froze as scribbled equations leaped out of the page and burned into his brain. Pushing his half frame spectacles onto the bridge of his nose, he eagerly read line after line of Einstein's notes. Many times he went over the text, each re-read bringing fresh signs of understanding and realisation to his frowning face. It was all there. The answer to the puzzle of the missing sample lay in those scribbled, random notes and mathematical formula. Why had it not ever been published?

The clarity of his perception was exhilarating. They would never find that missing sample because it simply wasn't there! At least, not in the way they had perceived. It had never left the container! It was still there, but in a different time! The bombarding of L-gamma rays, coupled with the effect of the strong magnetic field, had split the time-space continuum and allowed the adventurous amoeba to slip through the wall of time into another era!

Dazed, Bill contemplated the significance of his discovery. Even for his nimble brain, the possibilities offered by controlling such a force were almost beyond the power to conceive.

More months passed and Bill's appearances at the Lab became increasingly infrequent with each passing week. Concerned enquiries by his colleagues produced no answer to his unexplained absences and disinterest in current projects. Offers of help, and counselling, were brushed rudely aside. Visits to his house were wasted effort, though it was obvious from the flickering lights through the basement window that Bill was there.

In all, fourteen months passed and Bill Quail was quietly written off. His contract was terminated. Occasionally, his reclusive figure was seen scurrying through the streets with various bundles or packages, but he never stopped to talk.

A new year rolled around, and with it came the completion of Bill Quail's dream.

Bill rose from his workbench and stretched his cramped limbs. It was finished! His dream project had tested successfully atlast. After dozens of abortive attempts he was now able to send both living and inanimate objects through time to a specific moment, accurate to only a few seconds. More important was the fact that he could now bring them back - alive and undamaged. There remained only the final test. He had to replace the various rats and mice with himself!

Drawing a deep breath he made the final decision and began to clip the miniaturised transducer to his belt.

During his construction, Bill had come across an anomaly in the time matrix. He had deduced from this quirk of nature that it was possible to arrive in the past in either an invisible, quasi-plasmic form - or alternatively as a solid example of reality.

For the first test, Bill had decided to observe from the safety of the ectoplasmic shield of invisibility. Furthermore, he'd decided that to rely upon the mother device to return him after a predetermined time would be sheer folly. Hence the clip-on transducer that would afford him control from another time.

With the time set for one week in the past, Bill activated the time transmitter. Nothing happened other than feeling a slight buzzing sensation. It would appear that all his calculations were wrong, but then, Bill knew that was impossible. He checked his watch. A smug smile creased his lips as the door swung open.

Bill walked into the room, completely unaware that every move was being watched by his future self. He busied himself adding some of the final stages to the matter displacement unit, at the same time going over calculations in his mind that had cropped up during a cross check on some data.

Apparently, if everything worked he could time travel in either solid or plasmic form. The problem was that calculations predicted an unstable situation if his future and present self ever made contact in solid form. The nature of this instability he was unable to determine, but having discovered the possibility of its existence he had already decided not to tempt providence by meeting himself for a handshake.

Bill watched himself for some time, then reaching for the transducer he energised the future machine by remote. Bill the worker vanished instantly and once more the time travelling scientist found himself alone in the basement with only the humming machine for company. A few quick checks revealed that he had returned a mere 1.3 seconds after he left; and yet he had been in the past for some thirty minutes, judging by his watch.

More calculations and additions to the machine and Bill discovered that not only could he shift in time, but he could also control the locus of materialisation - within a radius of a hundred miles or so.

Weeks passed and with each passing day Bill became more adventurous in his time travels. At first, he had limited himself to hours and days into the past, but with a growing confidence he widened the scope of his wanderings to encompass years gone by. As a result, he became regular a spectral visitor to the eras of Victorian splendour and beyond. Later, the dim medieval past had become his favourite. The fifteenth

and sixteenth centuries seemed such barbarous times, seething with interesting battles and people; not to mention horrific acts.

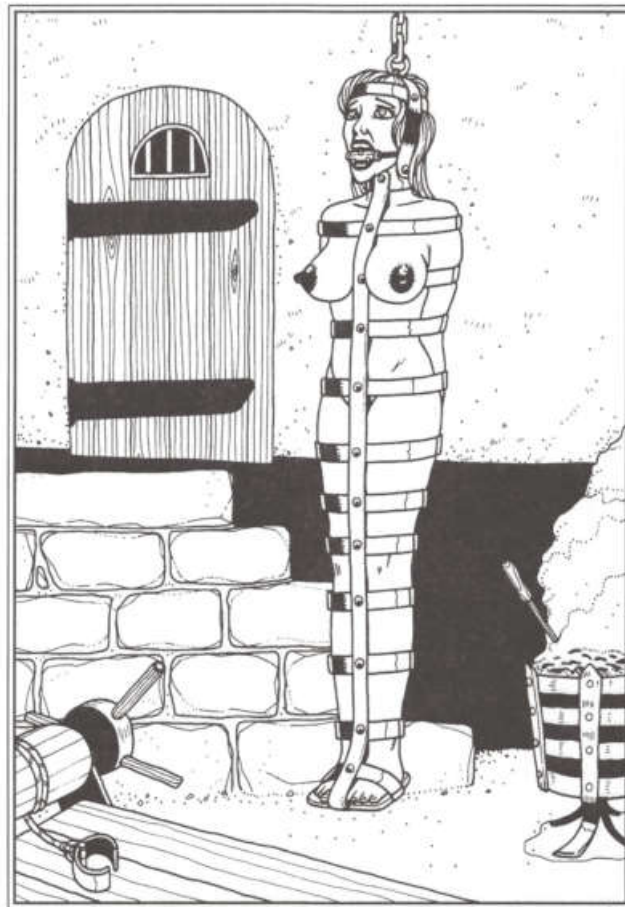
It was during such a visit to the mid fifteenth century that Bill had chanced upon the visit of a Witchfinder to the village of Sileby, in the County of Leicestershire. He watched entranced as a young Wench was singled out as being inhabited by evil spirits, to be dragged forward screaming to face her inquisitor.

The Witchfinder was not impressed by her protestations of innocence and decreed that she be put to the test. Bill continued to watch from his secret, ethereal vantage point as the young nubile woman was stripped naked before the village crowd and strapped firmly to a pivoted plank set up by the local pond. Her screams of protest were silenced with an evil spiked brank that threatened to pierce the tender lining of her mouth the moment she tried to speak. The Witchfinder explained to the crowd that this was necessary to prevent the devil within being passed to another by speech; apparently a ploy often used by Satan when he was cornered in a captive host.

Bill found to his astonishment that the sight of this naked, bound damsel was having profoundly interesting effects on his libido. The sight of her rope-cinched, struggling form sent hot waves of pleasure streaking through his loins. Suddenly, the creaking ropes and muted screams for mercy were quelled as the plank was tilted and the luckless woman disappeared below the green, slimy surface. Silence reigned amongst the onlookers as each contemplated the rippled, agitated surface concealing the slowly drowning woman. Bill happened to see the Witchfinder's face and was shocked by the look of sadistic glee shaping his features. The bastard! He was really enjoying torturing this helpless woman.

The plank rose after an eternity, revealing a choking, gasping, trussed female who violently shook her head as she was questioned again by the Witchfinder. Her refusal to admit the presence of inner entities had





her returned to the suffocating claustrophobia of the pool's slimy agitated waters. Time and time again she was submerged, until mercifully unconsciousness claimed her tortured body.

The Witchfinder had her removed to the village jail for the night, where she would remain fastened into a barbarous body shaped cage suspended from the jail roof until morning. Bill was sickened. There was no other intent by this self appointed Witchfinder than to enjoy the suffering of any unfortunate woman he decided to nominate as his next victim. He could have forgiven the man if he had genuinely believed in what he was doing, but pure sadism for his own personal gratification and the destruction of this beautiful woman was beyond any limits Bill could allow for self indulgence.

With a quick manipulation of his remote control, Bill was transported in an instant to the morning of the next day. Seconds later he was reeling in shock as he watched the unfortunate woman who had been released from the cage, now being subjected to the most horrific insertions of instruments of torture into her tender lower openings. The Woman's gagged screams echoed around the room as her savagely trussed form fought to resist these assaults on her body. Undeterred, the Witchfinder continued with relish as her pain increased to unbearable levels. A full ten minutes passed before the woman capitulated to the persua-

sion of pain and indicated with frantic head movements that she was ready to confess. The Witchfinder stood back, annoyed that all valid reasons for inflicting more pain were removed by her confession. The poor, wretched woman was duly condemned to be burned at the stake without delay. Bill watched in horror as she was savagely rebound in a different configuration and carried out to the already prepared pyre that would scorch her nubile form into a blackened effigy. The maiden Eleanora would now amuse the Witchfinder in a final fifteen minute display of the ultimate agony. Horrified, Bill watched as the flames licked high and the struggling, screaming woman fought against the non-flammable chains binding her to the pole. Bill could stand no-more. A flick of the transducer and he was back in his basement with a lot to think about.

## **– Intervention**

For hours Bill sat deep in thought. His problem was two-fold. To save the woman from her terrible, agonising fate would alter history itself and this in itself was a serious consideration. The fact that to do so meant that he would have to fully materialise in that distant past with all its inherent risks did not escape him either.

Another problem was far more difficult to equate, or indeed accept. He had actually enjoyed watching the woman bound and gagged. For some reason, he just couldn't fathom the sight of this woman's naked helpless body had fired his lust with the heat of a blow torch. The thoughts of the sheer humiliation of her public display alone brought fresh surges of feeling to his already rampant manhood - the same thought also brought a feeling of guilt. He had enjoyed watching the woman's exhibition of bound nudity, her struggles for freedom and the terrible humiliation of being paraded before the whole village. Then, having given this pleasurable display, she had been left to suffer and die when she needed him most. This was something he couldn't live with. Bill already knew that he was going to do the unthinkable and tamper with historical events.

For twelve hours Bill sat pondering his dilemma as the seed of an idea began to germinate in his fertile mind. An idea that would not only save the woman's life, but would also indulge his private fantasies. The fact that he could engineer the downfall of that sadistic Witchfinder whilst doing so was an added bonus that didn't escape him.

Days flowed into weeks while Bill prepared his plan of action. There was no rush, the daesel had beef long dead these last three hundred years. She would suffer no-more as he carefully assembled all the many items needed to save her from a fate she had already suffered. In any case, to acquire a genuine document empowering himself as Witchfinder General had required some careful talking at the British Museum, and even more careful forgery as he worked from the copy he had been allowed to make.

The rest of his equipment proved easy. Visits to local sex shops and various equipment suppliers proved an enjoyable part of his planning as he was appraised of the many ways a woman could be restrained



without pain. Some five hundred years after her death, the rescue plan for the virgin damsel Eleanora was ready for implementation.

Bill linked all the equipment, including a horse and a medieval cart parked in his garden, to the matrix field of his machine. Setting the time zone carefully he boarded the cart and prepared for his rescue, pausing as he considered what he was about to do. He was nervous at the thought that for the very first time he would be materialising as solid matter in a time long gone. The implications of making a wrong move could be catastrophic if he should change anything that directly affected himself or his ancestors.

His mind made up, he pushed the switch that would send himself and his cart-load of equipment hurtling back into the mists of time.

Mists were an understatement! Wraith-like tendrils of fog surrounded his materialised form. Leicestershire hadn't changed much in five hundred years! The bowl of the valley carved by the River Soar had always given rise to dense early morning fog. Bill peered through the gloom and made out the well worn track leading to the village of Sileby. The stone block at the side of the road was emblazoned with the carved legend of 'Sileby 2 Miles'. Right on target, he thought with some satisfaction. Let's just hope that time-wise he was just as accurate for the sake of that young woman Eleanora.

A quick flick of the reins and the placid old horse he had bought from a local farm trudged into motion, unaware that he was now treading a path travelled daily by his own distant ancestors. Bill hoped that no one noticed this strange breed of Shire that was not due to be bred until some 100 years in the future. If necessary, he could pass off the powerful work-bred animal as a freak of nature; a mutant horse caused by some accident of birth.

As he moved towards the village his mind went over all the details of his planning, his clothes, the cart - everything had to be in keeping with the standard trappings of 1532. His equipment, however, was a whole different ball game. The very nature of the materials he intended to use would bring immediate suspicion from anyone who saw or touched these complex compounds of modern rubber or nylon; not to mention the stainless steels and plastics of 20th century industry. Rubber, the most basic element of modern man, although still little more than a purified tree sap, was yet to be discovered by explorers travelling to the distant East.

Introducing these truly wondrous materials would be a tricky part of his plan. He had somehow to answer their curiosity without actually saying anything. Fear and mysticism would be the tools of his trade in this particular matter; the rest he hoped would be covered by imagination and a deep seated fear and respect for the office of Witchfinder General.

Darkness shrouded the village as a shadowy figure moved stealthily along the wall of a small cottage. Eleanora and her parents had long been asleep when the faint creak of a shutter sounded briefly in the still of the night. The day had been tedious for Bill as he sheltered from view on the edge of the forest; his powerful binoculars watching every move made by the unsuspecting woman of his attentions. Now, with darkness shrouding his activities, Bill prepared the second stage of his plan to rescue this fair damsel from her terrible, preordained death.

Looking down at her slumbering body, covered by the warm furs and skins, Bill could not help but feel a strong arousal as he contemplated the successful outcome of his nocturnal activities.

Slowly, being careful not to knock anything over, he reached out to the cluttered log that served as a bedside table and gently lifted the earthen water pitcher. He felt inside and confirmed that it was half full before removing a small packet from his garments. With equal care he emptied the contents of the packet into the pitcher and with slow movements designed not to cause a splashing sound, mixed the contents in a swirling motion. The deed was done! All that remained was for him to retire to the darkness of the forest and allow fate to decide this pretty young damsel's future.

If she drank the potion he was sure that her life would be long and fruitful. Failure to do so would almost certainly condemn her to a terribly painful death at the hands of the Witchfinder due to arrive sometime in the next day.

Morning dawned and with it Bill's first sight of the newly arisen Eleanora. He watched with interest as she stretched innocently in all her naked beauty by the open window, oblivious to the watchful eyes of binoculars well beyond the range of normal human vision. She turned and ruffled the long golden tresses of her hair, then reached for the pitcher and a small carved wooden cup by her side. The cool water tasted good to her dry throat as she sipped the brackish liquid down. Bill checked his watch with a growing sense of success for his venture. By his reckoning it would be roughly nine o'clock when the first signs of his potion began to manifest themselves in this young woman. His estimate was some fifteen minutes out.

At nine fifteen, the half demented shrieking figure of Eleanora burst from the cottage followed by her parents. They caught up with her fleeing figure and attempted to subdue the frenzied thrashing of her flailing arms. As if trying to beat off invisible attackers, Eleanora swung wildly at thin air. Fear and loathing twisted her pretty face as the ravages of Bill's LSD potion brought drug abuse to this quiet rural valley of ancient England for the very first time. Eleanora was having as bad trip.

Other villagers ran to help and within a few minutes Eleanora's writhing, twisting body was subdued and carried back into the cottage. Time for my appearance, thought Bill, as he returned to the concealed cart and prepared for his fortuitous entry into the village of Sileby. As the cart creaked and rattled its way down the main street many turned to look at the driver; each feeling the same chill pass through them as the black sombre clothes and trappings of a Witchfinder General were recognised.

Bill made his way directly to the house of Eleanora, then feigning a divine intervention, he halted and searched around him as if seeking some hidden force. Standing up in the cart, he spread an outstretched



palm before him and began to scan the surrounding cottages. His scan continued round, then abruptly came to a stop as his palm faced Eleanora's cottage. A serious frown for the benefit of the watchers creased his face as he dismounted from the cart and turning to a man who was obviously the village leader, he spoke in a loud, commanding voice.

"I sense evil here," he pronounced, indicating the door to the cottage. With a theatrical flourish he whisked out the forged document and handed it to the village Elder. "I have been appointed and sent here by his eminence, the Archbishop, to seek out all manifestations of evil and destroy them in the name of the Almighty."

The Elder looked suitably impressed, and scared, as he scanned the official seal of the church. Although he couldn't read, he was well aware that to question such authority as was represented by this design would be unwise in the extreme.

"Your visit is well timed, Witchfinder General," he grovelled. "This morning, a young maiden has been taken by evil spirits and at this very moment is possessed of the devil as she lies in her bed."

Bill scarcely hid his grin as the seeds of his planning bore fruit.

"I will see this poor unfortunate without delay," he ordered, moving

towards the door as the crowd drew back and formed a passage. The interior of the cottage was cool and dark as he entered the living area. Remembering his role of almost god-like supernatural talents, he scanned the house with his palm. After a few moments he indicated that the evil lay in the room to his left where he already knew Eleanora would be. The gathering were impressed. This stranger knew instinctively which of four possible rooms harboured the evil manifestation. Eleanora was still writhing and groaning in the grip of four burly menfolk as they held her spread-eagled on the bed. No doubt a very bad LSD trip, thought Bill. But then a bad trip was infinitely preferable to the fate the other inquisitor had in mind, as he covered the last eighteen miles to Sileby. Bill placed his hand on the woman's forehead and nodded his head knowingly.

"She is indeed bewitched," he announced to the awestruck throng. "Possessed of a very powerful and evil entity that will not only destroy her but all of you unless we act quickly." The crowd, as one, took an involuntary step back as Eleanora's innocent form seemed to radiate dark shafts of potent evil. Already the seeds of ignorance and fear were beginning to blossom as Bill's plan moved on.

"We must act swiftly to save her. Fetch all my goods from the cart!" Bill watched as several men vanished from the room to carry out his bidding and whilst they were gone he turned to Eleanora's watching parents with a look of great gravity.

"You must trust me completely if you wish to save your daughter. Many things you will see will be beyond your understanding, but fear not for Eleanora will be whole again and free from these evil Daemons of Satan. My methods are strange and the secrets known only to the Almighty, but if you do not trust me there is only one way to ensure the safety of the village. If I fail, she must be burnt at the stake!"

Bill waited as a pregnant silence shrouded the room. It was boom or bust time for his plan.

"You have our blessing," ventured Eleanora's father after considering the options. "Do with her as you must, Master Witchfinder. Anything you can do to save our dear daughter from the fires of hell must be done."

Bill placed a hand on his shoulder and assured him that Eleanora would not suffer, then turned as the men returned with his equipment. All eyes in the room widened in wonderment as the masses of strange paraphernalia were transported to Eleanora's bedside. Bill, meanwhile, was watching the slowly subsiding efforts of the woman with the realisation that the mild dosage of the drug was wearing off. Soon she would be rational, and if that happened too soon, the surrounding throng might get second thoughts about his planned cure.

Urgently, he ordered her body stripped then, as her tortuous movements subsided further, he ordered that all were to leave the room.

"Quickly," he warned. "She's losing the battle for her body, the devil is taking over!"

The orderly exit turned into a stampede as Eleanora groaned loudly,

leaving a jubilant Bill alone with the recovering maiden.

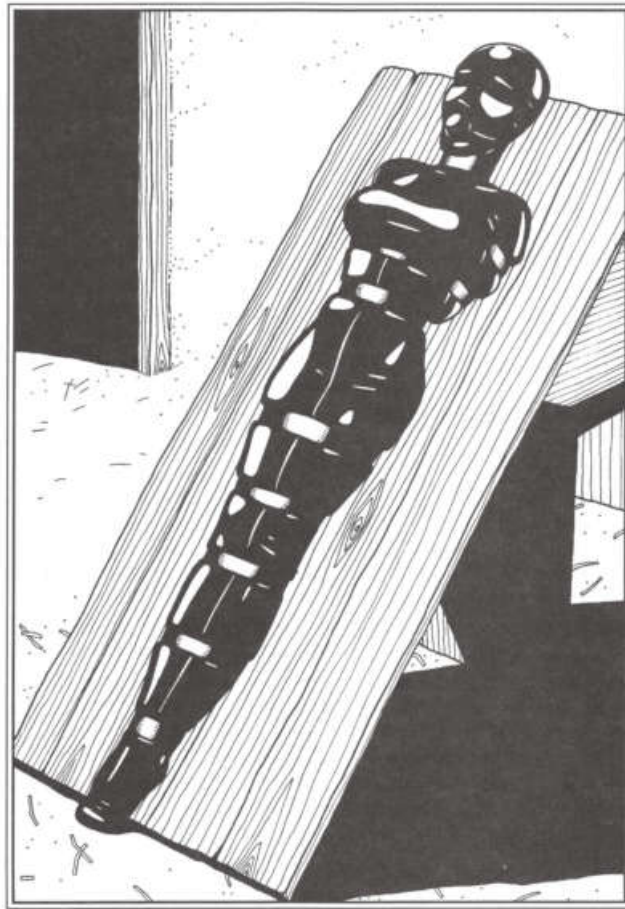
Rapidly he bound her wrists with padded leather cuffs, spread her legs and inserted large dildos into both of her defenceless and virginal openings. It was a painstakingly slow - albeit pleasurable - job! He had no wish to damage the delicate, untouched portals of this youtuig lady, and using liberal doses of jelly he eased the inserts into her succulent young openings. These he connected by thin wires to a small control box taped into the small of her back. His next item was a huge ball gag with a solid bar running through its middle. This was wedged into her groaning mouth with some difficulty until the bar rested tightly in the corners of her lips. A sturdy strap soon secured the whole arrangement, immovably and punitively, into her oral cavity leaving her gagged and silent.

Ankle fetters and a heavy duty Latex body-binder were the next items of Eleanora's wardrobe to be added, not easily in the case of the body binder. It took Bill some twenty minutes to stretch the tight sheath over Eleanora's fettered form; and a further ten minutes to thread the laces running from ankles to head that pulled the pleated seams together. Before drawing the laces tight, the pleat had been stretched fully open by Eleanora's enclosed body. Now with the laces drawn taut the pleat had vanished and the two rows of eyelets nestled neatly side by side. Only a firmly gagged mouth and Eleanora's nose remained visible as he called the waiting parents back in.

"She's safe to approach now," he confided. "Satan's evil cannot escape the confines of this Holy shroud." Bill emphasised the shroud's total enclosure by running his hands over the smooth, rubber encased curves of her body.

"Now, you must help me complete her confinement before the devil returns to fight for possession of her soul."

Eleanora's parents approached her encapsulated form with trepidation, tentatively reaching out to touch the strange skin coating their



daughter. Quickly they snatched back their hands as they encountered the warm smoothness of her body, fearful of this strange, all-enveloping sheath that appeared to grow on her body. Nervously, they assisted as Bill threaded heavy leather straps through the many loops in the outer surface of the cocoon and completed her total immobilisation. Within minutes, the steadily reviving Eleanora was reduced to mummified helplessness by the encirclement of the tightly cinched bands of leather covering her form from neck to ankles.

Bill was glad of the loose fitting clothing of the medieval age that conveniently hid the raging erection in his trousers. Sweet Eleanora was certainly possessed now, but of the ability to raise massive feelings of lust in his body with the image of her totally trussed helplessness! The sweet torment he had planned for her future almost caused him to explode into his duds at the mere thought of it!

“But why the gag?” inquired her mother.

Bill turned and, with an air of impatience, explained the necessity of this seemingly unnecessary item.

“Satan moves in dangerous ways,” he warned. “Once he finds he is trapped in her body without being able to move or flee he will try to escape by using her voice to carry him to another form. The bar is for

her own good. When Satan finds he is thwarted he will vent his anger on her body and cause her to thrash and fight."

Eleanora's parents nodded as if understanding these matters.

"Many times I have seen poor unfortunates driven to bite off their own tongue by the fury of his anger," continued Bill. "Now we must act with haste and prepare, for there is another evil-one approaching your village at this very moment. A false claimant to the title of Witchfinder.

The parents looked shocked as he paused for effect.

"We must hide Eleanora from his sight and prepare to trap this harbinger of evil with his own actions. Quickly, place this unfortunate maiden in the chest until we can return and drive the devil from her body."

Bill slid a specially vented and padded coffin shaped box forward and assisted as they lifted the rubber entombed damsel into the box. With the lid shut it only remained for the heavy brass banding and locks to be secured to ensure that Eleanora's continued occupancy was not an issue. A final gesture of theatrical window dressing by Bill entailed a heavy chromed crucifix which he solemnly placed on the top of Eleanora's casing.

"To protect the woman from further intrusions of evil spirits," he informed the silently Watching pair.

Bill was highly pleased with his plan so far. Before him lay the crated form of a beautiful woman - bound, sheathed and gagged into a motionless impotent silence, packaged in fine oak and awaiting his pleasure with no hope of escape. He led the way out and was joined by the others, none of Whom wished to be alone in that room with the forces of evil. Thus the stiffened, silent cocoon was left to its own devices as they prepared for another unwelcome visitor. Unseen, unheard, a nubile young women strained and writhed against the unbreakable bonds of modern technology.

## **– Day of Reckoning**

Approaching the village Elder, Bill inquired of him the whereabouts of any other good looking females within the community. The Elder looked puzzled as he pointed out another cottage further down the street.

"There is the lass, Megan, yonder."

He studied Bill suspiciously.

"But what does the Witchfinder General want with her? For tis' of good faith in our Lord that this woman is protected from the Daemons of Satan."

"Perfect!" replied Bill. "Tis just such a holy woman I need to entrap this evil-doer who has been taking my name in vain. For her to be proclaimed a witch by this man will surely prove that he is an impostor who preys on innocent women."

The Elder considered Bill's wisdom at length and then confirmed that such a declaration of witchcraft would certainly be false with this

woman.

"But how do we trick him without allowing him to torture a confession from her?" he asked thoughtfully. "This woman doth not deserve to be put to the test when it is known that she is innocent of evil doings."

Bill smiled, glad that he had foreseen such a reaction and planned for its eventuality.

"Fear not old man, for trick him we shall and not a hair of dear Megan's head will be hurt. But you must trust me for I make a strange request. Megan must not know of her use as a means to trap this man for she will surely give doubt by her demeanour if she knows she is not to be tortured. Tis cruel, I know, to deceive the maiden in such a way, but far less cruel than to let this man continue to torture and murder innocent damsels. True, she will be frightened, but the Devil cannot harm a woman of the faith. Our Lord will protect her from his wrath!"

The Elder seemed convinced, although not too happy, as Bill ordered three strong men to take and strip Megan.

"Bind and gag her securely, then install her on the stake ready for burning!"

The screaming woman was summarily stripped. Struggling madly, she was chained and roped to the post as Bill explained his plan to the listening Elders of the community council. He interrupted his deliberations, and crossing to the frantically straining Megan instructed that turns of rope were drawn tightly between the join of her legs and across her mouth.

"We don't want any openings available for torture instruments!"

His attention was drawn back to the stake as a gasp sounded from Megan's sealed lips and he was in time to see three turns of course rope being drawn deeply into her cleft by the cinches. The lips of her mound bulged roundly and then parted to swallow the taut cords into the valley of her sex.

Bill studied her trussed form, noting with some pleasure the rope framed breasts jutting outward to form two ballooning spheres, the eight rope turns encircling her neck holding her stiffly erect - and finally, the savagely cinched body with its many curving protrusions bulging painfully between the taut encircling bands of hemp. She was well secured. Barely a ripple showed in her as he reached down and tested to see that she was sealed and felt the rigid bars of cord covering her innocent pussy. With difficulty, Bill turned his attention away and back to the task in hand.

"When the impostor enters the village, he must be told that she has already been tested for the truth and has admitted her dastardly partnership with evil forces. You must convince him that you knew of his arrival and were waiting for his final inspection and judgement before she is put to the torch."

One of the council timidly ventured a suggestion he had expected.

"But if this man enjoys inflicting pain, as you say, sir, he will surely wish to test her himself?"

"Surely he will. But not if he has the promise of three or four other women to test after proving Megan is corrupted by the devil. Trust me. I will ensure that Megan is not so attractive to him."

The senior Elder nodded slowly, acknowledging Bill's cunning as he answered.



“Aye! Tis true. All we need do is show him four of our most comely wenches through the bars of the jail to Wet his appetite. I'm sure the wenches of sin from the house of ungodliness will be only too pleased to gain favour with the Elders by offering to help.”

He smiled as another thought crossed his mind.

“Perhaps they will be converted if they do work for the Almighty and will see the error of their ways.”

“I doubt it,” murmured Bill to himself.

Everything was settled and the trap primed. Barely in time, as it happened, for no sooner had the protesting ladies of ill repute been trussed securely and locked in the jail than the solitary figure of the Witchfinder appeared at the forest's edge. His eyes narrowed as he saw the distant figure of a female bound to a stake and surrounded by brushwood. Kicking his pony into action, he rapidly covered the remaining ground separating himself from the scene of a woman about to suffer.

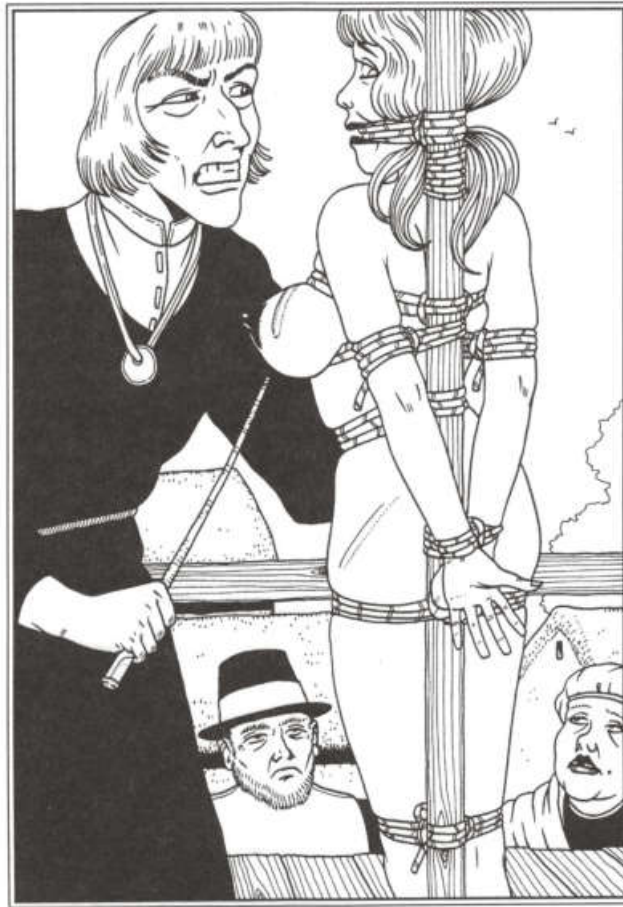
Met by the Elders, he listened as they proudly proclaimed their expertise at extracting the truth from this evil Witch and bade him to check the voracity of their findings. They made sure that he was appraised of the other four accused at present residing in the jail before standing back and allowing him passage to see for himself.

His eyes slitted and gleamed with evil intent as he surveyed the four voluptuous lasses writhing in their ropes on the jail floor. These chattels would provide excellent sport, he thought, studying the ample breasts and soft curving figures. He ordered that they be strung up by the ankles from the beams ready for testing, and watched with undisguised relish as the four writhing forms were hoisted to hang helplessly awaiting their fate. Satisfied that he had plenty of sport in the offing, he made his way back to the stake in the square.

The Witchfinder approached Megan's frightened figure as she struggled in vain against her chains and ropes. Her muffled pleas for help were effectively distorted by the huge wad of hessian in her mouth, and garbled words served little purpose in appraising the Witchfinder of her innocence. But the Witchfinder was not pleased. He was not about to be robbed of his pleasure by a well meaning crowd of ignorant yokels. No! He would have to test this Wench further, he thought, as he approached her wildly struggling figure.

“Release her! I must carry out more te...!”

His voice trailed off as the abominable stench of dung and rotting eggs pervaded his nostrils. Sure enough, he perceived the source of this awesome nostril searing stink to be the damsel at the stake. His nose wrinkled as he approached her and confirmed his suspicions. The



woman stank to high heaven - of what he had no idea! Bill's stink bomb mixture hadn't even been invented in 1532, and was therefore something of an unpleasant novelty.

The Witchfinder really didn't fancy touching this evil smelling object when he had four other, sweeter smelling subjects awaiting his testing in the jail. No! This woman he could forgo without feeling any loss. He Walked around her tethered form and searched for the means to confirm her guilt without recourse to further testing. He probed her cinched crotch with his stick, at the same time careful to maintain his distance by using the stick at arms length. Thwarted by the cinches, he was unable to open her and check for the Devil's mark, nor could he avail himself of her rear passage thanks to Bill's tightly administered rope barrier. Frustrated at missing this chance to inflict pain, he moved on. C ontemptuously, he sliced the cane down across Megan's extruded bosom and Bill was barely able to hold back the angry surge of the watchers as an livid red line appeared on the surface of her creamy lobes. The Witchfinder moved behind his victim and sliced viciously at Megan's cinched, taut buttock skin and enjoyed her muffled screams of pain as she strained against her bonds. For several minutes he stood savouring her distress, then raising his eyes he located the mark he needed.

"Aha!" he announced loudly as he spotted a mole on Megan's shoul-

der. "Tis obvious the woman is a chattel of Satan! She bears the mark of the devil blatantly on her body and without shame!"

The Elders gathered to peer at the offending brown dot that had been sufficient to condemn poor Megan to a burning hell. Querying the Witchfinder's judgement, they earned themselves a lecture on not interfering with things they didn't understand. '

"Burn the witch," he ordered. "Burn her and watch the devil squirm!"

He snatched a torch and stepped back from the brush pyre, grinning evilly at the wide, desperately pleading eyes of the distraught woman bound tightly to the pole. At least he would have the pleasure of watching her terror and pain as the flames stripped her naked flesh from her bones.

He lit the torch from a fire and drew back his arm to toss the blazing faggot at Megan's feet, but a powerful hand held his wrist in a grip of iron.

"Not so fast, my fine friend. Thou hast just condemned the village holy woman as being a Witch, how dost thou explain this?" queried Bill in his finest medieval tongue.

Megan watched uncomprehending as her fate was postponed and her accuser was surrounded by angry village people. The Witchfinder stumbled for words as the trap was sprung. He knew that to survive this day was going to be a slim chance at best. At worst, he would suffer the same hell as all his past victims, a fate that Bill had planned would happen for sure.

The Witchfinder's fate was sealed in a second as Bill ventured the hypothesis that he was an agent of the Devil himself, sent to vent his evil desires on innocent maidens as he impersonated genuine Witchfinders appointed by the Parliament. A cry of put him to the test was soon in full bloom with the baying crowd and the ex-Witchfinder's fate was no longer in doubt.

Bill had no stomach for the actual testing and busied himself freeing the dumbfounded Megan from her position on the pole as they were left alone in the square. At one stage, she was freed from the waist down, whilst still held firmly by her upper bonds. Bill was sorely tempted to avail himself of her tempting charms, but contented himself with a fumbling attempt to undo the tight knots that ensured ample groping of her mature breasts. Her incredulous and sometimes angry looks were diverted from Bill by screams of pain from the nearby jail. Bill's explanation of how she had been used as bait found no sympathy from the wronged Megan; that is until he pointed out that without her unwitting help, some young women of the village would now be screaming instead of the evil Witchfinder. Put to the test, the luckless Witchfinder was forced to disclose to his inquisitors a cornucopia of hidden Daemons. Shortly thereafter, he graced the recently vacated pole at the centre of the pile of brushwood. He was not missed more than he deserved!

## **- Eleanora is Exorcised**

With the threat from the bogus Witchfinder removed, Bill was allowed a free hand in his quest to rid the delectable Eleanora of her Satanic lodgers. There had been moments when this pleasure had been in doubt. Eleanora, having recovered from her LSD trip, had initially fought madly to escape the claustrophobic confines of her restraints, only to slump in exhaustion as the bonds refused to release her sweating form.

This inactivity had been interpreted by the villagers as a sign that the Daemons were destroyed; exorcised by the death of their master, the late and unlamented Witchfinder - a possibility that Bill had already foreseen. A sly press on the controller within the folds of his clothes had rapidly dispelled any such thoughts as the de-crated Eleanora suddenly burst into a frenzied activity; courtesy of the finely tuned electrical impulses passing from the dildos in her filled orifices.

Turning the control knob altered her gyrations from frenzied thrashing to rigid, arched quivering stiffness that soon persuaded the villagers that there was still work to be done before Eleanora would be rid of the monsters within. They were not to know that these internal Daemons, far from being spectral, were a mixture of plastics, metal and state-of-the-art micro-chip wizardry! The tingling shocks surging through Eleanora's body were not designed to be painful. Nevertheless, they were sufficient to control her muscles most effectively; more like a powerful Slendertone device than an instrument of torture. Bill, eager to proceed with Eleanora's exorcism, pointed to a strange stand affair in the pile of equipment and called the men forward.

"We must prepare her for the driving out of these evil spirits. Take yonder device and erect it in the village square where the shadows never fall. She must be bathed in God's pure light and away from all buildings during the time of her greatest danger."

Bill gave precise instructions as to the placement of the device in relation to various points of the village. His directions were carefully calculated to ensure that the stand occupied a precise spot in the village square, a spot that was vital to his planning. He neglected to mention, however, that the public mounting of Eleanora ensconced in her rubber cocoon was also designed to enhance his enjoyment of her predicament. Nor did he mention that her ordeal would be long and arduous; and although a secondary consideration, he wanted her placed in a position whereby he would be able to see her struggles from any point in the village.

The men hefted the heavy beam device and disappeared out into the glare of the midday sun and Bill felt the heat of arousal strengthening in his groin. He'd saved the sweet damsel from a terrible fate. Now he would collect his reward!

The emplacement of Bill's stand required the digging of two holes in which to implant the legs supporting the cross beam. This took some time, but Bill was happy to stand and watch as the work continued. He was tempted to use the other facility of the radio controller in his pocket and energise the box taped to Eleanora's back in a different mode.

Exercising enormous constraint he resisted the temptation. He would wait until she was safely mounted as planned before he introduced her

to the mechanised pleasures of the 20th Century.

The holes were complete and the heavy wooden mounting rail lifted into position as he watched. It took only a few minutes to refill the holes and tamp the soil tightly around the legs of his device and then all was ready. Eleanora's rubber sheathed form was carried forward and placed flat on her back on top of the cross bar; her precarious perch on this narrow platform being maintained by the two men who held her steady. Bill advanced with extra leather strap fittings and clipped them to rings attached to the encircling straps of the cocoon. These in turn were passed under the horizontal beam and drawn taut with heavy buckles. The placement of these additional leather bands left Eleanora welded to the cross beam at neck, waist and ankles.

Producing a battered book from his apparel, Bill motioned the crowd back until they were a distant ring lining the square, then opening the book he began to chant unintelligible mumbo-jumbo for the listening crowd. His flat, toneless chant soon had the onlookers believing that they were hearing sacred Words that would cast the devil back to the fires of his own hell.

"The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the...!"

Bill was amazed how magical a book on trigonometry could sound when recited in such a way. He had toyed with the idea of using a book on magical incantations from that era, but had decided against it in case the words were known and he somehow got the wrong version. Quite apart from that consideration, there was the problem of 'Ye Olde Englishe' language, not the easiest of text to decipher when under stress like this. No! This was much better; his dialogue up to now had been absorbed in awe by a crowd who had never heard anything like it! Truly this man was a messenger from the Almighty with such strange and powerful words, not to mention the amazing magical symbols they had fleetingly glimpsed in that book of the mystic arts. Computer generated graphics were obviously the writing of the God's in 1532!.

Bill finished off his act with a flourish, laying on hands, dwelling perhaps seconds longer than proprietary on the young swelling breasts encased in their rubber moulds. His squeezing fingers were unseen by the distant onlookers, but felt by the moaning woman within the cocoon. He leaned down and placed his lips close to the side of her head before speaking to the encapsulated woman.

"Fear not, Eleanora, for I have come to save you from the evil Daemon infesting your body. You will feel no pain, only the forces of evil as they try to escape or take control of your soul. Do not be despaired, for they cannot harm you any more. The Almighty will enter your body to help you and you will feel great pleasure. Do not deny that pleasure. Allow it to grow. Feed on it, for it is the poison that will destroy the Daemon within."

Eleanora lay quiet and still. She had already felt the Daemons shaping her body and accepted the words of this unseen saviour without hesitation. His words enticing her to enjoy the pleasure were, however, received with a measure of disbelief. Had she not been taught that the pleasures of the body were a sin sent by the devil? Should she not deny them or risk losing her soul to the very Daemons who now controlled her? Her mind was in turmoil as the faint sounds of her adviser could

be heard retreating. But to where? Where was she? Eleanora knew that she was not in the cottage by the absence of footsteps sounding on the stone floor. Surely she must then be in another place designed for expelling the devils within, a sanctity of the church or even a blessed house.

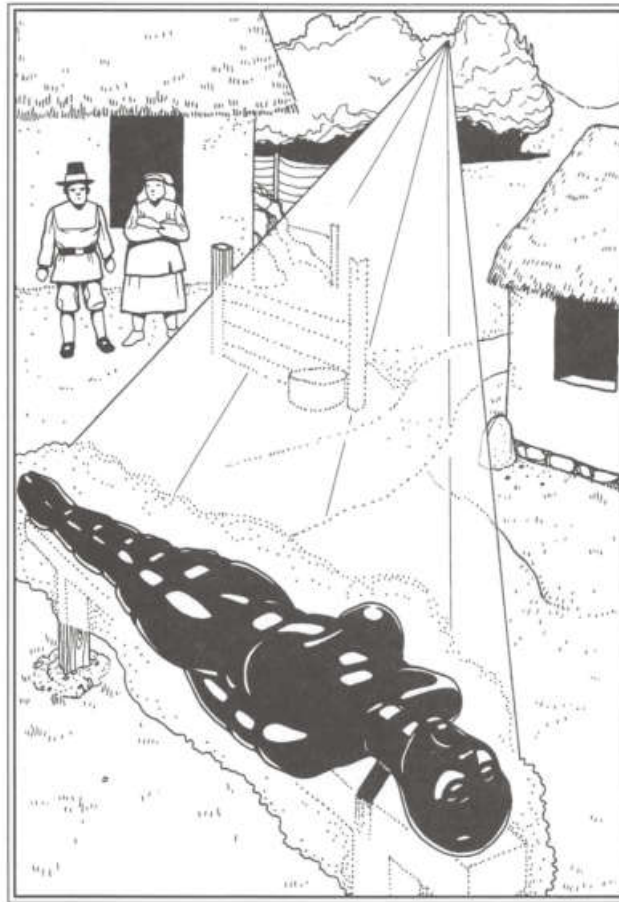
Bill joined the awestruck crowd and feeling that it was time to start the event, he pressed the button that would start the electronic Daemons shaping and contorting Eleanora's captive body.

A murmur rippled through the crowd as his prophecy that the evil would return was seen to be true. Eleanora began to heave and twist against the powerful restraints securing her body. The glistening surface of the Latex sheath rippled with magical shards of sunlight as her helpless form was forced to tense and relax; manipulated by the surging currents circulating within her captive body. Even from this distance, Bill could hear the muffled cries for help and the creaking of strained leather binders.

He allowed her Daemon attack to run for another ten minutes before switching off her internal tormentors so that she could lie in peace with breasts heaving delightfully. The next stage was to be the tricky one. If her mounting had been incorrectly placed, his clinching demonstration of connections with the powers above would be a flop.

Taking a deep breath, he slid his finger to the as yet unused third button on his controller and pressed down firmly. Hallelujah! They had placed her perfectly in position.

The crowd gasped in awe and shrank back as an unearthly blue light streamed through the distant trees and bathed the fettered woman in a shroud of pulsing colour. The intensity of the light was such that even in bright sunlight its track was plainly visible. Bill heaved a sigh of relief. Thank God that modern day low~power gas lasers were reliable. He was ecstatic at the effect that was even better than he had dared hope for. Eleanora's movements and the shiny skin of her containment were



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combining to produce a pulsating effect that gave the reflected laser light an appearance of life itself. For all the world it looked as if this bewitched woman was now surrounded by a spectral entity from the heavens. Eleanora had her own personal Aurora Borealis. Bill quickly pressed the middle button and waited for effect. This channel control was not liable to have the same immediate effect as the other two and he didn't want anyone getting bored.

Inside her dark clinging womb of rubber, Eleanora lay still as she felt the Daemon's efforts subside and her bodily movements returned normal. But what next she wondered, half in fear, the other in wonderment. She sensed the feeling of fullness between her legs and some slight discomfort from the rear orifice, but was in no position to determine the cause. Besides, the sensation was mildly satisfying and not at all unpleasant.

Suddenly she felt a slight warming of her sheath and was unaware of the ghostly light now bathing her outer covering. She was fully aware of the next stage as a gentle tingling buzz seemed to spread through her lower body emanating from deep within her front shaft and then spreading to her other more private tunnel. The sensation grew in power and Eleanora was torn between her belief that to acknowledge it was sin - or should she trust the words of her saviour and accept it as a gift of the Almighty sent to help destroy the Daemon within.

For several minutes she was undecided as she fought the tingling, satisfying feelings racing through her body. She could feel her breasts coming to life and groaned into her gag. Nipples pressed tight by the rubber grew into hardened turrets of need and poked miniature mountains upward into the tough sheath. The clearly visible nodules stood out proudly for the benefit of the onlookers who Bill had now allowed to draw closer.

The vibrating temptation in her body suddenly increased to undeniable levels as Bill wound up the vibrators and Eleanora knew that her battle was lost. She could not deny the Almighty's advances. She was his to do with as he pleased. With that capitulation to the forces of good, Eleanora felt her pubic lips swelling rapidly as they engorged with blood. Her clitoris became a hard kernel of throbbing need and the wet oily sensation oozing from her love nest heralded nature's awareness that she was ready as her love juices trickled hotly between clenched thighs. Believing herself to be alone in a room of sanctity, the writhing woman allowed herself the luxury of releasing all the powers of her lust to ravage her beleaguered and bound form.

The crowd watched enthralled as the spasmodic jerking of Satan's evil efforts were replaced by the sensuous flowing undulations of a woman in ecstasy. Loud moans of pure joy filtered past the huge ball gag and rebounded in echoes from the buildings as Eleanora surged into her first union with the perceived Almighty. The dancing beams of blue light glinted and glistened from the wildly cavorting cocoon and the onlookers were pleased as fleeting shafts of this supremely God-like light played on their bodies.

Bill groaned loudly and closed his eyes as the sheer erotic spectacle of Eleanora's exertions triggered an unsolicited orgasmic climax of his own. The crowd looked on, mistaking his demeanour as one caused by a link with the spirit of the Almighty as he amused himself with the captive damsel. They marvelled at the powerful connections of this Witchfinder General, for truly he was a great man on a Holy mission to rid the world of evil.

Bill opened his eyes just in time to see the writhing parcel of displayed eroticism explode into unbridled spontaneous eruptions of lust. Eleanora was unwittingly performing for the silent watching crowd the most awesome display of carnal enjoyment anyone had ever seen. Men and women alike stood transfixed as they each struggled with their own arousal inspired by this captivated erotic dance.

Enough was enough! Bill felt that for the present Eleanora could be left to simmer in her own carnal pressure cooker and with a great effort of self control, he turned to an Elder.

"There is no more we can do for the present," he advised. "She's in the capable hands of the Almighty for the moment and we must leave her until we are given the sign that she is ready for the next part of her exorcism."

With that, he turned away leaving Eleanora to the mercy of those tireless invaders buried deep in her lower body. The damsel would suffer the inquisition of the new Witchfinder to be sure, but her trauma would consist of endless pleasure instead of pain. Perhaps he would return after a meal; but then again, perhaps not. Eleanora was safe



where she was until he decided that it was time for her present ordeal to end, and for the new one begin.

## – The Daemons Within

Bill watched the distant solitary object at the centre of the square from his seat by the window of the Elder's cottage. The throng had tired of watching Eleanora's endless antics and had all retired for lunch. Bill's gas powered Spectral light had disappeared and all that was left was the tirelessly squirming mounted cocoon wrestling in the grip of both good and evil tormentors on an alternating basis.

He returned to the damsel's lonely vigil before taking nourishment and removed the separate circular latex covers that formed part of the cocoon covering Eleanora's breasts. Her youthful mounds of pleasure immediately sprung into view, smooth and inviting as they jiggled slightly with her struggles. With great relish he enjoyed handling these young nubile mounds of erotica as he affixed additional torments to the captive's exposed and vulnerable breasts. The buzzing cones now in attendance on her dancing nodules of ecstasy were just further proof that this Witchfinder was indeed a great magician. The crowd watched with fascination as Bill secretly energised both shock tormentors and arousal vibrators together and simulated a great battle of good and evil within the pulsing woman's form. He was delighted as he watched and listened to the rising and falling sound of her exquisite torment. Her moaning pleas for physical human fulfilment reached new heights of despair with each ensuing orgasm. The writhing contortions of every climax took on a new ferocity as her libido tore her resolve to shreds. With wicked intent, Bill took to energising both muscle stiffening electrodes and vibro stimulators at the same time. The effect of an orgasmic, electrically stiffened and lustfully arching Eleanora was a sight to behold. Truly, the young maiden was without doubt a toy in the hands of his insatiable machines.

The day drew to a close and as the last rays of the sun cast golden fingers on Eleanora's exhausted figure, Bill ordered that she be released and her encapsulated body returned to the cottage.

Alone in the quiet of the cottage bedroom, Bill began to peel Eleanora's cocoon from her tired, sweat coated body. Her eyes opened as she was uncovered and she stared long and hard at her saviour's face. Bill returned her looks and as she tried to speak with stiff jaws, he laid his finger on her lips and bade her be silent.

"It is not finished yet, young woman," he warned. "The evil still lies within you. It is at present resting from the great battle you fought today, but its death is still to come. We must continue as it gets weaker until it is vanquished forever."

Eleanora looked suitably impressed and lay unresisting as he took her freed limbs and proceeded to stretch her stringently to the four corners of the heavy oak frame of her bed. The adjustable straps he used were soon pulled to the limits of her endurance and then he left her offered like a starfish in all her resplendent beauty. She was not ashamed of her nudity for to be seen by such a great magician was no disgrace but in fact an honour.

Eleanora tried to thrust ungodly thoughts to the back of her mind as she contemplated this great man taking her as she was - ravishing her carnally as she lay helpless and vulnerable. The thoughts were transformed instantly into liquid betrayals of her inner feelings as her wide spread, needy sexual mouth oozed copious amounts of love juice. She blushed and tried to turn her head away in her shame, but Bill grasped her gently by the chin and turned her face back to his as he counselled her like a wise Elder.



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“Do not deny your body, young maiden. It is a great gift from your creator to be cherished and enjoyed to the full. There is no evil in your gift. The sin is only in the thoughts of others who would cast shadows on your pleasure. They defile the glory of a wondrous creation by slandering the natural instinct you were endowed with by the Almighty.”

Eleanora's blush was replaced by a puzzled frown as she struggled to come to terms with this new concept of morality, her exquisite face was creased by lines of thought and that delicate little nose turned even further upward with the contraction of her facial muscles.

Bill eased open her lips and slid a large dildo gag between the generous glistening portals of her oral cavity, then reaching behind he fastened

the strap that would hold it in place for the night. She was securely gagged and helplessly offered and yet he refrained from slaking the raging lust in his loins. He tensed as he reached over her spread-eagled body for the controller and felt his rock hard manhood press against Eleanora's raised mound. He paused and felt her gently rise and tentatively thrust her aching pubis against his shaft. His resistance was waning rapidly and yet he knew he must not weaken. Not yet! The time wasn't right!

He drew back and saw the blush return to her face as he succumbed to the desire to stroke her breasts. My God! She was truly a beautiful woman - so fresh, so desirable in her naivety. The innocence of youth was a wondrous thing to behold. Bill rose from the bed barely able to control his urge to remove those vibrators and thrust powerfully into the depths of her warm inviting body. But he knew he must resist. The time had yet to come where he would be free, or invited, to sample the delights of her succulent body. First, she must suffer the agonies of arousal and denial to better understand the great moment of final joining.

There was, of course, the other consideration in that he couldn't deny himself the pleasure of watching her suffer the exquisitely pleasurable internal fires of lust as he toyed with her captive form. This was his payment for her rescue from a fate she would never know existed. Bill reached down and stroked the long fronds of silky, golden hair back from her brow, then taking a lipstick from his equipment he carefully drew a large crucifix on her torso. The tip of the cross ran from her lips, down over her throat to the cleft of her widely spread crotch, whilst the arms of the symbol ran from nipple to nipple. He leaned close to her ear and whispered quietly to his future conquest.

"Sleep safely, sweet damsel, under the protection of the cross."

With those parting words he left the room, pausing only to flick the vibrators to a low level of tingling massage that played softly through her nether regions and wooed her into a warm, pleasantly erotic slumber.

## **– Death of a Daemon**

Bill rose early the next day feeling tired and drawn. His sleep had been fitful as he thought continuously of the helplessly prepared woman in the next room. It had been impossible to erase the image of that succulent well of ecstasy from his thoughts as he visualised her lying opened and helpless. But the arousing images of his thoughts were not entirely to blame for his restlessness. There was something else; an indefinable feeling of disaster that refused to take form was casting dark shadows of doom in the far reaches of his mind.

In the early hours of the morning sleep had put these denizens of the dark side to rest as his mentally exhausted mind sank into the enveloping shrouds of unconsciousness. He would have slept much later had it not been for the bright shafts of light through the uncurtained window opening. Once awake, his thoughts immediately sprang to the woman next door. He rose rapidly, now fully awake and entered the cool dimness of Eleanora's room, a room as yet untouched by the early

morning sun.

She lay as he had left her, skin glistening softly with a slight perspiration as she continued her night-long undulations of pleasure. The vibrators had not fired her to the mind bending levels of her previous stimulation, but had instead kept her simmering gently in the first glorious levels of an awakening arousal. Her sleep had been deep and untroubled as she bathed in the glow of sexual tranquillity flowing through her fettered form.

At first she had fought the tingling fingers of eroticism and strained against her bonds, but then as the futility of her resistance became apparent she had opened her being to the ministrations of this Almighty being who had deemed her worthy of his attentions. Eleanora not been disappointed when his perceived skilful ministrations had continually bathed her in a sea of pleasant sensation.

Bill moved over and stared down at her rippling form, his eyes travelling slowly from face to breasts, breasts to mons, and on down her lithe, fettered limbs. As he gazed down Bill knew at once how a sculptor or artist must feel, struggling to capture the indefinable quality of grace and perfection that only a female could possess. In an instant, he knew that they would never succeed. No inanimate substance could trap this combination of body and soul that made up the essence of a living vibrant woman.

A sound behind caused him to turn as Eleanora's parents timidly entered and stood nervously in his presence. Bill felt slightly annoyed at their intrusion into his world of private thought and gruffly ordered them to release her. He watched as the bonds fell away then quickly shackled her fine delicate wrists behind her with padded manacles. The parents looked worried, but upon seeing their daughter's trust in her saviour they resisted the urge to ask why she needed to be restrained. Bill gave orders for her to be bathed and fed, making sure that she would only be ungagged for feeding.

"Be sure, young Eleanora, that you do not speak when you are ungagged for to do so would put your parents in grave peril of inheriting the Daemon's possessing you."

Eleanora nodded her understanding of the danger and stood still as Bill gave more instructions to her parents.

"The sign of the cross must be replaced as soon as she is bathed for without its protection Eleanora will once more be dragged into the pit of evil by her tormentors. Do not forget, for today she will be freed forever from their attentions."

The little family trooped out leaving Bill standing agog as he watched Eleanora's naked, shackled form move gracefully down the passage; but as he watched and savoured the thought of taking her virginity, that same indefinable feeling of unease invaded his thoughts.

At ten o'clock his charge was returned and stood demurely shackled - innocently confident as she awaited the final ritual that would cast out her evil lodgers. By now she trusted him implicitly and no longer felt fear at the thoughts of the invading spirits lying in wait within her body. He had promised she would feel no pain and she believed him. No longer did she feel guilty when feelings of carnal longing surged

into her for he had taught her that they were moments of beauty to be savoured; intimate moments of union between her creator and her physical self. And so it was that she stood fully prepared for the Witchfinder's final great exorcism.

Bill waved the parents out and closed the door of the room. He had things to prepare that no one must see if his power and mysticism were to remain a source of wonderment to both Eleanora and the villagers. Moving the woman to the centre of the room, he stood her on a small pedestal and cautioned her to remain still then, as she watched apprehensively, he retrieved a small battery powered clipper from his array of tools. Eleanora quivered slightly as he approached and the clipper buzzed into action, unsure of what this miraculous device would do to her. But Bill calmed her and gently grasped her hair.

Eleanora's eyes moistened as lock after lock of her beautiful crowning glory fell to the floor, yet she stood protesting as he steadily denuded her head. She remained stoically silent as he gently parted her legs and paired the lush fine hair of her maidenhood from the lips of a barely ripened pubis. Still Eleanora stood without a whimper as he replaced the clipper with a safety razor and proceeded to reduce both her head and pouting cleft to smooth silky expanses of youthful skin. He stood back and surveyed his handiwork. Truly, Eleanora was the finest example of a twenty year old woman he had ever seen. It was a fact that the surreal image of her denuded figure surpassed anything he had encountered before.

Patiently she waited, supremely confident that all that was happening to her was essential in the preparations for her exorcism. There was no doubt that she was fully convinced that her captor was endowed with supernatural powers and therefore entitled to do with her body as he wished.

Bill gently fitted a blindfold over her eyes then bid her open her legs still wider. Now came the tricky part. Until now, Eleanora had never been in a position to realise that the feeling of fullness in her lower openings was anything more than a manifestation of either the good or evil inhabiting her body. Fortunately, her toilet activities had been confined to the passing of water and therefore unaffected by the huge insertion of the dildo save for a little misdirection as the liquid was released. Without food for two days, Eleanora had not felt the urge to use her other facility and, hopefully, would not need to do so until her recent meal arrived at the other end.

Reaching gently between the V of her legs, Bill released the inner cores of both dildos and slowly slid them clear of their respective containers. The outer casings remained in place and there was no sign from the silent, blind Eleanora to suggest that she had any idea what the movements in her crotch meant. The stretching fullness was still there and all she had noticed were slight vibrations that trickled wickedly into her very core.

Bill heaved a sigh of relief as he stooped to slide new and far more interesting inserts into the gaping mouths of the dildo casings. Once safely secured into place he was guaranteed to be acclaimed the greatest Witchfinder General of all when the crowd witnessed Eleanora's release from the clutches of evil. The inserts clicked into place and were firmly ensconced in the warmed sheaths of their housings. Assured of

their retention, he pulled closed the crude window shutters before continuing with his next addition - an addition that had to be applied in reduced light.

Bill smoothed the scented, oily liquid evenly over Eleanora's trembling receptive body. Not a single millimetre of her sensitive flesh was left untouched as his sliding hands anointed her with a creation of the finest theatrical agent in modern London. Soon she stood resplendent, a gleaming statue that glinted erotic messages with each minute ripple and movement. Bill was stunned by a feeling of longing that threatened to devour his entire body in a blazing gust of superheated passion. He was barely able to continue as the muscles of his throat contracted in nervous tension in the face of this appallingly devastating temptation. Reaching up, he gently snapped an ornate gilded collar around her neck before stooping to encase her trim ankles in similar metal constraints; the ankle cuffs being joined by a glittering golden chain that would limit her steps to tiny, tripping movements.

He was almost done now with her restraints. All that remained was to replace the manacles with cuffs to match her other shackles, a feat completed in seconds as she stood unresisting under his touch. Bill removed the blindfold and allowed her to look down at the fittings she could see. With interest, he noted the gleam of approval at his choice and the quality of craftsmanship. He had to admit they really did look the part. Without doubt, Eleanora looked dressed for a ritualistic exorcism; quite apart from the fact that the items were extremely strong and virtually unbreakable.

For a half hour Bill busied himself applying the same lipstick used for her protective crucifix to coat her virgin lips, a decoration that Eleanora also accepted as ritualistic markings; as she did the eyeliner, eye-shadow and blusher that he painstakingly applied to her doll-like features - the skills of application being painstakingly learned on a shop dummy four hundred years into the future. The final item was ready for insertion as Bill eased the present stifling ball from her mouth and replaced it with a softer yet no less filling gag of immense proportions; and infinitely more interesting content.

Eleanora was ready. Never had such an apparition of heady erotica been so prepared and available, nor so devastatingly innocent and naive as to not consider her infinitely desirable vulnerability. Bill groaned inwardly as she impishly tested her bonds and conveyed her helplessness to the man she needed so desperately. But the time had yet to come. Eleanora had much more to experience before he could contemplate such carnal delights.

Stooping, he picked up a coil of glinting iridescent gilded rope and then snapping a leash to her collar, eased her down from the pedestal and over towards the door. Eleanora balked slightly as she realised that she was to be taken out in public, leashed, shackled and denuded; but his firm yet gentle pull eased her coyly into the open.

A gasp went up from the gathering as her gleaming, oiled figure stepped from the shadows of the door. Her mother's hand flew to her mouth as she stifled a wail and held back the tears of emotion that were flooding her eyes. Her little daughter had been transformed from an innocent young woman into a sylph-like goddess of erotic excess.

Bill proudly paraded his short-stepping, chained creation of love around the square, occasionally darting looks to his charge and noting the flushes of arousal as she smarted under the adoring glances of the menfolk.

The circuit complete, she was handed to the Elders along with the rope as they took her for final preparation. The form of her exorcism had already been decreed by the Witchfinder General and the men knew exactly what was required of them as they led the apprehensive damsel to a sturdy post at the centre of the square.

Pressed with her back to the hard oak, Eleanora stood still as the golden cords began to cinch her tightly to the post. The rope seemed endless as inch by inch the tight encircling coils climbed up her body, the final bands eventually holding her head back rigidly as the coils passed over her forehead. She squirmed slightly but could find no respite from the fearsome grip of those bonds. Whatever her fate was to be, she now knew that there was no return. Her life and body were fully committed to the safe keeping of the Witchfinder General.



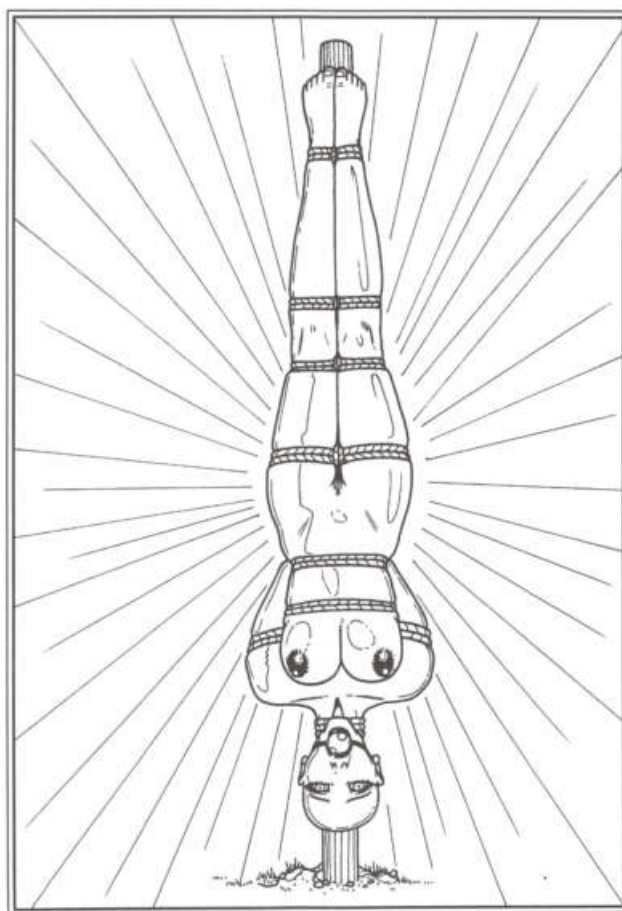
Nervously, Eleanora watched as he approached and locking eyes she was comforted by a confident appraisal of her restraint. He was pleased! Everything was as he had directed, and being so, she felt sure that he would succeed in freeing her from her satanic tormentors. She saw him look at the strange device on his wrist and noted the slight frown forming on his features. Eleanora could not know that this device was a watch that informed him that his time was running out. Hurriedly, Bill assembled the crowd behind him. He had minutes to explain and then start his ritualistic utterings before the clock ran down on his preparations and an unstoppable chemical reaction started. "We must now wait for the Almighty to enter Eleanora's body and protect her from the evil one as we drive him out. He is weakened but still dangerous," he warned.

"Do not step inside the circle I have marked if you value your soul." The crowd shuffled and adjusted their feet to be well clear of the dividing line between sanity and the screaming devils of hell. Now all stood silent as Eleanora was lifted, pole and all, and inverted before the pole was relocated in its hole.

All present saw the quivers of fear ripple her body as she began her lonely helpless vigil at the centre of that empty circle. For minutes nothing happened, then suddenly she was aware of a warm tingling glow spreading over her entire form. The fear welled in her body as she contemplated the imminent occupation of her form by the entity of her creator.

Bill stood entranced as the chemical reaction created by the ultra violet of strong sunlight began to react with the phosphorous and metallic particles in the body oil of his captive. Eleanora was beginning to glitter and glow from head to foot with an eerie sparkling glow. A passing cloud cast dark shadows on the scene and enhanced the growth of this apparently supernatural light. He flicked on the vibrators and watched intently as she began to squirm with the passion of her arousal. The novelty of her inverted exhibition was sufficient to overcome any thoughts of embarrassment as she performed for the stunned audience.





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Her movements increased and with them the glow of incandescence as her body temperature rose and fuelled the oil still further. Glints and flashes sparkled from the gilded rope as her straining form thrashed in its embrace and the silence was shattered as Bill's loud incantations rolled across the square.

His voice rose steadily in tempo and tenor as he worked the crowd and led them towards a common peak of fervour. Eleanora became delirious as the combined effects of her bondage stimulus and her enforced inverted exhibition to the crowd fuelled the furnace within.

Bill's oratorical skills led her to a natural, unavoidable climax of immense strength and cataclysmic orgasmic thrashing as her denuded love lips gushed a torrent of fluid. With the sound of her loud wail of muffled ecstasy echoing across the square, Bill pressed the final button of his display.

Deep within Eleanora's clenching channels, minute circuits clicked into action and released the pent-up pressure of miniature phials of compressed gas.

The crowd wailed in fear as thick tenuous tentacles of bright green gas began to pour from Eleanora's mouth and the two lower openings of the trussed woman's inverted body. Soon the trailing gaseous snakes combined to form a heavy dense cloud that slowly rose towards the sky. Whilst below, Eleanora's body relaxed from its exertions at the

same time as her openings ceased their outpourings. The cloud appeared to change colour and began to twist and turn like a demented beast as it was melted by the rays of the sun.

“Behold!” shouted Bill. “Behold the power of the Almighty as he destroys the beasts of darkness with his swords of light.”

The crowd stood silent and shocked as they witnessed the destruction of the evil one they feared most.

The final wisp of the evil entity dissipated in the air and the stunned crowd returned their gaze to the silent still form of the glowing Eleanora. A few moved forward as if to release her, but were halted by Bill's warning.

“Stop! Do not touch her whilst the Almighty still resides within her mortal body. If you touch her, his power will destroy you both.”

Bill knew the chemical effect would take several hours to subside and he didn't want any of the villagers glowing with the still active chemical. Besides, the waning reaction would allow ample time for him to stand and savour her helpless demise as she remained firmly secured for his appreciative gaze. As it transpired, he was rewarded with a display lasting some four hours as the damsel Eleanora struggled with her bonds. He toyed with her using the hidden tools of his vibrators and delighted in the wet streaks of arousal that lined her stomach as her juices of arousal ran freely. Throughout her ordeal, he could see that her eyes were fixed on his as she thrashed in a half demented orgy of arousal. The moment he had waited so long to enjoy was fast approaching as he feasted his gaze on her smooth hairless love lips pouting impotently at the sky and the surreal spectre of her shaved head. A helpless virgin prepared and ready, boiling with her own lust; the same lust that would catapult her into his embrace the moment he chose to indulge himself.

The glow was dimming and Bill wound her vibrators up to a devastating peak as he wrung the last vestiges of resistance from her wriggling form. Wide pleading eyes and wildly straining limbs heralded the final explosion of orgasmic fury within her fettered body as the glow dimmed and finally winked out.

The crowd rushed forward and gently released the exhausted woman from her long ordeal on the pole, but before they could remove her shackles Bill intervened.

“Take the damsel to her room and shackle her as she was last night,” he ordered. “There is but one final deed that must be done before I depart.”

There were no arguments as Eleanora was led away to her final ordeal. The look she cast as she was coaxed into motion by her leash assured Bill that if she had not already guessed what it would be, she was desperately hoping that it was as she needed!

Parents and Elders gathered around him as her shackled figure dwindled into the distance and vanished into the gloom of the cottage, each tiny restricted step and flexing lobe of buttock being savoured by the watching males as they contemplated her helpless, shackled form. Bill explained his requirements.

“The Almighty has left the power in her body, a power I must possess to continue his work.”

He paused as he saw the steady realisation begin to creep into the listening faces of the attentive audience and he hastened to allay their fears.

“Her consent is essential for the power to be passed,” he added.

“Without that, it would be pointless for the power would be impure.”

The concern in the listening faces vanished and in the eyes of her parents he detected a willingness to ensure that his wishes were fulfilled. Without further ado, they all trooped into the cool interior of Eleanora's room as the final fastenings drew her into a taut, offered star. Her face became alarmed as she saw the serious looks on the faces of her admirers and she almost jumped as the Elder leaned down to speak quietly into her ear. Eleanora's eyes travelled first from her parents and then back to Bill as the extent of her co-operation was explained. She looked back to her parents as the old man finished and withdrew, searching their faces for a clue as to their thoughts. She was rewarded by the slow nods of approval from both of her guardians. A great sigh welled up from within as the pathway to her fulfilment was cleared of all obstacles.

One of the men tried to remove her gag, but the hand of the Elder stayed his arm as the nodding head of the captive woman answered all in a simple gesture. Bill explained that Eleanora was to remain silenced and secured, for in this way the Almighty would consider that her spiritual virginity was still intact. She was helpless and unable to prevent the removal of her most treasured possession. She would be powerless to prevent her de-flowering and therefore not guilty of promiscuity in the eyes of the Lord.

All eyes turned to the fettered maiden, feasting on her availability as she squirmed in her bonds. Eleanora felt her skin burn under the jealous gaze of those men who would not be sampling her offered form; yet at the same time she was excited by her helpless, blatant display and the power of her bound image over these strong men.

No one seemed prepared to break away from this carnally inviting sight until her parents started the move towards the door. Bill stayed with eyes riveted to her body, his eyes noting the birth of tiny flexing movements in her lower torso and the quickening of breath as she sensed the approach of her de-flowering. Her eyes momentarily fixed on his own, then broke away in embarrassment as a warm trickle of fluid slowly rolled from her mons. Bill smiled down at her and running his finger through the hot syrupy liquid he leaned forward with his glistening finger and gently anointed each of her pert nipples with her own balm.

## **- Birth of a Legend**

Silently the group filed out, reverently closing the door behind them as they left the virgin damsel to her fate. Bill turned to his prize and slowly began to shed his garments as he studied her taut body - glad that he had waited for this supreme moment. Eleanora gave vent to a huge

groan of feeling as the vision of his rampant manhood sprang into view and stood out straight from his body in preparation for her penetration. Naked and ready, Bill slowly moved over her form and bridged her on hands and knees. He looked into her eyes and saw the look of pleading as she arched towards his shaft. But Bill wasn't ready. She must beg! He wanted to hear the desperately pleading entreaties of a woman driven to despair by her raging lust. His fantasies demanded that her struggles fed sounds of anguished leather to his ears as the straps stretched to breaking point with her efforts to reach her fulfilment.

He reached over her head and pulled sharply on the self locking adjusters of the straps. Eleanora groaned as the last vestiges of movement were snatched from her grasp and she was tensioned into stringent submission. Hot rivers of fluid seeped from her widely offered pubis sending shivers of feeling running through her inner thighs as their eyes met in a flash of mutual passion.

His hand moved up and kneaded her receptive breast, then shifting across sent tingling electric shocks racing through her body as he trapped the nipple between two fingers. Eleanora strained upwards towards the shaft she knew was there, but her bonds denied her the touch she so desperately needed.

Bill's hand moved again and as it snaked between her thighs she felt his fingers probe gently into her slick love nest. A gasp sounded as he withdrew the hidden monster that had been filling her so full for the past days, but she was unable to see her tormentor as he threw it into his bag of tricks. The rear invader soon followed and Eleanora was left with an empty feeling that could only be slaked by the real shaft of her new tormentor.

The hand returned to her breast drawing snorts of air from her flaring nostrils as the searing bite of arousal burned through her body. Her eyes closed and she was unprepared as he lowered his mouth to her other turgid nodule. She felt her body expand in explosive feeling as his tongue teased and chased the vibrant nipple in a game of exquisite feeling. Eleanora was frantic. She must have that waiting rod of orgasmic release; he could not deny what she had earned. It was hers, she had paid the dues; now he must allow her the fruits of her endeavours.

Bill's hand left her breast and traced a tingling line slowly down the curving softness of her belly then, reaching her mound, his fingers skilfully, wilfully began darting in and out of her saturated cleft in series of devastating exploratory forays.

Her movements became frantic jerking struggles as she tore at her bonds in an effort to reach that maddeningly distant shaft of joy, then thwarted in her efforts she lay still as their eyes locked in an embrace of emotion. Bill saw her desperate pleading looks and heard her plaintiff muffled pleas for fulfilment. He decided that the time had come!

He lowered his body and felt the tip of his bloated manhood nuzzle at the lips of her drenched cleft. The sexual mouth twitched and tried to suck him into its warm inviting depths as he taunted and withdrew. She followed him upward, but again was cheated by the taut straps as she thrashed impotently out of reach. He teased her and slid the

bulbous hardened helmet of his shaft through the slick crease of herjoin and felt her tremble with the power of her need. Eleanora heaved against the straps, her head thrashing from side to side in futile movements of despair. The eyes were now imploring him; begging unreservedly as she capitulated to his control of her raging lust. She was finally his, body and soul. His to savour as he had never savoured a woman before. He moved closer and Eleanora's body seemed to expand with the realisation that her release from torment was at hand. She lay still and responsive to his requirements as he located the awesome tip of his shaft carefully into her virgin nest. Then he paused to look down into her beseeching eyes and seeing her need he began to push into her quivering love shaft with irresistible power. Eleanora's eyes widened, her pupils darting from side to side as his massive bulk levered her open like an advancing juggernaut. It was impossible, she would surely split in two as the mighty wedge drove between her legs. Her delicate nostrils flared and great blasts of hot air wafted against his chest as he bored remorselessly inward to her distant core. Inexorably, the invading pole slid forward, stretching out the delicate tissues of her inner channel and bulldozing the last remnants of her maidenhood into shattered ruins. Eleanora screamed into the gag, her overwhelming feelings of lustful needs reaching volcanic proportions as she boiled and seethed in a sea of ecstatic arousal. Like never before she felt possessed; owned - a slave to that massive boring monolith of pulsing manhood now reaching deep into the farthest reaches of her body. She could feel the powerful surges of his blood as his heart raced to maintain this massive erection and she felt as one when her own throbbing surges matched his, pulse for pulse.

The shaft began to move, gently withdrawing with maddening slowness, then returning to ream her in a series of devastating strokes. On and on the cyclic torment continued as his root crushed her clitoris with an all-consuming feeling of lust. His tempo increased in time with her own rising climax as the powerful urges of nature wrested control from both bodies. Bill reached up and wound his hands into the loops of the straps' loose ends, then using this new purchase he thrust deeply into her body. His effort drew even more leather through the retainers and strained Eleanora into a vibrating sheet of helpless sinew and tantalising vulnerability.

Madly they clashed and meshed. Eleanora jerked frenziedly against the restraints as Bill released his grip on the tensioners holding her slim nubile body in a grasp of iron, his thrusting manhood powering deeper and deeper with each shattering drive. The final explosion was upon them before they even realised and they surged into a shattering climatic union as Eleanora felt her body torn between the unyielding restraints and Bill's clutching grasp in his fight to grip her closer. She was but a rag doll being shredded between three forces - leather, lust and her lover!

Silence reigned. The creaking leather and sounds of stifled ecstatic gasps of joy were stilled as they basked in the warm inviting aftermath of orgasm. For maybe an hour they remained coupled as they drifted together in a semi sleep.

Bill, sensing that she had finally drifted deeper into the world of

dreams, carefully extracted his waning shaft of manhood to the tune of soft moans of pleasure from his prize. Without awakening her, he climbed from the bed and quietly dressed before gathering his equipment and stashing it in the bag. It was time to leave. He had lived his dream and the damsel was safe from harm. Now he must return from whence he came and leave her to live the full life she so richly deserved. He took one last look at her tethered form and allowed his eyes to roam over her tautly stretched body, drinking in the exquisite curves and mounds of her offered form. He sighed and cursed himself for the practical fool that he was before turning wistfully to leave.

The Elders and her parents were waiting patiently outside as he left and as he walked towards them his face told them that his mission had been successful. The parents glowed with pleasure, for to have such a powerful and knowledgeable - possibly divine - being de-flower their daughter was an honour that would stand the whole family in good stead for generations to come.

Bill faced the father and started to make his farewells.

"Tis time for my departure, my mission is fulfilled. Your daughter is now safe from the ravages of Satan and will remain so forever, I bid you..."

His voice trailed away as the listeners began to back off with looks of incredulous disbelief on their faces and looking down to the source of their consternation he saw that his arm was fading into invisibility. A cold fear gripped his mind as too late he understood the cause. At this very moment, a single seed of his love-making was creeping into a waiting egg in the womb of the sleeping Eleanora. That single sperm was eradicating his existence as it altered the ancient roots of his beginnings. With Eleanora alive, his ancestral great, great, great, etc. grandfather would marry Eleanora's female offspring instead of the woman he would have married had Eleanora and Bill not sired a daughter. There was only one way he could save his very existence -but Bill knew he could never change the course of history back by the death of his beloved Eleanora.

His form slowly dissipated before the watching Elders, who were puzzled as they perceived a wry smile on the face of the Witchfinder General. They couldn't know that as his memories and the very essence of his being began to dissolve, Bill found himself thinking that it had all been worth his sacrifice. He was unaware that the quirks of nature were at this very moment transferring his personal life force and deepest thoughts to a new line of Quails as the tiny egg in Eleanora's spread-eagled form took on a life of its own.

The gathering watched until all trace of their divine visitor had gone, each and every detail of his visit now etched forever on their minds. In times to come, they would tell the tale to their grandchildren and they in turn to theirs. Generation after generation would each add its own embellishments to the tale until the being of Bill Quail assumed the stature of a God, for this is how legends are born.

Nine months later, the maiden Eleanora gave birth to a daughter. The daughter grew into a beautiful woman who matched her mother's splendour in every way. But from an early age, something about the child bothered Eleanora and many times she would find her young

daughter studying a piece of rope or laying spread-eagled on the bed. Occasionally, she would find that the child had wrapped herself tightly in skins and would refuse to come out. It was as if she were trying to unravel a distant memory that was niggling in the back of her mind. Eleanora decided that whatever the cause, she was the only one who would ever understand this strange preoccupation with containment. As a result, the fair maiden never wed. Instead, she chose to lavish all her care on the offspring of her first encounter. Many vied for her favours, but few were chosen to share her bed. And whilst she enjoyed the attentions of the few, none would ever rekindle the fire of true ecstasy she had shared with the Witchfinder General.

\* \* \* \* \*

## REBECCA

*This story is dedicated to Nichola, a real woman who lost her legs and was paralysed in a car accident. A woman who asked me to write a bondage story for a disabled women who once enjoyed the sport with all her limbs and mobility. Hopefully, she has enjoyed this tale.*

Until that fateful day, Rebecca's life had seemed set on a normal and fruitful course. Her upcoming marriage to a wealthy, handsome tycoon was the ideal union for an exquisitely beautiful girl like herself, especially in view of the fact that her tastes were expensive. The truth was that Rebecca, although not exactly repulsed by her suitor, could not find it within herself to fall in love with the man. Something was missing. Just what it was, she wasn't sure. Vaguely, she had the feeling that he was just too adoring; too gentle and doting; altogether too good to be true. Her subconscious couldn't seem to shake off the image of having a partner who controlled her - owned every fibre of her being, used her for his toy.

Her choice in marriage was far from these ideal thoughts, but then again he was disgustingly rich. Fate, however, was about to deal a crushing blow to Rebecca's plans for a rich, idle existence and as she left the shop after her final fitting for the wedding gown, the seemingly cruel forces of life began to grind into action.

Rebecca never even heard the approaching vehicle as she stepped out onto the crossing; nor did the shouts of warning register until scant micro-seconds separated her from the speeding car and its drunken driver. The impact, when it came, was painless. A loud, roaring crash

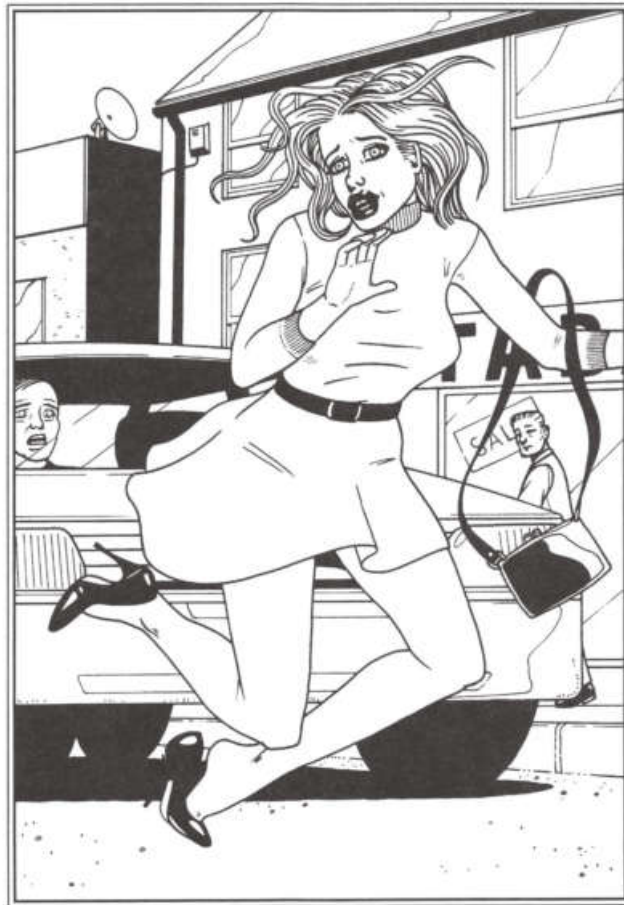
sounded in her head as the mass of steel smashed into her frail form and bludgeoned her to the ground. She never even felt the searing pain as her body was dragged along before vanishing beneath the car, and mercifully she was spared the terrible agony as her flailing arms caught a whirling prop-shaft and were pulverised into flaccid tentacles of flesh. The bone crushing impact as thighs were crushed under the rear wheels was heard only by the sickened onlookers as they saw the broken doll that had been Rebecca reappear from the rear of the car, rolling over and over like a bundle of rags. They watched in horror as the vehicle sped off, leaving a pathetic mound of silent womanhood lying huddled in the road.

Tom Cheney, the surgeon, stared hopelessly at the shattered body lying on the gurney. Stripped of her shredded garments and cleaned for his inspection, Rebecca lay unconscious as he contemplated the wreckage of life and limb.

Miraculously, there were only minor internal injuries and the beautiful face and shapely torso would soon heal the livid bruising without permanent marking. The long, elegant legs and her graceful arms were, however, a totally different story. Tom knew without further checking that the repair of her limbs would at best leave her with horribly deformed, grotesque appendages that would serve only as units to fill her clothes and would be useless for all other intents and purposes. A further consideration was the high risk of infection or cardiac failure and death from the terrible pain she would endure whilst they were healing.

His eyes were moist as he contemplated the other alternative. Did he have the right to condemn this woman to a life of horror - a life as a hopeless cripple pitied by all who saw her? Tom dug deep into his mind for the strength to do what he knew he must do. He would operate, but he considered it might be an act of mercy to ensure that she passed into the oblivion of death whilst she slumbered painlessly under the anaesthetic. He turned to the nurse and instructed her to begin the preparations for surgery then, turning back, he was stunned as he saw Rebecca's eyes wide open and fixed on his.





Tom went into a state of shock. He felt himself being inexorably pulled into the deep pools of those beautiful eyes; his body turned to stone as the sensuous mouth tried to form words from a bruised larynx. In an instant, he knew that he would never be able to end her suffering as he had planned. He reached out and soothed her brow. Tingling sensations burned his fingers as he touched her smooth, peach-like skin. In that split second he knew without doubt that he had fallen madly in love with this pathetically crippled woman.

The eyes remained boring into his own as Rebecca tried to convey some vital message, then as the drug began to take effect he watched the shining vibrant eyes dim as she drifted into a world devoid of pain. The nurses wheeled Rebecca's sleeping form away and Tom walked into the scrub-up room to prepare. His thoughts were in turmoil as he unconsciously carried out the routine of preparation. Assistant surgeons present in the room spoke to him; but their voices were unheard as he wrestled with his dilemma - unaware of the strange looks passing between his colleagues as they tried to decipher his silence.

Suddenly, Tom's face took on a resolute look. The answer was clear in his mind as he donned the offered gown. He was the best in the business when it came to plastic surgery and his assistant Peter Macdonald was acknowledged to be the most skilful orthopaedic

surgeon in the country.

Turning to Peter, he hesitated slightly before confiding his innermost thoughts and plans to his friend and partner. Peter listened intently - he was also having similar thoughts regarding the moral ethics of repairing such a horribly damaged woman. It was therefore with some relief that he absorbed Tom's revelations and then, with enthusiasm, listened to a solution that was both ethically and morally acceptable; indeed desirable, if this young lady was to have any sort of life from this day onward.

The operation took eleven and a half hours, during which time both surgeons employed every ounce of their skill and knowledge to complete the task they had set themselves. Tom was a fiend for perfection. He personally inspected every small detail during the operation. Every smashed bone had been trimmed to an accuracy measured in fractions of a millimetre.

Drifting in a world of hazy, pain-free drug induced sleep, Rebecca was nurtured for two days by attentive nurses as implants were rapidly manufactured to exact specifications by the hospital laboratory. The silicone implants specified by Tom were tailored to the finest degree of fit possible - and when Rebecca was returned to his theatre, he began the painstaking task of masking Peter's internal handicraft and repairing the awesome damage to her delicate shape. Flesh and skin were trimmed and sutured with infinite care. Peter, only a bystander in the plastic surgery phase, advised on shaping of hidden bones that would affect the overall effect once the swelling of injury subsided. It was a joining of minds in a single, great surgical adventure that had, at best, a fifty-fifty chance of success. But at least they tried. No matter the end result, neither could be accused of not giving their all.

Finally, the exhausted pair stood back. Everything that was humanly possible had been done. Rebecca was in the hands of the Gods. No one could have done more to give her a life with meaning. The nurses, themselves exhausted, looked down on her anaesthetised form and more than one of them felt a surge of indescribable feeling as they studied the finished product.

The weeks passed and Rebecca lay in a world of painless, semi-anaesthetised sleep as her body mended. Tended only by silent, dedicated nurses, she was given the best attention possible. Visitors weren't allowed during this stage; nor was the full extent of her injuries disclosed to her impatient fiancé. Tom wanted her to be fully recovered and looking her best before anyone approached her. He felt she would need every morsel of help she could get to overcome the traumatic realisation of her return to the land of the living.

Meanwhile, Rebecca was still unaware of the hideous injuries she had sustained as she lay slumbering, and oblivious to the terrible truth. Some seven Weeks elapsed and, after carefully checking the healing scars, Tom began to reduce the pain-killing, sleep inducing injections; Watching anxiously as, day by day, slight movements and murmured sounds bespoke her returning consciousness. One morning, some fifty three days after she had been so savagely mutilated by the errant car, Rebecca's eyes snapped fully open for the first time since that terrible day.

Tom was there, as he had been for many days; waiting for the moment

he'd dreaded. Now he would find out if he had made the right decision. He watched with apprehension as Rebecca wriggled slightly, testing her new found awareness; shrugging off the lingering effects of her drugged sleep. A smile creased her pale face as she saw the concerned looks of her surgeon saviour and, feeling no pain, she tried to sit up. A puzzled frown clouded her face as she realised that she couldn't rise and she allowed Tom's gentle hand pressure on her shoulder to ease her arching body back down to rest on the bed.

"Don't try to get up," he warned in a soft caring voice. "We have a lot to talk about as soon as you feel up to it."

Rebecca's voice was dry and cracked as she spoke.

"What happened, where am I?" she asked, trying to gather her jumbled thoughts and make sense of vague recollections of seeing Tom's face somewhere else.

"You're in hospital," he informed her. "You were hit by a car and badly injured," he continued in a voice that threatened to crack with emotion. Rebecca sensed there was something terribly wrong and felt a sudden chill pass through her body. She tried to reach down and scratch an irritating itch on her left leg, but once again found that she couldn't move her arm.

"Oh! My God! I'm paralysed!" she voiced aloud, then stopped as she saw Tom shake his head. She looked at him questioningly and asked him if he could scratch that infernal itch on her calf. Tom didn't move and seemed unsure what to do or say next. Rebecca watched as he struggled with some internal problem, then steeled herself for the worse as he summoned up the strength to reveal whatever was bothering him.

"Rebecca, I... I can't scratch your leg, you see... you..."

The words were painfully slow in coming and Rebecca could see the emotion welling up to form a block in his throat.

"You don't have a left leg any more!"

The words had come out in a rush, and Rebecca lay stunned as she absorbed the impact of this revelation.

Tom leaned forward and took her gently by the shoulders, tears now streaming from his eyes as he continued.

"I'm sorry, so sorry! But you have no limbs at all... any more!"

A hideous fear flooded Rebecca's shocked mind as she struggled to come to terms with the unbelievable horror of her plight. Bewilderment mercifully shielded her from the full effects of his words and she lay still and hardly hearing as he continued.

"We had no choice, if you were to live..."

Venomously, Rebecca lashed out with the only weapon she had! Her voice was scathing and accusing. She had to strike back at the terribly cruel hand of fate that had taken her ability to enjoy life with one single, vicious stroke.

"Then why the hell didn't you just let me die, you bastard," she snapped out, glaring angrily at Tom. Instantly, she regretted her outburst for she could see the deep hurt her remark had inflicted. For some unfathomable reason she felt her anger dissolve into compassion for the man who had obviously suffered great torment of mind in his battle between the ethics of his profession and her own future. The dam

broke and all the bottled-up fear and fury of her plight burst forth as she began to sob uncontrollably. Tom was there comforting her, holding her and joining in her tears, until many hours later she sank into a troubled sleep.

Some two days elapsed and Tom, unable to restrain an impatient fiancé any further was forced to admit him to see his bride—to-be. He tried to prepare the man for the shock of that first encounter with a difficult disclosure in his study as he outlined the extent of Rebecca's injuries. But as they made their way to her bedside he knew that the man hadn't really absorbed the full impact of the scene awaiting him.

As they entered, Tom saw the tiny pathetic shape of Rebecca almost fearfully hiding behind the rumpled bed clothes that hid her depleted form. With horror, he also saw the look of pity and revulsion in the eyes of her groom. Oh! God, the fool! The last thing she needed to see now was pity.

The visit was short and difficult and Tom could sense that Rebecca's fiancé was looking for the earliest excuse to leave. He could also see the same feelings in the helpless woman's eyes. Rebecca knew it was all over with this man and just wanted him to leave - and leave he finally did - never to return.

More weeks passed as Rebecca struggled to come to terms with her plight. The nurses watched her sink gradually into a state of catatonic indifference to her surroundings as the ever present Tom fussed around her, checking and double checking the rapidly healing wounds - wounds that by now were virtually invisible thanks to his skill with a scalpel.

Slowly Rebecca became aware that Tom's attention was something more than that of a conscientious doctor and could feel the warmth of his presence whenever he was near. She began to study him at length as he fussed with her useless body and slowly she perceived a caring that surpassed anything she had ever experienced before.

Tom almost jumped with fright when one morning, as he removed the final dressings, Rebecca actually started a conversation for the first time since hearing of her disabilities.

"Bring me a mirror, please."

It was a no compromise request.

"I want to see what I look like!"

Tom baulked for a moment, but seeing her obvious agitation, he eventually capitulated.

"Make it a large one!"

Tom returned some ten minutes later and holding the reflective side of the mirror to his body, he approached the bed.

"Are you sure you're ready?"



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He threw her a worried look. Rebecca screwed up her courage before looking him straight in the eye and answering.

“I have to see what I've got left to live with eventually, so why not now? Pull the sheets off and let me look! ”

Tom carefully peeled back the sheets then, after hesitating for a few seconds, he reversed the mirror and held it horizontally above her truncated form, His eyes fearfully scanned her face for the expected reaction.

Rebecca's eyes gave nothing away as they traversed the mirror's surface and surveyed the reflection of her body. At first it was a shock to realise that the image of that limbless torso was that of her own. As she studied it further, a strange warm feeling began to steal through her lower body. Tom's skills had been used to the full. Where once had sprouted long, sylph-like legs, there were now round domes of continued buttocks that curved gracefully around to frame her pouting love nest. Her armpits had been carefully re-shaped with internal silicone implants to form a smooth continuation of the sweeping lines from her hour-glass waist to her graceful shoulders. Without this careful reconstruction, the removal off her arms would have left her with a narrowing form topped with two hideous cavities that had been her armpits. Incredulously, she tried to locate the scars of surgery but was unable to

pick out the healed hairlines of Tom's handiwork. It was if she had been born like this. Rebecca was stunned by the sheer exotic artistry that Tom's skilled hands had produced and, as she turned her eyes to his, she noticed that he was looking at her lower body.

Feelings of guilt flitted through her mind as she realised that the image of her helpless availability had engineered a serious moistening of her blatantly exposed and vulnerable mons. She was unsure of how to continue as she realised that his continued stare was causing her juices of arousal to flow copiously. Silently, Rebecca watched as his eyes followed the trickling progress of her passion. Magically, they appeared from her cleft like fresh dew-drops and rolled slowly down the smooth curves of her newly re-sculpted nether regions. Deep within Tom knew he had made the right decision all those weeks ago.

Flushed and embarrassed, Rebecca's form wriggled sensuously as Tom placed the mirror at the side of the bed and reaching down, drew his finger through the outer reaches of her love tube. He studied his Wet finger at length before turning his eyes towards her face.

Their eyes met and locked, neither daring to speak their thoughts as the obvious implications of Rebecca's arousal became apparent to both. Tom smiled as he spoke.

"We have things to talk about I think, young lady, but not now. The nurses will be back soon."

Rebecca nodded slowly. For the first time since learning of her injuries, she felt there was a future after all.

"Better clean up this little leak you have here," Tom joked, nodding towards the glistening lips of her sexual opening. That was easier said than done. No sooner had Tom applied a swab to her mound, then the liquid began to flow with renewed vigour. Rebecca shifted her body, unable to suppress the fires that were roaring within as his strong nimble fingers manipulated her superheated crotch. He gave up the unequal battle with the forces invading her nubile body and without further consultation began to stem the flow with a host of wadded swabs.

Rebecca moaned softly as her pussy began to swell with the steadily increasing mass of stretching material being gently inserted into her hot slick opening. Tom, seemingly satisfied at last, stepped back, leaving her thoroughly plugged and moaning provocatively. He covered her form with the sheets. An arm, either by mistake or design, brushed her erect nipples drawing a sharp hissing breath of approval from Rebecca's lips. Again their eyes locked, but the sound of approaching nurses sounded in the corridor and prevented either taking the moment further. Tom blew her a kiss and Rebecca almost swooned as she contemplated what he had in mind for her in the future. Her eyes closed lightly as she savoured that moment of blissful sensation.

Tom left the room as the nurses entered, his mind in a turmoil as he also contemplated the future; a future that he had planned but never dared to hope would materialise. Jauntily, he strode down the corridor leaving the object of his thoughts to the caring hands of the nurses. Had he known just how caring, he would never have left.

Nervously, the two nurses approached the faintly squirming Rebecca, still lying with eyes closed and luxuriating in the feelings of warmth

and well being nurtured by Tom's packing of her orifice.

The taller of the two women looked nervously over at her colleague as she withdrew a pre-cut length of surgical tape from her apron pocket and approached the slowly undulating Rebecca.

Rebecca's eyes snapped open as the tape suddenly sealed her lips.

Frantic guffaws of panic sounded through the clinging material as she attempted to raise the alarm - but to no avail. The tape held her lips firmly shut and defied all efforts to remove it.

She watched fearfully as the two women ignored her for the moment and began to clear a small surgical trolley of its equipment. The top soon cleared, they turned and approached her once more. Rebecca struggled as best she could, but could only manage a series of wriggling undulations that did nothing to deter the two nurses. They lifted her from the bed and carried her to the trolley, the elder of the two trying to calm her frantic, useless struggles with soothing words.

"Trust us, young lady, it's for your own good. We're going to try and give you a reason for living again."

Rebecca was helpless to resist as they deposited her on the trolley, and with a large roll of the surgical tape began to band her truncated form tightly down onto its surface.

Soon she lay still, her frantic body-bending reduced to zero by the taut multi-layered bands of tape now passing over her mouth, throat, waist and below her bust. Fearfully, she eyed the two Women as they positioned themselves on either side of her and with a sense of dread she saw the smirk pass between them as she resumed her struggles.

Rebecca didn't know what to expect, but whatever it was, she was totally unprepared for the incredibly sensuous feelings that invaded her body as the women's mouths closed onto the peaks of her breasts.

A muffled gasp escaped the securely sealed lips, growing to a groan as



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silky tongues began to tease her erect nipples. She had never been touched in this way by a woman before, and until now would have felt revulsion at the mere thought of it. But as she lay helplessly beneath their manipulating tongues, she couldn't deny the indescribable pleasure their actions were nurturing within her trussed, helpless form. Hands began to steal across the surface of her body. inexorably, they were approaching the fully awakened mound at her base, until with exquisite joy she felt the first fingers touch her engorged love lips and begin to stroke the taut receptive surface. The fingers grew more daring, and locating the nodule of her clitoris, they began to roll its stiffening projection between practised fingers.

Rebecca found her sexual spring was being wound to unprecedented levels, the outcome of which could only be a sudden carnal release of cataclysmic proportions. It no longer mattered that women were the instigators. All that mattered was the release of the boiling torment of ecstasy that was exploding within her body. The fact that no woman had ever been so impossibly helpless in the hands of a captor served only to pour fuel on the furnace within.

The nurses toiled onward, increasing their stimulation to match the rising level of animated eroticism that was straining their captive against her bonds. Rebecca could not deny her internal urges, and at last the ensnared female volcano on the table erupted into frenzied gyrations. The nurses continued, sucking strong and hard on the



bursting nipples within their mouths, sustaining an incredibly stimulating suction on those electrifying nodules of pleasure.

Rebecca's limbless form arched and bucked against the bonds, her eyes were wildly darting from side to side as she exploded into an undeniable orgasmic fury that lasted for an endless breath-taking eternity. Then, as the tidal wave of pleasure passed, she sagged back to the table and sank into a swoon.

Slowly her awareness returned and with it the realisation that the nurses were looking towards the door. She turned her head and as her eyes re-focussed she saw the bemused figure of Tom watching from the door.

No-one said anything as he walked over, then after studying the bound form of Rebecca he turned and spoke to the fearfully waiting nurses. "It would appear that our patient has fully recovered," he observed to their astounded ears. "Now might I suggest that we transfer Miss Rebecca to a gurney and expedite her discharge."

The nurses hesitated, not sure whether to believe what they had just heard, then unable to decide what to do, they made as if to release the bands of tape holding the woman down.

"Oh no, don't do that," chided Tom. "Lift the top off the trolley and take her as she is." Rebecca struggled to understand. Surely he wasn't going to send her out like this, trussed and helpless - wet with the juices of lustful outpouring, and offered to anyone who wanted to take advantage. She watched as he scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to the nurses.

"Cover her up and deliver her yourselves with the private ambulance to this address," he instructed.

Turning to Rebecca, he looked down and smiled.

"It's my home address," he informed her and as he did so saw the look of puzzlement in her eyes turn to one of interest and undoubted longing. She tried to speak through the tape gag but he placed a finger on the smooth, tight surface sealing her mouth and bade her be silent. Turning to the two nurses, he gave further instructions.

"When you get there, please make her comfortable."

He paused and looked back to Rebecca.

"Any way you feel suitable," he added with a smirk. "...and then you stay with her until I get back. I think I may have some long term overtime lined up for you two - outside the normal duties!"

The nurses looked at each other in amazement. Neither could believe their luck as they turned back to the silent female sculpture on the trolley and began to lift her gently onto a gurney whilst still strapped tightly to the table-top.

Rebecca writhed slightly and the soft moans emanating from her gave them assurance that she was becoming even more excited as her impossibly helpless situation deepened. It certainly wasn't the reaction of a woman trying to resist her abduction. '

Two dumbstruck nurses stared around them in awe. The inside of Tom's house resembled some sort of medieval castle - festooned with hanging chains and various items bygone eras. All the items had one thing in common - they were designed to restrain the human form in one way or another.

“My God! He must be a bondage nut,” remarked one of the nurses in a hushed voice. Then, remembering their helpless charge, both looked down to the pinioned torso on the gurney, each wondering if they should have delivered this woefully deprived woman into the lair of such a man.

Rebecca's shining excited eyes soon appraised them of her opinion before they even removed the gag. Once her voice was restored, Rebecca urged them to show her more and her obvious arousal mounted as room after room revealed an unending plethora of devices designed specifically to ensure total control of the unfortunate so ensconced.

The end room on the second floor produced a collection of devices that defied all efforts by the nurses to fathom their function and were unlike all the previous equipment. This collection was new, the pungent smell of fresh latex and a arousing aromas of leather were untainted by usage. A groan of pure uncontrollable pleasure behind them caused them to turn back to Rebecca who appeared to be in pain. It was only the look of exquisite feeling on her face and the wetness of her displayed pubis that told them otherwise. Unlike the two nurses, Rebecca had instantly recognised the equipment for what it was; a special collection constructed entirely for use on a person without limbs.

As she struggled with the inevitable conclusion, Rebecca's vague recollections of Tom using a tape measure during his many visits to her room suddenly had meaning. As she had drifted sleepily in her recovery period, Tom had been planning for this moment. The nurses finally understood, and with a sense of reverence, sifted through the mountain of equipment as Rebecca looked on. Lifting and displaying each piece to their captive audience, they commented on how she would look once installed in the displayed article and drew further groans of ecstasy from their charge.

Their search finally centred on a leather harness affair, which also included a complete head harness, collar and gag arrangement. Expectantly, Rebecca watched their approach, excited by her inescapable plight and slightly nervous of her impending initiation into the world of bondage.

The nurses descended on her and within seconds her torso had been released from the grip of the tape. She struggled slightly as the leather began to encircle her form, but it was more in the form of token resistance than a genuine attempt to prevent her becoming enmeshed in the strong embrace of those straps. It was exciting her to enact the helpless role. Even as the buckles pulled tight, Rebecca already knew that she wouldn't object to their embrace and although her mouth was free to call for help or mercy, no such entreaties were forthcoming. Soon her limited ability to move had been reduced to pitiful wriggling gestures that drew laughs of scorn from her captors. With gleeful abandon they rolled her form around the bed like a living beach ball, teasing, prodding, stroking and generally enhancing Rebecca's realisation that she was just a helpless toy.

With her drastically reduced body weight, the limbless woman was but a baby to these two nurses who regularly had to struggle with sick old men - and they took full advantage of this fact as they positioned themselves on either side of the bed. Taking the truncated trussed form

in her arms, the younger nurse threw her into the middle of the bed where she immediately bounced upward and on towards the waiting arms of the woman on the opposite side. Using the bed as a trampoline the two women laughed continually as they played ball with the luckless Rebecca, who still ungagged, added her own laughing, joyous feelings to the game. It was a novel experience for her to be bounced on her vulnerable pussy, and not one that any normally endowed woman would ever get to experience.



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This was the scene that Tom eventually walked in on, and as they noticed his entry, the women halted their game and propped the bubbling, red-faced Rebecca on the bed. It was obvious that Tom wished to be alone with his new acquisition and with this in mind both made their excuses and left the room.

In the privacy of the now deserted master bedroom, Tom stripped slowly as he locked eyes with the prepared figure sensuously undulating on the bed. Every movement transmitted by Rebecca was calculated to send the message - come and take me... I 'm helpless... I 'm waiting. The additional body straps and suspension head harness the girls had added to her limbless form were purely for effect. In fact, of all the powerful straps encircling Rebecca's body only three had any function

at all. The two above and below her breasts simply held in place a stiff leather open front halter that squeezed and sculptured those magnificent orbs even more, whilst the wide padded collar around her long slender neck served to hold her head erect and stiffly positioned.

Tom approached the bed and saw her eyes widen with anticipation as his rampant and bursting manhood stood out rigidly before him.

Rebecca looked as if she was going to faint from the powerful feelings that were taking control of her delightful body and Tom was pleased at her obvious pleasure. He eased himself onto the bed beside her erect body, propped neatly between two pillows. But as his weight sagged the bed she slowly toppled sideways from her perch.

The eyes looked up at him and her mouth curved in a laugh as he reached out to draw her stunningly desirable form towards him.

Tom hesitated as she pressed lightly against him, unsure how to proceed with this strangely desirable woman. He could feel her pulsing within the cinching strap harness and knew that she wanted him as much as he needed her. He knew he could take her any-time; but that wasn't the result he desired. He needed to savour her total availability and study the strange, surreal image of this perfectly constructed toy of the dream world.

His eyes alighted on a large ball-gag on the bed, and picking it up he considered Rebecca's mouth - a sensuous, generous lipped mouth that hardly needed to be silenced in view of her obvious acceptance of his intended actions. Then, as he looked like he was about to throw the device away, Rebecca caught his eye and nodded her head. Obliging, she opened her mouth - confirmation that she did indeed feel the need to be silenced and have her last defence removed. '

With some effort and a much pushing and packing he eventually managed to insert the huge sphere deeply into her mouth. A totally unnecessary strap then drew it deep into the cavity.

No women had ever been so helpless as this young lady now was!

Tom reached over to a dangling hoist-wire placed conveniently at the side of the bed and holding her gaze, he deliberately snapped it onto the ring at the top of her head-harness, at the same time studying her eyes as she pondered his next actions. With equally slow deliberation, he reached out and began, one click at a time, to wind up the winch.

Rebecca began to arch slowly backward away from him as the steady pull from above lifted her towards the vertical position. Still her eyes bored longingly into his own as she urged him to continue.

Soon the lust—filled, enticing bundle of female joy was hanging some two feet above the bed and slowly rotating on the swivel hook. Tom lay back and took advantage of this panoramic view of the gloriously inviting body that he would soon be sampling. Standing, he walked around the bed. His eyes never left the twisting form that was trying to follow his movements; and as he came round to her front, he mused absentmindedly to himself.

"I wonder what you looked like before you lost your arms and legs?"

A worried frown appeared on Rebecca's face as she questioned the sincerity of his attraction to her strange form. Seeing the unsettled look on her face, Tom speedily reassured her that she still had everything she would ever need to ensure his undying interest in her. He went on to other things and reaching forward, toyed with her nipples as he

spoke.

"Just how helpless are you, really?" he said, thinking aloud.



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The next few minutes were to remain burned in his mind forever as Rebecca gave him a demonstration. With sagging jaw he watched as the leather trussed and gagged form before him thrashed impotently on her leash - bouncing and jiggling like a demented jumping bean trying to escape the fingers gripping her nipple without success. Five memorable minutes later, Rebecca hung still, breathless and defeated as her eyes flashed a hungry message. Tom prised the ball from her mouth and left it hanging by the strap.

"Does that answer your question?" she inquired. "I'm yours to do with as you will." Use me! For Gods sake! Use me as your plaything! I'm the toy you always dreamed of owning. Play with me! Tease and torment me! I'm just a warm female hole for you to poke and a pair of boobs to squeeze. When you've finished, pack me away in your toy cupboard until you need me again!"

Her lips ceased their urgent tirade as he absorbed the sincerity of her message, her eyes imploring him to understand, but before he could reply the pretty mouth spoke again.

"Don't you see, Tom? I was destined to be a man's toy the moment that car hit me. It's the only thing I can do - and I want to be the best! The girls can give me lots of pleasure, but only a man can use me as I should be

used. They would see me now as a woman who needs comforting and compassion; which is sometimes the case. But they can never see me as you do. Go on and enjoy yourself, look at me. Silence me so that I have no voice! Stuff my mouth to bursting! Look at me! Don't be afraid to enjoy my helplessness! Savour my plight, head held stiff by this incredible collar and all of me packaged in leather, a hanging helpless parcel of sex to be used whenever you feel the urge!"

Stunned into speechless silence, Tom's reply, when it came, was a strangled croak.

"Your wish is my most pleasurable command, dear Princess," he managed to mutter as he climbed back onto the bed and forced the ball between her lips with purpose and resolution.

The hanging woman wriggled, impatient to continue and Tom spun her to face him, his eyes travelling directly to the dew-drops of passion oozing from her cleft and dripping continuously to the bed. Reversing his position, he lay below this musky valley of lust and wriggled his tongue into the secret depths of her quivering passage.

The pocket sized sex-aid -above responded immediately and he heard her leather harness groan with strain as her body expanded into its iron grip. Looking up past her jutting, swollen mound, he could see the leather sculpted orbs of her breasts, thrusting lobes of unrestrained flesh bulging further forward with each second as the internal pressure rose. Her nipples had become turgid prods of wanton lust demanding the touch of his fingers to trigger the gathering storm growing rapidly within her twisting, arched form.

He sensed her readiness and, shifting position, he lay with his rampant column poised and waiting. Spinning her rotating body back round to face him, he held her steady and positioned directly over the rod she craved so desperately. Reaching out, he began to lower the winch. Once again he teased her with the suspense of delayed fulfilment. One click at a time he lowered her until, after an age, the wet glistening lips of her vulva nuzzled at the vertical shaft it so urgently needed to consume.

Tom stopped the descent and gave her a gentlepush. Her suspended body swung to and fro. Each pass over the stiff, throbbing member parting her love-lips set her alight, almost as if his tool had become a plough-shear peeling her open with each swing and stroking her jutting, blood engorged clitoris with devastating effect.

If a scream of desperate need had been possible, Rebecca would surely have used it. But secured and helpless, she was reduced to a series of devastatingly sensuous writhings on the end of her tether. Pleading eyes said all that needed to be said in one awesomely erotic look.

He stopped her swing and left the reaching groping lips of her pubis to suck gently on the tip of his shaft. For several minutes he allowed the hungry mouth of lust scant contact as it sought to devour him then, sensing the moment, he reached for the winch handle again. Her glazed, wide staring eyes followed every move as his fingers closed on the handle. A great gust of air blasted from her flaring nostrils.

Each click and each advancing millimetre of that rod of pleasure drew further blasts of air. Steadily, Rebecca was being impaled as she sank lower and lower. Now she was denied even the freedom to swing as her cavorting peanut shaped body provided inertia. The huge throbbing

column of her desire located her firmly like a jutting rivet, sending exquisite waves of energy pulsing through her body as it stretched and bored its way to her very core.

Finally, her beautifully sculptured lower end touched down on his hips; but instead of allowing her to rest fully, he permitted only the barest touch of her weight.

Tom grasped her by the hips and with great care began to slowly turn her suspended form on his pulsing pivot.

The torso rippled and vibrated with the intense feelings of pleasure generated by his actions within her tethered and displayed frame and as he continued he felt Rebecca begin to wriggle madly like a frantic worm on a hook as the moment of her fulfilment drew close.

Now struggling for control himself, Tom gritted his teeth, determined that this handicapped girl should feel the true ecstasy she so richly deserved for the pleasure she was giving to him.

The hanging peanut shaped satchel of exploding female began to buck and writhe with a ferocity that surprised even Tom - lying back with a groan, he lay still as Rebecca erupted on his bursting rod of iron. The sounds of her insanely snorting nostrils were pure music to his ears as the woman's cataclysmic, orgasmic gyrations triggered his own. The monolithic column inside Rebecca swelled and he felt the powerful surge of fluids racing towards her interior through his conduit of pure ecstasy. His body stiffened and he was held rigidly by the shattering feelings of the cavorting body above. For endless eons of time he felt the great gushing floods of hot liquid exploding into Rebecca and sensed her response as she was inflated by the sheer volume of his outpourings.

The carnal storm subsided and Rebecca sank into a faint as Tom's spent body relaxed from the quivering, muscle stiffened form he had been powerless to override.

With the warmth of fulfilment glowing in his exhausted body, Tom drifted gently into a dreamless sleep; only to awaken some hours later and find the patiently waiting pendant still clutching his half erect tool; her gently massaging tunnel of love skilfully coaxing him awake with beautifully controlled ripples of muscle action.

He looked up to the animated love-toy above. So helpless, so desirable, so utterly defenceless and useable. Instantly, he felt his manhood surge to full size in seconds bringing a look of joy onto the rigidly strapped and gag sculptured face balanced on that leather encased neck. Rebecca felt her lower opening stretched to aching fullness by his rapidly returning libido and luxuriated in the hot breeze of lust fanning her nether region.

Their cycle of ecstasy continued through the night, and each time as he awoke that magical bundle of femininity was always waiting on her suspension.

By early morning Tom was so exhausted, even Rebecca's demanding movements could not wake him. Nor did he stir as the girls silently slipped into the room and with infinite care, re-arranged his arms and legs into a straight line before festooning his 'naked body with tight ropes that held him stiffly in position.

The wide awake Rebecca watched silent and helpless as the scene

unfolded - watching with interested eyes as her own suspension was disconnected from the winch and re-attached to some sort of crank affair that had been wheeled in and set up by the bed.

The final preparation came as one of them ran out a lead from the device to a wall socket and plugged it in. All was ready and by now Tom was fully awake and straining at the cords securing him below Rebecca's still penal-mounted form.

One of the girls bent forward and tweaking his cheek explained their seemingly crazy stunt.

"Oh! What tangled webs we weave, " she said. "Did you really think we didn't know you were planning to have fun with Rebecca?" Tom said nothing, not sure what to say for the best now that his secret was out.

"Well," continued the nurse. "We checked out all your equipment before you arrived and it didn't take too long to figure out how it all worked and so now you can reap the fruits of your labours. But first we have Something for you, you naughty little thing," she said, placing her finger on the end of Rebecca's nose. "We've been watching you egging this male sex-maniac on, so you can have your own share of torment."

The two girls gathered round Rebecca's suspended form and for a few minutes Tom's view of the dangling woman was obscured. When the bodies cleared, Rebecca was blindfolded and fitted with an extra vibrator in her spare recess. As if this wasn't enough he saw that specially modified vibrators now hung from clips attached to each nipple. Busy motors were already sending devastating tingles racing through these aroused nodules and into Rebecca's shuddering body. "Have fun, you two," their tormentor chortled. And with those words she flicked a switch on the strange device which to the consternation of the blinded Rebecca and himself, engineered an irresistibly sensuous movement as the crank began to turn.

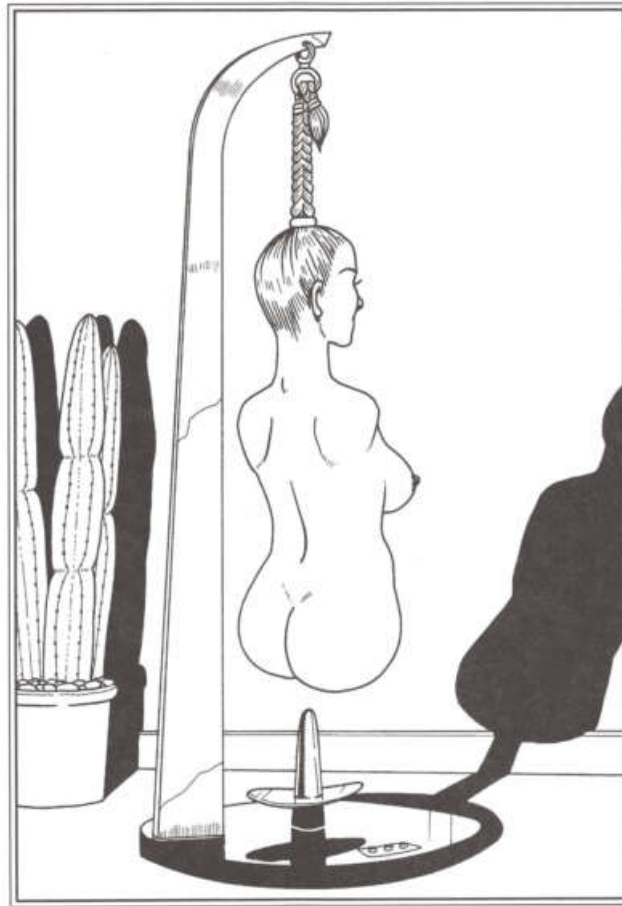
With that movement came the continuous lifting and lowering of Rebecca's pendant form.

The girls laughed and giggled as Tom found the gripping pussy of Rebecca being relentlessly powered up and down on his shaft. An arrangement that appeared to be immediately acceptable to the owner of the tunnel of pleasure as her squirming and rippling form attained new heights of animation. .

And so they were left to perform. Tom gave up the struggle to escape at an early stage. He found himself being sucked relentlessly into a well of hopeless abandonment, triggered by the image of that perpetually oscillating sex-toy dangling in front of him.

For twenty four hours the restrained couple were left to the mercy of the machine and when an exhausted Tom finally awoke it was to find his fetters gone and the torso of Rebecca absent from her suspension. He rapidly dressed and rushed into the hall-way, fearful of what he may find, then skidded to a halt as he saw the vision by the entrance door.





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Suspended by a pigtail from an ornamental bronze flower suspension device was the nude, nubile figure of his adorable, limbless creation. She was humming softly to herself as she basked in the early morning sun shafting through the Window and glinting from her bathed, perfumed body.

Sensing his nearness but unable to turn herself she called over her shoulder to him.

“The girls have gone to work and left me here ready for you. So what have you in mind for me today?” she asked impishly, her eyes traveling suggestively to a device she had asked the girls to leave out - a device that would clamp around her Waist and leave her pivoted and available for virtually any use he could think of, and at any angle that he chose.

The thought of resembling an egg timer when so mounted sent hot flushes racing through her body as she contemplated her up-ended offered openings. The look of pure bliss on Tom's face was enough to confirm that she had chosen the toy he desperately wanted her to try and she had a feeling that it wouldn't be sand running out of this egg timer when he'd finished!

\* \* \* \* \*

## MAXINE

Maxine shifted uncomfortably; although shifted was something of an exaggeration - strained against her bonds may have been a better description for the odd millimetre of movement she attained. As she heaved against the restraints, her eyes were drawn back to the factory clock, barely visible through the gaps in machinery surrounding her fettered form. The clock held a fearful fascination for her in that it would ultimately display the moment of her final downfall.

Exhausted after hours of futile struggles to escape her restraints, the trussed girl sagged into a motionless resignation with no option other than to wait silently, helplessly, for the unavoidable retribution awaiting her. Maxine found her mind wandering back to the preceding days that had set her on this seemingly inescapable course of self destruction.

For more than a year now she had been Robert's fiance - a shift engineer at the nearby factory of Benning Brothers. The relationship, by and large, had been fairly normal; with the exception that Maxine had always withheld her consent to anything other than a cuddle and kiss. Sex was strictly for married couples in her book. Robert fortunately accepted her chastity. He favoured the idea of their wedding night being something special as he broke her maidenhead for the first time. All in all, everything seemed to be shaping up for a solid lifetime of marital bliss for these two young people. But that was before Steven, one of the boss's sons became involved in the firm. He was appointed to the position of a junior manager in his preparation to eventually step into father's shoes, and Maxine, being an experienced secretary, was the first choice for Steven's team. All involved were of the opinion that young Steve would be well served by having someone of her standing to lend a helping hand. Some of the difficult decisions he would have to make during his inauguration into the business world would be child's play to Maxine, who had worked with top management on many occasions. Such close interaction meant that she had acquired a thorough knowledge of company procedures.

Months passed and the arrangement worked well. Steve's natural business acumen soon came to the fore and Maxine found the burden on herself easing as he took up the reins with an ever firming grip. With the arrival of a new found confidence in his position, Steve was able to relax a little as he found his day to day duties becoming second nature.

It was with this easing of pressure that he found the time to take more interest in his surroundings; and in particular the delectable Maxine with her tight blouses and clinging pencil skirts. Maxine, for her part, was unaware of his interest for some time and barely noticed the veiled comments and double meaning jokes that he cast with an ever increasing regularity. Nor did she notice that the hand on her shoulder during

conversation was becoming ever more adventurous. That is until his playful fingers began to toy with the lobe of her ear on one occasion. Her first reaction when she did notice was to break contact as quickly as possible and move out of range. But Steve wasn't to be put off so easily. He embarked on a carefully calculated program of seduction; increasing his advances on a stealth basis that always put him in a position to corner his objective and make escape that much more difficult.

Maxine was by now fully aware that she had become a target for this go-get-em executive and although she was loyal to Robert, she couldn't deny that this vibrant youngster was interesting. Like most women, she had a fatal attraction to strong successful males. The interest grew and with it her tolerance of Steve's advances; advances which had become blatant invitations to grace his bed. Maxine's female curiosity was by now fully inflamed and she actively encouraged his actions with a degree of coy flirting. Neither were aware, however, that a third person knew of their game and was watching with jealous eyes. Robert felt the burn of jealous hatred every time he passed Steve's office. Virtually every time he looked, he saw Maxine away from her desk and either sitting on Steve's knee or in close proximity to his rival. He knew that he had a fight on his hands,-but as a relatively shy man he had no idea how to combat the flamboyant approach that Steve had towards his prospective conquests; of which there were apparently many. The shop floor was rife with stories of the trail of used women left in his wake.

Steve, on the other hand, was for the first time in his young life coming up against a something he had never encountered before and it intrigued him. Maxine couldn't be coerced into taking that final step into bed. For some reason that he couldn't fathom, Steve found this exciting and his intentions towards Maxine took on a form he had never considered in his earlier quest for her favours. Dammit! Perhaps he was actually falling in love with this woman.

Maxine continued her relationship with Robert, but somehow the scene had changed. She still liked him, but Steve offered excitement and glamour, not to mention wealth, when he finally took over the business. Her eventual capitulation to Steve's advances was a foregone conclusion from the moment she had started to compare the two suitors vying for her attentions. As a result, it was only some four weeks later that she made an excuse to be away for the evening and left Robert at his front door. A splendid, home-cooked meal followed at Steve's luxurious flat, well laced with an expensive wine. Good music and attentive male company soon destroyed her last bastions of resolve.

Her final resistance to his wooing became a token affair as she allowed herself to be manoeuvred into the sumptuous silk sheeted bed.

Robert swore to himself and smashed his fist against the nearby wall as the last light winked out in Steve's flat. The long cold wait in the alley opposite had rewarded him with proof that Maxine wasn't playing a fair game. Well if Steve wanted her, he could have her. But not in the way he imagined.

Maxine felt different as she sat in the office the next day. Steve's lovemaking had been surprisingly skilful, much to her amazement.

Mindful of the fact that she was a virgin, he had eased into her with the tenderness of a surgeon; halting his advance with each gasp of pain as her virginity was breached and she opened into full womanhood. The pain had soon vanished with his long sliding strokes. Her awakened desire had responded instantly to this new and ecstatically pleasant sensation and it took only seconds for her to surrender herself fully to his intrusion.

The door to the office opened and looking up, Maxine felt guilt flush her cheeks as Robert walked in and spoke directly to her before she could even say good morning.

"I won't be able to see you for a few nights. We've got a rush job on to finish the refit on Line Two. It's got to be in production by Monday at the latest."

Maxine just nodded, still unsure of what to say as her guilt froze all thoughts in his presence.

"We should finish by Sunday night, so if you can manage it, maybe you could come round to my place about 8 pm."

Maxine nodded again.

"Yes, that's okay. I'll be there for sure, there are a few things we have to talk about," she finally managed.

Robert seemed in a rush and, accepting her approval of the date, he vanished into the corridor with a wave.

Maxine sat back in her chair. Something told her that he already knew that he was expecting a bombshell, but could he know about her assignation with Steve? She dismissed it as unlikely and returned to her work, although in the main she was working automatically. Her thoughts were occupied on compiling the speech which she knew would destroy Robert's World of bliss as she broke off their engagement. -

Sunday night arrived far too quickly for Maxine, as nervously she rang the doorbell to Robert's house. Her prepared speech seemed woefully inadequate for the task in hand. Robert appeared and ushered her in with a smile, but for some reason his smile seemed false.

"Coffee?" he asked, continuing down the passage as she turned into the lounge.

"Oh! Er, yes please." Maxine walked to the sofa and settled herself awkwardly, ready for the coming traumatic disclosure.

Robert returned, and for some moments they sat sipping coffee and simply looking at each other. In the final analysis, it was Maxine who broke the pregnant silence, and placing her half empty cup on the table, she steeled herself for the inevitable unpleasantness of her task.

"Robert, I've got something to tell you." She paused before continuing, trying to gather her thoughts. "I have..."

"I know," butted in Robert. "I was outside Steve's flat on Wednesday night! "

Maxine's jaw dropped as the full implications of his statement struck home. He knew already! He was fully aware of her betrayal. She was speechless as she fumbled for words to excuse the wrong she knew had been done to this caring, thoughtful man, but was unable to find anything that could adequately compensate for the pain she knew he would be feeling.

Robert looked her straight in the eye as he spoke and for a fleeting

second she was afraid of the venom she saw.

"You can have him, if that's what you want! Good riddance to you! You slut! "

The venom boiled over as he rose and approached her seated form.

"In fact, I'll give you to him on a plate!"

A wicked smile crossed his face as he realised what he had said.

"Not a bad comparison," he mused as he thought over some private joke.

Maxine got up to leave. Discussion was pointless now. Robert was in a fury and liable to do anything if she stayed.

Her first attempt to rise ended in her flopping back into the chair as the strength of her arms failed her. A slight look of puzzlement crossed her face as she grasped the arm and tried again. The result was the same and, looking up, she saw a look of triumph on Robert's face.

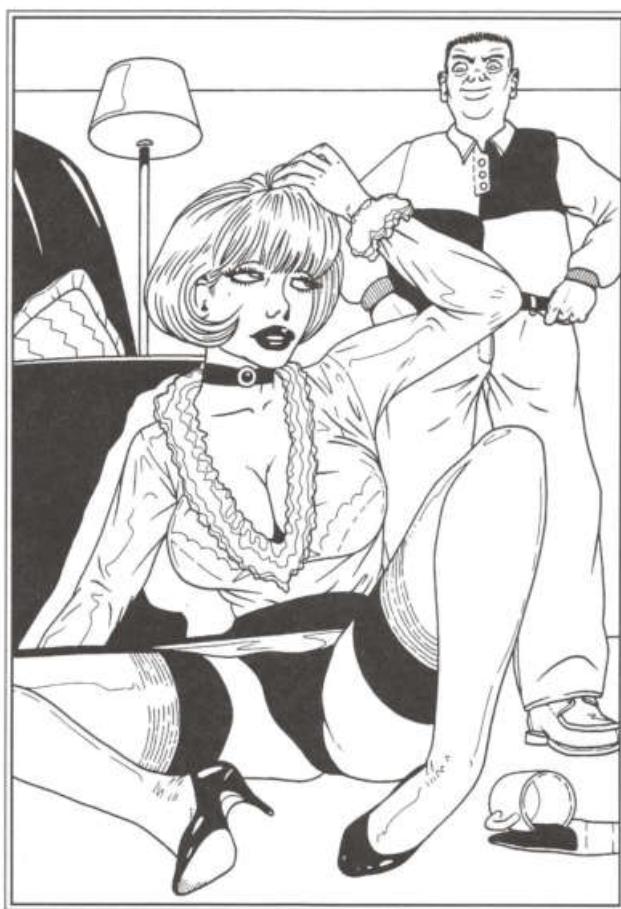
"The coffee! It was drugged," he informed her. "Now it's my turn to have some fun!"

Fear seared through Maxine's body as she felt the blackness of unconsciousness rapidly approaching. Her eyes pleaded with the grinning Robert to forgive her for the wrong she had done; but as the final blackness descended she could detect no softening of his features which were still twisted into a sneering, mocking grin.

Again Maxine struggled against her restraint, but even as she strained she knew it was futile. Compressed into a folded bundle by the steel arms of the automated material's handling devices, she was a helpless toy. Folded legs were squeezed tight into her sides; as were her arms running neatly down both sides of her body. Her young firm breasts crushed painfully against knees did nothing to ease the discomfort; nor did the snorkel type arrangement stretching her lips to taut tearing limits.

Her fear was growing by the minute as she saw the last fifteen minutes of her long wait ticking rapidly away on the clock. Instinct told her to cry out through the tube. But if she did, the result could be catastrophic. A built-in microphone would cause her ordeal to start immediately. As long as she remained silent there was always the chance that rescue would come before 6.00 am. Robert had described in detail the nature of his vengeance and as a result Maxine suffered continued visions of terror at the thought of her plight.

The handling machine held her naked form firmly offered over the bed of a computer—programmed horizontal borer, although with her rear end towards the face plate she could see little of the machine itself. But this had not always been the case. During preparation, Robert had allowed her to remain facing the tool-head and she was left in no doubt as to the nature of the tool being affixed to the face plate of the machine.



She watched with dread as he slotted in and fastened a two inch thick, chrome-plated dildo of some ten inches in length. All the time she had listened with a sense of panic as he proceeded to program the machine, describing each minute detail as he worked.

"So Steve liked your tight little virgin pussy did he? Well that's the last time he'll ever enjoy that luxury. Let's see if he still fancies you when you're as slack as the slut you pretend to be."

Maxine shuddered with revulsion as he outlined the machine's intended modus operandi.

"First it bores in, rotating at 20 rpm. The speed is increased in steps to 100 revs over half an hour." He paused at her look and grinned. "Don't worry, the lubricator spray will ensure we don't get a tool burn—out," he advised her before continuing with his description of her planned punishment.

"I expect a tart like you will soon get used to that, so I've programmed the head to start trepanning outward. That means the tool will move off-centre.

I've set it for a rate of 1 millimetre a minute, to a maximum of 75." He moved close and gripped her chin cruelly in powerful fingers.

"A half hour after that starts, your pussy will be stretching out to about six inches overall - first one way and then the other as it turns."

Maxine began to sob as the enormity of his revenge became known. The

mere thought of that chrome monster being inserted with infinite care brought shudders of fear to her mind; to be inserted by unfeeling hydraulics simply didn't bear thinking about. But this was to be only the start. Her body would be reamed by a rotating steel phallus as the programming began - later to endure a horrendous stretching and elliptical elongation as the shaft moved steadily off centre whilst it spun. Robert's voice cut through her near panic.

"You should love program two," he ventured. "The head withdraws and steps up two inches before resuming the same routine."

At first, the full impact of that statement was lost on Maxine, then as she mentally computed the adjusted target she felt her anus clench involuntarily at the prospect of its violation. Frenziedly she struggled against the unyielding clamps holding her in position as Robert swung her around and locked the arms in position. Visually now out of sight, the huge tool facing her offered rear-end loomed massively in her mind. Maxine's thoughts raced as she searched in vain for an escape plan. Surely the morning shift would notice her fettered form long before the machine whirled into action. She could scream through the tube. At least some sound was bound to escape and draw attention to her plight. Robert grinned as if reading her thoughts.

"You're on Line Number Three. No-one comes in here at present, we only commission this line next month."

Hope faded - then, as she thought again, she realised that her sounds may carry to the next shop. Robert had already foreseen that eventuality.

"Perhaps I should mention the breathing tube has a microphone built in. Shout or make a noise and the machine starts immediately on automatic and runs all night."

Maxine's resurrected hopes were instantly dashed. Only the faintest glimmer of optimism remained as she contemplated shouting for help seconds before the machine started at six in the morning. Her forlorn hope was pinned on the fact that someone may hear before the normal factory din rose to drown out her pleas for help; and if lucky, before the insertion began.

She didn't know that Robert planned to be in half an hour early to ensure that at least one piece of noisy machinery was running before the men clocked in.

Left to suffer the ravages of fear for the remainder of the night, Maxine hung pitifully in her clamp as the apocalypse of her mechanised rape drew closer.

Five forty-six am showed on the clock. Maxine's whole body was gearing up for the final gamble as she prepared to scream for help at the first sound of workers. Suddenly her ears picked up the sound of a heavy machine in the next shop rumbling into action. Tears of frustration coursed her cheeks as she realised that to shout now would only serve to start her ordeal fourteen minutes early. Already the noise from next door was easily sufficient to mask any small noise she could make. Five fifty-nine and the control room on Line Two was full with engineers. Steve had also turned in early to ensure that start-up went as planned. Line Two was important in the planning for a new venture and it was essential that all went off smoothly in the commissioning. Robert nodded a greeting and checked to see that the indicator lights

for the silent, as yet unused Line Three were concealed by his morning newspaper. The buttons for that line weren't needed for his plan. Borer number 7 was cross wired to the 'ON' button for the conveyor servicing Line Two.

Everything was ready. All presses were running and the men at their stations. The only thing remaining was to start the conveyor. Robert reached forward as the clock clicked to 6.00 am then, as if having a second thought, he motioned Steve forward to do the honours.

Checking that all was ready, Steve pressed the button. Only Robert whose ear was tuned for an unusual sound, managed to pick out the faint garbled scream from somewhere nearby. To all others the clashing roar of the press line was unaltered in content or volume. He lifted the newspaper slightly and peered underneath at the glowing light on Borer 7 - Line Three, his face creasing into a grin as he envisaged the trauma being enacted on the other end of that connection.

Maxine thrashed and squirmed as the monster machine rumbled into life. She felt the saddle of the clamp begin to move towards the face-plate and struggled violently against the encircling steel as she was carried backward towards that spinning steel phallus. Her folded, tautly stretched crotch tensed in readiness to try and repel the advancing monster.

It was a futile effort. The chrome shaft didn't even hesitate as it encountered the resistance of her clenching pubic lips, it simply shouldered them aside and bored the slowly rotating polished head into Maxine's warm depths. She screamed a hideously distorted scream of





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pain and terror as her opening was defiled, then gasped in horror as the fully buried shaft began to pick up speed.

Within seconds her first horribly unwanted orgasm engineered an automatic flexing of her violated pussy and she strained madly at the restraining arms as her body threatened to explode. The machine whirred on, unmindful of the tormented bundle it had been programmed to ream. Maxine was powerless to deny the incredibly erotic feelings being poured into her lower body; nothing could stop the procession of orgasmic explosions she was doomed to endure. Even thoughts of stage two in Robert's plan did nothing to dampen her out-of-control libido.

Thirty minutes passed in endless orgasmic racked minutes, before Maxine felt the monstrous shaft within beginning to deviate from its central spinning position. At first, the slight off-centre spin added to her awesome stimulation, but as the misalignment progressed she felt the first pangs of pain from her slurping juice laden sexual mouth. The torment increased and with it the desperate distorted screams for help as her pubic lips were elongated and stretched in every direction by the whirling crank of the dildo.

With the groan of reverse braking, the half conscious Maxine registered the shaft grinding to a halt. Seconds elapsed and then the shaft was withdrawn to her everlasting relief. It was a short lived postponement from the ordeal as the face plate moved upward and the trussed girl

remembered the next stage of her demise and commenced a demonic attempt to escape the inevitable rear reaming.

In an empty control room, Robert looked down as the indicator lights of Borer 7 informed him of a program change. He leaned back in the chair and watched as the spindle drive light flicked back on. Maxine by now was experiencing her very first rear entry, an experience which he was sure was proving extremely unpleasant. The Bitch! I hope it hurts, he thought as the pain of her betrayal burned deep within.

Hurt was not the word to describe Maxine's pure agony as the ultra tight orifice of her ass was stretched and bored by the whirling chromium shaft. Gone was the semi-pleasure of being raped in her previously tight front opening. There was no pleasure at all in the violation she endured now. It was pure unadulterated torment - a minor taste of things to come as the borer expanded its field of operations to off-centre trepanning.

As the shaft moved outward and its elliptical track increased in radius, Maxine felt her puckering clenched ring stretching and deforming with excruciating pain. To her disbelief she found that even though she was secured in impossibly tight clamps, her rear end from the Waist down was being flexed and deflected from centre by the awesome cranking motion within her tender hole. No doubt to anyone fortunate enough to be a spectator, her enforced movement would have been a joy to behold. The view of those deliciously stretched and tautly offered nates performing elliptical gyrations surpassed anything that could be conjured up in a male fantasy dream.

Robert glanced up from his newspaper and saw the borer light wink out. Programs 1 and 2 had been completed. He had an irresistible urge to go down and inspect the result of his machine's alterations to the dimensions and elasticity of Maxine's orifices - but alas, he had work to do. Reaching forward, he flipped a program switch before pressing 'Program proceed'. That should keep her interested he thought; she hadn't been told of the final stages.

Maxine hung blubbering and half delirious, her rear facing openings slopping with liquids; both her own and that supplied by the borer. Slackly, her violated orifices hung open, reamed and stretched to a level that would take years to recover from. She could never have imagined that more was planned in the way of revenge by her ex-fiance.

The borer released its own clamp leaving her held simply by the portable device used for work being transferred from process to process. There was nothing she could do as the line jerked into motion and carried her away down the shop - stopping eventually as she passed in front of a strange machine that hung half over the production line conveyor. A green light flashed on Robert's panel and reaching out he slapped another button before returning to the crossword.

Maxine heard a swishing sound and with terror watched as shiny steel bands of thin steel snaked out of the machine and encircled her body. A moment's pause and a clicking sound of relays told her that the machine had yet to complete its allotted task. The loose bands suddenly drew taut and compressed her into an impossibly tight bundle cinched at three inch intervals by the tough steel bands. Further clicks sounded, followed by a multiple snicking sound as each band was crimped with

fasteners and the trailing ends snipped off.

Maxine screamed and moaned as the final clamp retracted leaving her banded and compressed form balanced impotently on the conveyor. Her scream was cut short as the belt surged into motion and carried her to another device, only to have her sounds of distress rekindled as huge plastic polypropylene plugs were inserted into her defenceless openings. A six inch diameter plug, easily the size of a baby's head, stretched her front opening while the four inch version fitted into her ass was equally as painful given the lesser degree of elasticity inherent in that most private orifice.

In the next shop, Robert noted the indicator advised the consignment was banded and plugged. Immediately, he operated the sequence that would carry his unfaithful bitch to 'packaging and packing'.

Maxine was beyond the level whereby she could be shocked or surprised by anything. She fully expected her final ordeal to result in death. As a result she watched with resignation as a loose tube of opaque plastic descended around her and hardly noticed as the conveyor carried her through a tunnel full of bright hot lights. The industrial shrink wrap surrounding Maxine reacted instantly to the heat and ultra-violet light, shrinking rapidly and drawing as tight as a drum skin around her banded form inside the tube. Robert watched as the light showed completion, then on a whim, pressed 're-pack'.

Maxine was recycled and another skin went over the first, increasing the compression that threatened to crush her into nothingness. She was completely enveloped in the plastic drum-skin; her only contact with the outside world was the small tube of the snorkel that was now held tight in the gripping shrunken neck of the tube.

Maxine heard a swishing sound and with terror watched as shiny steel bands of thin steel snaked out of the machine and encircled her body. A moment's pause and a clicking sound of relays told her that the machine had yet to complete its allotted task. The loose bands suddenly drew taut and compressed her into an impossibly tight bundle cinched at three inch intervals by the tough steel bands. Further clicks sounded, followed by a multiple snicking sound as each band was crimped with fasteners and the trailing ends snipped off.

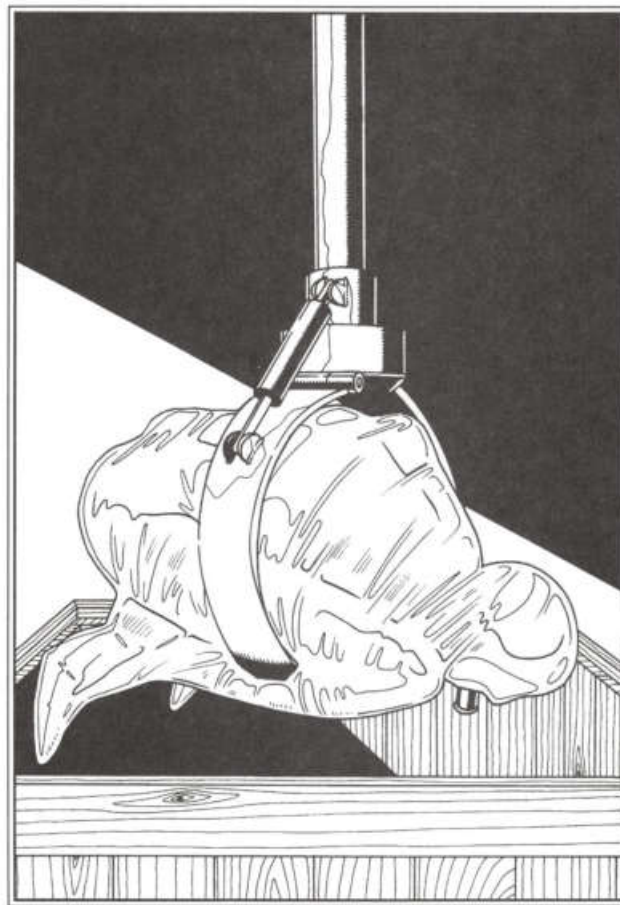
Maxine screamed and moaned as the final clamp retracted leaving her banded and compressed form balanced impotently on the conveyor. Her scream was cut short as the belt surged into motion and carried her to another device, only to have her sounds of distress rekindled as huge plastic polypropylene plugs were inserted into her defenceless openings. A six inch diameter plug, easily the size of a baby's head, stretched her front opening while the four inch version fitted into her ass was equally as painful given the lesser degree of elasticity inherent in that most private orifice.

In the next shop, Robert noted the indicator advised the consignment was banded and plugged. Immediately, he operated the sequence that would carry his unfaithful bitch to 'packaging and packing'.

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Robert pressed 're-pack' four more times before his whim was satisfied. As a result, the solid plastic blob that contained his ex-lover barely reacted to the jolt as her pre-packed, 'bench run-in' form was dropped into a crate. Oh! yes, she was well and truly run-in thought Robert. No problems with a seize-up there now. And the prolonged stretching provided by her new static inserts would ensure that she couldn't start the long process of shrinking back to size for some time yet. It pleased him to think of that treacherous bitch stuffed and chicken wrapped. As the pre-programmed packing plant began the job of banding the crate it also carried out a task that included adding packing notes and addressing.

The automated lights blinked rapidly with each sequence and Robert turned and reached into his jacket hanging on the chair back. His fingers closed on an airline ticket which he withdrew and studied at length. Yes, all was in order. By the time that crate arrived at its destination he would be thousands of miles away. He sighed. It had meant giving up all he had worked for, but what-the-hell! He had done it all for her and now she didn't want him. -

I wonder if Steve will still want her when he opens that crate tomorrow, he mused. I hope he has some tools handy at home, those plugs are going to need a tyre lever to get them out. He laughed out loud and with

a flourish pressed 'Proceed Dispatch Bay', his laugh increasing as a lone crate appeared on the side conveyor and unnoticed by the work crew joined the flow on the main output conveyor heading for the dispatch department.

It was hard to imagine that such a small crate contained a live women, her lower body packed to bursting point and gift wrapped to excruciating levels of compression; but then he had personally adjusted that bander to maximum tension with that end in mind.

"Bye bye, slut! Have fun," he whispered, as he watched the crate disappear through the swing flaps at the end on the conveyor.

Steve looked perplexed at the small crate sitting on his step, then seeing the address markings, he accepted that it must be for him and proceeded with some difficulty to lug it into his hall-way.

Retrieving some tools from his shed he set about snapping the banding and prising the lid off. Minutes late he stood aghast as he looked down at the tightly banded and shrink-wrapped package within. Through the opaque plastic coating he could see what was obviously a compressed naked woman. From the faint movements visible in the outer coating it was obvious that she was still alive, albeit, very uncomfortable.

He reached for a Stanley knife, his first thoughts to free this poor unfortunate as quickly as possible, but then as he bent forward his eyes alighted on a packing note affixed to her outer covering. The note bore an emblazoned legend.

**IMPORTANT!**  
**READ BEFORE UNPACKING!**

Steve retrieved the note and opening it, read the contents carefully, his eyes widening and straying to the pathetically encased Maxine as Robert's detailed description of her ordeal unfolded. Easing the package out of the crate he lay it on the rug and studied the dark shapes of the plugs through the plastic covering, a frown creasing his forehead as he perceived the hugely stretched openings hosting these monsters. Steve put the note down and seating himself on a nearby chair he sat deep in thought as he studied the gleaming capsule of femininity before him. It was pulsing slightly, and faint mewling sounds permeated the packaging as Maxine sensed help close at hand. She recognised the patterned carpet despite the opacity of her confinement and knew that it was Steve beyond that impenetrable wall of shrink wrap. But why wasn't he tearing at the packing? Why was he just sitting there instead of rescuing her from this awesome compression?

For almost an hour Steve sat silently contemplating the package. Reaching a decision, he reached for the phone and consulted his personal international directory before dialling a long number.



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“Ah! Achmed, how are you, old friend? Long time no see.”

The conversation continued for several minutes as customary pleasantries were exchanged, then seeing his chance in a lull in the conversation, Steve brought up the reason for his call.

“Achmed, I heard rumours when I was last out there that you dabbled in certain, shall we say, personal cargoes?”

He listened as his friend answered, his frown relaxing as the answer to his problem was resolved.

“I’m glad to hear that because I have just such an item of merchandise available at the moment... No! No-charge... A gift. Oh! Yes, immediate delivery... in fact, it’s already packed and ready for shipping right now. Achmed arranged for pick up and Steve ended the call before turning back to the mewling package on his carpet - a package that had overheard every word of the conversation.

“Sorry, Maxine,” he said, rolling the package gently back and forth with his foot. “I never use second hand goods, especially Well worn items.”

He slewed the trussed women around, rolled her onto her back and poked at her inserts idly with his toe. Maxine’s squirming protest showed faintly through the plastic and Steve took advantage of the taut plastic encased buttock mounds as he utilised them as foot rests. He had to admit that Roger had done a nice job, and had she not been so incredibly stretched by those inserts he could have enjoyed keeping her

like this for a while. For a while he mused over the thought of piercing the crotch covering plastic, withdrawing one or the other invader and using her as she Was. But a deal was a deal and Achmed was expecting a pre-packed shipment.

Stooping down he hefted the package and dropped it back into the crate, refitting the lid as best he could before retrieving his coat and leaving for his favourite restaurant.

"Hmmm! I think I fancy stuffed chicken tonight," he mused as he climbed into his car.

## **SEEDS OF CHANGE**

Doctor Adam Ekkhart eased back into his chair, flexing his cramped muscles as he stretched lazily in his seat. A movement beyond the laboratory window caught his attention, and he glanced up to see the prim form of Miss Eve Wimslow, his assistant, moving down the passage beyond.

Her white starched smock did little to hide the thrusting protrusions of an ample yet firm bosom; nor did anything to disguise the deliciously formed length of smooth tantalising thigh. But this was due more to the woman's statuesque six foot bearing than any lack of material. Ekl-(hart felt a warm glow pass over him as he watched her vanish through the swing doors at the end of the corridor. He'd long been tempted to sample the delights that Eve could offer; but despite his repeated prompting and sly innuendoes, she had yet to give any indication that she had ever noticed him as anything other than a brilliant botanist and biochemist. But that would soon change!

The doctor swung back to his microscope and began to study one of the hundreds of slides with a new found fervour. His sense of purpose had been renewed by that short sighting of his assistant; as if by an infusion of some new wonder drug capable of revitalising even the most tired worker.

His work over the years had become almost mundane. Little had happened in the world of botany to inspire any new or interesting research, and as a result the main thrust of his activities had been reserved for the love of his life - an exotic greenhouse with the most amazing variety of plant forms ever assembled under one roof.

These oddities of the botanical world encompassed almost every size and shape of living vegetation it was possible to imagine, ranging from the most minute fungal growths to mighty vines and shrubs. Experts and enthusiasts from all over the world visited his collection and marvelled at these wonders of nature.

Had those visitors been privy to the contents of a closed section at the end of the greenhouse, their wonderment would surely have known no bounds.

It was late. Eve had been gone some three hours when Ekkhart finalised his research on the tiny spores he had been scrutinising. Generally, it had been a good day, and everything he'd hoped to achieve had been completed with only a few minor set-backs. All that remained was the



practical realisation of his endeavours.

The short drive from the laboratory to his country house was barely noticed by a mind that was filled with optimistic plans.

Swinging open the door to his private section, Ekkhart stood still for a second surveying the contents of his enclave, his mind still not fully able to grasp the enormity of his discovery; a discovery of pure chance, handed to him many months ago when a small, insignificant fragment of meteorite had plummeted into the lush green turf of his front lawn. The bluish tinted lump of fused rock unearthed by his curious dog the next morning proved mildly interesting. It was, however, soon forgotten as it lay on his lounge coffee table. It never occurred to him that the injury his dog seemed to have sustained had any connection with the meteorite, a limp that first appeared to manifest itself on the right front leg.

Ekkhart barely gave it a second thought after first examining the leg and ascertaining no visible damage - probably just a pulled muscle or something. His concern was rekindled the next day when the limp not only got worse, but appeared to be spreading to the other leg. He wasted no time in taking the ailing dog to the vet, but to no avail. Nothing untoward could be diagnosed, and at a loss to explain the condition, the vet put forward the opinion that his dog was suffering the early stages of Arthritis.

Ekkhart wasn't convinced. Over the next few days he kept a close watch on his canine friend and observed some alarming changes that defied all medical precedent.

The affliction was spreading at an alarming rate, and within four days the animal was almost entirely paralysed. A further worrying development went unnoticed until the fifth day, when during an examination of his pet's paws, he noticed strange hair like tendrils appearing on the pads.

At a loss to explain this growth, Ekkhart's scientific curiosity began to assert itself. Donning a pair of surgical gloves, he carefully removed one of the tendrils and placed it in a sample jar; surprised that the operation appeared to have no effect on his pet as the keen scalpel sliced through the root of the hair like growth.

Within minutes he had a sample slice under the microscope, and his eyes widened in ever increasing disbelief as the searching eye of the scope revealed the complex cell structure of the sample. Ekkhart found himself staring down at the first tangible evidence of life from another World.

The sample was certainly not of a structure normally associated with mammals, or for that matter, any species endowed with a locomotive life form. The cell structure was without doubt in a category that placed it firmly in the botanical sphere, and yet, it was growing from his dog! Ekkhart spent the next twenty-four exhausting hours engrossed in deep study as he strove to identify the vague nagging thoughts that told him he should recognise this cell structure. Then, in a flash it came to him. It was root growth, albeit of type never before encountered by man. His dog was trying to put down roots. Ekkhart's studies became intensified as a strange metamorphosis began to take place. The dog was obviously in no pain, and seemed to have surrendered to whatever

this new symbiotic life form intended.

The week drew to a close, and with it, any signs of animation from the animal; now completely immobilised by the astounding changes that had resulted in tissue structure. Ekkhart was ecstatic. First hand, he had witnessed and catalogued something that was unique in botanical research - something that could have far reaching consequences for man's knowledge and understanding of the universe.

With great care, Ekkhart picked up the stiffened form of his pet, his analytical mind instantly recognising the feel and texture of the inanimate body as that of some kind of wood, as yet unknown to man. Every feature of the animal had been preserved and reproduced in minute detail, and yet even though it appeared dead, Ekkhart was convinced that somehow mammalian life still remained in that vegetated form.

Days grew into weeks - Weeks to months as his research continued. Nothing was left to speculation as he methodically unravelled the secrets of this new life form.

In the early days he had ascertained that the dog had absorbed all of the organism present on that celestial rock at the first encounter, which would explain why he himself had not been affected by subsequent unprotected handling before the meteorite's secret had been revealed. The organism seemed content to concentrate on colonising and consolidating its growth with each new host in turn, before searching for new ground to propagate the species. Further revelations revealed that it was indeed a symbiotic parasitic growth, which meant that it understood the need to preserve and protect its host so as to guarantee a healthy environment for itself.

The greatest discovery, and potentially the most devastating, was that although the entire body of the dog had been colonised and converted to a wooden cellular structure, the brain had remained intact, completely unaffected by the invader. In fact, the oxygenated blood required to maintain life in this mammalian component had been replaced by a sappy fluid that had exactly the same function.

Ekkhart was stunned by the revelation as the full impact of its potential impinged on his thoughts. The dog was still alive and thinking; trapped in a wooden effigy of itself and maintained by a benevolent invader. Thoughts of those past months flitted through his mind as he paused at the doorway to his private domain. His eyes alighted on the flourishing form of his former pet, and those of the many other assorted mammals and reptiles who had subsequently been exposed to an invader that was now fully established in the pilot colony and eager to expand into a new and unpopulated world of potential hosts.

Each experiment had been interesting and absorbing. But the underlying interest in each had been in an entirely different direction.

Eve waited impatiently at the front door. Her ringing of the bell seemed to have no effect. She looked down towards the greenhouse at the far end of the property, and straining her eyes in the gathering gloom of evening, was able to make out a tiny glimmer of light escaping the partly open door of Ekkhart's secret inner sanctum. Turning from the main door of the house, she made her way across the lawns towards the signs of life. Secretly, she was pleased that Ekkhart was already at work. She didn't mind giving up her evenings to help prune and care

for the vast variety of plants in his greenhouse, but preferred that it didn't consume too much of her free time.

If he started early, the chances were that they could finish by eight o'clock or thereabouts.

Arriving at the greenhouse, Eve swung open the first door giving access to the airlock that was required to maintain a carefully controlled environment within. Fully aware of Ekkhart's insistence on observance of the rules, she carefully closed the outer door before turning to the inner. She cursed softly to herself as the door resisted her first attempt to open it. Dammit! Why did it have to stick when she was in a rush to get finished. She pushed harder but to no avail. The thing was jammed solid. Frustrated and annoyed she turned to let herself out of the outer door, only to find that it too had become jammed shut. No matter how hard she tugged and jerked at the handle it simply refused to budge. For a second or two, the small confined space of the airlock invoked claustrophobic panic in her. Then, rationalising her predicament, she began to hammer on the inner door. Ekkhart was bound to hear the racket and come to investigate. For several minutes she thumped at the inner door, pausing on occasion to listen for the sounds of any approaching help. The silence became oppressive as her earlier panic returned. She resumed the assault on the stubborn door with something akin to a frenzy, unaware that wispy tendrils of vapour were seeping from a vent to surround her feet.

Eve was well into her fourth attack on the jammed door when the first insidious effects of the vapour began to take effect. Initially, it was merely a slight giddiness that she equated as the effects of being confined in a small space. Only when her legs began to buckle did it register that something was seriously wrong. By then it was far too late, and slowly she slid to the floor as consciousness ebbed away.

Ekkhart peered through the glass viewport in the door, studying Eve's still form for several seconds before slowly removing the iron bar jamming the handle. He opened the door and stood back, allowing the residual anaesthetic vapour to dissipate before venturing inside. He was nervous that pockets of Nitrous Oxide might still be lurking for the unwary, and having gone this far, he had no intention of falling prey to the agent of his own nefarious scheme.

All was well. He could detect no blurring of vision or light headedness as he stooped to lift the slumbering form of his assistant.

Hampered by the limited space in the airlock, he found himself unable to lift the languid form, and resorted to dragging her into the greenhouse by the shoulders. After much heaving and straining, Ekkhart finally managed to transport the sleeping Eve to his potting shed. With some difficulty he managed to lift her to the bench, somewhat surprised at how awkward a human form was to handle when drugged into a limp, unresponsive state.

Eventually, he stood back and surveyed the recumbent form of his delectable assistant as she lay stretched on the bench.

At first he was almost afraid to touch what had long been denied him. Then, fortified by his lustful resolve, he began to strip the clothes from her nubile body, pausing only to study each newly revealed section of her superb figure. She was alabaster perfection in female form. With a sort of reverence for an artefact of exquisite beauty and value, he found

himself stroking the curving buttocks, rolling her over and testing the soft erotic resilience of her orb-like breasts as he steadily divested her



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of all clothing. Finally, she was naked and he returned her to the face down position before reaching out for the long flat piece of wood lying nearby. It was not unlike the spatula type of item used for marking new seedlings, or correcting the growth of a wayward plant. In fact, it varied only in the unusual size. Being some six feet long, it was far larger than anything used in the plant world, with perhaps the exception of a support used for a young sapling. the other departure from the norm were the rows of holes down each edge.

Placing the heavy spatula alongside the unconscious woman, he drew her hands behind her back, and securely bound them with a waxed twine. The board was now placed on top of Eve, and with infinite care, he began the lengthy task of mating woman and spatula.

Starting at the ankles, he moved upward, cinching and securing with the waxed twine in multiple encirclements, neatly threaded through the holes, and cross cinched to draw them tightly into her supple body. Steadily, the woman was reduced to a stiffened line of womanhood as board and female became one and the same item. Eve, once she

recovered consciousness would discover that her movement capability had been reduced to zero. Those clever holes would ensure that none of her bindings could slip or move, she was effectively ensconced in a cage of cords.

The final cinches were hardly completed when the slumbering woman showed the first signs of recovery. But the returning faculties were too late to be instrumental in any escape attempt. Eve had long since passed the point of no return in Ekkhart's plan.

Ekkhart stood back, surveying his work with undisguised relish. She looked so sweet with all those curving cinches marching up her body. Somehow they conveyed the total vulnerability of the woman in a way that defied description. The cocoon of bonds at a one inch spacing instantly conjured a picture of complete control. There was no way Eve could ever gain her freedom until someone chose to release her. And that wasn't about to happen.

As she moaned softly in the dawn of returning awareness, he treated himself to a feast of sensory delight, stroking each curving bulge of



cinched femininity and savouring the tautened skin effect produced by her inescapable bonds. The moans grew more insistent as her faculties began to flood back. Tiny movements flitted continuously over her body as subconscious thoughts struggled to resolve the lack of freedom her befuddled brain told her she should have. She strained against the strictly stiffening back board; but as expected, without success. Ekkhart decided to complete his work with some final additions before full consciousness returned. He prised the licentiously inviting lips open and inserted an large, wooden plug gag. More waxed cords fixed it in position. Then, as an after thought inspired by head rolling movement, he added more cords to her slender throat, and around the forehead. Those simple additions removed all vestiges of movement from the bound woman.

Ekkhart was well pleased. But he, of all people, knew that by far the most important aspect of raising any new plant was the planting itself. Lifting the statuette of stiffened womanhood with some difficulty, he located the foot end of his cinched female seedling in a prepared pot nearby. Eve was by now fully conscious, and seeing the pot realised that it was of the size usually reserved for small trees. The knowledge did little to appraise her of his intentions, and even less to placate the fear of what was happening to her.

Steadying the woman with one hand he began to shovel in a mixture of soil and highly nutritious peat. Regularly, he stopped and carefully tamped the earth tightly around her feet. It took a few minutes to fill the pot enough for her to become self supporting, and using both hands, he continued at a faster pace, seemingly eager to complete the irrational chore in hand. Eve could do nothing other than ponder the eventual outcome of his madness with increasing trepidation. She saw him rise to retrieve a plastic tube from the bench, but could only surmise that it had been planted with her. The ability to look down was denied her by the tight cords around her head and throat.

It took a half hour to fill and tamp the pot fully, and Eve found herself firmly held in a vertical mode as he stepped back to survey the results. Ekkhart's face was aglow with eager anticipation as he checked over her situation, implanted inescapably to the upper calves, and the ominous tube jutting from the soil by her knees. All was ready.

Eve watched fearfully as he returned with a bag of powder, instantly recognised as rooting compound, then felt the cool ingress on her feet as it was poured down the tube. Suddenly, she perceived the objective he had in mind, although it did little to ease her Worries as she perceived him as a maniac who had actually planted a woman like a tree. Ekkhart had crossed the thin dividing line between genius and sanity! The poor man actually thought he could grow a woman!

His next actions mystified her as she watched him don a pair of surgical gloves and take up a set of tweezers. With a sort of morbid curiosity, Eve watched as he moved over to a barely visible shrub in the shadow of the green house and stooped down. As far as she could see, he appeared to be removing a small nodule or bud at the base of the plant, but the dimness defeated her best efforts to pierce the gloom.

He returned holding the amputated nodule at arms length then, stooping below her vision, she assumed he had dropped it into the

tube. Something landed on her foot and came to rest in the cleft produced by her big and second toe. She wriggled her foot to dislodge it, but pressure of earth and twine defeated her efforts. She could feel him capping the tube, and then he reappeared in front of her face. Wearily, yet unable to protect herself in any way, Eve saw the gloating lust in his eyes as he pulled off the rubber gloves and reached out to her fettered form. She was unable to repel the assault on her body in any way, other than to make protest with her glaring eyes and by garbled sounds past the dowel in her mouth. But Ekkhart just ignored those futile attempts and continued with his not unpleasant petting and stroking. She had no idea that as he savoured the alabaster smoothness of her body, he was comparing her form to the furry outer covering of previous experiments and speculating on the final result of her metamorphosis. He didn't speak a word as he leered and touched, yet the arousal his power over her was generating was clearly displayed in the flushed face and shining eyes of her captor.

Unable to repel his advances in any way, Eve endured with an indifference she didn't feel. Eventually he had taken his fill of her offered body, and she watched as he reached up and flicked on an overhead light. It was of the ultra violet type, a lamp designed to enhance the growing cycle of indoor plants without recourse to placing them in the natural sunlight they would normally thrive under. The main lighting blinked off leaving her bathed in a surreal blue glow, then her hue changed as he added an infra red to the illumination of his female plant.

He studied her a while longer, then turned for the door, ignoring muffled pleas from his captive as she realised that she was being left to rot in a semi dark, moisture controlled environment.

Miserably, Eve wondered how long she would have to endure before someone realised she was missing. It was a thought that terrified her.

Ekkhart and herself sometimes worked for months without other people coming near either the greenhouse or the laboratory.

Alone and afraid, Eve struggled against her bonds, fearful of Ekkhart's wrath when he finally realised that she couldn't just be planted and grown like one of his other shrubs. Her terror grew as she cast her mind over the many other techniques used in horticulture, not least of which was the practice of pruning to propagate growth. A madman like Ekkhart might do anything if he really perceived her as a plant.

Her violent but ineffectual struggles continued well into the night, masking the slight prickling sensations between her toes as the bite of the cinching cords held her strictly to attention.

Nor did she give the strange feeling of deadness in her lower limbs more than a passing thought. After all, what could be more natural given that they were encased in tight cinching cords that restricted blood flow to her limbs.

The night wore on for the planted Eve, unaware that radical irreversible changes were already taking place within her helpless form. The fact that she was no longer struggling was a visible sign that the nodule between her toes was beginning to exert its influence through the tiny tendrils now invading the pores of her skin, and reaching out in search of the nervous system that it would soon control. An army of microscopic



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rhizomorphs were already advancing on the conduit to her brain provided by the filament like nerves.

Eve began to feel strangely at ease. And although ignorant of her alien invader, she sensed an indescribable awareness of a benevolent entity somewhere nearby. She tried to come to terms with these feelings, and in doing so lost track of time. Even without that distraction, it would have been difficult to gauge the hour, or even the day. Her growth inducing lighting could be programmed to longer or shorter day cycles so as to fool normal botanical specimens and produce rapid growth. Even the periodical dousing from fine mist sprays could be adjusted to any length of cycle.

It never even occurred to Eve that her natural bodily functions were inexplicably absent. There was no hunger or thirst. Nor was there a call of nature to void any waste material accumulated in her lower body. She couldn't know that already thousands of tiny root tendrils festooning her feet were drawing up and converting nourishment from the soil in the pot. Tap roots were burrowing and searching for essential minerals in the peat at an amazing rate as the alien spores consolidated their hold on the new host. Unbeknownst to her, changes in her rapidly forming new epidermal layer were venting wastes silently and inconspicuously



into the atmosphere.

Three days passed for Ekkhart, although Eve had by now lost all notion of passing time. Then the door opened as he came in to view his protege. He was ecstatic! Peering into the tube, he was rewarded by the sight of massive root growth as Eve's feet vanished into a mass of new tendrils. With gloved hands he carefully scraped away the soil surrounding her buried ankles and studied the steadily advancing sheen of wood rising up the formally peach-like skin of her limbs. Already the lower cinches of her containment were being absorbed as they became an unwarranted interruption to her smooth lines. The alien was degrading and absorbing the fibres of the twine as it moved inexorably upward.

At first her flesh seemed to turn a pallid white as red corpuscles were either absorbed or denied access to the area then, as it encroached, the new epidermis took in its new teak like appearance. Had it not been at the expense of her own body, no doubt Eve would have agreed that it was a marvellous and beautiful conversion. Fortunately, she was unaware of the changes in her own body.

As it was, Eve chose to humour him and quietly accepted his inspection of areas denied her. The bonds holding her so cruelly in check no longer had a bite. Better to humour him and behave like a plant whilst she awaited rescue than to incur his wrath.

The days passed, and each artificial dawn usually brought another visit from her attentive gardener. He would spend hours checking soil chemistry and watering her buried feet with hormone growth compounds. As far as she knew, none of these compounds were harmful, so that was merely a minor discomfort, although of late, the feeling of wet cold feet didn't seem to arise. Strangely, it was the reverse. Cold moistness felt good to her.

Eve had no idea that her legs were not still bound. Her lower limbs were as immovably now as the first day she had been planted. It never occurred to her that in fact she was now being restrained by the inflexibility of her own body. Already the teak exterior was up to and passing her knees, developing into a grained and beautiful sculpted parody of her former soft curves. She could feel Ekkhart stroking her legs, and for some unfathomable reason it transmitted feelings of remoteness and hardness. The same applied days later when he ventured up to her vulnerably exposed pussy. She could feel his touch, and as he caressed the peach shaped segments of her mons, Eve found she couldn't deny the sensuously pleasing feelings it generated in her lower regions. At first she was vaguely annoyed that the feelings of arousal came without her bidding, but then given the long, boring vigil she had been forced to adopt, Eve eventually brushed these thoughts aside and allowed herself the luxury of gleaning whatever small pleasures she could from her plight.

Ekkhart, on the other hand, was highly pleased with progress. As with all other experiments, the parasitic invader was faithfully mimicking every minute detail of the host as it moved steadily upward. All of Eve's converted areas had acquired the appearance of polished, oiled teak.

Whorls and weaves of grain structure added an unprecedented beauty to the female form, endowing her with even greater charm than he could have thought possible. Eve was destined to become a carved

statue of intensely satisfying allure, the like of which would never be surpassed by any mortal sculpture.

The growth continued rapidly, accelerating as the invader became more at home in its new host, and infinitely more knowledgeable about the complex structure of the human form. Ekkhart was fascinated as it marched upward to engulf Eve's youthful, fully developed breasts.

Within the space of one day it had converted these sumptuously desirable cones into twin mounds of polished erotic sculpture. But Eve found her previously felt contentment waning as she perceived at last that there was something dreadfully wrong with her body!

Her respiratory organs were now feeling the effects of the burgeoning woody growth, and breathing was rapidly becoming a task that required extreme effort as the contents of her cardiovascular cavity began the conversion to non flexible tissue. The change over from oxygen breathing to carbon dioxide absorption was a slow and painful process. With panic welling in her captive body, Eve fought to breathe, desperately pleading with her grinning captor as all the effects of drowning became a nightmare of reality. She fought at non-existent bonds, not realising that from the neck down they no longer existed. All below her graceful neck was a petrified replica of the body she once had sole ownership of. Ekkhart relented and removed the gag. The lips moved as her eyes begged for help. But no sound issued forth. Already her lungs were incapable of producing an airflow that would generate sound in her vocal chords. Ekkhart watched her, unmoved by the trauma. He had watched as other experiments went through this stage, and whilst it was uncomfortable and frightening, he knew that Eve would soon be through the ordeal and done with mobile respiratory needs for ever. An hour later, all movements in that magnificent chest and the decorative orbs of her breasts were gone. Now only the head showed human traits. It seemed odd to look at what was essentially a young tree with human attributes at the crown.

The pallid sheen seemed to romp up her neck as the invader sensed total capitulation. Ekkhart stayed long enough to watch the shoulders and neck complete the change, then left the room as an inexplicable attack of guilt played on his conscience. He found he was unable to witness the final conversion as the last vestiges of the vibrant women he had known as Eve were absorbed for ever.

And so in the dimness of that potting room, Eve was left alone with the final horror of realisation as her sight dimmed and the shining, life-filled eyes became dulled with the sheen of polished wood.

Ekkhart returned later and stood transfixed by the ebony statue, lifeless in human terms, yet radiating a new beauty that defied description as the wondrous shape of Eve stood resplendent in her hardened format. He tended her regularly. She was the prize possession in his botanical wonderland, albeit one that was reserved exclusively for his own viewing. Tests and sensors affixed to her smooth surface proved that the brain was intact and functioning as normal, as were all the faculties of sensory perception previously endowed upon her. She could feel his touch, luxuriate in the stroking sensations as he toyed with her form, and even experience a strange glow in her wooden pussy.

Ekkhart was even more amazed to find that she had also gained the gift

of telepathy in her botanical form. Instruments left attached faithfully recorded her reactions to his return even when he was still miles from home, and far beyond any human means to discern.

Another unannounced event had him completely baffled. The clefted delight that had once been her succulent sexual mouth began to ooze a treacly liquid. It was a phenomenon that lasted a few days then seemed to cease of its own accord. He dismissed it as a sap leakage, and only when it reappeared several weeks later did the truth dawn. It was almost exactly a month since the last occurrence. Eve's parasitic intruder was somehow, for whatever reason, maintaining her menstrual period, albeit it a botanical equivalent. Sure enough, after a few days small buds began to appear all over her form. On the first attempt these buds had been absent, but now the symbiotic life form had perfected the technique.

Under the influence of the ultra violet lights, the buds soon began to open and blossom into beautiful flowers that fully reflected the stunning magnificence of the human part of their host. El-chart studied them at length, only realising at the last moment the danger he was in. Eve was in her reproductive cycle. The pollen from those deceptively innocuous flowers bore the spores that could colonise himself should he accidentally inhale them. He rushed from the potting shed sealing the door, careful as the spectre of his own botanical conversion loomed large in his mind.

Equipped with respirator and suit designed for the spraying of dangerous chemicals he ventured back, confident that his protective clothing would prevent any ingress of the deadly pollen.

As he stared at the delicate blooms and superb smooth perfection of his protege, it was hard to imagine that such a wondrously beautiful creation could conceal such danger. Nor could he possibly imagine the frustration within as Eve's silent form sensed his deliverance from her planned revenge. \_

The months passed, and Ekkhart continued to experiment with his permanent captive. He found that her body had adopted the properties of an Ash tree, albeit one endowed with the appearance of a hardwood. She was flexible without risk of snapping, and could be trained to form different growth patterns by fixing the form in a strained position that was slowly adopted once her springiness capitulated to the strength of a new directional anchor. By applying a constant pull in any one direction she could be shaped to new and more exciting configurations. Remove the pull and she would reach for the light and slowly straighten back into her former stiffly erect shape. Ekkhart had no concept of the fury contained within the silent form as he trained her to a bent format that left her folded at the hip. The resultant thrusting smooth wooden lobes of her buttocks were much more available in that form; a fact that Ekkhart made full use of as he patted and fondled.

Not content with a mere ninety degree bend, he gradually trained her to a hairpin fold that left all her attributes blatantly exposed in an upward thrusting edifice of carnal delights. He had always admired her superbly flared hips, her sumptuously rounded bottom, and her shapely thighs. Now it was all on offer for as long as he chose to savour her new configuration.

It was on one such savouring occasion that he noted that his constant abuse of her offered pouring mons had dulled the normally shining surface of the hard wood. Fetching a cloth and polish, he set about remedying the situation.

Minutes later he was amazed to see the unmistakable signs of an aroused woman as her pouting pussy crevice began to ooze the thick secretions of love juice. It was probably the first time that he realised the full extent of her diabolical fate. Eve had been converted to an inanimate object, yet was still endowed with all the sexual sensations of a fully human woman.

Entombed in her wooden hell, Eve's brain accurately interpreted and reacted to each and every sexual stimulus she was subjected to. The horror was that she was unable to do anything to relieve the awful ache of denial in her present form.

Ekkhart, instead of interpreting the revelation as a condemnation of what he had done, was in fact overjoyed at the power he now wielded over the helpless, solidified woman. With a lustful fervour he began to polish the projecting pussy, and her hard daggering nipples.

The seepage of viscous sap leeching from her love cleft increased dramatically. Soon it was a torrent of creeping liquid love juice coursing down the shining edifice of her elegant legs and soaking into the soil of her pot. It pleased him to consider the perfect cycle of seeping and reabsorption of her own body fluids as the roots broke them down and re-ingested her own love juice as food.

Eve's next reproductive cycle was a joy to behold. Her upward thrusting love tube had actually sprouted a flowering bud. She looked so sweet with that delicate bloom growing from her love nest. A second appeared shortly after, actually blossoming from her jutting clitoral nodule.

Carefully he snipped the unique bloom from her love trigger and rushed away to preserve it for future reference.

Inside her silent hell, Eve winced mentally as the secateurs nipped the flower stem. Didn't the fool realise she felt everything that was done to her form? Obviously he didn't. Days later she endured the trauma of having her wooden nipples drilled so as to hang ornamental flower baskets from the jutting protrusions.

The tormenting fingers continued to rape her form unabated as a raging libido ravaged her body from within. Denied all but the most basic and ineffectually response, Eve's lust for revenge grew stronger by the hour.

She was on the point of madness. Her hyper active brain tried to come to terms with the fact that she was doomed to remain in this living hell, maybe for hundreds of years. After all, who could predict the life span of a human plant? What made it worse was the change in her understanding of Ekkhart, the certain knowledge that he was in fact fully aware of her human thoughts, the mental anguish his ministrations were creating; the torment and mental anguish her form would endure. That bastard knew what he was doing, all right. She could feel his sadistic thoughts with her new powers of telepathic perception.

Eve was near to breaking point when a new and potentially more sinister development made itself felt. It was that indefinable presence

she had sensed right at the initial stages of her conversion - as if something, someone was trying to communicate. Could it be that the invading parasite was capable of intelligent thought?

Her searching telepathic probes were interrupted as Ekkhart's hands returned to roam freely over her outer Cambrian layer, and with a sinking heart, Eve reconciled herself to the fact that his expertise at manipulating her carnal sensations was growing by the day. She could no longer deny the sensual input and found herself gripped by impossibly unfulfillable urges the moment he touched her. Secretions of love juice could no longer be confined to her sexual orifice. Despite her Gargantuan mental efforts to block the inflow of sensory excitement, she found her woody form leaking the streamers of lustful betrayal from almost every pore of her grain structure.



Ekkhart seemed ecstatic at this new development. She could sense his enjoyment as her body emitted sounds of stressed wood, like a giant oak flexing in a strong wind, Eve was groaning with internal torment as her excruciatingly denied arousal created unbearable internal stresses in her fibrous form. But that was only the half of it.

Ekkhart had taken to pruning her budding flowers each month. Denying her even that small chance of revenge as she was effectively neutered by the snipping secateurs. However, that wasn't his aim. He

could easily negate that risk by wearing the suit for the few short days she was in bloom. The pruning was to encourage growth in areas of interest.

Within two reproductive cycles, Eve found herself forced to bloom in the manner he was dictating. Whole groups of new blooms were clustered and sprouting from the redundant clefts of her mons and buttock crease. It was the ultimate humiliation as she was forced to flaunt her womanly attributes in this humiliating manner.

Ekkhart settled into a pattern of tending and teasing, a ritual that filled the endless days of incarceration with torment and anguish. Her only moment of relief came when Ekkhart decided to move her pot to his study, and for the first time in her new form, Eve felt the soothing sensuous rays of sunshine as only a plant could. His abuse of her form became simply a matter of unavoidable torment which she couldn't avoid, and was slowly coming to accept as part of her existence. He had removed the tensioned growth control items, and as the months passed she resumed her formal statuesque glory.

The pet parrot who insisted on perching on one of the hanging flower baskets and pecking at nipples and breasts was another matter; as were the termites placed at her feet. She was unable to see that they were safely contained and unable to start colonisation of her body. It was just another item of proof that revealed Ekkhart's knowledge of her awareness. In a tree form, termites produced the same sort of terror a normal human would feel at the hands of y cannibals.

There was one new and infinitely more interesting development within her woody form. Over the months she was steadily learning to understand the nature of her alien occupier; and in doing so, getting closer by the hour to the point where communication by thought was a very real possibility.

Unaware of these subtle changes within his captive charge, Ekkhart continued his life of bliss, ever conscious of the threat posed by Eve's blooms. But he had not allowed for the wily brain of a thwarted female, nor the fact that the invading parasite was of a truly symbiotic nature, in that it would work closely with the host in order to preserve and enhance its environment.

It was now some three days since the last flower had withered from her floral display, and Ekkhart considered it safe to dispense with the protective suit.

That particular morning he had some very special retraining in mind for the delectable sapling that was now reaching a height of some ten feet. He was so preoccupied with preparations that he scarcely noticed the fine dust in the air when he first entered the study. It was only as he approached to start work that he registered the strange spurts of dust emanating from the cleft of Eve's mons.

He was completely mystified at first, then suspecting the work of some sort of wood boring insect, he collected specimens in a test tube and hurried to the study. The last thing he wanted now was to lose his prize possession to a destructive borer insect.

With a sample under the scope he set about identifying the pest. But very quickly his assumption as to the cause was disproved. This wasn't wood dust or larvae. It was some sort of living organism related to botany. He'd seen a similar specimen somewhere before. But due to the

slight anomalies in this species, he found it difficult to slot into any known category. Leaning back, he sat deep in thought as his brain struggled to place the haunting memory. A vague uneasiness crept over him as piece by piece the jigsaw of buried knowledge slotted into place.

A chill swept over him as the final connection was made.

*Lycoperdon calvatia*! The giant puff ball fungus! Those innocuous puffs of dust spurting from his wooden captive contained millions of spores - spores that were the combined life form of both Eve and the parasite.

Panic blossomed in his mind as he swung to face the silent Eve. Without doubt he'd already breathed in thousands of spores, and at this very moment they would be colonising the trillions of cells in his lungs.

Within seconds he could feel a tightness in his chest as the first signs of metamorphosis began to convert his molecular structure, and as he looked up to the impassive frozen features of his prize creation, he perceived a new shape to the lips. Eve was smiling in triumph.

The tightness grew, crushing the breath from his body as the transformation began in earnest. Then, as he crumpled to the floor, Ekkhart realised that the study windows were open. Already clouds of spores were spreading across the countryside, and he knew without doubt as he returned his gaze to the wooden woman, he was seeing the future of mankind. Or, as it happened - womankind! The spores released by Eve were composed entirely of female genes. Anything they took as a host would become female in gender as the transformation progressed. The male component of the drifting specs of new life was relegated to a microscopic particle that was sufficient to spark the regeneration cycle, and no more.

A strange compulsion began to invade Ekkhart's thoughts; he had to get to soft ground, away from the sterile hard floor of the office. As a plant form the basic instincts to root in nutritional ground could not be denied. With maddening slowness he crawled towards the partly open French door, across the patio, and then with his dwindling reserves of flexibility managed to roll down onto the lush green lawn.

A great feeling of well being flowed through his rapidly converting form as his feet touched fertile ground. '

Ekkhart's final fully human thoughts as the change accelerated still more, were strangely enough a reflection on historical events. It looked very much as if Eve was once more to be the mother of the human race, and Adam it's sire, albeit both of them in a radically altered form. And although he had yet to discover the full extent of Eve's triumph in the gender war, it looked as if there would be no dispute over the superiority of woman as the dominant gender of the species.

Of course, as the final light dimmed out in his wooden eyes, he still had no idea that as a male he would soon be only represented as a microscopic spec of dust at the mercy of the prevailing winds.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **JULIA'S BIRTHDAY**

Julia stood silent and expectant as he fussed around her, painstakingly putting the finishing touches to the arm sheath now holding her arms in a stringent back prayer. Willingly, she opened her mouth as the huge ball gag appeared before her, bracing herself against the push as it was slowly but surely worked into her mouth. She savoured the helpless feeling of her silencing as he fastened the mouth filling object in place with a strap. Standing still, trembling slightly with the emotion of the moment, lips stretched deliciously tight around its circumference, Julia felt the heat of arousal rising as the helmet was pulled over her head and moulded to her features by his smoothing hands. Then, as he moved behind her, Julia felt her body's tremulous reaction building as the laces began to draw tight - stretching the rubber like a second skin around her encapsulated features and enhancing her sensation of helplessness as it crushed her head in a welcoming embrace.

The helmet fitting complete, John began to oil her naked body with a perfumed body lotion; smoothing it on and polishing her skin till she gleamed and glistened like a bronze statue. Patiently she stood, her love lips wet with desire as strong male hands stroked her receptive body. Finally, his pleasurable task complete, he stood back and surveyed her magnificent form. Julia basked in his appreciative looks as his eyes wandered freely over her captive and provocatively displayed body.

He was clearly satisfied in the image he'd created. John motioned for her to lead on through the door and down the passage; standing aside as she strutted past him on her skyscraper heels.





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As Julia walked ahead of him, he studied her exquisite shape, his eyes taking in the soft curves of her body, the rounded lobes of her buttocks and her long graceful legs. His eyes feasted on the arm sheath and helmet contouring her upper body and holding her head erect and proud. The polished rubber rippled with erotic flickers of burnished sensuous movement in the light filtering down the passage. It gave her the appearance of an awesome goddess of erotic excess, and Julia, knowing that he was watching, swaying her hips in an outrageously exaggerated swagger; taunting him with her mincing nates, and feeding on his obvious arousal. She was bound and helpless, yet she felt a power radiating from her core that endowed her with a form of control that defied logic.

Reaching the door to the dungeon, Julia halted and half turned to look at him as he leaned forward to open it, a look of intense anticipation sparkling in her eyes. John turned the ponderous handle and swung the great studded oak portal open, the faint rush of air from within carrying her scent to his nostrils. A different scent now! Not just perfume, but musky and exciting - the scent of a sexually aroused woman. A smell of heaven that sent the blood coursing through his veins.

Julia hesitated, not trusting herself to look, for within lay the culmination of her dreams. It was a fantasy born ten months before in a

recurring dream - now brought to life by her lover for her pleasure. The ultimate birthday gift. She looked in on her fantasy and was transfixed as her eyes roamed eagerly over the machine resting in the middle of the room. It was beyond her wildest expectations, a device that was accurate down to the last detail; her most private thoughts, reincarnated in steel and leather.

Julia's knees felt weak as powerful feelings began to invade her body - immensely pleasurable, infinitely satisfying feelings. She had seen the device during construction. In fact, she had even assisted in the many complex mouldings and fixings it required to bring her mental creation into being. But at that stage it had only been a collection of fibre glass shapes, blackened welded steel tube, and leather patterns that bore no resemblance to the imagery of her mind. The object she now beheld was beautiful. It was the most erotic sculpture she had ever seen, and now it stood silently waiting. Waiting for her!

Polished chrome reflected shafts of light, whilst the glistening black leather trimmed with shining buckles and polished steel clamps seemed to be beckoning, silently, patiently, eager to imprison her shapely limbs. She could feel it tempting her to test its embrace, mocking her weakening will to resist, yet scornful of her ability to withstand its potential for pleasure. It was inviting her; challenging her to sample the nectar of the Gods!

It was alive!

A living machine fuelled by pleasure, waiting to drain her body of its erotic feelings and emotions, and then to wring more and more from her trussed form - oblivious to her puny struggles and muted pleas for release as it drew on limitless power resources in its quest to drive her beyond the known boundaries of pleasure.

Standing quietly alongside her, John allowed the full impact of his creation of love to take effect, then watched without comment as Iulia tentatively Walked into the room and across to the machine.

Slowly she strutted around it on her high heeled shoes, only the daggering stilettos breaking the silence of her licentious appraisal as they clicked on the stone floor. She paused regularly, studying it from every angle, her eyes noting every detail. The lovingly made straps with their soft padding soon to hold her firmly. The long tubes designed to spread her legs and hold them stiffly spread, exposing and offering her furry mound and the warm inviting love tunnel it concealed, ready to be ravished by the mindless machine as the lush lips of her mons were parted and rendered helpless by the tensioned spread. Her attention was drawn to the motor nestling snugly in the base; an irresistible motive force that would drive her beyond earthly pleasures and on into an unknown plane of ethereal experience. Iulia trembled as she contemplated the image of herself mounted trussed and exhibited on this creation, her eyes turning to the second part standing beside the frame and feasting on the impressive central attraction.

The bearing plate stood strong and firm on three legs, whilst from its centre rose the object of her attentions, the key to the whole arrangement - a key that would wind her sexual spring to unprecedented levels. Iulia quivered as she studied its semi-gloss surface of smooth latex rubber concealing the steel core and its intermediate layer of

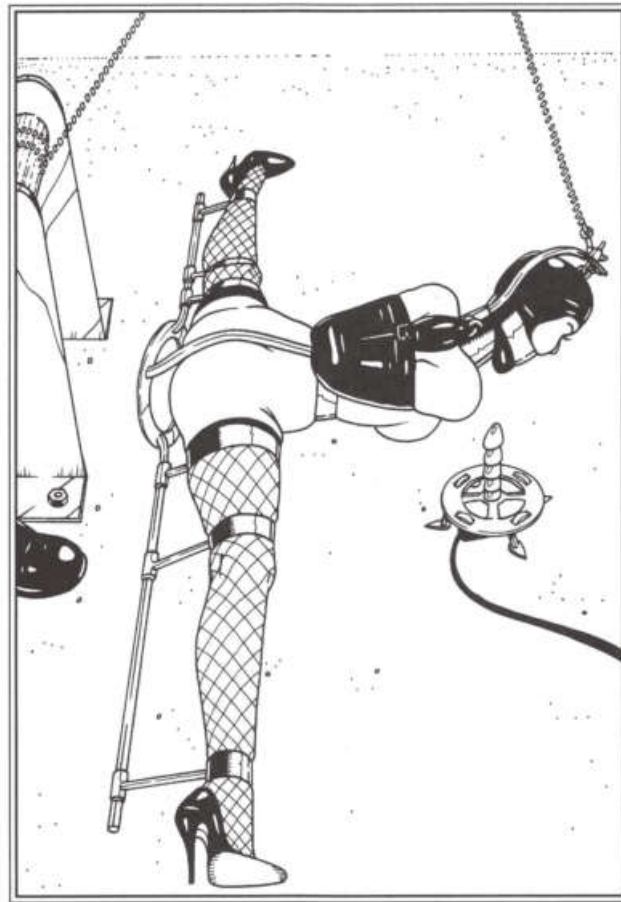
spongy, soft expanded foam rubber. Involuntarily, she felt her thighs clench against each other, squeezing the soft throbbing clitoral nodule lurking between swelling peach segments of her mons as it rapidly moistened; excited at the prospect of her imminent mounting on this welcoming dagger of eroticism.

Behind her, John grinned to himself when he saw the tensing of her buttocks and heard the sigh of nylon as her thighs meshed. He felt her pleasure and basked in its glow as his own arousal took hold with rampant anticipation. He was pleased at her response, and moving behind her, he allowed his hand to stroke and caress the smooth warm curves of her rump. Julia's muffled giggle sounded through the thick helmet as she mischievously moved her inviting curves out of reach and tempted him to pursue her. She stood facing him; then unable to resist the intangible attraction of the device, her eyes were drawn back to the machine as her chest heaved with quickening breath.

The spell broken, he walked her forward and positioned his prize over the frame, then searching her face, received the look of approval and consent for her forthcoming captivity.

Slowly, with John steadying her, she slid into a perfect sideways splits; a feat which she had practiced long and hard for the last nine months, and now was able to accomplish without stress or pain. Finally, her legs were stretched out in a straight line on either side of her body, their underside resting snugly in the shaped cups of the restraining straps. Then, after wriggling to adjust her position, she leaned back against the padded back support.

Julia's mind wandered as he began the job of securing her to the frame. Was she still dreaming? Was this really happening? She felt the straps draw tight and John's arm brush against her out-thrust nipples, causing a feeling of elation mixed with fear to flow through her. Elation at



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the realisation that she was to experience her dream - fear that it wouldn't live up to her expectations. Her thoughts came back into focus and she became aware of her lover standing looking at her. With shock, she realised that he had finished securing her. She explored the powerful, inescapable bonds shaping and holding her, revelling in the fact that they afforded her not even a modicum of movement. John reached down and caressed her nipples, thrusting turrets of passion that were now standing erect and alive with feeling - projected forward in abject surrender by the shaped back rest and the arm sheath drawing her limbs tightly behind her.

Iulia gasped through her gag. Delicate nostrils flared as the electric shock of his touch seared through those tiny turrets of pleasure. A soft moan grew in her throat and was all but stifled by the helmet as his hands opened and cupped her breasts, gently massaging and stroking their taught surface. For a while he played within his captive toy then, having sampled her offered charms, he held her unstable form carefully and slowly lowered her forward.

She tensed as her nipples made contact with the cool stone floor, then relaxed as her oiled skin became accustomed to the change of temperature.

The stretched area between her hugely spread thighs rippled delightfully in the grip of the surge of feeling creeping through her body, so that she barely registered the soft click of the lifting hook connecting to

her mounting frame.

John turned the handle of the winch, each click of the ratchet bounced from the walls and seeped through her helmet, and with a gentle movement she felt her displayed form begin to lift away from the floor and climb towards the vertical once more. With a faint scrape of metal on stone she felt the inflexible support frame leave the ground and continue its climb towards the ceiling, carrying her bound and gagged form with it. It was a pleasant sensation as she swung gently on the end of the chain, but this was swamped by the clicks of the winch, each one fuelling her desire as it counted off the distance towards her mounting on that awesome rubber coated shaft. The lifting stopped! With baited

breath she watched John bend and adjust the positioning of the base beneath her suspended body, then returning to the winch, he began to lower once more.

A desperate longing for that first contact passed through her as she sank downwards towards the Waiting monolithic phallus until, after an age, she felt the waiting finger of pleasure touch her vulnerable mons - just the barest touch, tantalising her hovering love lips, then brushing lightly on her pubic hair as she swung gently to and fro. Propelled by her own movements, she savoured and explored the rigid, unyielding strength of her tight bondage, the swing of her suspension ploughing her love lips apart as the stiffened shaft passed tauntingly through the outer reaches of her love shaft.

The lowering stopped, and looking at John, she saw an inquiring look on his face. Did she want to go on? Julia moaned softly as she squirmed and attempted to increase the contact with her hungry sex-lips. It was an insistent, imploring moan, her eyes begging him to continue as they opened and closed slowly in time with the waves of undeniable passion flowing through her body. John turned back to the winch, and as it began to click again. The swing halted as the phallus centred her hungry portal, and she felt the touch become an irresistible push against the resilience of her lust ripened mound. For a brief moment her love tube denied the intruder access. Then, as she sank lower, the labial guardians of her sacred tunnel succumbed to its oiled insistence, stretching to accommodate its smooth surface. Julia began to swallow its immensely satisfying girth in her helpless love channel.

The tide of erotic pleasure rose higher and higher as the phallic shaft continued its remorseless advance into Julia's interior. Her breath became laboured, eyes fully closed as John wound her down. He was watching intently as the shaft was steadily engulfed by her eager sexual mouth. It was truly an erotic sight to see her greedy mons swallowing the monolithic phallus in urgent spasmodic gulps, salivating with copious love juice streamers that stretched out to the floor in a never ceasing procession. His hands trembled in excitement on the winch handle as he sensed the powerful waves of energy flowing from Julia's bound form; each undulation in the spiralled shaft brought fresh moans of pleasure as it smoothed out the delicate membranes of her succulent interior. Finally, with the faint sound of metal on metal, the two disks met, and the disk on Julia's frame came to rest on the lower supporting disk. The shaft of joy had disappeared, all eight inches of its impressive mass now being hidden inside Julia's body as her super-

heated tunnel slowly warmed the cool surface. She was speared like a fish on the thrusting pole, located and positioned by her own love channel.

John moved over to his charge and disconnected the lifting hook, his hands feeling vibrations of Julia's straining, wriggling body through the metal of her frame as the uncontrollable forces within worked her body on the shaft. Moving round to her front, he began to stroke her breasts once more, patiently waiting for her to open her eyes so that he could look into her soul. He had to know! He had to be sure that she wished to continue!

Slowly she opened her eyes and stared with shining intensely, imploring looks into his own, then as prearranged, winked slowly with her left eye as a sign that she wished to continue.

John moved behind her to collect more equipment, and as he did so Julia ran her mind over the explicit instructions she had given to him which would in three stages remove all possibility of going back. She knew that without these preparations she wouldn't be as completely helpless as she had dreamed. As long as John was with her, she could always gain release by appealing to him with eye movements or sounds through the gag. She needed to be at the mercy of that unfeeling machine. Doomed to endure unimaginable levels of pleasure with no hope of release, for that was her dream.

John returned and proceeded to fit tiny copper rings on each nipple, which were then connected by thin wires to a box on the frame behind her, but even this simple task threatened to unleash the boiling volcano of lust in her lower body. She became aware of his voice through her struggle to maintain control.

"Ready?"



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Julia tensed, and taking a deep breath, Mmmpphhed! her approval through the gag. An ominous click sounded behind her.

“Stage one complete,” John announced to a now silent and stiff Iulia. With the switch in the ON position, a microphone built into the gag and movement sensors on the frame were active - with the result that any sound or movement would trigger the box behind her and pass a painful, but not dangerous shock through her nipples. Julia's silent and still form watched as he continued with the next stage, her eyes following him as he picked up a steel collar which he proceeded to lock around his own neck, there to stay until the key to release it was retrieved from the safe at the other end of the house. Dangling from the collar was a short chain with a strange looking key at its end, the purpose of which the silent Iulia knew only too well.

He moved in front of her and, looking down, waited for the final signal before continuing. Iulia hesitated. This was it! If she winked again her fate was sealed. The movement of that one eyelid would reduce her to a helpless statue, doomed to be ravished and tormented by the machine holding her so firm and silent. The forces of lust and uncertainty battled within her as he stood patiently waiting. Then, as another surge of exquisite pleasure rippled through her lower body, she took the bull by the horns and winked at his smiling face.

Instantly, feelings of apprehension flooded over her as his hands moved up and fitted the leather blindfold over her eyes.

Now she had done it! There was no way to go back! No way to communicate! Oh! My God! What had she done? How on earth had she allowed her lust to plan her own downfall with such precision and finality?

The blindfold drew tight as he pulled up the strap behind her. Then, obviously satisfied with its fitting, Julia heard his footsteps retreating across the room. She could picture in her mind the scene as he approached that small hole in the wall, the key on his neck chain in his hand, and as she did so, her bonds seemed to grow tighter and the massive intrusion in her lower body began to swell in her mind, its cool surface expanding more and more; stretching her tender pubic lips



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wider and wider until they formed a shiny stretched ring around the unyielding mass of its girth. Hot blasts of pure lust gushed through her form as she contemplated the impending, irreversible torment of never ending pleasure and arousal,

John approached the insignificant spot on the wall that belied its secret power to unleash the incredible power contained within a woman's body. The hole in the wall was in fact a key hole; the only visible sign of a special key-timer switch mounted in the wall and concreted in place. Once inserted and turned, the key couldn't be removed until it had timed out, and so he would be secured to the wall and out of reach of the machine his beloved Julia was mounted on,

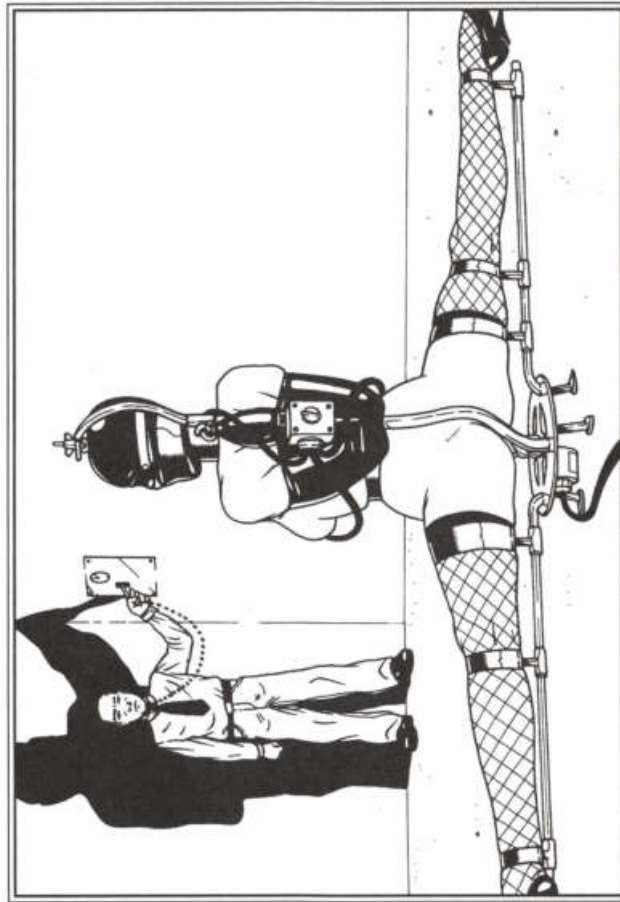


Julia's body trembled involuntarily as she heard the rasp of the key enter the lock. She tensed in anticipation of the click as he turned the key, but hearing nothing relaxed slightly as she listened. Was she to be released? Had John at the last minute had second thoughts?

John looked on at the stiffened and helpless form across the expanse of the room. His hand trembled on the inserted key as he wondered. Was she trying to communicate? Was she desperately willing him to stop? No! She'd planned it this way. This is what she wanted. He couldn't go back now!

With a firm twist, he turned the key towards the first locking position on the timer, a position which would not only secure him to the wall but would start the machine she was mounted on. At the same time it would be deactivating the sensors at present ensuring her silence and immobility. A loud click sounded in the stillness of the room as Julia's fate was sealed.

As the sensors' restrictions were removed, Julia's brow furrowed and her moans became insistent. Her body pumped helplessly on its buried spindle in an attempt to gain more purchase on the invading shaft as with a feeling of exquisite pleasure, Julia felt herself begin to turn, and at the same time felt the first cool trickle of water force its way out of the tiny hole in the shaft and add its lubrication to her own body fluid. The movement of the shaft within defied description. Its caress was far beyond anything she could have imagined in her wildest dreams - the



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spiralled flutes added to her original design by the inventive Iohn, were a stroke of genius, whilst the spring mounted shaft altered its angle continually as it faithfully followed her sloping internal passage of womanhood.

As she swung round, Iulia felt her protruding clitoris being tantalised by another unexpected treat as the rippled ring of soft latex he had fitted to the stationary ring below flipped the magical sex nodule back and forth with its multiple fingers. She bathed in the sensation of fullness created by the shaft as it stretched her opening around its circumference. Writhing in pleasure, Iulia luxuriated in the deliciously lustful sensations as the spiral alternately expanded and contracted the inside of its warm, snug rotating prison.

The timer moved on to the next step and her turning body began to pick up speed. Iohn stood transfixed at the image provided by the whirling pillar of unbridled lust he was now witnessing. He listened in awe, his ear tuned to her sounds as he waited for the moment of her fulfilment - the culmination of their plans and hopes.

On and on she whirled, not wanting it to end, yet fearful of the storm of ecstasy building within her. The thoughts of her rotating image and its effect on Iohn fuelled the furnace within, as she saw herself, a pirouette of feline eroticism ravaged by the titanic forces being unleashed within. On and on she spun, her breath quickening as her heaving chest devoured oxygen to feed the colossal efforts; her proud,

jutting breasts riding up and down on the heaving bosom, now tingling with electrifying sensations of pleasure, and capped with throbbing nodules of sheer solidified joy.

Julia sensed it coming; like a tidal wave of immense destructive power, the orgasm to end all orgasms loomed before her, rushing towards her at terrifying speed, smashing aside all in its path with effortless ease. It was accelerating to enormous velocity as the timer moved on, hurling her helplessly offered body with ever increasing speed towards the oncoming wall of destruction, and then it was upon her, devouring her, bending, shaping, tossing her around like a piece of drift wood, until at last screaming in triumph, it broke her into a thousand pieces. She was powerless in its awesome grip - crushed into nothingness by its might, pulverised into fragments of screaming ecstasy.

John stood entranced, listening to the long drawn out quavering wail of rapturous sound seeping around the filling in her firmly gagged mouth as the orgasm burst upon her whirling body. Massive convulsions of ecstasy strained her against the straps, whilst the huge shaft below remorselessly wound her sexual spring tighter and tighter as it bored into her helpless charms. Beneath the blindfold, her glazed eyes were wide and staring, as they slowly rolled up under the lids. The spiralling shaft in her whirling love channel was winding her sexual spring faster than she could ever hope to dissipate the enormous carnal momentum. Wave after wave of erotic energy pulsed into her, the surface of her captive form rippling and writhing in the grip of its massive onslaught of pleasure. Then suddenly she was still, her body rigid and quivering as she spun endlessly on the shaft of joy and the carnal eruption levelled out to an unspeakably exquisite climax that made all previous events pale into insignificance. An awestruck John looked on. Oh God! How he longed to be inside that body with her. To join with her in this moment of triumph - the moment of supreme experience!

He marvelled at the female's immense capacity for pleasure, and the joy they could bring to others by displaying their superb mastery of the licentious arts.

Iulia, unable to cope with overwhelming levels of pleasure, sank into a trance-like state. Her body was seemingly flying apart in space, a kaleidoscope of whirling, sparkling fragments, scattering in all directions; an explosion of her very soul. Weightless, these fragments floated in the ether, slowly spiralling into the distance like the debris of an exploding star. And yet she could feel each and every piece, remote as they were, her conscious earthbound being holding them together with nebulous threads as she drifted in a sea of tranquillity. It was a place where time could not exist. Only ultimate pleasure and a feeling of total well being, a state of complete fulfilment could survive its empty wastes.

Endlessly she floated, undulating in some gentle cosmic breeze as it stirred her formless body, sometimes as a coloured cloud of gas, and then as pure thought, until slowly - oh, so slowly - Iulia drifted back to her body and became aware of her material self, and of the tight bondage holding her.

As she opened her eyes, she became aware of a concerned John. The

blindfold was in his hand. Having been released from the wall by the timer, he now stood close with his strong arms around her helplessly trussed body. She became aware of the motionless shaft within, warm and comforting; stretching her, filling her completely - and waiting with ominous portent!

Gently, he released the restraints on her helmet and began to remove the device but Iulia, not wanting the moment to pass, shook his hand free from her now mobile head. With a sigh of contentment, she gently nuzzled his chest with her encapsulated cheeks, emitting soft moans that sounded like the purring of a cat as she contemplated her next birthday. There was always the possibility of another gift that surpassed even this one!

Raising her face, she made contact with his eyes before turning to look meaningfully at the key dangling on his neck chain. Then her gaze moved to the key hole in the wall. Unspoken thoughts were betrayed by the slow, rhythmic undulations of her lower body as she tried to coax the annoyingly inactive shaft into motion.

As Iohn started to get up from his crouched position, she laid her head back into the restraints for him to secure her once more. Instantly, the irresistible carnal power returned to her body as the straps pulled tight. Her pubic lips clenched on the shaft when the click of a switch announced the end of her freedom to object as the microphone and sensors ensured her total control.

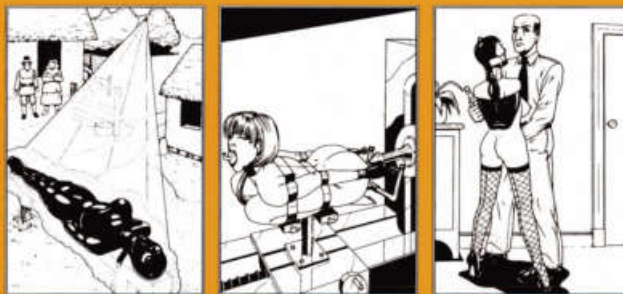
His task finished, Iohn savoured his illusory power over her; warm strong hands caressed the jutting mounds of her breasts and toyed with the aroused copper ringed nodules of her nipples. The teasing hands left her and she heard him walk to the switch in the wall with mixed feelings of joy and apprehension. He couldn't know that she had reprogrammed the timer. If it was used a second time it would run for six hours! And there was no way she could Warn him now!

A distant click sounded and the drive motor beneath her whirled into motion as she began her self engineered orgasmic marathon.

Julia smiled inwardly as she started to spin. Iohn thought he was in control, but it was she who would be enjoying herself whilst he was chained to the wall. The spiralled flutes stretched and massaged deep within her body and Iulia abandoned herself to the inescapable inevitability of never ending orgasmic torment.

Thank God that Birthdays lasted for a whole day!

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