

KAREN AND THE TORTURE CLUB - BOOK 2



Richard Ogden

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The Game Heats Up

by

Richard Ogden

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Karen and Richard

Prologue

On Boxing Day, Richard and I received an email from Alex and Nicole inviting us to a New Years Eve party. The invitation said “An Unforgettable Opportunity to Scream the New Year in”.

The invitation was ambiguous to say the least but it was clear that in accepting, I would be committing to some sort of torment at their home. They are an elegant couple who like us are members of a torture club. It took only moments for me to decide to send back an RSVP.

I discussed the forthcoming party with my husband, Richard, and we speculated on what format the party might take. There was no hint to be gained from the dress requirements which simply said formal.

The fear of what lay in store kept me in a state of deliciously erotic excitement for the five days until we both made the short trip to their house on New Year’s Eve.

It was an intimate dinner party, with just one other couple invited. David and Janelle were also friends from the club. I guess there is no point having an intimate dinner if we ladies don’t use the occasion to dress up a bit and wear outfits that are both elegant and outrageous. I certainly felt very special in my gold silk gown with a halter top that displayed my assets very proudly. Janelle wore a red strapless prom style dress, while our hostess wore an elegant green one shoulder full length dress.

Dinner was magnificent and Nicole had even hired a waitress to manage the final preparations of the meal and to serve it so as to allow her to participate in the party without needing to worry about the meal. By about 11pm, the meal had wound up and the waitress had gone home. We were finishing off our liqueurs and coffee when Nicole seemed to give over responsibility for the evening to Alex who invited us outside to what he referred to as the games area.

The area was open and consisted of a large covered veranda between their house and the building next door from which Alex conducted his business. Hanging from the centremost exposed roof beam was a contraption that looked like a giant decorative mobile. It was based on a centre section made of three wooden rods all joined and suspended from one end to form a kind of three pointed star. Each of the three rods was positioned at 120 degrees to the other. Hanging from the outer ends of the rods was a short length of rope which was tied to the centre of a short wooden rod about one foot long. To each end of these shorter rods were attached short lengths of rope each with a nasty looking clover clamp attached. The whole assembly was suspended from a long rope that ran over a pulley to a winch clamped to one of the vertical pillars that held up the roof.

We women were not much interested in the mechanics of the apparatus, clever though it was. What we became fixated upon were the three pairs of clover clamps dangling in obvious preparation for attachment to our nipples. Of course, we were all familiar with clover clamps, and we certainly knew that these devilishly clever Japanese devices clamped on more and more tightly as the tension on the rope attached to them was increased.

We did not need to be asked to remove our clothing and soon there were three beautiful gowns hanging on thoughtfully provided clothes hangers with our lovely shoes sitting on the floor beneath them. Since none of us were wearing underwear we were naked.

We were then asked to reach behind our backs and to hold each elbow with the opposite hand. Then some of tape was bound around our forearms resulting in our arms being locked behind our backs. Being bound this way is not a problem (at least not at first) because standing with ones shoulders back and with breasts proudly thrust forward is actually quite nice. But it is amazing how one's nose, eyes, pussy and other places begin to itch immediately one is unable to scratch oneself. Of course the wonderful nervous excitement that I was experiencing caused my pussy to itch from the juice that was building up inside and leaking down over my labia.

The "mobile" was lowered and soon we ladies were gasping, squealing and grunting according to each other's preference as six turgid nipples each made the painful acquaintance of the nasty little

clamps. Then the winch made a sustained noise as Alex raised the apparatus until we each began to feel the clamps pulling on our nipples. I noticed, then, that the apparatus balanced the degree of pull on each nipple such that each lady suffered equally regardless of her height or whether her breasts were firm or soft.

Then Alex announced that he would slowly increase the tension from here on (that didn't come as a surprise) until one of us called "stop". However, just to discourage us from being the first one to call, he had decided to give the lady who called "stop" three cane strokes on the butt. After that, we would continue to hang until midnight.

And so it began. "Click", "click", click went the ratchet of the winch and my poor nipples were pulled higher and higher. At first we started saying things like "Oh Shit!" or "You bastard" directed at Alex or simply just "Oh, Oh!" However, as the tension got worse we began to wail and squeal not only from the current pain but from the realisation of how bad it was going to become. Eventually the pain had become agony. We were each standing on tip toes in an effort to ease the relentless pull on our suffering tits and howling and often screaming with each "click". I knew that if I was to call "stop", not only would I have to suffer the additional pain of the cane strokes on my bum, but I would inevitably move about and this would exacerbate the tension on my nipples.

Finally, just as I was feeling that I couldn't endure it any longer, I heard Nicole scream "Stop!" Alex handed Nicole's 3/8inch cane to Richard who flexed it and stood behind the trembling hostess. Not only were the three sizzling strokes that he whipped into her buttocks cause her to scream, but of course she flinched and jumped as well. This not only added to the pain in her nipples but her violent movements were transferred to Janelle's and my nipples as well. Because we were already suffering terribly as it was, this added shaking caused us to howl almost as loudly as she did.

When it was done and Nicole stood whimpering and Janelle and I were moaning with the pain, Alex announced that it was 11:50 pm and that he would leave us to hang with no further change in tension until midnight. We all groaned and resigned ourselves to tough it out

for another ten minutes. Apart from the tension torturing the tits, our ankles were feeling the pain from having to stand on tiptoes.

Eventually midnight came and Richard's phone chimed the hour. Each man stood with his lover and simultaneously cut the ropes to each clamp and quickly removed them from the nipple. I knew what to expect but that didn't make it any better as my blood surged back into the nipple after being released from the prolonged compression. The hundreds of little nerves in that most sensitive of female parts sent messages of agony to my brain.

The other two women were enduring the same surge of pain and each in the loving embrace of our partners, we all screamed the New Year in.

Chapter 1 - Reminiscences

It has been twelve months since my husband Richard suggested that we answer an advertisement for couples wishing to join a bondage and discipline club. This club which came to be known by its members as "The Torture Club" has come to make a huge difference to my life and to my relationship with this man that I love.

As we soon found out, the club requires one (and sometimes more) of the female members of the club to "put on a show" each month. This show always involves one of the lady members enduring some type of torture. When each lady joins the club she must write her name on 3 wooden marbles which are placed in a jar along with the marbles of all the other ladies. At most meetings the lady who is to be tortured will be selected by randomly selecting a marble from the jar. Sometimes other methods such as a game or competition will be used to select the lady (or sometimes the ladies) who would be chosen to provide the entertainment for the night.

Whenever a lady provides a show, her marble is then placed in an envelope with the date written on it and the marble is kept out of the jar for 12 months. I have only one marble left in the jar because I have been selected twice during the last year. Once was in May when I was tied to a table and bitten on my most sensitive places by some very nasty ants. The second occasion was at the November meeting when I was made to kneel on a devilish invention which was simply a very high step on which the lady had to kneel and place her hands on the floor in front of her. The effect is to make her bend sharply at the hips and thereby cause her labia to protrude behind her and in doing so, would offer her most sensitive place as a target for the cane. If the girl has large labia (as I do) this can be a very painful punishment and mine certainly was. I was in great pain after each of these "shows" but the effect was to make me as "horny as hell" and my bruised or stung sexual bits were all the more in need of my husband's loving touch.

I have also taken other punishments at private social meetings with club members during the year for various reasons.

Why do I do this? It seems mad! Why indeed do the other ladies keep turning up month after month to offer their bodies for such tortures? Speaking for myself, I need the excitement. I love fear – even as a little girl, I would go on the rides in the amusement parks and scream with fear yet when the ride was over, I couldn't wait to get back on. As a teenager I would read of stories where the heroine was captured and tortured and fantasise that it was me in that situation. I began to realise that these scenes were causing me to become very sexually aroused. For many years I tried to avoid these situations because I felt that I was evil or mad for feeling this way. Later when my marriage to Richard was on the verge of failing we mutually discovered the way stimulus like this can invigorate one's sexual relationship.

So - why the club? Why not just keep our "deviant behaviour" to ourselves? The answer is simple. One needs the torture to be pretty scary to have the desired effect but no woman (certainly not me) can endure whippings, canings and other tortures frequently without suffering serious physical damage. Maybe she might even become resigned to it and the effect might even wear off. But, by being in the club where a lady is randomly selected, the fear is still there and the likelihood is still strong that it will be you who is selected but most time you and your partner will be the spectators to another lady's show. There is also a delightfully exhibitionist aspect in having to display one's body to all the members of the club while twisting, weaving and screaming as various types of pain are inflicted upon you.

In this liberated world, one may ask, "Why don't the men get selected to put on a show?" I can't answer this except to say that Richard has no feelings in that regard and I have no interest in watching him endure a torture even though I know that he would do it if I asked him to. I am sure that there must be couples who would enjoy watching the males enduring torture and all I can say is that they should form their own club.

One important rule of our club has been that the lady must not suffer any permanent injury or even any injury that will not fade away

in a few weeks. However an event took place last year that has changed the attitude of members of the club in that regard.

Jenny had expressed a desire to be branded with her husband's initials and she had asked the club members to do it for her. This caused quite a lot of discussion because not only did it break the club's permanent injury rule but also because nobody knew how to do it. Eventually we agreed that this was a special occasion where the rule should be broken and as for finding out how to do it, that job fell to me. Eventually it was agreed that Jenny would be branded in November and she was phoned one week before the meeting and told that it would be her night.

The more that I investigated the idea of branding a woman, the more I became aroused at the thought until it became an obsession. When I had the irons made for Jenny, I secretly had a pair made for me. I presented these to Richard the night that we branded Jenny.

The next day, before I could chicken out, I wrote to the committee members asking if they could arrange a branding for me at a later meeting.

The club has a rule that the management committee is re-elected every 6 months to arrange the clubs activities for the year. I was elected at the September meeting along with our youngest member a 24 year old guy named John. Other members on the committee are Ross and Anne, the married couple who started the club, and have been committee members since the club began. Two other original committee members are the beautiful Suzanne with whom I have become good friends and Terry who is a big guy of southern European extraction who likes wearing big gold rings and chains

Chapter 2 - The Survey

The club decided not to meet in December because so many members would be away for Christmas and the club felt that it was important that almost full attendance by every lady was important.

Soon after the November meeting, Ross phoned me and suggested that we survey the members to give the new committee some ideas for the coming year. He asked me to draft a survey and email it to the other committee members for discussion so I did. This is what I came up with: Covering letter:

Dear Members,

The club has been running for almost one year now and the committee would like your opinions on how the club is meeting your needs.

During the year we have subjected our lady members to a variety of tortures including:

- *Whippings*
- *Canings*
- *Clamping*
- *Ant bites*
- *Insertion of large objects in holes*
- *Etc*

Here are the stats for the number of shows that each lady has done since the club began:

<i>Anne</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>Karen</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Catherine</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>Leonie</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Ingrid</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>Maria</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Isobel</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>Marion</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Janelle</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>Nicole</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Jenny</i>	<i>0*</i>	<i>Suzanne</i>	<i>1</i>

Julie 0 Wendy 0

**volunteering to be branded doesn't count*

Please print 2 copies of this form and it would be best if each lady and each guy fill out the form separately and then send the completed forms back to me. (Please feel free to add comments to the form and your name if you wish) SURVEY:

Sex

- 1. M*
- 2. F*

You can see from the stats that the punishments are far from "fair" in that 2 ladies have been punished twice while others have not been selected at all. Are you happy with the current selection method?

- 1. Yes*
- 2. No*

Would you like the severity of the punishments to be?

- 1. Made much softer*
- 2. Made slightly softer*
- 3. unchanged*
- 4. Made slightly harder*
- 5. Made Much harder*

Are you happy with the meetings being held each month or do you want to meet:

- 1. Weekly*
- 2. Twice per month*
- 3. Monthly as at present*
- 4. Bimonthly*
- 5. Three monthly*

Should we employ a safe-word that a torture victim can use if the pain exceeds what she can tolerate? What are your comments?

Do you have any other comments that you would like to make to the committee?

Note that we will not meet in December and the next meeting will be held Sunday 18th January Best wishes

Karen

Committee member

The committee was happy with the survey and letter and I emailed it out on the 1st December and all the replies were in by the 14th so the committee met on the 16th to discuss the January meeting. The meeting got together in Ross' office and we enjoyed a glass of wine and a chat before getting down to business. Eventually Ross (who adopted the role of informal chairman of the committee) said "OK – I think we should get started". Then he looked at me and said "Karen – first up, I know that you have a request for the meeting".

I had been wondering how to bring up the matter of my branding and now here it was out in the open and ready to be discussed. So I explained that after the branding of Jenny I had developed the desire for the same to be done to me and so I had decided to ask the committee to arrange to do it for me. Ross reminded the members that we had agreed to "do" Jenny as a special request but now within a month we are looking at doing it again. The others agreed that it should be discussed but not with me present at the meeting. I said nothing during this discussion but sat and shivered – it had taken all my courage to say what I did.

Finally Ross said "Karen – we will decide what to do about you and if we decide to proceed we will phone you one week before your branding will take place" "But how will I know if it is going to happen at all" I whimpered. "Well! If next Easter arrives and your buttock flesh is intact then you may take it for granted that we will not be doing it."

He knew me only too well! The agony of waiting and the indecision would keep me on a knife edge never knowing if or when the dreaded call would be received. He knew that from then on every time the phone rang I would wonder if this was the call to tell

me that in seven days my bum was to be changed forever in the most painful method possible.

Ross then said “OK – well if we can all get our mind away from Karen’s personal situation – especially you Karen we will get on to planning the January show”. It was of course very hard to concentrate after what had been said but I tried to listen.

Firstly we discussed the survey results. Nobody wanted to change the method of selection of the lady but a couple of people said that they liked the way we had games to make the selection but they must not upset the randomness that currently exists.

Then we looked at the “severity” question. Interestingly all of the guys except one chose “unchanged” but one voted for “slightly softer”. Some of the ladies also voted for “Unchanged” but five voted for “slightly harder” and one voted for “much harder”. She gave her name – it was Catherine.

Everyone agreed that the monthly meetings were best.

The safe-word question was answered with a resounding “No”. Many ladies went on to comment that if there was a safe-word, they would say it after the first sensation of pain. Julie said that she would say it when she was first tied up. Others pointed out that because they knew that the club would torture them beyond what they could stand, that is what made the anticipation of a forthcoming meeting so deliciously frightening.

We discussed the survey and agreed that we would not change what we were doing except that we would take care not to reduce the severity of the punishments in any way and if Catherine was selected, we would try to give her a very tough time. I had got to know Catherine from a private meeting and knew how this elegant expatriate of Zimbabwe liked to keep her emotions in check and take her punishments stoically.

The next item to discuss was that we had had 3 applications for new membership arrive over the Christmas break. Anne and Ross had interviewed them and this is what they felt about the candidates. The first was a very attractive couple who on first impressions looked very suitable but as was the custom, Anne took the lady for a walk through their garden while Ross sat with the guy and had a drink. The lady made it clear that she hated being tortured but did it

because her partner enjoyed watching her suffer. Anne explained how the fear of possible torture made her excited and the possibility of future tortures kept her continually sexually excited. This lady said that she did not experience any such feelings. We decided to reject their application and Anne politely called them and very tactfully explained that they did not fit our profile.

The second pair of applicants had been introduced by David and Janelle. Peter had served with David in the Navy and they had been friends for many years. He married late in life to Angela who was 35 years old which made her 12 years younger than her husband. Angela was of Vietnamese descent with beautiful long black hair and petite slim build. After the interviews Ross and Anne felt that they would be OK to admit.

The third pair was very interesting as the lady would have been known to every Australian who is under the age of 5. She is an actress who until recently had played a major role in a popular children's show. Her name was Olivia and she was also 35 years old and was married to Grant who was 2 years older. Grant owned a haulage business with about a dozen large trucks and 30 staff. He was a giant of a man very tall and very solid. It was said that he was an aggressive businessman who ran a very efficient business. Olivia loved the idea of bondage and torture and Grant enjoyed watching it. Their problem was that he couldn't bring himself to hurt his beautiful wife. Olivia was beautiful with generous "C" cup breasts on her tall slim body. She was one of those women who had very black hair contrasting with her very white skin. Because of Olivia's celebrity status and Grant's recognition in the business world, they were concerned about security and wanted an assurance that all activities were confidential. Ross explained that we did not take any photographs and that there were many others in the club (including himself) who were high profile in various industries and anxious to keep our activities private.

It was agreed that they would also be excellent new members.

And so it came to discussion on what we should do for the 18th January. Anne, who as the main ideas lady, said that she had been reading about anal figging. Nobody seemed to know what it was until she explained that it was an old English tradition of inserting a

ginger root up a person's anus usually prior to a caning. The ginger juice burns the sensitive lining and the effect is made worse if one was to clench ones bum as you would if you were expecting the impact of the cane. I was amazed at the dispassionate way in which she could describe such a painful process in which she could very soon become the recipient.

"That is the general idea" she said "but the execution requires some discussion". She went on to explain that one should first buy a hand of ginger carefully selected to have two fingers of a suitable thickness and virtually opposite each other so that a rod of about six inches or longer can be made. After that, one should cut away the outer husk (which doesn't burn) to finish up with the rod still being thick enough "to get the recipients full attention". "About 1 inch in diameter" she said. "Of course it doesn't matter if the rod is a bit bent or a bit lumpy – it just makes it more interesting," She went on to explain that there are two problems one is "going in" where the rod could slip past the ring and goes fully into the anus. This must be avoided as getting it back out could be difficult. The other was "going out" where the anal sphincter would expel the rod by normal biological action. The solution to the "going in" problem was to force a tooth pick through the diameter of the rod about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch from the end. The "going out" problem was more difficult and she proposed that strings be tied around the end where the tooth pick is placed and each string should be tied to a belt around the recipients' waist.

"That sounds devilishly clever but how do we know if this will work?" I foolishly asked. "That, my dear, is what we are about to find out" she said. She then reached into her bag which was sitting beside her and pulled out a rod of ginger peeled and spiked with a toothpick and connected to strings just as she described. The whole thing was wrapped in glad wrap. Then she delved into her bag again and removed a belt. "Now – if you ladies want to go through with this, one of us needs to offer her bum in the interests of science" she said.

I knew that one of the requirements of being on the committee was that one must test instruments of torture from time to time, but this was the first time that I had been faced with the situation and I

was shocked. Anne explained that on previous occasions the previous committee decided on which lady will be the guinea pig by each flipping a coin and whoever was the odd one out became the one whose body would be used. She asked if we wanted to continue the tradition or if we wanted to do it some other way like developing a roster. Suzanne and I agreed that the coins would suit us as we looked at each other with girlish looks of trepidation.

Terry and John fished around in their pockets and between them produced the three one dollar coins which would decide which of us ladies would go home that day with a very sore bum.

I threw first and got a head. Then Anne threw and also got a head. Suzanne threw and also got a head. We all laughed at the anticlimax. On the next attempt Suzanne threw a tail, I threw a head and Anne threw a head. "Tails are it" Suzanne remarked "How appropriate under the circumstances."

Ross stood up and walked over and closed and locked the door to his office. I wondered what his receptionist would be thinking when he did that. He then invited Suzanne to undress. She was obviously undecided whether to remove her blouse and bra since it was only her bum which was needed for the 'experiment' but after pausing for a moment; she kicked off her shoes and removed her blouse and skirt. Then standing in bra and knickers she turned her back to me and motioned for me to unclip her bra – which I did. She shrugged it off and caught it as it fell from her shoulders and in a single motion tossed it on Ross' desk. Her large breasts continued in motion after they were freed of the bra.

Next she bent and removed her knickers while the men in the room (and maybe we women as well) admired her perfect breasts as they moved and undulated with the slightest movement of her body. She turned to Ross and asked "OK – What now?"

Anne took over and tied the bright red belt around her waist. Then she undid the glad wrap to expose a length of ginger which had previous been peeled and was seeping moisture. She combed the three strings that were tied to the end of the root to make them hang freely. She then asked the naked volunteer to lie over her husband's desk with her feet well apart. Suzanne complied and winced as the cool table top contacted her belly and breasts. As she saw Anne

approaching with the fearsome rod she asked "What are you going to do to lubricate me?" Anne replied that she was sorry but lubricant will impede the effect of the ginger juice so she had just better try to relax. Suzanne made little mewling noises.

Anne motioned for me to step beside Suzanne's hip and then to take up a position with the palm of each hand holding my naked friend's cheeks apart to give Anne access to the crinkled bud of the grossly exposed sphincter. It was not easy to force the root into the reluctant hole but the juice from the ginger tended to seep out with the pressure and seemed to aid the insertion of the rod into its reluctant recipient. Suzanne grunted and squealed during the process and from the relaxed look on Ross' face I presumed that the office was sound proofed. When the root was all the way in with the toothpick resting in the crack of her bottom, Anne very dextrously took a string and running it up her spine, tied it to the belt putting gentle tension on the string. Then after asking me to press on the end of the root to hold it in place, she asked Suzanne to stand very slowly which she did without saying a word but with a look of extreme discomfort on her face. Then asking Suzanne to turn around slightly and bringing her feet closer together Anne reached between Suzanne's legs and taking the two remaining strings pulled them forward in the twin creases between her legs and her labial lips she tied the strings to the belt with each knot approximately 10 cm either side of her navel.

"Why didn't you just use one string" I asked. Anne replied that she thought that it would be nice to leave the vagina available for use by the victim's partner if he should wish to use it while the root was still in place. Once she had tied off the knots she asked the mewling Suzanne to stand up to her full height and walk around the room. She did this very carefully. "How does it feel?" Anne asked.

"Like there is acid in my bum and it is burning like mad. It is worse when I walk as I can feel my bum tightening on the ginger." Suzanne whimpered.

"That's the idea" said Anne "and if you clench your bum as you might if you were imminent danger of getting a cane stroke then you will squeeze out more of the burning juice"

“Speaking of which” said Ross “we must test that as well”. “Definitely!” said Anne not hesitating to sentence our friend to further pain.

“Oh God!” cried Suzanne “This is going to be terrible”. She was escorted back to the desk and resumed her previous position with her beautiful breasts pressed onto the desk top and her bum on full display with her anal bud stretched around the root protruding from it.

Ross did not hold back and Suzanne tested the sound proofing of the room to the limit as she shrieked loudly on the impact of the first 3 strokes which Ross had spaced some ten seconds apart. By then the ginger juice was flowing freely in her anus and she was burning. She began to whimper and squeal continually and complain loudly about the pain. Ross then gave her another 3 strokes spaced at twenty second intervals.

After six strokes Ross motioned for the squirming, squealing woman to stand. With her face red and wet from tears we kissed and comforted her as best we could. When she had settled down somewhat Anne asked her if she wanted the fig removed, or would she like to experience a fucking while still being figged. She thought for a while and smiled at the outrageous suggestion. Then she asked, “Can you give Daryl a call?”

Anne assisted the still panting Suzanne to dress and Ross booked her a suite in the hotel adjoining his office block. Her skirt disguised the apparatus torturing her underneath and but for her stiff and careful walk, one would not realise what she was suffering.

Ross rang Suzanne’s husband Daryl and very briefly explained to him that his wife had been involved in testing for a show and that she was booked in the Marriott and that she was urgently in need of his assistance. The matter of fact way in which this was carried out indicated that it was a routine sequence of events for any female committee meeting whose body had been used to test the apparatus for a show.

Before we left and escorted the red faced Suzanne walking gingerly (giving a whole new meaning to the word) past Ross’ bemused secretary, Ross said “OK so are we all agreed than that the January meeting will include figging and caning as the show?”

We all agreed including Susanne. "OK and what if we increase the cane strokes to 12?" Like the pain sluts that we all were, we agreed to that too!

I couldn't wait to get home to Richard and virtually dragged him to the bedroom – I was so excited after the meeting. I could only imagine what Suzanne and Daryl were doing.

It was difficult to concentrate on normal life after the committee meeting. Previously Richard and I had only to wait for the last Sunday of the month when we would attend the meeting and maybe have to put on a show. But the committee meetings created a second event to the month where I might need to endure some form of torture. Not only that but since there were only three ladies on the committee the likelihood of my being the lady selected was one in three. Also I couldn't decide if knowing what was to come was a good thing or a bad thing. I saw how the ginger juice has burned Suzanne which was compounded by the strokes of the cane. The thoughts kept coming back to me and I was in an almost constant state of arousal. I got into the habit of keeping a spare thong in my purse to change into when my juices made the one that I was wearing too wet to leave on for a whole day.

To make matters worse (or better depending on one's point of view) Richard had been spending quite a lot of time in the workshop. He knew, and I knew, that when I heard the wood saw running and the planer screaming that he wasn't building furniture. He was building torture apparatus. Often, after a couple of hours in the shed, he would come inside and tear the clothes off me and make passionate love. In fact it got to the point eventually, that sometimes, when he went out to the shed, I would remove my clothes and go about naked and eagerly waiting for him to enter the room highly aroused by the expectation of using the equipment that he had been building.

He doesn't normally tell me what he is making but late last year, he mentioned that he was planning on making a modern version of a medieval style torture rack. He was gauging my reaction to the idea. I told him that even though I was shocked I was still interested. He did not say whether he planned to go ahead but I figured that he continued with the plan because he bought a lot of heavy timber

from Bunnings Hardware store (the Australian equivalent of Home Depot in the USA). The real give away was when I saw that he had also bought a winch and some tackle from Super Cheap Auto (Like Auto Anything USA). I knew all this because I pay the credit card accounts when they arrive. Still we deliberately don't discuss what he is building as it is much more fun to be surprised when he finishes. I really don't know how a torture rack works except that the victim gets stretched and it obviously must hurt like hell. Thinking that sooner or later it will be my body stretched out on some sort of apparatus makes me wet all over again.

Chapter 3 - Christmas

My brother, Gary and his wife Wendy visited for dinner on Christmas Eve along with Alex and Nicole who lived not far away. We felt that it would be great to get to know this lovely couple much better. They arrived in mid afternoon and we had a delightful time swimming and eating nibbles. We three girls drank Chardonnay but Richard and Gary are both beer drinkers but Alex enjoys a nice red.

I had prepared a cold seafood dinner which is perfect in the hot Brisbane summer and we happily ate crab, oysters and prawns (shrimp) and enjoyed each other's company very much. Of course the conversation came to the club and Nicole and I teased Gary about his diabolical invention that we were both made to kneel over last month. We got very painfully caned on our protruding labia. "You can talk!" Wendy exclaimed "Who do you think that he tested it on?"

We got to discuss the creativity of our partners Gary and Richard although it turned out that Alex was no good at carpentry and was amazed at what he had seen the other guys make.

Richard said "Would you like a guided tour of my workshop?" I knew that everyone would accept but I suspected that they would finish up doing more than examining the quality of his mortise joints.

Sure enough after looking at the love stocks which Wendy passionately explained had been used on her, we came to a newly constructed device which I had never seen before. It was obviously the torture rack. We were all fascinated.

Richard proudly demonstrated how it worked. Flat wooden planks made up a wooden bed about ten feet long and about three feet wide. At one end was a steel winch which had a large lever sticking up. On either side of the winch were cuffs which were designed to wrap very firmly around the victims ankles. The winch connected to cables running under the bed and over pulleys at the other end and attaching to a solid steel rod about two feet long and 1 inch in

diameter. The rod also had wrist cuffs attached to it which were the same design as the ankle cuffs.

Richard pointed out that racks in olden times had big wheels behind the victim's head which the operator had to turn and which had ratchets to lock the wheel as it turned through about 15 degrees and which stretched the victim in increments of about 10mm which was rather crude. Also, even with the large wheels there was not a great deal of mechanical advantage and it took a lot of effort from the operator to create the necessary tension.

He was proud to point out that it took very little effort to move the lever of the winch back and forth and with each oscillation the victim was only stretched $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. Moreover, by standing at her feet he would have a clear view of her face and eyes not to mention of course that he was also staring up into her open pussy.

Each woman was visualising herself as the victim and I was certainly feeling very aroused at the prospect. Possibly not as much as Wendy who very quickly asked Richard "Have you tested it yet?" "No – Not really." said Richard, "I only finished it a couple of days ago." "Can I test it?" said Wendy. "What! - do you want to be the operator?" Richard asked, deliberately teasing her. "No I want to be the victim!" she quickly replied. "OK!" he said "Do you want to go now?" "Yes please!" she replied.

I'm not sure that I wasn't jealous that my sister in law had talked her way into being the first to experience the rack that my husband had lovingly made for me. But I was sure that my time was soon to come so I smiled at Wendy and said nothing. How weird, when you think about it, that here were we women, jealous to be tortured on a piece of apparatus that could literally tear us limb from limb as though we were discussing who should get to ride a bicycle or something.

Wendy was wearing a sarong which she put on after her swim earlier in the day. She was naked underneath. Within moments it was crumpled on the floor and she was standing naked and proud before the group.

Her pale skin was flushed from her face to above her breasts and she was panting with excitement. Richard looked at Gary enquiringly and Gary nodded signifying his approval for Richard to rack his wife.

I collected a stool from the corner of the room and placed it for Wendy to use as a step to help her to sit on the rough hewn timbers of the bed. Then with Richards's assistance she lay down. Wendy is a beautiful girl and lying flat on the hard wooden bed she looked quite stunning. Her long brown hair formed a halo around her face. Her beautiful pert breasts fell to each side still prominent but with a wide cleavage. Her large pink nipples stood erect and turgid indicating her arousal. They were accentuated as they rose and fell with her heavy breathing.

Richard took each ankle and strapped one of the heavy cuffs around each. Her feet were almost three feet apart laying either side of the evil looking winch apparatus. Thus he had a clear view of her feminine crease fully shaved, open and glistening with her abundant secretions.

He then took each of her tiny wrists and firmly bound them in each of the cuffs at the other end of the table. There was sufficient slack in the steel cable to allow her to bend her elbows and knees as she lay comfortably and at ease in her nakedness.

"OK – here we go" he said and began rocking the lever back and forward to many loud clicks from the winch. Ever so slowly the cable gradually shortened but after many clicks, Wendy was being forced to straighten her arms. Not long after, she began to wriggle slightly to let her feet move up to pull on the ankle cuffs and she began to straighten her knees. She continued to wriggle in order to equalise the pull on her joints which was gradually causing her some slight discomfort. Only when she was fully immobile did he stop. She squealed as the rigidity of the apparatus became apparent to her and it was obvious that her body could offer no resistance at all to the inexorable pull of the solid steel bar to which her wrists were so firmly attached.

He stopped and asked the panting woman how she was. "Scared!" she replied.

Richard began rocking the lever again but more slowly. At first Wendy said that it was nice and that it felt good to have her back stretched. Her rib cage became more prominent and the hollow of her belly became deeper. She was very aroused and small drops of liquid could be seen on the timber below her open crease.

Soon she began to groan and said that it was starting to hurt. She remarked that the pain was all over her body but she could bear it.

With every click of the lever the woman grunted and her breathing was becoming faster while she fought the pain. After a time, we noticed that her breathing was also becoming shallower as the stretching was preventing her from taking a deep breath.

“Click” “Click”, “Click” Richard rocked the lever very slowly leaving about 30 seconds between oscillations. The grunts became shrieks and she drew her breath between clenched teeth. After a few more clicks, the shrieks became series of short howls. With her limited lung capacity, she could only howl for a short time before gasping for small breath. Richard stopped.

He said that he would leave her for a while to savour the embrace. The secret of the rack was not to rush it he pointed out. Wendy was crying now and still howling in pain but Richard was resolute and went to the refrigerator and got a beer. He sat quietly and watched his sister in law suffer until he finished the drink. We were all fascinated at seeing such sustained pain and imagining how we would deal with it should we find ourselves on the machine as I must inevitably do.

“Three more clicks and I will stop” he said. Wendy shook her head and howled “No!” With each click she screamed and was constantly shaking her head as the tension in her body became greater with each click.

It took thirty minutes before she heard the last click and she was frantic with pain. He left her for another 10 minutes before reaching into the winch and flicked a little lever and then, slowly began to rock the lever which unwound the cable and we watched Wendy slowly relax as the pain subsided.

Eventually the cable became slack and we all assisted in removing the cuffs from her ankles and limbs. Gary kissed his wife as she lay panting. Eventually he assisted her to sit and swing her legs over the side of the bed. Finally when she was ready he lifted her off and helped her walk slowly to a chair.

We all sat and talked for a while about what we had seen before going to bed. We had guest rooms for both couples and it was nice to become intimate immediately after such an arousing spectacle.

Breakfast was held around the pool the next morning at 8am giving all three couples a relaxing lie in and time together before breakfast.

Wendy was greeted especially warmly and naturally we all eager to ask how she was after her rigorous evening. She said "I'm fine – some of my joints are a bit stiff but I am feeling OK. Actually!" she continued "I'm not sure that I am not a little bit taller." We laughed thinking that she was joking but she said "No! – I'm serious." Richard looked her straight in the eye and asked, "Was it too much pain?" She thought carefully and said that she expected it to hurt terribly but the degree of pain at the time was way beyond what she could possibly imagine but that was normal anytime one experiences torture you can't expect these things to always be what you expect. She went on to say that she really enjoyed the stretching at first but later it was amazing how every joint in her body was hurting and with each click the pain increased enormously. The other strange thing was how impartial the machine was. Each click pulled the cuffs apart exactly that tiny bit more and her body had no effect at all – it just stretched and that was it.

Chapter 4 - January

Finally Sunday 18th January arrived and we went to David and Janelle's house. It was a large high set home with a large room downstairs which had a large screen TV in it and a variety of chairs and evidence of teenagers having made frequent use of it. Janelle looked magnificent with a Cleopatra style Gown with her abundant breasts on full display as was the custom in the Cleopatra era. She hugged me warmly and pointed out that the "kids" were staying overnight at David's parents so that we have the house to ourselves.

Most of the ladies had recently got into the habit of wearing quite raunchy outfits but it seems that with the beginning of a new year that we had all decided to become even more daring. I wore an outfit which was a full skirt in violet and white with a matching bodice which while not fully displaying my breasts looked very sexy with a square neckline plunging to my waist.

Jenny who had been branded at the November meeting wore a delightful cream dress which was backless down to the cleft of her bum. This placed her twin brands on display each being one of her husband's initials. The brands were fiery red and beautifully shaped and I was proud of my handiwork since I had made the arrangements for her branding. Many people admired her brands and she and Peter were obviously proud of her markings.

Of course I couldn't get my mind away from the fact that very soon; Richards Initials would be burnt into my flesh in exactly the same way. The thought made my vagina clench and lubricate profusely as it had done on every other occasion when I had considered being branded.

The hostess of the meeting has, right from the very first meeting, always taken pride in preparing an excellent dinner and tonight was no exception. Janelle had done a great job and prepared a great barbeque of salads, potato bake and various fruits. There was a nice choice of wines and a couple of varieties of beer.

I caught up with Suzanne to ask her how her date with her husband at the Marriott after the last committee meeting went. She described how Anne had taken her from Ross' office past his Personal Assistant and down in the lift. Then she had to walk out on the busy main street footpath and back into the entrance of the Marriott hotel next door. The lobby was crowded and she had to walk with Anne to the reception where Anne booked her a room. She booked a VIP suite and Suzanne protested at the expense. "Relax," Anne said "The Company has an account here." Suzanne had been suffering terribly from the burning ginger juice in the anus as well as from the six painful lines driven into her bum by the cane. "I felt like everyone was looking at me – it was so embarrassing." I told her that apart from the fact that she was walking stiffly, nobody could tell that there was anything wrong. She replied that she kept telling herself that but it didn't make her feel any the less exposed. "But, the funny thing was that the feeling made me as horny as hell." She said.

Anne had made her feel even more exposed by removing her dress and laying her on her back on the bed. She then tied her wrists to the wooden pillars of the bed head. "It is only the bed heads in the VIP suite that have pillars," Anne remarked to Suzanne with knowledge seemingly based on previous experience. Then she left our friend lying naked and burning waiting for Derek to arrive. "And what was it like when he got there?" I asked. "Blissful!" She replied "Absolutely Blissful!"

Ross and Anne introduced the new members and asked Olivia and Angela to write their names on each of three wooden balls which they would be asked to put in the jar at the end of the meeting if they were still game to join the club. The beautiful Angela was a bit overshadowed by the aura of the celebrity entertainer but she did not show any jealousy and chatted and joked and made friends with everyone that she met. One could not help but realise why Olivia had been so successful in her career. She had a beauty not only in her sensual body and lovely pixyish face but in the elegance and complete lack of pretention with which she carried herself.

It was a delightful evening couples talked and joked and there was a lot of laughter but through it all was an undercurrent of sexual

excitement and nervous tension as we women anticipated the event that was to bring the night to its conclusion. The men couldn't help but wonder which of the lovely and provocatively dressed women that they would soon enjoy seeing naked and screaming under some yet to be announced torture

By 8 pm the main course had been eaten and the job fell to me to announce the "winner" of the draw to determine who would get to put on the show for tonight. I began with what had become a tradition by now of tapping a glass with a spoon to gain everyone's attention.

After tapping the glass, it took only seconds for everyone to stop talking and give me their full attention as they were profoundly interested in what I had to say. I held up the jar of wooden balls and asked Suzanne to face away from the jar and reach behind her back to select a ball. It was hard for me to remain composed as I knew that I still had one ball in the jar even though some of the ladies had all three of theirs still in the jar since they had never been selected.

Suzanne squinted as she read the name printed in tiny precise letters on the ball and said "Julie".

Julie screamed and covered her mouth and then turned and hugged her husband John who energetically hugged and kissed her back. After a minute or so she turned and very selfconsciously walked across the room towards me.

She looked stunning at 23 years of age she was our youngest member and she had chosen an outrageous but very beautiful outfit which I thought made her look like a wood nymph. She had a short brown skirt which was quite short and with a jagged hem looking like torn bark. The blouse was of brown gauze with a leaves appliquéd on to it. It was quite see through with her pert young breasts clearly visible except where a leaf covered them in some places. She also wore a lace cape of a similar make as her blouse. Her blonde shoulder length hair was also decorated with leaves

When she came over to me, I told her to walk around the room and let the guests remove her clothes. Which she did! It didn't take long. First her dainty brown shoes, then the cape and finally after Wendy undid the buttons down her back the skirt and blouse came away as one.

She looked so young and innocent as she walked fully naked back towards me. Her large nipples were a deep shade of pink and were surrounded by similarly dark aureoles. The little bumps that ringed her aureoles were also quite prominent. I was surprised to see such dark nipples and aureoles on such this fair skinned blonde girl. Her nipples were standing erect as indeed were mine with the eroticism of the moment. Anne had joined me with some lengths of silken ropes that she had taken from her bag and we asked the young woman to stand with her back towards us as we tied her hands behind her back. We tied them folded with each hand holding the opposite elbow. Not only is this a beautiful way to bind a woman because it causes her to push her breasts out but it also prevents her hands getting in the way when she is being caned which we knew would soon be her fate.

It was then that Anne delved into the large bag that she was seldom without and withdrew the fig. She had found a larger ginger hand this time and had made a fig that was about 7 inches long, rather bent and lumpy, while its width varied from being one inch thick to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. She removed the glad wrap from the shaft and laid it on the table. Julie looked wide eyed at the item having no idea what it was or how it was to be used.

I then explained that it was a popular item invented in Victorian times to be used in conjunction with caning. The idea was to discourage the victim from clenching his or her buttocks. I was in the process of saying, "The ginger root is inserted in the anus..." when Julie interrupted me by screaming. "Oh God! – Not the bum! I'm too tiny! – I've never had anything up there." I asked her to settle down and let me finish. I then explained how by clenching ones bum the juice is squeezed from the root and causes a burning in the anus. Suzanne interjected and in a knowing voice and said, "It burns like hell."

"So!" I continued, "The root is to be inserted in your bum and then you get 12 strokes of the cane." Then I said quietly to Julie, "Are you OK with that?" "Yes." she replied nervously "It was a big shock to hear about the ginger but I can deal with it."

So that was it! I wrapped the ginger root up again so it wouldn't dry out and Julie was left to walk around the room to talk to people

with every eye in the room (especially the male ones) watching her. With her hands tied behind her back she was unable to eat or drink but helpful guests were eager to assist.

There was one further surprise however. We had agreed that since we were at his house, David would supply the cane. I asked him for it and he asked Janelle to get it, which she did. It certainly drew attention as this beautiful woman returned to the room with her beautiful naked breasts jiggling as she walked and carrying the instrument which, from the respect which she was showing towards it, was no stranger to her lovely body. The surprising thing was that it was a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cane. That makes it quite a heavy instrument. Most canes are $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter which makes them quite whippy and they really sting. But, they do not leave much bruising and most of its effects are gone in a couple of days. This assumes that the caner is careful not to allow the cane to overhang the buttocks on the opposite side to where he is standing or else the whipping will cause the tip to accelerate with almost supersonic speed and cause really severe welts on the opposite side of the body.

When Richard canes me, he uses $\frac{3}{8}$ inch cane which is noticeably weightier than a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch one and applies some "thump" along with the sting. It leaves bruises for about a week. This provides an ongoing reminder of our caning session. Richard likes me to hitch my skirt up at the back whenever we are alone to proudly show off my striped bottom until the bruises fade. I like it too as the pain from the bruises particularly every time that I sit down reminds me of our passion. On thinking about this, I realised that I had not had a caning from Richard since last May when I put on a private show for Gary and Wendy beside our swimming pool. I decided at that moment that we must do something about that.

David (or should I say Janelle's) $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cane would be much more painful and would leave quite severe and lasting bruising on this young woman's bum. I watched Julie look fearfully at the wicked object still being carried reverently by Janelle. It was fortunate that we had carried out the survey because had it not been for the strong vote for same or greater severity in the punishments, I might have suggested that this cane was too thick.

Just to be sure, I caught the obviously terrified Julie's eye as she stood on the others side of the room and mouthed "OK?" She looked at the fearsome instrument for quite some time and then looked back at me and mouthed back "OK" as she gently nodded her head. Richard and I had brought my cane with us and it was still in the car just in case – but it wouldn't be needed tonight.

We left Julie to walk around the room and contemplate her fate for about 30 minutes after which Anne and I took up a position beside the pool table and beckoned her to come over. "I guess that it is time," she said as she stood in front of us. We said "yes." and helped her to stand at the end of the table facing towards the centre. Anne tied a length of rope to each of the table legs either side of the naked frightened woman. After asking Julie to open her legs nice and wide, she tied an ankle to each table leg. Thus was she bound, standing legs apart at the end of the table hands tied behind her back arm to elbow with her lovely young breasts thrusting proudly forward.

Anne collected the ginger and un-wrapped it in front of the terrified girl who watched wide eyed. She also produced the bright red belt which she gave to me and which I tied firmly around Julie's narrow waist. Anne gently placed her hand on Julie's back and gently made her bend over the table. Once she was in position I took the root and began to gently probe Julie's anus with the tip. I tried to insert it gently but the young girl was really tight. Then I tried to push hard and even twist it but I couldn't make it penetrate the now squealing young woman. I looked at Anne wondering what I should do. She opened her ever so well stocked bag and took out a small tube of KY cream. "Just rub a very small amount on the tip." she said. "Try not to use too much as it will lessen the effect of the juice." So I did and then set about to open the tight pink bud trembling before me.

It worked! While Anne held the shoulders of the screaming and protesting owner of the tight little anus, I twisted and forced the root into her ever widening sphincter. After about five minutes of this treatment the full 8 inches was inside the sweating howling young woman. The tooth pick in the end was sitting in her anal cleft and I took one of the 3 strings attached to the end of the root and tied it firmly to the belt in the small of her back.

Then assisting her to stand we took the other two strings and drew them through her legs carefully running them in the clefts between where each of her labium joined her leg.

Not surprisingly, she groaned as she stood because the motion of standing would have caused her internal muscles to squeeze the intruder now lodged so deep in her body causing it release the first surge of its burning juice.

We undid the ropes at her ankles and she brought her feet together while she began a keening wail as the pain in her bum settled into a steady relentless burning.

She walked over to John who kissed away the tears rolling down her cheeks even though the bulge at his crotch indicated his enjoyment at watching his partner's discomfort.

We left her to suffer for about half an hour watching her make futile efforts to throw off the stinging burning sensation in her stretched anus. She even tried running on the spot causing her breasts to bounce vigorously but it only made the pain worse.

Eventually we called her back to the table and retied her ankles to the table legs and causing her to open her legs widely as before.

I picked up the cane while marvelled at how much extra weight and rigidity an extra 1/8th inch adds to a cane and called for two strong men to volunteer to be the caners. I wasn't stuck for volunteers to choose from and from the many willing volunteers I choose Derek, Ross and David.

Anne and I stood either side of the trembling woman and taking her shoulders helped her bend over the table to await the first stroke.

As David choose to go first and as he was about to swing, Julie clenched her bum in anticipation of the stroke and immediately squealed as a fresh rush of burning ginger juice flooded her insides.

David whipped his cane into the peak of the beautiful buttocks displayed before him. The impact caused the sound of a loud "crack" to fill the room followed by a shrill cry from Julie whose body went rigid and who then tried to stand. As women who had both felt the agonising kiss of the cane ourselves, Anne and I had both anticipated this and we were ready to keep her in position by forcing her shoulders down in response to her frantic reaction.

Julie then began to sob and begged us to stop. She even asked John to make us stop. I looked at John questioningly for advice and he shook his head and said "Keep going – she can take it."

David whipped in the second stroke, soon after. The suffering girl then made the same shrill cry which was then followed by a continual howling punctuated by cries of "Oh God!" and "Please no more."

I was feeling very aroused seeing the effect that this heavy cane was having on this soft young female bottom and wondering how I would feel had it been my bum having to take this most severe caning.

David hit twice more and the howling became a shriek immediately after each searing impact.

We allowed her to stand for a short time as Derek took up position behind her. Then, holding her upper arms, once again we helped her to lie over the table.

The sight of this big strong man holding the thick cane in his hand would strike fear into any woman and this was certainly the case with Julie who involuntarily clenched her bum in anticipation and immediately squealed as yet another surge of ginger juice burnt her tender anal membranes.

We assisted the whimpering girl to lie back over the table for the next 4 strokes.

She was right to be fearful as he whipped the thick cane into her with four brutal blows in quick succession. Her squeals of pain were melded into one as he did not wait for the effects of the first blow to subside before he hit her again.

Again we let her stand but this time I held a glass of wine carefully to her lips and she sipped gratefully. I placed my arm about the panting woman and she emptied the glass. "Oh my God" She whispered "I am so sore. The cane is horrible enough but this ginger juice is burning me up inside." "We can let you go, if it is too much." I said "No! - I must" she hissed. "That was the deal – This is my turn to suffer and suffer I will."

So after a respite of what would have been 5 minutes the beautiful young woman was assisted back into position with her bruised and battered bum ready for the final onslaught. Ross took up position.

Ross decided to tell her where each stroke was to land. He described that the first stroke has to impact high on her bum below the tailbone and then he hit and once again her scream filled the room. The next was a diagonal on her left cheek across the 9 strokes already there. She howled in expectation of the impact and the fiery pain reawakening the burn of the previous strokes. The howl became a shriek after the impact. Then she began howling again because she didn't need to tell her where the next would hit.

Finally he ran his finger along the crease where the delicate curve of her bum joined the straight athletic muscles of her leg. "This, my dear is a most sensitive place and it be where your final cut will fall." He said. I well knew that from my previous experiences with the cane but it seemed that this young woman had not yet experienced a cane stroke there. I would have begun screaming immediately on hearing that this most sensitive flesh was to be hit with such a nasty thick cane but she lay calmly whimpering quietly in expectation of the stroke.

It came with a resounding crack and she shrieked on feeling the initial impact and then howled some more as the after burn began its savage and much more lasting effect.

I assisted the howling girl to stand and hugged her as she sobbed into my shoulder. Soon John came over and embraced his young partner and took her to a nearby settee. She was obviously too sore to sit and the twelve strokes were continuing to cause a lot of pain to the young firm buttocks. She still had the root in her anus and she moved stiffly to minimise the fiery juice as he motioned her to lie across his lap. Suzanne gave him some soothing cream and he gently rubbed it into his moaning gasping partner. He continued to do this lovingly and to her obvious delight for some time.

The two of them were obviously aroused and soon John said "Is it OK if I fuck her right here?" Nobody had ever had sex in front of the group before but nobody could see any reason not to. So, to murmurs of assent from around the room, he helped Julie to stand and then carefully lay the still hurting tear stained and flushed girl on the settee. She lay on her back, legs apart in an attempt to ease the burning in her bum.

He was unselfconscious as he stripped off and quickly lay on her and slid his quite large and very aroused member into the waiting very slick sheath. I'm sure that every woman was lubricating as copiously as I was in watching the erotic sight. Most of the men had been hard ever since the wood nymph outfit came off.

They both reached a climax quickly and noisily. They rested for a while as other members watched and chatted quietly. Eventually John stood and helped the exhausted girl to her feet. He pulled his pants and shirt on while she stood naked. He took her by the hand, waved goodbye, and began to lead her to the door. She was still figged by the ginger. "Aren't you going to unplug her first" asked Derek "God No!" said John "She feels amazing with that root up her arse – I want to fuck her one more time before I take it out". The beautiful submissive young girl said nothing but just walked quietly and with careful tiny steps after her lover.

Suzanne produced the glass jar and Angela and Olivia with broad smiles put their three wooden balls into the jar. There was applause and many handshakes and hugs of our new members. Then the party very quickly broke up as each highly aroused couple either went home or stayed over at David and Janelle's large house.

Chapter 5 – A Marked Woman

We needed to hold a committee meeting early in February but I was in the USA on a business trip while Ross and Anne were in New Zealand on holidays. Richard had flown to Canberra to assist his company in the processing of insurance claims and rebuilding of the many homes destroyed in the shocking and tragic bushfires that destroyed so much of our capital city and which took 175 lives during the first couple of weeks of that fateful month.

It was decided to have a teleconference which Ross' PA organised. I never did find out whether she was suspicious of these meetings but it didn't matter.

Since it was impossible to have a physical test of what was planned we decided to look at a website that Anne had found dealing with sexual suspension. What she proposed was terrifying and obviously very painful but the models (or victims) on the web seemed to survive the experience OK so we agreed that this would be our torture for our next meeting. Terry and John had agreed to make all the necessary arrangements for the meeting on Sunday 22nd February.

The meeting was at Mark and Catherine's beautiful old farmhouse which Richard and I had visited once before when I had had a one on one contest with the tough and stoic Catherine.

Everyone was asked to wear country gear as the events would be held in the barn out back of the house and which I knew was normally home to Catherine's two beautiful horses.

On Saturday the 14th I got an email from Ross. It just had a heading and no text. "*Your wish will be fulfilled next meeting*" it said. My heart skipped and I began to juice up as I realised that I was really about to be branded in only 8 days time. I jumped up from the computer and ran to Richard in the lounge room. He was smiling and said "I know – I spoke to Ross during the week." He hugged me close to him and I felt his erection. "I've had this for three days." he

said. He pulled my blouse over my head and my braless tits hung free. I pushed down my Levis while he threw off his clothes as well. With my juices flowing freely, He had no difficulty slipping his huge erection into me as we collapsed onto the large lounge chair. This happened four more times as the week went by. I posed naked on Saturday while Richard took photos of me especially showing my buttocks white and intact for the last time.

I also contacted my office and asked my manager for a month's leave for "personal reasons". I had not taken leave since joining the company more than three years ago so he was delighted to approve it.

It was a wonderful clear evening and the temperature was still warm even as the sun was going down.

Catherine had prepared a barbeque and Mark was the cook.

Standing to one side of the assembled guests was the branding frame with which I had an appointment that night. On the other side of the group was the barn. I had noticed on my previous visit when we went into the barn (and got tortured) that the building had an upper level within the gable roof which was used for storage. What I hadn't paid much attention to previously was that the ridge timber which was very solid maybe 6 inches thick and 8 inches high extended out beyond the gable section above the door for about 6 feet. On the end of it was a pulley with a rope attached to a hook running through it. The pulley was about 12 feet from the ground. The other end of the rope was wound around a small electric winch bolted to the side of the barn. I trembled in the knowledge that before the night was out some woman would be hanging by her tits from that hook.

The Western style outfits were a great idea and the ladies showed a great deal of imagination in what they wore. I am sure that Dolly Parton would have felt at home with the many big busted country women enjoying the delicious steaks, sausages, and salads. I wore my thigh length high heeled black boots which I had recently bought much to Richard's delight.

Julie surprised me and I am sure most of the others in the group when she announced that she was pregnant. Very proudly she lifted her blouse and pushed down her skirt to reveal a small baby bump.

“Did you know that you were pregnant when you were tortured in January?” I asked, “Yes.” she replied. “I had missed my third period and we did a home pregnancy test which came up positive. We are so happy. I had been to see Ingrid one week before the meeting and she also confirmed it.” “You went to see Ingrid?” I asked questioningly and Julie said “Yes! – she is my doctor.” Peter intervened in the discussion and proudly pointed out that his wife, Ingrid, is a world renowned gynaecologist. Ingrid came into the discussion when she heard her name mentioned and I asked her if it was OK to torture a pregnant woman. She replied that a normal healthy woman is pretty tough and many of her patients had played very active sports like netball well into their third trimester. The biggest problem is the increased breast sensitivity. Right from the beginning of pregnancy a woman’s breasts become tender as they develop from being pretty decorations to milk producers. “I was watching very carefully in January.” she said. “It wasn’t for me to breach Julie’s confidence, but if you had wanted to hit her breasts, I would probably have objected. Since all that you did was fig her anus and cane her bum, I thought that that would be OK.” “My tits are getting so big now!” Julie exclaimed proudly, “and they are not as sore as they were” she continued, while proudly lifting her blouse even higher to display her swollen breasts with their dark tips. I remembered being surprised at the darkness of her nipples and aureoles in January but now it all made sense. Having never been pregnant myself, I was rather naive to the indicators. I wondered if the mothers of the group, Janelle, Maria, Marion and Nicole had suspected anything.

I thought that her pregnancy would require some decisions to be made by the committee and resolved to discuss it at the next meeting. Like everyone present, we were delighted for the exuberant young couple. I had decided that if her marble was drawn tonight, she should be exempted.

As the main course was finishing, I heard the traditional tinkling of a spoon on a glass. “Here we go” I thought.

Alex had taken on the duty to announce the evening’s activities. When he had everyone’s attention he announced the activities for the night. He explained that I had requested that I be branded and

the committee had agreed. It was a warm night and I was fully clothed but I was shivering. He went on to explain that after “the branding” a lady would be selected to be suspended and he pointed to the hook hanging from the rope in front of the barn. “The suspension will be from three parts of her body” he went on to explain. “Two points of suspension will be from the lady’s breasts” he said. There were gasps and many women hugged each other or their partner as they thought about the scary prospect. “The third point” he then explained “will be from a hook in her anus” More squeals of fear and anticipation were heard.

He then picked up a device from under a table cloth which I knew was called a “Tail Hook” which the committed had purchased over the web after looking at pictures of it in use. It was a large hook made from stainless steel rod about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch diameter. The shorter section of the hook was about 6 inches long with a stainless steel ball on the end. The ball was about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter. The other longer section of the hook was about 1 foot long and had a ring on the end.

Alex explained (as if it wasn’t obvious) that the ball will be placed in the lady’s anus and the rod pushed fully inside. A rope was to be tied to the ring on the other end and the lady will be hoisted by this and the two ropes tied to her breasts. He went on to say that the lady could reject the hook if she wished but she would still hang by the breasts which of course would cause them greater pain.

She would hang for 15 minutes.

Even though I was not going to hang tonight (I would be otherwise occupied) the thought of hanging by my most intimate places made my vagina convulse and lubricate madly. I wasn’t wearing any knickers under my skirt and I could feel juice running down the inside of my leg. Once again I was filled with both dread and excitement. The same feeling was obviously being shared because I could see that every other person in the room who had breasts was animatedly talking to her partner or other women.

To be hung by the breasts, as we discovered from searching the web, a woman obviously needs to have breasts that are sufficiently large to accommodate having rope tied around them from which to suspended her. We were concerned that two of our ladies may have

this “problem”. Angela our newest member and Anne our founding member and committee member whilst certainly not flat had firm small breasts which would be difficult to rope. It was decided that we would attempt to rope the breasts of any woman if her ball was selected but if the lady was of a build that would preclude suspension then her marble would be replaced and another lady would be chosen in her place.

Alex didn't go into this but simply went on to say that we won't be selecting the lady for suspension just yet but we had some other business to carry out first.

Of course I knew what was coming.

He went on to explain that I had asked to be branded and that we should get on with it right away. He asked Ingrid and Suzanne to help me undress and escort me to the branding frame. He no doubt realised that I was trembling so much that I needed assistance to undress and my knees were so weak that I could scarcely stand. As I was only wearing a blouse and a skirt with no bra and no knickers, undressing me only took seconds. Then, with me, now completely naked except for my boots, they each held an elbow and escorted me to the frame.

First they strapped my ankles to each of the 2 arms at the bottom of the frame which resembled an inverted “Y” in shape. This resulted in my feet being held in place about 50 cm apart. Then my wrists were strapped to the sides of the post very close to the top of the pole. I curled my fingers over the top and rested my chin on them. I wriggled my chest to make my breasts sit either side of the pole and they tied a strap around my lower back pulling my sternum firmly onto the post and pushing my breasts out to either side.

Further straps were placed around my thighs pulling them tightly to the arms of the frame

Finally they adjusted some screws which supported two rubber faced pads to make them clamp my pelvis very firmly in place. After this, other than being able to flap my elbows I was totally immobile.

The barbeque was wheeled over and reignited. The two branding irons, which I had actually provided myself, were placed on the hotplate.

Richard set up a tripod and mounted a video camera on top. It was my camera actually – Richard bought it for me last birthday.

Then Anne began asking me the same questions as I had asked Jenny only three months previously when it was her body clamped and she was waiting for the irons to heat up.

“Karen, are you here of your own free will to accept this branding tonight?”

“Yes.”

Have you been threatened or paid or in any other way induced to be branded here tonight?”

“No.”

“Karen, are you aware that we will brand you deeply and leave a mark that will stay on your body for the rest of your life and that the pain that you will suffer in being branded will be extreme?”

“Yes.”

“Are you willing to have an antiseptic dye applied to the brand as often as is needed during the healing process to ensure that the brand will heal to a vivid colour? Knowing that the application of this antiseptic will be painful and frequent during the healing time?”

“Yes.”

“Do you appreciate that we here are trying to do what you requested and that we claim no expertise in this business and that you will not hold the club or any individual responsible for any undesirable outcome from this night or subsequent related events?”

“Yes.”

“Do you mind us videotaping this?”

“No.”

Alex brought out a jar of antiseptic paste into which had been mixed red tattoo ink. The ink was necessary because I have white skin which has no melanin in it. Branding a fair skinned person simply changes the texture of the skin with scar tissue but eventually after the healing is complete it goes white again. The paste was an improvement over what we used on Jenny as hers was more liquid and needed more frequent application.

I was to be branded high on each buttock with the top of the brand level with the top of the cleft. An ice pack was applied to my left cheek to cool the blood in the area to minimise the spread of the

burn beyond the shape of the iron as super heated blood from under the iron spreads into surrounding tissue. The icing would give more distinct edges to the brand as it had done for Jenny. Nobody cared that the temperature difference from very cold to very hot would cause me even greater pain. I was just the surface on to which the brand would be placed, my feelings did not matter.

The irons soon became hot enough to use. We had previously found that the optimal temperature is the same as that needed to cook steak (not surprisingly). If a brand is hotter than that then the heat simply vaporises the skin and the brand loses definition. Once again no one cared that this will maximise the pain to the recipient.

Wendy brought me a glass of water and said "You'd better have a drink – you will be doing a lot of screaming soon." and then she held the glass to my lips. She was right I realised – soon I would cease to be an educated rational woman. I was about to become a screaming body reacting to and only conscious of the pain being inflicted on it.

Richard came over and kissed me and whispered "Are you really sure?" "Yes!" I gasped.

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as Ingrid picked up the brand and took up position behind me. That was a surprise to me as, until now, I had thought that this Scandinavian blonde beauty was too sweet and gentle to take on such a violent role.

I was unable to look behind me and in what seemed like an eternity but was really only a couple of seconds Ingrid positioned the tool just above my trembling skin. She struck and I howled. I gasped for breath and howled again and then I fainted. I woke to the smell of salts being waved under my nose and groaned as I my regained consciousness was accompanied by the pain from my burning buttock.

I howled, panted and howled some more for quite a few minutes before I gained some composure and began to take in my surroundings once again.

That was when I saw my sister in law Wendy take up the second iron and proceed to walk behind me. My resolve broke down. I couldn't take another hit. When you agree to be branded you think of the worst pain you can imagine and think "I can take that." But when it happens and you first experience the pain, you will beg and plead

and wish the world would end rather than having to experience that pain again.

Wendy paused and looked for reassurance as I screamed and begged her not to proceed. Richard nodded. Ross nodded and I heard some of the women (my friends) hiss, "Just do it!" So she did. Once again I was seized with pain for the seconds the hot tool burnt into my flesh. I felt the pressure go away as she removed it but the pain went on. I howled until my lungs were empty, gasped for breath and howled again. I was conscious only of the millions of nerve endings screaming their message of agony to my brain. Then I fainted again as exhaustion took over. I guess that I was out to it for about a minute before I recovered only to be immediately confronted by the twin burns.

Wendy then took the antiseptic paste and smeared it over both wounds.

As I hung panting, Wendy undid the straps holding my wrists and loosened the strap around my chest. She also loosened the straps around my thighs but she left the pelvic clamps alone. I realised that she was easing my discomfort slightly but I was being held in place for subsequent treatment. I raised my arms and stretched them. Then I held my breasts and repositioned them slightly from where the post had been digging into them while the chest belt had been so tightly fastened.

I eventually replaced my fingers over the top of the post as it was still the most comfortable position to rest my chin on them. I was hardly comfortable what with the pelvis clamps still firmly in place and the pain of my burning cheeks continuing relentlessly

The elation of what I had achieved began to dawn on me it was done. I hung panting and exhausted still squirming from the burning pain but I was smiling. Richard hugged me as best he could with me on the post and kissed me fondly. Others took it in turn to do the same. Wendy asked, "No hard feelings?" as she kissed me and I replied, "No – none at all."

The video was switched off and people gradually became aware that Alex had taken position over by the pulley.

Some of the ladies had removed their tops and were bare breasted but still wearing a skirt. There is something very erotic in being partially naked like that. The group took up position so that they could watch Alex and they positioned themselves so that Richard and I could see also. Basically they had formed a small circle with Alex and the winch on one side of the circle and there was I rigidly clamped in place on the other. Of course this enabled everybody to look at me and I noticed many were in fact watching me very closely as I writhed in pain from time and causing my bare breasts to swing either side of the post that was separating them. Many of the men were obviously aroused by the spectacle that I was providing.

There was great anticipation in finding out which of the women would be suspended tonight. Every woman whose breasts were exposed (including me) had nipples that were boldly erect and a couple of those who were still wearing a blouse had their nipples making tiny tents in the material. It was this anticipation that was the greatest thing about the club. Every woman was enjoying the fear and excitement from knowing that she may soon be the one to be suspended.

Even though my predicament made me exempt from selection I was still very excited as the big glass jar was again brought out. Suzanne had taken it upon herself to manage the selection. It was interesting to watch the expressions of Angela and Olivia our two newest members as they experienced the thrill of possible selection for the first time. They also would have realised that they had a full chance of selection as all three of each lady's marbles were in the jar and available.

Suzanne put the lid on the jar and shook it to mix the marbles around and then she brought it to me to select the "winner". I did and closing my eyes, I reached in and selected a marble. It was Janelle's. My voice was weak and croaky from my screaming but everybody heard me as I called Janelle's name. She howled and hugged her husband, David. The big man kissed his wife tenderly as I heard him say, "Well it had to happen sooner or later."

Richard said to me later that he had been hoping to see Janelle tortured ever since she had shown off her spectacular body in the

Cleopatra outfit last month. He was sure that many of the other guys were also secretly delighted when her marble came out.

She had not yet removed her top as other women had done during the evening but now, without being asked she followed what had become a tradition by now and she slowly walked around the circle removing her clothes. Each couple that she passed was given an item of her clothing. First the boots, then the Levis, followed in turn by the leather jacket, the blouse (which displayed her abundant braless breasts) and finally her thong. Any woman would be self conscious in such circumstances but because she was aware that everyone was looking at her breasts in expectation of the roping that was soon to come she felt even more exposed.

It was good to see that she was big breasted and would have worn a C maybe even a D cup so there was no fear that her breasts were too small be roped. They were beautiful breasts milk white in colour with large nipples of a deep red colour a legacy to their having once been used to nurse her babies.

She walked hesitantly back to Alex who had uncovered a table on which was assembled various items of apparatus.

He asked her if she wanted the rope first or the tail hook. She picked up the tail hook and felt the weight of the large stainless steel object with its intimidating ball on the end and then put it down with a shudder. "I'll take the rope first" she said.

Alex called on Grant to assist. This would be his first active involvement in a club activity. Alex asked Janelle to bend forward and Grant offered his arm for her to hold onto. Alex then took one of the two pieces of rope and asked Janelle to assist in her own torture by holding the end of the rope in her teeth. Then, while holding her left breast firmly with one hand, he wound the rope around the base of the breast with the other. The rope was about 4mm thick and very soft. I had bought it myself as a dutiful committee member. He wound it around four times before he asked her to stand up. Taking the end from her mouth he tied the two ends off firmly in a reef knot. Then he asked Grant to assist him to tie another reef knot in the ends of the rope about 50mm above the other knot to form a loop. The poor girl stood proudly with her right breast hanging normally while her left tit was round like a balloon with the circle of rope

bighting deeply into the base. Grant then took a large pair of scissors and snipped off the unnecessary ends of the rope just leaving the loop. Every woman was deeply aroused thinking of how she would feel if it was to be her breast ballooning under the rope.

Grant pulled firmly on the loop and the breast lifted and the surrounding flesh stretched under the tension. Janelle squealed and attempted to grab his wrist but Alex was too quick for her and grabbed her hands and held them to her sides. When Alex was satisfied that the rope was not going to pull off, he let go. The ballooning mammary had now gone a shade of purple and contrasted markedly to the rest of her mild white skin.

Grant looked over to make eye contact with Olivia his partner. Her eyes were shining with excitement and she was gently fondling her own exposed breasts in empathy with the woman her man was tormenting

Soon the two men motioned for Janelle to bend forward and she knew that the roping of her right breast was about to begin. The process was the same. Again she assisted by holding the end of the rope in her teeth as she stoically again endured being roped. This time before Grant was to test the bindings Alex tied the woman's hands behind her back Wrist to elbow; elbow to wrist in a manner that was becoming a club tradition. She was ready for him to pull on the loop to test it so she did not squeal in surprise this time but squeal she did.

Soon, she was standing, tall and proud, with her large purple globes protruding before her. David walked to her and gave his wife a hug (taking care not to add to the pain of her breasts by pressing on them) and kissed her fondly. Others followed with many of the men and some of the women gently squeezing and bouncing the ballooning globes.

When they were done with her, Alex brought over the tail hook. Janelle looked at it in horror. Alex invited Ingrid to speak. She had removed her top by this time and she was an absolutely stunning sight. With blonde straight hair reaching to her shoulders, She had very white skin, blue eyes slim, wide hips with breasts that were smaller than Janelle's (or mine for that matter) but still quite large and beautifully shaped. I am proud of my breasts and like to show

them off but if mine were like those of this young doctor, I would be looking for any opportunity including a gig with Playboy to show them off. Anyway, what Ingrid did was to say “Janelle, I think that we need to be a bit careful with this”. She went on to point out that if she had any large hard faeces in her anus then the hook and particularly the ball might possibly do some permanent damage. She said that it would be a good idea if she was to have a light enema sufficient to flush any solid matter out of her. “Oh God no!” she responded but it was obvious that she was quickly resigned to having to go through with it. Ingrid was fully organised and she very quickly reached into a box and brought out a bag with a hose attached and a very professional looking nozzle. The nozzle had an egg shaped head about 3/4 inch in diameter at the widest point and tapering back to a tube about 3 inches long. At the end of the tube where the hose connected was a small tap to control the flow. Ingrid took a 1 litre carton of milk from the box and poured it into the bag while Janelle watched in horrified fascination. Alex took the bag and suspended it from the hook still hanging ominously above her while Ingrid rubbed some lube on the nozzle. Alex and Grant took her by her upper arms and assisted her to bend forward to offer her anus for the invasion. Ingrid spread the cheeks of the terrified woman and rubbed some lube into her puckered hole. She then offered the head of the nozzle into it. She made a number of limited insertions never getting as far as the wide part of the head but serving to limber up the sphincter for the final plunge. Janelle bending forward with her ballooning breasts hanging down gasped wide eyed each time the nozzle was introduced.

It was obvious from the loud howl that she let forth that Ingrid had finally inserted the head beyond its widest point and that the natural action of her contracting sphincter caused the egg to be drawn fully inside her leaving the much narrower tube section all that could be seen emerging from her tightly contracted hole.

Ingrid asked Janelle to stand and then warned her that she was about to open the tap. She also went on to explain that she was using milk rather than water to flush her with because often the water can become quite acidic as it flushes out faecal matter and can burn ones anus and inner cheeks when voiding, milk can be

much more soothing. Also milk hides the colour of the expended matter and makes that part of the process less unpleasant. She also explained that the milk was pasteurised and absolutely free of any organisms that could cause harm.

“But I can’t take all that” said Janelle turning her head back and looking anxiously at the swollen bag hanging above her. “Oh, I think you can” replied the very confident Ingrid. “This milk is UHT milk which does not need to be kept cold and it is at room temperature. You would suffer very severe cramping if the milk was cold.” She paused and opened the tap “Now just relax – you will feel the milk flowing into you and for most of the time. It won’t hurt but I want you to take the full litre, so will experience a little bit of cramping as your body accepts the last of the liquid” Janelle stood with her large green eyes wide and anxious as she became aware of her bowels filling from the nozzle intruding into her most intimate places.

Ingrid kissed her and then squatted down to gently massage the terrified woman’s belly as it began to accommodate the load being introduced into it. Janelle had taken good care of her body and she was quite trim and her belly was almost flat.

She began to squeal and tried to pull away from the two men holding her arms as the feeling of fullness spread through her belly. Ingrid stopped the flow and gently kissed her again and reassured her. Then she restarted the flow while continuing to massage the shaking woman until her fear subsided.

A slight bulge was becoming discernable in the woman’s belly as the contents of the bag continued to discharge into her. She squealed as a cramp surged through her belly and again Ingrid soothed and knowingly massaged her body to help it adjust to the volume of liquid invading her bowels. She continued the flow until the bag emptied which it did after only a couple of minutes.

She turned off the tap and removed the hose. Then she took the shaking woman by the upper arm and began to walk her around the group. Walking was obviously good for her and her condition gradually improved as the liquid dispersed more evenly up through her intestines and her shaking ceased and clearly the cramping had stopped.

After about half an hour of being hugged and having her protuberant breasts and belly examined and admired by those present. They walked her to me and I got to feel her breasts now so swollen and hard and to caress her swollen belly feeling the hardness beneath from the full bowel. I knew that we two women both enduring torture that evening would be bonded for life.

Ingrid looked questioningly at Catherine and asked if there was a bathroom in the barn where Janelle could void herself. Catherine said no but offered to take her to the horse exercise yard beside the barn and where the horses were being kept. "She can squat anywhere she likes there" Catherine continued "there is enough shit from the horses that a bit more won't matter. Janelle was obviously delighted to know that she was soon to be relieved of the pressure in her body even if she would have to squat like a farm animal on the ground. She was a city girl and said "OK – but keep the horses away please! I'm scared of them" "No problem" said Catherine. So, with the beautiful blonde Ingrid on one side and the raven haired equally beautiful Catherine on the other, both of whom were proudly bare breasted, they escorted Janelle with her swollen purple breasts and tube poking from her butt around to the side of the barn out of sight of the group.

Some couples followed the trio while others - not particularly wanting to participate in that part of the proceedings - stayed back I was obviously not going anywhere. I heard a horse whinny presumably in greeting of its owner as the girls went into the yard. This was followed a couple of minutes later by a distinctive howl from Janelle as the nozzle was no doubt being pulled from her bum. Some of those who followed her to the horse yard later told me of how she gasped and groaned as she voided herself of the milk and other matter in a giant gush which splashed around her ankles as she squatted. Ingrid and Catherine supported her by holding each shoulder. This was obviously necessary as it would be difficult to squat for any length of time with ones hands tied behind ones back.

When she was done, Catherine produced the hose that she used when grooming the horses and washed her down.

They escorted the shivering woman back to Alex who had not moved and was still waiting under the pulley. Ingrid took a towel from

her box of implements and dried Janelle off. She had thought of everything.

Alex picked up the tail hook and handed it to Ingrid in full view of the anxious lady who was about to accommodate it.

Alex and Catherine assisted Janelle to bend forward which she did with obvious trepidation. Ingrid put on a latex glove and lubricated the waiting anus by inserting one, two and eventually three heavily lubricated fingers into the tiny hole. Janelle squealed loudly as her sphincter was stretched open.

Eventually the moment came and Ingrid whilst holding the shank of the hook along the waiting woman's spine began to offer the ball into the waiting anal bud. Janelle became aware of the size of the tool as it nestled between her cheeks and she began to keen in expectation of the pain that she was soon to endure. Unlike the egg shaped nozzle she had introduced into this woman previously, the ball offered Ingrid little opportunity for progressive insertion. "Push against me." she called to the anxious woman "make like you are trying to shit!" Wrapping the hook quickly from side to side, she gave a mighty push and the ball slid past the greased ring and up into the anal sheath. Janelle screamed as anyone would as her sphincter stretched around the large intruder. The pain quickly diminished as the ball was pushed up inside her until the full six inches of the rod disappeared inside the hole and the curve of the hook followed the anal crease around her tailbone.

As I hung in my bonds clamped and enduring my own personal discomfort I was still excited at the prospect of my own anus having one day to accommodate such a large insertion. In fact I was thinking how amazing the sphincter is for this tight little bud to expand to circle such a large object.

A hush fell on the group and a shiver went through many of the women and Janelle most of all as she realised that all the pain and discomfort that she had already endured was just the lead up to what was to come.

Alex addressed the trembling woman and said, "Janelle, you have four choices. We have decided to suspend you for 15 minutes. You can choose to hang for 15 minutes straight. Three separate hangings of 5 minutes with a 5 minute rest in between or 5 hangings

of 3 minutes with a 3 minute break in between. Otherwise you have the choice that all our ladies have at any time and that is to refuse the punishment and leave the club forever.

I had not heard anyone spell out the fourth option since the first night that the club met more than a year ago. I don't know if Alex felt that he should because Janelle was about to take what was probably the worst ever torture that we had ever arranged or whether he did it to reinforce the point to our two new members. Whatever the reason it was a good idea that he did.

Janelle in a tiny voice that I could only just hear from my position on the opposite side of the circle explained that she was more afraid than she had ever been in her life but she was also more aroused than she had ever been in her life. She opened her legs and invited anyone to feel how wet she was but nobody took her up on the offer. The red blush in her face spreading down to her breasts said it all. Finally she said "Three lots of 5 please".

"OK" said Alex as he brought out a pack of three brand new ratchet straps of the type that is used to tie down a load on a truck or whatever. Each had a hook at one end with about 300mm of strap connecting to a ratchet. The ratchet turned a split hub through which a second longer strap was passed. The idea was that one would pull the second strap through the slot in the hub to take up any slack and then by operating the ratchet, the strap would wind around the hub causing it to lock in place and then as it wound on more and more, the strap would tension and pull on the load.

He placed the hooks of the short sections over the hook on the end of the rope running up to the pulley causing the 3 ratchet units to hang just above the lady's head. He nodded to Grant who operated the winch to lift the hook about 300mm above her.

Then he took the first of the free end hooks and looped one in the ring on the end of the tail hook and pulled on the other end of the strap to take up the slack. He put the other 2 hooks into each of the loops that had been created in the breast bindings and again pulled on the free ends to take up the slack. Not being a very mechanically minded person Janelle seemed a little bemused by these preparations and I must admit that at the time, so was I.

It soon became clear when Grant brought a small ladder from inside the barn which Alex stood on so that he could easily operate the ratchets. He started on the one controlling the tail hook and Janelle initially looked up to see what the clicking was above her head but instantly realised its purpose as the hook pulled deeply into her crease and soon had her standing on the balls of her feet with her heels off the ground to alleviate the pressure. Just as she was reaching the point where the pulling on her tail was such that she might fall forward, Alex began to apply tension on each breast. The woman grunted as each breast stretched upwards but the grunts became a steady keening as her breasts progressively took more and more of her weight.

Alex carefully adjusted the ratchets until the tension on her breasts was sufficient to hold her upright while she rode the hook now pressing deeply into the cleft running from the anus and up around her tailbone. Each adjustment took more and more of her weight. When she was taking her weight on her toes he asked the wailing woman if it was balanced or should he redistribute her weight on her breasts or on her bum. She couldn't decide, so he left her hanging as she was. He looked at his watch set it to stop watch mode and nodded to Grant to start the winch. As soon as her feet left the ground he started the timer. Janelle shrieked and started screaming "put me down." That wasn't going to happen. After a couple of minutes she became resigned to the pain and hung motionless – wailing quietly to herself as she steeled herself to endure her remaining time of torture. At the end of 5 minutes Alex's watch beeped and he signalled to Grant to lower her to the ground which he did such that her feet were flat on the ground and the belts hung slack.

She panted and began to compose herself as Catherine put her arm around her and gave her a sip of wine. She didn't beg to be spared another hanging as I expected her to in view of her earlier outburst. Many of the women in the group were gently caressing their own breasts again in empathy with their suffering friend.

The watch beeped again and she moaned in expectation of Grant pressing the button and up she went again. She was a most erotic sight as she again hung motionless with her nipples at the level of

her shoulders and a pucker of flesh forming from under her shoulders to the tops of each breast. Grant gave her a slight push which made her swing from side to side. This caused each breast to experience a varying load as she swung and she wailed in a sing song as each breast alternately took the extra strain. The swinging eased off after about a minute and she again hung motionless and wailing softly as she endured the pain.

The watch beeped again and down she came again standing flat footed with no load on her breasts at all. "Two down and one to go" said Alex and the woman nodded her head. "Two up actually" said Grant with a grin and Janelle also smiled wanly. She stood proudly her breasts were quite purple by now, and she asked Grant to massage them gently to assist the circulation and ease the pain. He was of course happy to oblige. She winced when he first took gentle hold of each swollen globe but whether his ministrations eased the pain or simply further increased the sexual arousal of this very excited woman, I couldn't tell. He then pressed his hands to her inner thighs and she obligingly opened her legs to give him access to the swollen labia and inner wetness of her vagina. He rubbed her swollen clit and ran his fingers inside the hot wet sheath. The abundance of her juices on his fingers when he took them out of her and held them up for all to see was ample evidence of the intense arousal that she was experiencing despite the obvious discomfort.

The watch chimed and up she went again. This time the pain seemed harder to endure and she panted and frequently gasped "Oh! Oh! Oh!" I am sure that there was not a soft penis or a dry vagina in the crowd. Soon, Janelle seemed to settle into a subspace trance as she gave herself over to the pain.

Then it was over!

The watch chimed for the last time and she was lowered to the ground. Her hands were freed and Grant used a pair of electrical side cutters to snip the ropes binding each breast rather than follow the difficult and time consuming process of undoing the knots were now much tightened and partially buried into her soft flesh. She howled in pain when the left rope snipped away from the purple orb and the circulation resumed. She carefully massaged the tender breast continuing to moan for some minutes as each on her many

tiny mammary nerve endings sprung back to life and transmitted their protest to her overloaded brain. Grant waited for her to nod her agreement before snipping the rope on its sister and committing her to endure a second wave of agony all over again.

David who was standing very close came over to his wife and kissed her fondly. They had a brief discussion and then he took a length of rope and looped it around the shank of the tail hook before tying it around her waist with a knot over her belly button. They had obviously agreed that she should wear the tail hook for a bit longer. Janelle cupped her sore breasts in her hands as she was embraced and lovingly kissed by those around her. They said goodnight to all and still holding her tender tits she walked towards the house with David's arm around her. They stopped along the way for Janelle to bend and kiss me still clamped and waiting for the last phase of my torture. "What about the hook?" I asked. "Probably take it out in the morning" she whispered. "David wants to see what it is like to fuck me with the ball inside – and so do I" and off they went inside the house.

Suddenly, I became the star of the show again as people gradually began to move into position around the branding frame. I was shivering with fear but the intensity of being so rigidly fastened and on complete display for such a long time along with watching my friend suffer such a protracted series of tortures had left me feeling very aroused. I could feel a gentle itching down my inner thighs as tiny droplets of my juice trickled down from my open and swollen vaginal lips.

Richard who had never stood far away from me kissed my forehead and took the weight of my breasts in his cupped hands as he kissed me passionately on my mouth.

He stood back slightly to allow me to watch Suzanne walk behind me with a jar of undiluted tattoo ink, a toothbrush and a box of tissues. I felt her kiss me on my lower back just before I felt the pain as she used a tissue to wipe away the antiseptic cream from my burnt flesh. This was nothing however like the pain that I soon endured after she dipped the toothbrush into the ink and began scrubbing it into the wound. Richard kissed my face as I howled and

kissed away my tears. He covered my mouth with his and at times I screamed into his throat as he absorbed my screams into his mouth.

The torture went on for about five minutes as Suzanne diligently worked the ink into my traumatised flesh.

Eventually it was over and she worked the antiseptic cream laced with more ink into the wounds completely covering them up.

Then my straps were released and the pelvis clamps were loosened and I was assisted to stand delighting in being able to stretch my muscles and joints again after such a protracted immobility.

The branding process was over but the pain continued. Ingrid offered me some pain relieving medication but I refused it. I had resolved to really earn my brand and take whatever pain came my way. Richard and I had also decided that I should remain naked for the month while the wound healed. I could have placed an antiseptic dressing over the wound so that I could wear clothes over the top but it might stick to the flesh and possibly spoil the brand if it pulled away. So, keeping the wound undressed was the best thing to do. Not only would that make healing easier provided that the wound was kept covered with antiseptic paste but it would be exciting to see what having to stay naked for a month would be like.

The ladies had set up a roster for each of them to spend a day with me as the month progressed. This was not only to keep me company but to refresh the paste as was required.

After being hugged and kissed by almost everyone there and with quite a few ladies very pointedly asking "How do you feel" and "was it worse than you expected?" I felt that the branding frame might have more use in the coming months. The party broke up with most people going home but some like Richard and me elected to stay the night. In my case I was experiencing a mix of shock and euphoria from what I had been through that night.

Catherine escorted us to a bedroom (they had quite a lot in this big house) and showed me an old fashioned double bed with bed posts in each corner. She also produced some ropes that Richard could use to bind my hands and feet to each post to keep me on my stomach during the night and prevent me from rolling on my back and staining the bed clothes with the ink.

She produced a purpose built mattress which was designed for a woman to lie on it belly down. Holes were cut in it to allow her breasts to hang through and so preventing them from being squashed as she slept. Catherine explained its use in such a matter of fact manner that it was obvious that she was no stranger to the mattress or this bed. I looked at her quizzically and she explained that when Mark whips her breasts it is nice to sleep in this way. "Whips her breasts" I thought "My God! How much more am I going to learn about this woman?" I immediately felt the familiar throb in my vagina and felt very conscious of my breasts as I wondered how it would feel for them to be whipped.

Catherine left the room and we were alone. Richard soon got naked and we sat side by side on the edge of the bed and I admired his erection which always became quite huge after watching an evening's torture especially if the torture was of me.

This didn't last long and we soon pushed the mattress aside and with Richard lying on his back I straddled him and enjoyed his hardness deep inside as my clit which had been engorged for hours was able to press down on the hard bone of his pubis. We both had the most shattering orgasm as he exploded inside me.

When we recovered, Richard pulled the mattress back on the bed and I collapsed onto it. It was very comfortable and was clearly designed to accommodate a woman with my voluptuous body shape. Richard tied my ankles to the ropes that held my feet apart but he left my hands free. It was very comfortable with my feet spread and I enjoyed a delicious feeling of vulnerability as both of my intimate openings were held open and available. Most of all, it was nice to feel the weight of my breasts hanging through the openings. There was a large hole in the padded pillow such as a physiotherapist's table has to allow one to breathe easily while lying face down. It was an unfamiliar but nice experience for me as I had not been able to sleep on my belly since I was a young girl. When my nice big breasts began to grow, the discomfort of lying on them soon caused me to adopt the habit of sleeping on my side or my back.

Torture is exhausting and even though I had hardly been able to move for most of the night, I was totally wiped out from the evening's

events and I soon fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 6 - My New Life

I awoke around 5am just as the sun was beginning to filter through the window lighting the room just enough to see outlines of the furniture around me. I really needed to pee. With my legs held apart and laying on my belly the pressure was becoming very uncomfortable.

I whimpered to Richard who freed my feet of the ropes and I was then able to wriggle free of the mattress and after kissing him good morning, made my way to the toilet which was at the end of the long hallway. It was a cool morning and normally I would have put on a robe to walk out of the room and down the hall but this was to be the first day of my enforced nudity and so I made my way to bathroom walking proudly and with my naked breasts swaying as I walked.

When I returned which I did without meeting anybody else, Richard met me by the bed and pushed away the moulded mattress and made me lie on my belly on the flat mattress underneath. He then tied my feet apart even wider than previously but then he made me kneel up and then got me to rest my forehead on the mattress so I was positioned with my bum in the air and my head down. He then took each wrist and tied them to loops on the side of the bed.

Thus was I spread with my brand and both my openings on full display and immobile. He then left me and went to the bathroom and (as I found out later) had a shave shower and generally freshened up. He returned when the sun was streaming into the room and my inner thighs were wet from the juices seeping from my hot open vagina. I was desperate to be fucked again. I was not to be disappointed and he soon knelt behind me and thrust himself deep inside. It was marvellous and once again my squeals of delight echoed through the house.

We lay cuddled together in blissful relaxation for about an hour until Ingrid came into the room and took me into the shower and washed the antiseptic cream from my back. After drying me off and

returning to the bedroom, she then asked me to lie belly down on the bed again – which I did. Spreading my legs, she knelt between my open thighs and soon I was howling again as she worked the ink into the twin wounds using the dreaded toothbrush. When she was satisfied that the job was done, she then liberally reapplied the antiseptic cream over the affected area. She said that that was the last time that I would need to endure this process and that from now on it would be necessary only to ensure that the area was covered by the cream at all times.

Then she left.

Richard kissed away my tears from my eyes and cheeks and then after kissing my lips said that he loved me. I sobbed and we hugged each other for a long time before I went to the bathroom and washed my face and applied some make up. Richard got dressed – I just pulled on my boots.

Soon we smelt bacon and eggs and toast coming from downstairs and so we made our way to the dining room. It was disconcerting to walk downstairs and through the house quite naked. With my very large breasts swaying and jiggling with every step and feeling very aware of the branding on my back, I felt quite self conscious especially since I did not know who else was in the house.

The large dining room was very busy with couples eating and helping themselves to breakfast from the kitchen. Catherine was being an attentive hostess as was Mark. Both were wearing Levis and long sleeved cheque shirts in readiness for a normal day working around their large property. Catherine's shirt was rather strained at the front by her abundant breasts which were obviously braless both from their movement and the erect nipples visible through the cotton material.

Mark took my hand as I walked in and very formally kissed it. Obviously admiring my nakedness he said "You look very beautiful this morning, my dear!" I was soon being enthusiastically hugged and kissed by all.

Janelle was wearing a skirt but she was naked above the waist. Her breasts were showing bruising from her suspension the night before and she later told me that they were still too sore to put in a bra. She was very happy and was enthusiastically recounting how

much she enjoyed the evening despite the pain inflicted on her body. She said that it was “pretty wild” when David fucked her that night with the large ball of the tail hook still in her bowel. She “wore” it all night and enjoyed the sensation again when they had sex earlier this morning. David had removed it only a couple of hours ago and she had squealed as her anus was again stretched – this time to have the ball removed. “I guess nobody heard me” she said “because at the same time Karen was waking up the whole house”. I blushed.

Ingrid and Peter were there and Ingrid was dressed to go to work after finishing her breakfast. Peter was proud to again point out that she was a world leader in obstetrics and gynaecology. No wonder she so quickly fell into the role of managing some of the practicalities of our shows and just so very recently taking care of my brands. Although she was conservatively dressed in a business suit with a white blouse buttoning to the neck and a grey knee length skirt with matching jacket, she still looked very sexy as the lapels of her jacket curved around the sides of her ample bosom with the top button of the jacket straining to hold the sides drawn together over her flat belly.

I did not expect to see our new members Grant and Olivia as well as Peter and Angela at the breakfast but it seems that after the show last night, Catherine had asked them to stay over to get to know some of the members a bit better. They had not expected to stay over and were still wearing the clothes that they had arrived in yesterday afternoon.

Janelle and I were treated royally and we were escorted to the table and needed only to ask for anything and there were plenty of willing people who would get it for us. I was hungry and had Corn Flakes, yogurt, bacon and eggs with toast followed by coffee. The pain of my brand had subsided considerably and I was feeling very relaxed and proud. Everyone there was fascinated by it especially each of the women who were no doubt feeling very aroused by the prospect that but for any of them giving the word, it could easily be her flesh burnt by the brand. Angela showed particular interest and discussed the process with me in precise detail. I was very aroused and it was a little embarrassing when I stood up from sitting on

Catherine's dining room chair to see that my naked vaginal lips had left a wet kiss mark on the cloth.

Grant described my branding as being like the event described in "The Story of O" by Pauline Reage others agreed. I confessed to never having read the book to which many enthusiastically said that I must. They also said that there were movies based on the story which I would also enjoy. Catherine said that she had a copy of the book and that she will lend it to me to take home. Knowing that I would be home naked and alone for the next month, I gladly accepted her offer.

Ingrid wasted no time in finishing her breakfast and after giving me a hug departed quickly, stethoscope around her neck, to go off and deliver yet another baby.

The others departed not long after just leaving us in the company of Catherine and Mark. We were committed to my staying naked for the month so that raised the problem of how I was to get home. At Marks invitation we stayed the day with them and we drove home that evening after dark. I spent the day with Catherine helping around her property. It was remarkably large and had a fully equipped tennis court which was a bit in need of repair. Catherine said that she and Mark have a hit around on it most weeks but they only use it to get a bit of exercise but they don't play serious tennis. I rode her horse for a while which was a most arousing event particularly for a naked large breasted woman like me.

I was feeling so very horny by mid afternoon, I begged Richard to take me to the bedroom and thoroughly fuck me. I was almost insatiable.

After dinner we drove home. It is very scary being in a car naked as you have many opportunities to get caught out such as if the car broke down or if you were to get stopped by a cop. I needed to sit forward on the car seat and avoid resting my branded back on the seat cushion.

I had my clothes in a bag on the back seat along with the book "The Story of O" which Catherine had found in her library and had leant to me.

We got home OK

We also borrowed Catherine's special mattress which we put on the spare bed. Richard and I were so excited by this exceptional day that we headed for the main bedroom and again had the most amazing sex. Eventually Richard led me to the mattress and after I had lain down on it, Richard again tied my ankles to the bed posts holding my feet apart and left me to sleep with my breasts hanging down through the mattress and my labia held apart while the night air teased my very wet inner surfaces into constant arousal.

It was hard to sleep but I had had a tiring day and did so eventually. I woke early next morning as I had done previously with my bladder full and pressing into the mattress. I called out to Richard who untied my feet and helped me to stand where he hugged and kissed me passionately. I hurried to the bathroom. When I returned, he positioned me on hands and knees on the bedroom floor and fucked me passionately in doggie fashion, enjoying, as he later explained, the sight of his initials burnt into my buttocks. Later he went to the bathroom, showered, got dressed and he went to work.

Now I was naked and alone for what was to be the first of many occasions during this month of my constant voluntary nudity.

I made some breakfast and tidied up while I waited for Wendy, my sister in law to arrive. It is amazing how constant nudity makes one feel so very feminine and sexual. I was constantly aware of my large breasts swinging uncontrolled with my every movement. The arousal from the wetness between my legs did not diminish as I moved around and felt the air circulate over my swollen and lubricated labia.

Wendy arrived along with my brother Gary and she helped me to shower and then replaced the antiseptic cream. Later, we talked for a while over a cup of coffee and then they went home. I was happy to be left alone as the tension of the last few days was catching up with me and I was feeling desperately tired. I stacked some cushions around me on the sofa so that I wouldn't inadvertently roll on my back and went to sleep.

I woke to hear Richard letting himself through the front door.

He had been feeling very aroused all day as he thought about me being at home naked and branded. We soon were again having

deep slow satisfying sex – this time on the sofa.

Eventually we got up and cooked dinner together. I discovered that cooking naked is dangerous and when frying stuff it is amazing how many little spits of fat manage to sting ones belly and breasts.

I made sure that I went to the bathroom before going to bed on the special mattress so that I would not wake up so early in the morning with pressure on my bladder as I had done every morning so far. Richard tied my ankles to the bed posts as usual. It helped a little bit and I did wake a bit later the next morning.

Jenny and Peter arrived later in the morning as arranged and she helped me to shower and then she replaced the cream. She got naked herself to join me in the shower and Peter was happy to watch as we lovingly soaped each other and washed. Her muscular young body was a delight to examine. Her main purpose in visiting was to show me her brand which was looking wonderful. I took great pride in this as I had been greatly involved in planning the process. She gave me lots of advice on what the healing process would be like which was helpful.

After this Peter was obviously anxious to leave as he was obviously excited from enjoying our nakedness. I suggested that they might like to have a “bit of a cuddle” in our guest room but Jenny wanted to go home.

After that I just relaxed around the house and read “Story of O”. It is a fabulous read but I got annoyed at the end when the prospect of her being killed by her lover was suggested. I can never understand why literature and movies about BDSM so often create the impression that we who enjoy it are weird, suicidal or violent. Our club is made up of very normal women who just enjoy the excitement of the prospect of torture and men who enjoy watching a woman having pain inflicted upon her. It is interesting that, in our club, we are all successful in our various fields and most of us are wealthy and some are very wealthy. Does a love of BDSM and ambition go together? Who knows! Certainly our club seems to support such a view. One thing is certain however and that is that none of us want to die and none of us want to kill. We just want to enjoy the sexual buzz that we get from our activities without there being any other psycho baggage involved.

And so my month of voluntary nakedness continued. It was a very arousing experience and our sex life which had become very active since our involvement with the club now became even more intense. The nakedness itself was of course a major turn on for me and for Richard. He found it to be more arousing when he was at work knowing that I was at home naked, branded and alone. The daily visits by the members of the club according to a roster that they had worked out alleviated any possible boredom and it was great enjoying the company of each of the couples. Occasionally one of the ladies came alone but mostly they were accompanied by their partner. Whether the men wanted just to be with their partner or whether they wanted to enjoy seeing me naked – who knows? I suspect the latter as many showed obvious signs of arousal during the visit.

By the end of the first week the wounds had healed such that I did not have to be so worried about something touching it and I was able to dispense with Catherine's special mattress and sleep in an ordinary bed as long as I was careful. The cream mixed with the ink occasionally made a devastating mess of the bed linen and the sheets needed to be washed every time that this happened. I choose my three oldest pairs of sheets and rotated them each night. At the end of the month, they were so stained that I threw them out. It was very sexy having to do the washing each day and going out our back yard naked to hang them out to dry.

It was really nice having a different club member to chat to each day as I was able to discover more about each one in a relaxed and unrushed visit. Many of the discussions were quite memorable. I was fascinated at Janelle's description of what it was like to be suspended and more importantly whether her breasts suffered any long term effects from the experience which, I am happy to report were nonexistent.

I asked every visitor to name which torture she most enjoyed watching and which she would most have enjoyed enduring. The response was pretty mixed but with a majority identifying caning and whipping as the preferred torture method.

Ingrid (or should I say Dr Ingrid) was very interesting to talk to and she generously made half of one of her rare days off available to

me. She talked about her career and how she enjoys obstetrics and gynaecology as a specialisation. Even though she has delivered hundreds of babies, she still gets a thrill when she delivers another happy healthy little person into the world. She also described how angry she feels when a baby is born with problems caused by a mother who smoked, drank or engaged in other foolish practices during pregnancy. She also had studied psychology and because of her own proclivities had researched deeply the love that so many women have of submissive BDSM activities. She like me rejects the idea that women like us are suicidal or suffering from deep emotional problems leading to a desire for bodily harm or even self harm. Rather she feels that anthropological studies have shown that women in primitive tribes all around the world exhibit a greater proclivity to being submissive than western women. Like most professional women, she has to behave in a dominant role in her profession and she finds that to relax at a club meeting and adopt a submissive role in which she may well find herself subjugated to a man's will very relaxing. Not only does the prospect of torture play an important role but also the exhibitionist in her is satisfied in the enforced presentation and torture of her most womanly parts. I must say that I totally agreed with her. She also said that she became most aroused and excited just before a ball was selected and was always disappointed when it wasn't her.

She also confided in me that she was personally rather inexperienced in suffering torture as Peter found it very difficult to hurt her. He loved talking and reading about it and he got very turned on when watching tortures at the club. She loved having being been tortured by the club when it happened last year, as I well remembered, and Peter had certainly enjoyed watching her sufferings. However when they tried to have a torture scene at home, he became so concerned at hurting her that he was quite ineffectual and if she was to scream he would immediately stop to see if she was OK. I thought after she left how strange and yet kind of sweet it was that a man as strong and confident as Peter could be incapable of inflicting pain on the woman that he loved even when she was craving it.

Julie's visit was nice but she was obsessed with her pregnancy as I guess all expectant mothers are. She loved looking at my brands and was very careful and thorough in replacing the antiseptic cream. But the conversation soon returned to her body and the little person developing inside. One thing surprised me was that she was fascinated by her swelling breasts and her commitment to continue to breast feed as long as possible – even after the baby has no further need of her milk. She felt that a woman was at her most beautiful when her breasts were full of milk and that John felt the same way. At one point in the conversation she said that she wanted to be “John's cow.”

The next day, Nicole arrived with an interesting suggestion. She had told Margaret her older sister about the club and her sister wanted to join. She also pointed out that Margaret and her husband Chris own a restaurant which is part of a hotel. Sunday night is not a good night for walk in trade so she suggested that the club might like to meet there as a kind of semi permanent home. The restaurant has a Scottish theme which among other things has exposed beams in the ceiling which could be handy for our activities. I was pretty sure from the way she was talking that either she or her sister had already experienced the advantages of those exposed beams in providing an attachment point for a rope when a flogging was planned. I said that I would discuss this with the committee. Little did I know what an interesting chain of events were to unfold from Nicole's suggestion?

Nicole undertook to have Margaret contact Anne so that an interview could be arranged before the next committee meeting due in two weeks time.

The days of my enforced nudity progressed very enjoyably both socially and erotically. The next committee meeting took place during this period and so the meeting was held at my house since it was difficult for me to travel whilst naked. Anne and Ross had spoken to Margaret and Chris and supported their request to join the club. They had met at their restaurant called “The Scotch Thistle” and found the couple to be as delightful and as suitable a couple as Nicole had said. Chris was a Scott who grew up in Edinburgh having had a distinguished military career serving in the 1st Battalion of the

Black Watch which amongst other deployments served in Iraq. Margaret like her sister had blonde hair and a voluptuous body. She had met Chris on a holiday in Scotland and they now have two. Although they had lived in Australia for 6 years, Chris had never lost his accent.

We discussed the format for the March meeting and what the torture should be. We agreed on a delightfully scary format for the next meeting and an even worse (or better one – depending on your point of view) for the following meeting. We decided to accept Margaret's offer to use their restaurant for the next meeting while the following meeting would be held at my house.

As expected, Richard arrived as the committee meeting was concluding and he undertook to make the necessary apparatus for the next meeting.

Chapter 7 - First Time at the Scotch Thistle

It was a change for the club members to arrive at a restaurant for the meeting held Sunday 22nd March. The restaurant was inside the Marriot hotel but the lease was owned by Chris and Margaret. It was a profitable venture as guests at the hotel were a willing but captive market. Trade from the hotel was usually very quite on Sunday nights so they often catered for functions on that night. This suited the club perfectly and even better was the fact that members could simply stay overnight in the hotel after the meeting if they wanted to.

The atmosphere was excellent with rough hewn heavy wooden tables and chairs, suits of armour, a display of ancient weaponry and even some ancient implements of torture. Some implements like the breast ripper made it clear that what we called torture was trivial to what went on in times past. It was also interesting to see how misogynist the ancient torturers were. The walls were made to look like they were bricks of an ancient castle. The medieval atmosphere gave an excellent backdrop to why the club was meeting.

Chris and Margaret managed the kitchen while their two daughters managed the tables. All wore Campbell Tartan, the traditional tartan of the Black Watch regiment. Margaret wore a knee length skirt while both girls wore a very sexy looking kilt that only came to mid thigh. All the women wore black stockings. Chris wore a full kilt with a sporran. I was surprised at the daughters being present but Margaret assured me that the youngest, Shauna, was over 18 while the eldest, Fiona celebrated her 20th birthday last week. Moreover, both girls were aware of their parent's proclivity for BDSM play and were very supportive of their Mum and Dad joining the club. She told me that while the girls were children. They used to arrange for them to stay over at her parents' house and leave Mum and Dad alone in the house to "play". As the girls got older they

needed to become more careful and arranged for the girls to go out together to school events or the movies. About 5 years ago Chris had driven them to the local cinema one night but Shauna had forgotten to take enough money to get in so the two caught the bus back home. They burst into the house to see their mother with her wrists held above her head connected by a chain to a hook in the ceiling (which normally supported a fan). Margaret had welts on her bum and breasts and they saw a single tail whip on the coffee table. Despite her position she took control of the situation and explained to her shocked daughters, that, for a woman to be flogged by a man who really loves her, is the nicest thing in the world. She asked the girls to stay and watch their father give her a few more strokes before he released her and took her to bed. Which he did!

As he was carrying his wife to bed, he told the girls that they would have a family talk in the morning. They lay in bed listening to their parents having wildly orgasmic sex. They did have a long talk the next morning and Margaret and Chris explained to the girls the facts of BDSM life. From that time on, the couple did not hide their activities from the daughters but simply made it clear that they wanted the house to themselves on certain occasions. Margaret never made a secret of her welts and in fact displayed them proudly. As the girls started getting boyfriends each asked her mother if she could expect her boy to flog her. Margaret replied that that is entirely up to the girl to decide if that is what she desires and whether the boy is willing and able to do it. She warned them that, just like having sex, she should only give herself to a man that she loves and trusts.

So I became relaxed about the girls being there and set about to reassure others who looked at me quizzically after they saw me talking to Margaret.

The meeting began with everyone standing about having drinks and canapés served by the mother and her daughters. There was an ominous piece of apparatus in the middle of the room covered in a large sheet. It was a very pleasant occasion and many of the women exposed their breasts. Strapless or peasant style blouses were popular which enabled the lady to simply push the elastic down below her breasts in order to put them on display. There were other

very fashionable but functional outfits which served the same purpose. I was anxious to show my brands and so I made a "Story of O" style dress and fitted to Velcro straps inside the back of the skirt hanging down from the belt. Richard simply rolled up my skirt at the back and hitched it to my belt with the two straps and thus was I displayed. Of course I did not wear any knickers and it was a delightful sensation being on show in this way.

When the canapés were eaten and folks had socialised, it was time to get down to business. Suzanne tapped the class this time and got everybody's attention. She announced that tonight's lady will be impaled and suddenly the room went very silent. Then she removed the sheet from the apparatus. It consisted of a platform which was about 3 foot square and about 1 foot high. What was far more interesting however was the pole sticking up in the centre with a large phallus mounted on the end? The pole had a clamp in the middle which could be released to enable the length to be adjusted by sliding the inner section within the outer section of the two concentric pipes which made up the pole.

She explained that the lady chosen must stand astride the pole while the phallus is pushed up her vagina until it presses on her cervix. "How will you know when it hits her cervix" one of the men asked. "I'm sure that the lady will make that very plain when it happens" she replied.

"But there is more" she continued as she was handed another contraption by Anne who brought it from behind a curtain. It was a yoke rather like the one worn in the movie "Secretary" but much better. It had a collar made of metal which was 1 inch wide and 1/4 inch thick. The ring was made of two "C" shaped halves which were hinged where they met behind the lady's neck and joined with a tiny padlock in front of larynx. A metal bar was attached to each half which when the ring was closed extended out over her shoulders as far as her wrist. A metal loop was fitted to the end of each bar through which the lady would place her hand. A further refinement was the fitting of a small padded saddle to each bar to sit over her shoulders. Not only did the saddle make the yoke a little more comfortable to wear but it prevented the yoke from swinging about and kept it sitting straight from shoulder to shoulder. Also a Velcro

loop was attached to each bar and positioned above each elbow to keep the arms straight

I can tell you that the club bought a yoke exactly like the one in the movie but it was hopeless to wear because it was so unstable and one needed to hold it up with your arms which became very uncomfortable after a short time. My inventive husband Richard made this substitute yoke that was much more practical. I can speak with a great deal of authority about the characteristics of the yoke as mine was the body used to test it. In fact the shoulder saddles were my idea which Richard enthusiastically incorporated in the design. The entire unit was made from aluminium which Richard said was only possible to weld because I had bought him a "TIG" welder for his last birthday. He tried to explain why this was so but I just didn't get it.

I had worn the apparatus around the house after Richard had finished it to prove that a woman could endure it for over two hours without suffering the muscle cramps which certainly happened with the previous version. I had also discovered that wearing it was very erotic as one's breasts were held up and prominently displayed with one's arms held out straight and one could do nothing about it. The worst part was of course not being able to touch one's body. It is amazing how many parts of the body begin to itch and desperately demand a scratch or a rub when one's hands are locked out in this crucifix position.

Suzanne passed the yoke around the group and encouraged people to come forward to check out the impaling post. She told the group of anxious women and fascinated men that when a woman is selected, she will be made to wear the yoke for half an hour before being impaled. Then she turned to Anne who handed her a whip (again from behind the curtain) and said that after being impaled, tonight's lady will be whipped by this beautiful piece of apparatus. She held up the whip for all to see and described it as a 4 foot Australian stock whip made of kangaroo skin, which is the best in the world. It had a fully plated foot long tapered cane handle with a 3 foot fall of 4 platts which was approximately 3/8 inch at the handle tapering to 1/4 inch at the tip. It was as the manufacturer said, "Fully

oiled and ready for use". "By the way," she pointed out "a stock whip has a handle and a bull whip doesn't".

I knew all about this whip as I had bought it. The committee had decided what the activities were to be on this meeting and I had taken on the job to find a suitable whip. The idea was to find a piece of kit that would really hurt and leave some nice marks without doing serious damage – like ripping the skin off. I found a long established Australian whip manufacturer who had lots to choose from and rang him to select a custom version of the nasty big whips that he advertised obviously for use on horses and cattle. He was very proud of his products and went into considerable detail describing the details of his many products. Finally I said "Look, Mr Andrews, (as he had introduced himself) I want one that is much lighter than you have been talking about – this whip is for me" "Oh!" he said "Well we do have quite a range of smaller whips designed for women and young people to use. They are not as heavy as the standard whips and do not require as much strength to swing through the air". With a voice trembling with embarrassment, I interrupted his explanation again and said "I'm sorry – you don't understand, I don't want a whip to be used by me, I want a whip that will be used on me". There was quite a pause on the other end before he replied and, in a very collusive manner, went on to ask very specific questions about what I required and how best he could assist to create a masterpiece just as I wanted. When we finished the discussion, he said "Let me know how you get on – I have a lady here, my wife in fact, who just might be interested in having me make one for her."

At the committee meeting Ross had taken a couple of test shots at me (I was still naked then because the meeting occurred during my month of enforced nakedness) and the pain was wicked. Ten days later, and the marks were only just fading away.

Finally Suzanne announced "that the lady tonight will "enjoy" twelve strokes of the whip at any part of her body between her neck and her knees." It very quickly dawned on each of the feverishly excited women that her breasts which would be so prominently available and unprotected thanks to the yoke are of course between her neck and her knees.

Then she announced that the lady will be chosen in 30 minutes time after we had eaten our first course of dinner. Even though I had known for days what the punishment of the night would be, I was trembling with excitement knowing that I was only minutes away from knowing whether it will be my body, naked, impaled and whipped standing on the dais tonight. I felt a deep throb from my vagina to my womb and my swollen nipples were hurting with the engorgement of blood from the deep arousal that I felt.

There was nervous laughter as the couples made their way around the tables. By now almost every woman (including myself) had exposed her breasts. Each displaying nipples swollen by lust just as mine were. Margaret also entered into the spirit of the occasion and removed her top leaving her to wait on the tables wearing just her tartan skirt. She had a beautiful body with large breasts. The effects of time and the feeding of two babies had changed her breasts but not in a bad way. Her nipples were large and of a dark red colour. The undersides of her breasts were greatly rounded from her nipple to her chest but they were full and plump with her nipples sitting still above the crease where the bottom of the breast joined her chest. Her daughters remained covered but watched wide eyed as the events took place. I noticed them both take furtive looks at the impaling pole and their eyes followed the whip and yoke as they were passed around the tables.

The three women brought out the first course of the meal. I can honestly say that I cannot remember what it was and I cannot remember eating it. I was so preoccupied in watching the couples as the torture instruments were passed around the table and the reactions of each woman as she was handed the yoke and whip to examine. Even though I had been intimately involved in the manufacture of each item, I still got goose bumps when they were passed to me and I held them in my hands. As Pauline Réage would say "O found her terror so delicious".

The half hour went by very slowly but eventually Suzanne stood up and asked me to get the jar in which the wooden balls were kept. My first task was to open an envelope with Anne's name on it and publicly return the ball with her name on it back to the jar. It had been 12 months since Anne had been whipped and the exemption

period for her ball had expired. She now had three balls back in the jar.

On Suzanne's nod, I shook the jar to circulate the balls and asked Margaret as our newest member to close her eyes and make a selection. She thrust her hand deep in the jar and selected a ball. She took it out of the jar and read the name. "Ingrid" she said. With this being her first meeting she did not know very many of the ladies names but she immediately recognised Ingrid when she covered her face with her hands and screamed. Seconds later with tears in her beautiful blue eyes, she hugged and kissed her partner, Peter.

I walked behind her and helped her to her feet. Then I escorted her to where Suzanne was standing holding the yoke – one end resting on the floor and the other in her hand. Without being asked the beautiful young doctor slipped off her skirt and her shoes and stood proudly naked before the group. "How do you feel?" I whispered to her. "I'm game" she replied in a voice made much higher than her normal professional tone by the obvious nervousness that she was feeling.

We then put her in the yoke. By getting her to hold out her arms behind her we were able to slide the rings over each wrist and then close the neck ring as she brought her arms around to the crucifix position. I closed the latch on the ring when the two halves met and Suzanne finished off by tying the little Velcro loops which sat just above her elbows. Her hands had nothing to hold as they extended through the metal loops circling her wrists. She was locked into the crucifix position and she looked breathtaking.

Suzanne and I each took one of her hands and we helped her to stand on the small dais with the impaling rod between her legs and with the large phallus only an inch below her shaven labia.

We continued to hold her hands to steady her while the impaling took place. Her partner, Peter offered to "do" her and he crouched between her legs and undid the wing nut on the clamp that held the inner tube within the outer one. He then slid it up until the tip of the phallus was at her lips. He stood up and kissed her passionately before crouching again and began to carefully work the large object up into her vagina. No lubricant was used other than her own secretions. She participated actively in her impalement by moving

up and down and twisting to spread her juices over the rod as Peter slowly pushed it further and further up into her body. Of course she gasped and groaned as she was stretched to accommodate the monster in her channel. Eventually with more than two thirds of the rod inside her she squealed in pain and called out stop as the phallus began to force its way up against her cervix. She was standing with her heels about an inch above the floor to relieve the pressure. Peter withdrew the rod sufficient to let her stand flat footed.

We left her impaled and crucified for about fifteen minutes while the other guests mingled around her and some held glasses of wine to her lips for her to sip which she accepted gratefully. Others kissed and embraced her. Many of the men and some of the women gently fondled her beautiful breasts now so proudly on display. Her large "C" cup breasts were of the classical shape with the upper part sloping almost straight out from the top of the breast to the very pale pink aureole and nipple but the lower section was beautifully rounded from the nipple back to her chest.

This beautiful intelligent woman with her long blonde hair and slim body with beautiful breasts on complete display held immobile by her own cunt and with her arms outstretched was an awesome sight. Anne stepped forward and skilfully rolled up her hair. Then using bobby pins looped the beautiful blonde tresses around the woman's head and pinned it in place so that it would not get tangled in the whip.

Any man with a pulse would have to be aroused by the sight of this woman.

Next Richard stood in front of her and uncoiled the whip. Her eyes were fixed on it and she adopted the expressionless façade and proud bearing that we women so often adopt when we are facing imminent torture.

Standing in front of her he swung the whip viciously with the thong first hitting on her right side just at the point of her pelvis and swinging around her left buttock with the tip gaining speed as it finally impacted just inside her anal crease. It was a perfect shot. She screamed at the shock of the impact and then howled as the burning pain spread from the line curling about her body. As the

seconds went by, the line took on a pink hue quickly becoming a deep red and then became purple where the high velocity tip gave its burning kiss to the sensitive skin in her crease. Other than being anchored by her cunt, she was free to bend and twist and move up and down on the phallus – all of which she did. She screamed again and began saying “OH!”, “OH!”, “OH!” which I recognised as the sounds of a woman realising for the first time the reality of an actual whipping over what had previously been just a concept. It was at this point that many a woman would have begged for it to stop but not Ingrid. She settled down and began taking deep breaths and was preparing herself for the next stroke to ravage across her skin. She looked briefly at me knowing that I was the only person who knew that she was enduring this for the first time and her face carried the resolve to carry on.

The screams and vigorous unrestrained movements of this beautiful woman were highly erotic and obviously had an impact on all present. The many swollen nipples and bulging trousers made this clear. I happened to glance at our two young waitresses and noticed their nipples making little tents in the fronts of their blouses and the pink blush of arousal extending up their beautiful long necks.

My partner continued to show his prowess as he lashed the woman a further seven times. He waited for some minutes after each stroke to allow the woman to regain control and also to fully appreciate the riot of pain extending through her body. He sometimes stood to her front and sometimes stood to her rear as he vigorously swung the lash causing a network of lines to curl about her buttocks, back and belly. Peter stood close by watching in wonderment as his woman, the woman that he loved, writhe and scream before him.

Then with four strokes to go he stood before the woman now glistening with sweat and breathing deeply as she waited expectantly for yet another searing stroke to add to the network of painful lines decorating her body. He stooped and kissed her and then gently massaged the protuberant breasts before him. “Oh No!” she groaned as she realised the significance of his action. I was deeply moved watching my man perform this act knowing full well

that this woman was my proxy and that he would have loved it to be me suffering before him.

He then stepped behind her and she responded bravely by standing tall and presenting her breasts to the waiting lash. It took about fifteen minutes for these last four strokes to be delivered. The first two lashes each impacted first on her alabaster shoulder blades and curled around the sensitive skin of her armpits with the whizzing tip burying itself into the soft side of her breasts. Each breast leapt from her chest as if it was alive. Not surprisingly, it took quite some time for the young woman to settle down after each stroke and deal with the pain emanating from the sensitive skin of her back, armpit and breast.

Anne's ministrations were needed again as Ingrid's violent movements had shaken loose some of her hair. She retied the offending strands more securely and then tenderly kissed the waiting woman.

Richard allowed the last two strokes to have a longer fall than the previous two such that they still impacted on her shoulder blades but about 1 inch lower and each curled around the beautiful body as before but the tip cut right across each areola and savagely impacted the each turgid nipple.

Of course the young woman again reacted violently and loudly to the impact and it required Anne to spend some minutes gently stroking her face and kissing her a couple of times and to say "Just one more" to the agitated young doctor before she regained her composure and was able to stand tall with the beautiful breasts heaving with her heavy breathing. She had attempted to pull her arms from the yoke to caress her burning breast but soon realised that this was impossible. Tears pooled down her cheeks as she endured the burning pain from the mass of bruised sensitive nerves in the abused areola and nipple of the whipped breast and now stood tall waiting for the same agony to be inflicted on its sister.

The stroke was not long in coming and had the same result. Possibly this stroke was even more savage than the previous one. She writhed and screamed unselfconsciously and was hugged by Peter. She said something that I couldn't hear in his ear and he put his hand to her clit and rubbed. Soon to the surprise of most people,

her screams became orgasmic as she enjoyed her partners stimulation while she writhed on the great phallus so deeply imbedded within her and rubbed her bruised nipples against his chest.

Soon after, Anne and Suzanne quickly removed the yoke and supported her while Peter took it upon himself to undo the locking screw on the pole and pull the dripping phallus out of his wife. From his stooping position he put his arms around her legs and tossed his diminutive wife over his adequate shoulder and carried her still naked from the room.

The party soon broke up after that and most guests realised the advantages of having a waiting hotel room in the same building as the restaurant.

Some guests had to leave early next morning but most gathered for a breakfast which Margaret had prepared. There were other hotel guests in the restaurant but Chris had prepared two tables where we could all be together. Ingrid and Peter arrived a bit after the others and Ingrid was applauded and very warmly greeted by the group. She got rock star treatment by Fiona and Shauna who barraged her with questions. She finished up taking the two girls with her to the ladies room so that she could show them the marks on her body such was their interest.

Many of us noticed this reaction by the two girls and raised our eyebrows and smiled knowingly to each other wondering where it might lead.

Chapter 8 - The Black Envelope

My life was returning to normal in April. I went back to work now that my month of enforced nudity was over and the brands on my buttocks had healed to a bright red colour with the letters very nicely defined.

We had a committee meeting on the first Friday of the month in Ross' office as usual. The meeting discussed the activities for the coming April meeting in which we decided to do things a little differently. We agreed that the meeting would be held at my house where not only do we have a very suitable area for entertaining but we could use any of the variety of torture instruments that my creative husband had created. For this meeting we decided to use the torture rack which we had previously tested on my sister in law, Wendy last Christmas. Just to be different, we decided on a special activity to precede the meeting to add a bit of spice to the activity. What was arranged was for each lady to catch a train to the activity and that she would be given instructions on what train to catch and she was told to wear a short skirt with no knickers or bra. Most important of all, she will be told that she must not sit on her skirt when she sits in the train. What the women would not be told was that the club had hired four security guards to also be on the train at the same time and to keep an eye out to make sure that they were safe and also to note if any lady broke the rules and sat on her skirt. The guards were to wear plain clothes and to blend in as just another passenger. Ross was able to arrange the guards from one element of his extensive business empire. I was to send an email to each lady right away and advise her wait for a black envelope to be delivered in the mail which would instruct her on what to do on the day of the next meeting.

The city of Brisbane has an extensive rail network with lines extending from the Gold Coast to the south, Ipswich to the west and Caboolture (and beyond) to the north. There is nothing to the east –

just water. Each lady's partner would be asked to drop his scantily clad lady at the station and leave her to catch the train alone. Each partner was to be separately and discretely contacted and told about the security guard and advised that if his lady was so afraid that she couldn't participate then he could tell her about the guards.

It is possible to board a train at one end of the rail system and travel all the way through to the other end passing through the city centre.

Each lady was to be told what train to catch at what station and to sit in the second last carriage when she got her black letter.

We decided to use the Ipswich line which passes through the city to become the Caboolture line as it heads north.

The committee also needed to deal with an unusual but not unsurprising letter from Margaret which I will talk about later.

I posted all the black letters on Monday the 19th April advising each lady to catch the train on the afternoon of Sunday the 25th. It was no accident that the day is ANZAC day in Queensland and therefore a public holiday long weekend so the trains would not be very crowded on that time of day.

As instructed, each partner emailed me on the Tuesday or Wednesday to confirm that his lady had received her letter.

It was no small adventure for each woman as she was driven by her partner on the (often long) drive to the station of her embarkation. Although it is not uncommon to see women wearing very short skirts and braless tops on Brisbane trains it was very scary for each of our ladies to wear such revealing outfits in public.

Her first pleasant surprise was that she would meet up with another lady from the club waiting on the platform, similarly dressed, with whom she could travel. The next surprise would have been to meet other ladies from the club in the same carriage. By the time the train reached Central Station in the city centre, all the ladies of the club were in the same carriage of the train.

There was a big, very intimidating guy wearing scruffy clothes and hair in dreadlocks at one end of the carriage and another guy not quite so big and wearing cricket whites and carrying a bat sitting at the other end. These guys took an interest in the women – which would not be seen as unusual. If the ladies had known who they

were they would have felt quite safe but as they didn't they felt very self conscious in their skimpy clothes. Each wondered if other passengers had noticed that they were not sitting on their skirts. The two big guys got off at Central and were replaced by two more similarly big guys who got on at Fortitude Valley, the next station. One was dressed in leathers and carried a motorbike helmet and the other wore baseball gear and carried a bat.

One unexpected outcome was that the train that happened to be used that day was a new one with a new design. It had groups of seats at each end of the carriage of the usual train design with sets of seats either side of the central aisle each seat seating two passengers. Each passenger's knees are about six inches from the back of the seat in front – like in an aeroplane. Thus ladies have a degree of privacy when seated especially the ones sitting next to a window. Unfortunately, with these new trains, there is a section in the centre of the carriage where there is a set of single seats which are designed so the passenger must sit with his/her back to the windows and his/her knees facing into the centre of the carriage. Whilst this is a clever design and makes more room for passengers who have to stand when the train is heavily packed with commuters going to work, it does not afford a woman with a short skirt any protection from the admiring gazes of male passengers on the opposite side of the carriage. This is especially so if the carriage does not have many standing commuters in between.

I hadn't been in a train for some years and did not know about these new carriages when I planned this.

These seats were problem enough for a girl in a short skirt at the best of times but for a girl with no knickers, the instruction that she must not sit on her skirt was even more difficult to observe. Four ladies who were the last to board the train found that the old style seats were all taken. And they had a choice. They could stand and "strap hang" which all but Janelle found most unsatisfactory as the raising of her arm to hang on the strap caused her skirt to rise putting her bare bum and pussy on display. Janelle is quite tall and although she looked very sexy standing and holding onto the strap, she did not have this problem.

Three of the girls, Olivia, Isobel and Leonie, had to sit on the new style seats. Each tried to position her skirt to make it less obvious that her bare bum was in contact with the seat. Olivia and Isobel couldn't stand the embarrassment and gave up and each finished up sitting on her skirt with it pulled it down as far as she could. Olivia was desperately frightened that somebody in the train might recognise her despite the large sunglasses that she wore.

Eventually the train arrived at Carseldine (which is near where we live) and the group of very animated; very excited and very aroused women exited the train ending the first part of their adventure.

They made their way to the car park where many cars driven by various partners were available to take them for the short drive to our house.

One car contained 4 men. There was a guy with Dreadlocks, another with a motor bike helmet, a cricketer and a base ball player. Most of the ladies recognised them from the train and there was much laughter as they were introduced to their secret bodyguards. The guys were each handed cash payment for their afternoons work and they tried to hang around for a while until I said to them "OK boys, the job is done. You can go now." And they went. I was the one who handed them the cash because Ross did not want them telling others in his organisation that he was associated with the activity. This way they left not knowing anybody's name. They did not even recognise Olivia which was great!

Wives and partners met up. Friends met up. Everyone had a story to tell about the train trip and there was a buzz of conversation, laughter and happy banter.

I had prepared drinks and substantial nibbles for the guests since most of the women had missed lunch on the long journey. Likewise many of the partners had been driving for about an hour and they were hungry as well – but men are always hungry.

I had decided to ask the two sisters Fiona and Shauna to attend and assist in distributing the food and generally helping me out during the meeting. Unlike their mother, they were not subjected to the train journey but arrived early in a taxi because I needed their help to get ready for the arrival of the guests. They looked stunning in matching white silk sleeveless blouses with a high neckline, ruffle

front and a gathered waistband. Likewise, each wore matching body hugging black bandage style skirts with hems barely 2 inches below the crotch. I explained to them that if I got selected for torture today that they should take charge of the catering and I showed them where everything was and what to do should that happen. It appeared that the girls were impressed with the equanimity which I displayed to the prospect of imminent torture and Fiona kissed me and said, "Don't worry we can handle it – just have fun!" I had arranged for them to attend as they already were well aware of the activities of the club so that did not pose a problem and since both of them were university students the money that I paid them would be greatly appreciated. I found out what Margaret paid the girls to work an afternoon at the Scotch Thistle and paid them double that. I had another reason for inviting them which will become clear later on.

After everyone had eaten and the group had settled down after their stimulating journey, Richard and I asked the people to form two groups for a guided tour of the workshop where the many pieces of torture apparatus that Richard had made were on display. I escorted one group and Richard escorted the other. Most of the guests had previously seen some of the items such as the impaling post, the yoke and the whipping block. What none of the visitors except for the small group who visited us at Christmas, had seen before was the torture rack. There were gasps and many fearful looks from the women as the operation was explained. Olivia speaking in a voice high with emotion looked at me and asked if it had been tested. From her body language it was clear that she would have expected that it had been tested on me. She was surprised when I answered "No – But Wendy knows all about it". My sister in law smiled proudly and said that it was the most awful pain that she had ever experienced. When asked if she would do it again, she thought for a moment and replied "If I had to."

After the tour, I handed a voting slip to each person with a list of the torture tools printed on it. I asked them to number in order of preference which item that they would like to see used tonight. In Australia, people are used to preferential voting. There was much conversation and nervous laughter as the ballots were filled out.

Anne collected the filled out slips and counted the votes. It did not take long before she called out “the torture rack”. I was not surprised. I am sure that every woman felt the excited throb in her belly as the prospect of what was in store for her became clear.

Anne continued to address the group and announced that the lady who would ride the rack this afternoon would be one who had sat on her skirt on the train ride. “Who sat on her skirt” she asked. Olivia and Isobel slowly raised their hands. They both looked embarrassed to find that the transgression that they had thought was a thing of the past now surfaced to condemn them to imminent torture.

The committee had expected that their might multiple transgressors and so we had devised a method to pick a “winner”. I took a piece of chalk and drew a circle approximately one metre in diameter on the concrete in the middle of the workshop. Then Olivia and Isobel were asked to stand on either side of the circle. They giggled with nervous laughter as they stood and waited for what was to come next. It didn’t take long. Anne produced two chains each approximately one metre long and with a clover clamp at each end. These nasty little things clamp tightly and painfully on a nipple but what is worse, they clamp even tighter if tension is put on the chain.

Each lady was asked to remove her shoes and all of her clothes. This did not take long as both women were wearing a dress with no bra or knickers as instructed. Each quickly lifted the dress over her head and handed it to me. I folded each carefully and lay them on a nearby seat. Then Anne set about to attach the clamps. She opened one clamp and pulled gently on Isobel’s left nipple and closed the clamp on it to the accompanying gasp as the lady experienced the sudden compression. She then opened the clamp on the other end of the chain and clamped it on Olivia’s right nipple. The beautiful young actress made no sound as she struggled with the pain but panted deeply as she fought to compose herself. Then she stepped to the other side of the circle and similarly clamped Olivia’s left nipple and connected it to Isobel’s right nipple. Each lady was then asked to put her hands behind her back where they were cuffed together.

The girls were then told that each must try to drag her opponent into the circle. Then the game began. They each carefully leaned

back and pulled each other's breasts causing each to point straight out from each chest with nipples already in pain now stretching in an agonising display. They maintained this tension for about one minute when each with an exploding release of held breath leaned forward to release the horrible tension. Both stood panting for a while and then after smiling to each other began the agonising tug of war again. The battle was much more intense this time and the pain from the stretched nipples could be seen in the faces of the two ladies. Each was trying to bring the other to a point where the pain would become unbearable for her and she would concede by stepping into the circle. The obvious difficulty being that to impose pain on her opponent she must experience the exact same pain in her own nipples. Each of the women was moaning and occasionally howling gently as she wrestled with the agony in her most sensitive areas. This went on for many minutes until by some mutual feeling they both gave up and leant forward again.

They stood facing each other for about a minute until Olivia whispered "OK! – this is it, no stopping until somebody gives in". Quickly the tension was re-established and the battle became more intense. They were trying sudden movements to take the other by surprise and the mutually inflicted pain was obviously greater than previously. Each woman had tears running down her cheeks but the struggle went on. Finally after more than ten minutes of pulling, howling, wriggling and moaning, Isobel screamed loudly and stepped into the circle where she stood sobbing. Olivia leaned over and tenderly kissed her vanquished opponent. We quickly removed the wrist cuffs and then each clamp. I have been clamped before so I warned each lady to be prepared for the pain when the clamp is removed and blood flows back into the bruised nipple. Despite this each screamed loudly as each clamp was removed surprised at the intensity of the pain.

When they were completely free they hugged each other and kissed tenderly. There were obviously no hard feelings between them.

The intensity of the contest surprised most people and the thought occurred to me that I doubted if two men under similar circumstances would be prepared to endure such pain.

I also wondered if Isobel had thrown the contest. She was the only original member of the club not to have done a show and maybe she wanted to finally accept the inevitable. Maybe she knew what she was doing when she sat on her skirt. I did not ask her about it.

The victor and loser circulated around the group chatting to various groups and recounting her experience. Each had engorged and tender nipples as testament to her experience. The two young sisters got distracted from their duties and spent some time chatting to Olivia who allowed them to gently caress her aching nipples.

It did not need to be said that Isobel's next appointment was with the rack.

The group partied on for an hour or so. With Olivia and Isobel not bothering to get dressed and some of the other ladies had also gone topless. Isobel, I noticed, was not eating much but she happily took a vodka and orange when I offered one to her. The proceedings came to a halt and silence came over the group when Ross tapped his glass and when all eyes were upon him he simply said "Isobel – you're on!"

She walked proud in her nakedness to the rack where Richard was waiting for her. The rack had a bed of rough hewn timber on which the victim must lie while she is stretched. I noticed a couple of small stains on the timber which had been made by the juices that flowed from Wendy when she rode it for the first time last Christmas. Richard held Isobel's hand and assisted her to stand on a step beside the bed from which she then turned and sat on the bed. Then, she swung her legs around to sit on the bed with her back to the winch. She winced slightly as the rough timber scratched her tender white buttocks. The problem was that she was sitting back to front. Richard again took her hands and assisted her to again endure the scratching and slide herself around to face in the opposite direction so that she was sitting facing the winch with her legs either side.

She was a beautiful woman. She wore her blonde hair short and her body was very trim indicating that she worked out regularly and watched her diet. We had seen her run in a club activity last year and we knew how athletic she was. Her breasts were large and well

shaped with nipples that were prominent and still swollen and purple from the earlier contest. Her body was fully shaven.

She sat quietly, resting her elbows on her knees, with her legs apart positioned either side of the winch and watched as Richard strapped her feet tightly into a pair of bungee jumping boots firmly mounted to the end of the bed. Then Richard moved to the other end of the bed and while supporting her shoulders gently assisted her to lie flat. She assisted him by placing her hands above her head for him to bind her wrists into the heavily padded cuffs. Each was attached to the end of the steel bar to which the wire rope was attached in the centre.

She lay back on the rough timber with her knees slightly bent offering a full view into her very moist vagina and her elbows were also still bent. She looked beautiful and seemed relaxed despite the ordeal that she knew was imminent. Derek, her partner came over and kissed her and then Richard whispered to her "You don't have to do this." She smiled impishly and said "Do your worst – you bastard." He kissed her tenderly and resumed his position at the winch. The winch has a considerable mechanical advantage which results in the cable shortening only a very small amount with each swing of the lever. So he had to crank it about one hundred times before her elbows were pulled straight and the tension began to build on her arms. She wriggled from side to side and allowed her body to be pulled up to relieve the tension on her arms resulting in her knees becoming straighter. Eventually after about 200 oscillations of the lever she was lying completely flat with her arms and legs fully extended. She was not yet in pain, in fact she found the position quite pleasant. Her rib cage was prominent and her taut belly was slightly hollowed. Richard stopped and left her there. She was breathing deeply and had come to realise how totally impersonal this machine was. He had a break for about 5 minutes before asking Derek if he would like to "stretch her a bit." Derek did as he was asked and began to rock the lever and for the first time he heard his wife begin to moan. She could feel the tension on her body increase slightly with every stroke and it made not the slightest difference whether she pulled on the cable or what she did, the steel bar would move about 1/4inch with every stroke and there was

nothing that she could do to interfere with the intractable movement. She could look down and watch Derek's face framed in the gap between her breasts.

The pain built up in her elbows then her back and soon her shoulders and knees began to hurt. When her moans became howls Derek on Richard's instruction stopped the action and again she was left to suffer. She realised what many a victim of the rack soon learnt that being that unlike caning and other punishments which inflict quick doses on pain on one's body, the rack inflicts a very controllable level of pain that goes on relentlessly. She lay there staring at the ceiling for 10 minutes while members of the club kissed her and caressed her and others (mostly the men) stroked and squeezed her breasts so prominently and readily available. The experience was arousing her sexually and she was aware of a tickling in her crease as her secretions ran from her open vagina and down over the perineum and to her anus before dripping off onto the wooden plank below.

Eventually, after tenderly embracing and kissing me, my husband returned to the winch.

He cranked it about 10 more times thereby stretching her further 2 inches. She could focus on nothing else except the riot of pain engulfing her body. Her elbows, shoulders, back, hips and knees were overloading her brain with constant messages of pain. Her body was covered in sweat and she was panting with shallow breaths because she needed the oxygen but deep breaths caused more pain. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she howled again and again

Richard stopped again. He had a discussion with Ingrid to see whether our victim could take any more. She gently examined her friend's body and said that she could certainly take more before any serious damage was done. She kissed the tear stained cheeks and said "Just a little bit more". "No! Please no more! Oh God no more" howled the desperate woman.

Richard cranked the lever three more times spaced 5 minutes between each oscillation. Isobel howled and each tiny increment of stretch was greeted by a scream. Finally he stopped.

She was left in her agony for a further 5 minutes with not one of the assembled women suggesting an early cessation of the torture even though it could have so easily have been her stretched screaming on the bed.

Finally he flicked the little lever on the winch which caused the cable to lengthen with each oscillation of the lever. Isobel's screams gradually subsided until she was left fully released gasping on the bed.

There was obviously not a single person in the group who had not been deeply affected by what had occurred. I personally was just so very turned on by the intensity of the torture and my mind was a mix of horror and lust. My skin was flushed and my heart was thumping. Isobel was left to lie on the bed for a couple of minutes more until people regained their composure. It was Anne who then stepped to the table and helped Isobel up into a sitting position and gave her a glass of wine which she drank gratefully. I got some "wet wipes" which I used to clean away her tears and her destroyed make up.

David helped his wife off the table and assisted her to stand. Ingrid gave her a hug and a quick examination. She remarked to the group that "We women are so tough". Anne asked her what she meant and being the fountain of knowledge that she is, she explained that Anne Askew was the only woman known to be racked in England and she was stretched until her hips dislocated. She never walked again. Despite this she did not give in and held to her beliefs until her torturers begged king Henry VIII to be allowed to stop what they were doing to her.

David and Ingrid supported Isobel in walking to our guest room and Ingrid was soon to return reassuring the group by saying "she will be fine".

My arousal was still at fever pitch I kissed and cuddled my obviously aroused husband. "What do you want?" he asked as I suddenly took hold of him. I hesitated a moment, surprised by the question, before I heard myself whisper, "Rack me – my love." "OK!" he replied. "But not tonight – I am exhausted. Besides I want to fuck your body tonight rather than stretching it". As I moved to kiss him again, he put his finger to my lips and said "but I must not keep you

for very much longer.” We both smiled at the inadvertent pun in his words.

As in the past, the party broke up fairly quickly as deeply aroused couples headed away to assuage their lust with each other’s bodies. Wendy and Gary stayed overnight as did David and Isobel. At breakfast the next morning Isobel was none the worse from her encounter with the rack and she hugged Wendy when my sister in law explained that she was the only other lady to have ridden the rack. Then she paused and looked at me and said “that’s right isn’t it?” Richard quickly replied and while looking at me said “at the moment – yes”. The two women looked at me quizzically but soon began to discuss their shared experience.

I had to go to work that day as did the other guests so we parted after breakfast with many fond kisses, hugs and shaking of hands.

Chapter 9 – Some Big Decisions

The May committee meeting was faced with some important decisions. The first matter was Julie's pregnancy. It was decided that she would not be exempted of any activity by the removal of her remaining 2 balls from the jar but that if she was selected then she had the option to decline but she would have to endure a makeup torture to be inflicted upon her after the baby was born. Even if she agreed to be tortured, her gynaecologist, who not surprisingly was Ingrid, could intervene and request that her show be held over. We agreed that I should advise all the ladies of the club that they should advise Ingrid if they had become pregnant or if they had any other medical condition so that she could intervene on their behalf if necessary. When I discussed this with Ingrid, she said that she had concerns about this role from a professional liability standpoint but she agreed for the notice to go out and she would advise the committee if she felt that she was being put in a difficult position.

Of much greater interest and the subject of much more discussion was this email which I had received from Fiona. It had arrived about one week before the last club meeting and I had forwarded it to the committee members immediately that I received it. It is also the reason why I particularly wanted the two young sisters to attend the last meeting.

The email was addressed to me and copied to her mother and father:

Hi Karen,

This is a hard email to write so I will just come right out and say that I want the committee to flog me. I have known for some years that my mother enjoys being flogged by my father on occasions. She says that being flogged by a man who loves you is a most beautiful

experience. After watching Ingrid at your meeting last month, I am sure that she is right. I really want to share in that experience. My boyfriend Graham and I have been together for 18 months and he has asked me to marry him. I want to experience a flogging and I want Graham to be shown what to do to make it satisfying for me. At the end of this special event, he will ask me to marry him (again) and I will very likely agree.

Would the club please arrange this for me as soon as you can? I would like to be impaled and flogged exactly the same as was done to Ingrid as that was so beautiful. Mum and Dad have agreed to make the "Scotch Thistle" available again.

Just writing this email has got me so aroused that I must find Graham and have him take me.

Please let me know as soon as possible of your decision.

Love

Fiona.

Even though I had noticed the interest that Fiona and her sister had taken in Ingrid's show, I was surprised at the frankness of her letter and how quickly it arrived.

I emailed Margaret and asked her for her thoughts. She replied as below and copied the email to Fiona and Shauna as well as her own sister, Nicole. This is what she said:

Dear Karen,

This matter with my daughter, Fiona has been very disconcerting. Chris and I love her very much and her request has caused us to agonise over the matter a great deal. We have decided the following things:

- She is an adult and should be allowed to make her own decision*
- It would be hypocritical for me to oppose her decision since I enjoy and practise the BDSM lifestyle myself as does her aunt who as you know is a foundation member of your club.*
- We want her first exposure to BDSM to be done in safety and with the company of supportive friends and family*
- Chris and I both like Graham and would be happy for him to join our family. We need to see if he has the will and the ability*

to see our daughter suffer erotic pain.

- *We would really like Fiona to be given what she desires under the control of the club but we have decided that we will do it ourselves, with Graham, if the club does not want to be involved.*
- *I want to show support for my daughter and would ask to be flogged at the same time as she is being done if that is possible.*

Chris and I apologise for putting the club in this position but we would really appreciate your assistance with Fiona's proposal.

Love

Margaret

The committee discussed the situation at some length. If we were to agree with Fiona's request it would be quite a departure from our agreed way of running the meetings. We also felt that we should look at ways to keep the meetings different. The club had previously agreed to include voluntary tortures for two brandings (including mine) and they were very well accepted by the members.

So we decided to agree to it.

I emailed Margaret and Fiona and told them of our decision.

On Friday morning, I got a surprise email which my husband had also sent to Wendy and Gary, Derek and Isobel and Anne and Ross and which he had copied to me. It simply said:

Guys,

If you could come around tonight at 6PM that would be great! I will be racking Karen.

Regards

Richard

Some people would get angry to think that their spouse would tell them in such an offhand way that they were about to get racked. But my husband knew that the shock would be a powerful stimulus to me. I had expected from the moment that I saw it, that I would eventually suffer the painful embrace of the rack. Since last Sunday night when Richard had said that I would ride it "soon" I had been in a wonderful state on nervous excitement. Memories of Wendy and Isobel screaming in pain were seldom far from my thoughts and

these visions had been a source of continual sexual arousal for me all week.

I realised that the email would have been entirely for my benefit and that he would have actually arranged the evening well before the morning of the event – but that made no difference to how I felt. I don't recall what I did at work that day as I was so preoccupied with what was awaiting me on getting home.

Ross unexpectedly arrived at my office just before I was about to leave. He offered to drive me home in my car. It was a thoughtful of him to offer as I was so preoccupied that I would not have been able to drive safely.

The other couples were already at my house when I got home and I was lovingly hugged and kissed by them all. Two of whom knew only too well what was in store for me. I was just so excited with the mix of fear, lust and exuberance that I could scarcely give sensible answers to anything that they said to me. Richard kissed me passionately and for a long time and my legs just melted. He virtually carried me to the workshop where the machine stood ready to wreak its particular type of pain on yet another soft female body. The bleached pine timber of the bed was further stained where now two previous riders had leaked juices from their most intimate opening at the machine's relentless embrace.

The three women quickly helped me undress and soon I found myself sitting naked on the rough bed waiting for my feet and arms to be strapped in. This did not take long and I was soon lying flat on my back and looking through the gap between my breasts into the face of the man I loved.

I did not get up from the bed until three hours later. Richard increased the tension quickly at first and then more slowly as my body stretched towards breaking point. The pain was the worst that I have ever experienced especially during the last half hour when he made no further increases and just left me lying totally immobile and stretched to the point where I felt that every ligament in my body was at its maximum stretch. I was afraid that if I should cough or have a muscle spasm the movement would cause a joint most likely my shoulder to give way. During this time I just lay trying not to move

and whimpering and howling as my body was quite literally racked with pain.

The experience was not entirely unpleasant as after the first hour when the pain had become severe but still bearable, and my whimpering had become howls, Ross introduced a large lubricated phallus between my gaping labia. It was the same phallus that we used on the impaling stake. It had been lubricated and he pushed it up into me very quickly until it pressed on my cervix bringing the same squeal from my lips as Ingrid had made when the same tool was used on her the week before. Then Richard sucked on my clit while Ross sucked my nipples and this coupled with the fear of the pain still to come, brought me to one of the most shattering orgasms that I have ever experienced.

When it was over, Richard lifted me from the rack and carried me to bed. I sat propped up on pillows and had some soup that Wendy had made for me and discussed what I had experienced. Anne, the only lady present who had not yet ridden the device was obviously eager to find out all that she could as it was obvious from the questions that Ross was asking that he felt that a ride for her was quite a possibility. I was too preoccupied by my condition to notice the excited flush in Anne's neck and cheeks as she contemplated her possible fate.

The guests left soon after and Richard came to bed. He was very aroused and entered me from behind so as not to lie on my fragile body. His entry was fast as I was still very wet and stretched by the phallus but I enjoyed his being inside me and I soon had my second orgasm for the evening. Then I quickly dropped into contented slumber.

I stayed in bed the next day. I didn't really need to but Richard wanted to pamper me so why not?

Chapter 10 - Like Mother – Like Daughter

I sent the email to all members notifying the date of the May meeting and advising that the meeting would again be held at the “Scotch Thistle” and that the meeting will be a little different and surprising.

The following weeks were quite uneventful for me. Work was very busy and I was still catching up from my month off. I had suffered no ill effects from my racking and I felt stronger from the experience. Knowing that I could endure such pain made me confident that I could endure anything that the future might send my way but also knowing how it hurt gave me reason to fear future tortures even more. Both of these contradictory feelings made me feel more aroused and excited.

I had lunch with Fiona and Suzanne on the Wednesday before the meeting. This was just so that Suzanne and I could satisfy ourselves that the young woman was fully prepared for what was to be done to her the coming Sunday night. She was a very impressive young lady who, we discovered, was studying pure maths at the University of Queensland. Her facial features were very much like her mother’s as was her voluptuous body. Her shoulder length hair was the same auburn colour as her father. We again asked her to tell her story about how she became familiar with bondage and torture from her parents and why she wanted to experience it herself. When asked about her first torture planned to occur in 5 days time, she explained that she had never been so frightened in her life and with each day it became more fearsome. But the fear was delightful and made her labia feel constantly “puffy”. She said that Graham had been amazed at her libido and had had trouble keeping up with her desire since she had made the decision to be flogged. Suzanne and I both agreed that she was “our sort of girl”.

Sunday evening came and we all gathered at the “Scotch Thistle” and as usual the women wore delightfully revealing outfits. Ingrid looked particularly stunning in an off the shoulder red satin dress and Anne again wore a tight fitting oriental high neck blue dress with small gold flowers on it. Margaret and both of her daughters wore long sleeve Celtic shirts laced at the neck with eyelets and a drawstring. The shirts had lacy frills down front and on the cuffs of each sleeve. Margaret and Shauna wore their usual Campbell tartan knee length skirts while Fiona wore a striking tartan skirt of the same design but which was very short with the hem only a couple of inches below her crotch. It was made of a traditional “white tartan” which was indeed basically white but with bands of various shades of cream running through it. I later found out that it was a colour pattern reserved in some highland clans for a young lady to wear for her wedding or when she was presented by her family to another clan to become a bride. The significance at this occasion was perfect. She wore white stockings with matching knee length medieval style boots – the kind that turn over at the top and have buckles down the sides. The stockings finished just at the hem of her kilt. As the girl walked she showed glimpses of milk white skin above the stocking. Margaret and Shauna wore black stockings also with medieval boots but theirs were in black. All three women looked stunningly sexy but Fiona had deliberately dressed to be quite spectacular on this her special night. She later confided to me that she wished that she hadn’t worn such a sexy outfit. She had decided that as everyone would see her fully naked that what she wore wouldn’t matter very much but the stockings and the short skirt made her feel “quite slutty”.

We met Graham for the first time and he was a giant of a young man. He was well over six foot tall and with very wide shoulders. He was however very polite and softly spoken. He is in his final year studying engineering at Queensland University. He stayed close to Fiona and was deeply affectionate to her to which she responded.

Julie was clearly pregnant now and very much enjoyed showing off her body. She wore a maxi dress which had a plunging neckline showing of her swelling breasts. The high waist skirt fell from just below her breasts and followed the curve of her bulging belly.

As usual the meeting got under way with drinks and savouries and lots of enjoyable socialising.

After about thirty minutes, Suzanne took on the role as mistress of ceremonies and once again the tinkling of a spoon tapping a glass filled the room. This caused many a vagina to pulse and lubricate as its owner waited expectantly to hear whether it would be she who would be made to do a show that night.

She first announced that tonight's torture would be just the same as it was two months ago but this time there will be two ladies impaled and whipped. She then went on to explain that the jar of marbles will not be opened tonight as it is a special occasion. Then she read the email that Fiona had sent to the committee and called the blushing young woman forward and kissed her. "I suppose you are wondering why there are two stakes tonight" she said. She then called Margaret forward and asked her to explain what she had proposed. Margaret then very nervously said "I didn't want Fiona to suffer this alone". She looked into her daughter's eyes as she said it. Fiona responded with a loving smile to her mother. Chris stood nearby with his arm around Shauna watching as two of the three women that he loved committed themselves to agony.

Both women were then asked to undress. It didn't take long each quickly unlaced the eyelets at her neck and the buttons at the wrist. Then they each assisted the other by to pull the shirt over each other's head. Both women were naked under the shirt and the physical activity caused both pairs of newly displayed breasts to bounce and sway most provocatively. Then the clips at the waist were undone and both tartan skirts fell to the floor in a pool around their feet. They left their stockings and boots on. There is something deliciously sexy about a woman wearing stockings and boots and nothing else. The naked mother and daughter were then encouraged to mingle with the guests. They first embraced Chris, their husband and father then Shauna, embraced and kissed her sister and mother. Then they split up and went separately around the room. I saw Nicole hug Fiona and heard her whisper to her niece, "I am just so very proud of you."

I first got the yoke that was made for the previous meeting and walked over to Margaret and helped her into it. Then I got a new

yoke that Richard had made especially for tonight and placed it on Fiona who had walked over to me in order to be yoked. It had been made with a smaller neck collar and with smaller saddles to accommodate the girl's dainty neck and shoulders. Both women then stood in their crucified position and held each other's outstretched hand left to right. They were a beautiful sight. Margaret's full breasts with dark nipples were quite lovely but her daughter's firm plump breasts with light pink nipples were magnificent. Obviously, the mobility of the women was impaired, each with her arms outstretched and by holding hands their capacity to move around the room was further limited. The guests continued to mingle and took turns to embrace each woman and many fondled the lovely breasts so delightfully presented. Graham stepped behind his girl and held her around the waist. Whether this was to hold her more fully on display or whether it was to give her confidence or both – I couldn't tell. He frequently kissed her shoulders and neck and it looked nice and it was great to see him participating in her exposure. His large erection pressing into the crack of her behind was clear evidence of his future intentions.

Eventually the two women were each escorted to step up on a platform and stood astride the pole protruding up from the centre of the platform. Each woman was very aware, and justifiably frightened, of the ominous large phallus nestling between her legs. The platforms were spaced such that the mother and daughter could still hold hands if they wished – and they did. Each stood proudly in her enforced crucifixion position and surveyed the waiting group. It had been decided to impale the mother first and Ross stepped up on Margaret's platform and assisted the woman to position her feet wide apart and either side of the pole. He then separated her labia with one hand as he brought the phallus up between her juicy lips. He then pushed it up about 2 inches causing Margaret to stand on her toes. Then by rotating her hips and moving her crotch up and down and while grunting loudly, she worked the large device up into her body. I was acutely aware of the stretching that she was undergoing having had to accommodate that same tool only a couple of weeks ago myself.

The process was repeated twice more and Margaret writhing and grunting continued to assist in her impalement. On the third attempt she gave the now familiar shriek of a woman suffering the sudden pain of the large object pushing directly on the lips of her cervix. Ross eased off the pressure and the woman rested back on her heels panting as her internal organs readjusted around the monster invading her body. Her daughter only a metre away and standing astride the exact same piece of apparatus that would soon invade her stood watching in fear and fascination.

She did not have to wait long.

Alex had been chosen to “do” Fiona. He turned her to face the group and her right hand contacted her mother’s left and she gripped tightly. Turning her head to look over her left shoulder at her daughter, the woman already so deeply impaled herself, whispered, “Be brave – my love.” It was a touching moment.

Without being told, the young woman positioned herself over the pole with her feet apart. Ross realised that impaling a young woman who, not that long ago, had been a virgin would be difficult so he stepped over to assist. Fiona was lubricating abundantly. Ross held her labia apart and as Alex positioned the phallus at the entrance of her most intimate opening; she lowered herself onto the poised tool and rubbed herself against it vigorously. The tip was soon coated in her juice.

It was time for the first part of the insertion. As she had seen her mother do, she stood on her toes while Alex pushed the rod to make firm contact at her opening. She tried to impale herself wriggling her crotch and lowering her heels. But, the phallus remained pressed between her lips but her vagina was unopened. “I can’t do it!” she howled, “It’s too big!” The men had expected this and looked to Chris and to Graham for guidance. Her lover simply nodded and her father said, “She asked for this!” Fiona looked aghast realising that she had got no mercy from the two men she loved.

Her mother gripped her hand more tightly and Ross held her hips firmly to steady her when Alex with considerable force twisted and pushed the top two inches of the tool into her body. She shrieked loudly as the walls of her young sheath stretched further than they had ever done before to accommodate the visitor invading her belly.

She paused and squealed again. "Stop!" she howled "It's tearing me apart!" There would not have been a woman in the room whose own vagina was not lubricated and puffy in sympathy with the young one on the platform that was being so widely stretched.

She howled again when she felt Ross again grasp her hips and she realised that her pleas were to be ignored and she was facing further imminent stretching. With no small force Alex again gave her another two inches. She screamed again. Then, still on tiptoes and with tears running down her cheeks she slowly gyrated her hips and initially with small movements gently moved up and down. To the accompaniment of much moaning and grunting, and with her own efforts, she eventually got her heels back down and stood flat footed and fully impaled. She began making a series of small movements of her body as she tried to help her inner organs accommodate the invader of her belly in a way to minimise the pain. Soon she settled down accepting the inescapable stretching pain as part of her lot and stood proudly to her full height which was about 3 inches taller than her mother.

She looked pleased with herself and, with her spectacular chest heaving with deep breathing; she looked over to her mother who whispered, "Well done!"

Both women then stood proudly, each with her cunt fully impaled on the phallus, holding hands, and with breasts thrust forward looked at the group who stood admiringly before them.

We let them stand for about 30 minutes while club members gathered about them and offered encouragement with kisses, hugs and sips of wine. I noticed Shauna standing in the corner of the room looking wide eyed taking in the spectacle of her mother and sister impaled and the centre of attention. She was trying to be discrete but I saw that she had her hand under her short skirt and was massaging her clit.

Eventually the stockwhip was produced and a hush fell about the room as it became evident that the next and most painful phase of the torture of mother and daughter would commence.

My husband Richard was given the whip by Ross who commented on the excellent job he had done with it last time. He looked at Ingrid who nodded her head in agreement. He said that

“he would be delighted to assist but did not want to hog the job.” Nobody volunteered to take over.

Richard decided to begin on Margaret. When he stood in front of her she stood proudly and said very quietly “I’m ready.” then she continued “I don’t know if I can stand what you are about to do to me, so if I beg you to stop, please ignore me.” He nodded his agreement and then, after kissing her on the forehead, set about to give her 9 vicious strokes. She let go of her daughters hand and gasped for air on the first stroke which curled around her hip and had the tip of the lash bury itself into the crease between her buttocks. After that every stroke elicited a shriek from the woman which was followed by a keening wail continuing between each stinging kiss of the lash. She was braver than she thought and did not beg him to stop – at least not yet!

Leaving the mother sobbing he stepped over to the daughter who had managed to turn herself slightly on the phallus and had been watching her mother suffer. With some obvious discomfort, she turned to the front and looked my husband in the eye. “You are the first man to ever hit me”, she said. “Like my Mum said, ignore me if I beg you to stop – just do it!” She was obviously very excited with a deep blush extending from her cheeks, down her long neck and covering her chest and the tops of her breasts. He took a breast in each hand and gently massaged each swollen nipple before kissing her on the mouth and then he said “Enjoy!”

She screamed on the impact of the first stroke and then screamed again as the blood flowed back into the pink weal encircling part of her body gradually became purple. Then she howled in the distinctive way of a woman who suddenly realises what she had committed herself to and what was still to come. Like Ingrid previously, this was the first ever stroke of a whip to impact on her body and the severity of the pain took her by surprise. Despite this, she was a brave young woman, and, though she screamed and shrieked throughout the delivery of the next eight strokes and cried out “OH!” and “OH my God!” and “Oh Shit”, she never once begged to be spared. She did bend and twist very violently swinging the yoke in all directions as her lithe young body reacted to the bite of

each stroke. Richard needed to be careful not to be hit by the aluminium bar of the yoke as she swung it about.

When it was over, he stepped back to Margaret and took up position behind her. She had brought her sobbing under control as she watched the suffering of her daughter. She knew what was coming and stood tall and thrust her breasts out in expectation of the last three strokes.

Her only warning of the stroke was when she heard the whirr of the lash as it swung towards her. She jumped like she had been electrified when the lash impacted under her right armpit and curled around the upper surface of her right breast with the tip of the lash biting deeply into her left breast.

Her screams and howls filled the room as she shook her upper body in some instinctive reaction to shake off the pain. Richard waited patiently for the woman to regain her composure. Her howls subsided and she gasped "Oh God! – that hurt". His next blow was similar but this time the impact was lower and impacted the protuberant roundness of the lower parts of each breast with again her left tit suffering the impact of the supersonic tip. The breasts jumped up as if they had a life of their own and again the woman screamed and howled for quite some time until she brought the pain under control.

She knew that the last stroke was going to be a nipple shot and she wailed as she again took position offering her sensitive swollen buds to the imminent agony. Richard took a difficult shot for a right hander and used a backhand action to bring the lash in from her left side and thus impacted under her left armpit and carried across her left nipple and sent the tip zinging into her right nipple.

Not a woman present did not empathise in her pain and many a female hand went up to cup her own breasts as the screams of the woman filled the room.

Richard kissed her fondly and as she regained her composure, she said "thank you", He replied, "You are wonderfully brave".

Then he took up position behind her trembling daughter.

Fiona had steeled herself to be brave and stood very still and tall with her breasts outthrust ready for the stroke. She looked to

Graham for support and he mouthed the words “I love you.” and she smiled.

Her composure did not last long and she was soon screaming and writhing just as her mother had done as the last three strokes bit into her beautiful breasts.

Then it was over!

Richard called Chris and Graham to help UN—impale their respective partners. Chris swiftly undid the clamp and pulled the phallus out of his wife as Richard steadied her by holding her shoulders. It came out easily and she seemed almost to miss the fullness to which she had become accustomed during the past hour. She stood, still held in the yoke, and watched the un-impaling of her daughter.

It was not as easy for Fiona as her tight young sheath gripped the phallus and the extraction pulled heavily on her insides. Graham had to twist it and pull very slowly as the grunts and screams of his lover filled the room.

When it was over and still kneeling between Fiona’s legs while holding the phallus in his hands, he looked up at her and asked, “Now will you marry me?” Laughing with delight, she replied “Oh Yes, my love, yes! Yes! Yes!” The two women, still yoked, were each helped to step down from her platform and the future bride and mother of the bride were hugged by most of the group. Of course both were weak from their torture so each was being supported by her partner. Eventually the yokes were removed and the two couples left the restaurant and went to their hotel rooms. I had previously arranged for Fiona and Graham to have the honeymoon suite.

Shauna was the only one of the family still in the restaurant and had taken it upon herself to begin tidying up the tables. She seemed upset and refused to make eye contact with anyone from the group. Despite this, while most of the group said their goodbyes, a few of us stayed behind to help the girl tidy up the tables while Richard and Ross took the platforms, phallus and yokes out the back door to our truck.

Eventually the room was ready to open for the business the next morning with fresh tablecloths and cutlery on the tables. It was indicative of the unpretentious nature of Anne, probably the

wealthiest woman in the country, that she would think nothing of helping tidy up dishes and replace tablecloths to assist a friend. Soon, only Anne and I were left with the still visibly upset young lady. "What's wrong Sweetie?" asked Anne "Are you not happy about your sister getting married?" "No" she replied, "I am very happy for her" "What is it then?" I asked. "It's me she said "Everyone else has a lover to look after her, after my Mum and my sister have made everyone so horny – but I've got nobody. It is just horrible for me as I am so very lonely and turned on."

When Ross and Richard came back inside, we discussed the young lady's problem with them and it was decided that we would have a party in our hotel room with both couples and Shauna sharing the enormous bed that the hotel had provided. We didn't sleep much during the night and Richard and Ross excelled in keeping their two partners and one very beautiful and very horny young woman thoroughly entertained.

Richard and I had never had anything but one on one sex so, it was an interesting and enjoyable night, especially for Richard, but it was not something that we particularly wanted to do again unless it was a special situation such as this occasion was.

The next morning I had a chat to Shauna and she explained that while she has no problem attracting nice boyfriends, she is afraid to ask them to whip her as she can never be sure how they would react. On the few occasions that she did previously raise the subject, it did not turn out well for her. One boy was quite shocked and refused to do it and he never offered to take her out again. Another lad didn't understand the sexual nature of her request and just seemed to want to get off on brutality. She was lucky to get away from him without being seriously hurt.

I asked her if she would like me to help. She willingly agreed. An idea had occurred to me while she was talking and I had decided to see if I could do some matchmaking.

Chapter 11 – Matchmaking

I remembered Maria talking about her son Dmitri who would have been about 20 years old and when she was talking about him she mentioned that he was having difficulty finding a girl who shared his proclivities. I had met the handsome young man on one occasion and was impressed by his athletic body and short curly dark hair. Obviously he had become aware of his parents lifestyle and wanted to live the same way. I didn't mention this to Shauna when we spoke but I had hoped that he might still be available.

I invited Maria over to my house for coffee. I had been meaning to catch up with her socially since she first joined the club so it was good to reach out to her. She was a fun person to talk to and we had a good time talking about the club and our lives and partners and the wonderful effect that the activities of the club have had on our lives.

Then I mentioned Shauna's situation and wondered if Dmitri was still unattached. Unfortunately he had found a partner and it looked like they were going to get married. That was nice news for Maria and her son but left me stuck if I was to help Shauna.

She mentioned that he had a best mate named Phil who did not have a permanent girl friend. She didn't know whether Phil had interests in sexual torture. From the meetings that she had with him and from Dmitri's comments, she felt that he probably was but she couldn't be sure. We agreed that bringing a young man into the club who we were uncertain about might not be a good idea. She said that she would try to find out more about Phil. She left after extracting a promise from me that I would visit her soon so that we could have coffee and a chat again.

I thought for a while and then I called Julie. We arranged to meet at a coffee shop in the city. A couple of days later, we were sitting in one of my favourite places looking out over the busy city mall while sipping coffee and eating biscuits.

Her baby bump was much more than a bump as her belly was huge now that she was in her eighth month and she had that glow that a healthy mum develops during her last trimester. Of course we discussed the baby in detail. Once again she reiterated what she had told me a couple of months ago that she wanted to keep lactating long after the baby didn't need her milk anymore. She said that the thought of her being a cow for John was a wildly exciting prospect for both of them.

Then I got to discussing Shauna and Julie had also noticed how turned on she had been last Sunday and she felt sorry for her. I asked if she knew any guys who might be good to introduce to her. She burst into a big grin and said "Tony". She went on to explain that Tony, whose real name is of course Anthony, is her younger brother and is very definitely into sexual torture. She recounted many incidents that developed as they grew up together from which both of them realised what they enjoyed. They had played many games where she had finished up bound to a tree or whatever while Tony tortured her in various ways. As they got older, she had sometimes finished up with wet panties while he went away to "Wank himself off" as she put it.

I was even more interested when she told me that he had recently separated from his girlfriend. When I asked how we could get them together, she replied that Anthony was having his 21st birthday party this Saturday and why don't we invite the two sisters and Graham to the party. "Brilliant!" I replied.

Julie had decided to tell her brother about the club and she got the contact details of the two sisters from me and sent each an invitation to the party. She mentioned in the covering letter in the email to Shauna that she had been talking to me and that "Tony and she had a lot in common". She also invited Fiona and Graham in a separate email and asked Fiona to talk to her sister.

She confided to me that she was happy to have Shauna attend as her brother was a newly graduated police officer who worked long and often unsociable hours. He had trouble finding a suitable young lady as it seemed that the only time he got to nightclubs was to break up fights and to arrest drug dealers.

The rest of the story, I found out from Shauna the following Wednesday.

It turned out that Fiona and Graham picked up Shauna from her flat on Saturday night and the three of them went to the party. It was being held in a licensed restaurant at Redcliffe. There were many family members present but mostly the guests were young police officers both male and female with their partners who were in Tony's year at the academy.

The party went well and Tony and Shauna liked each other from the start. There was plenty of alcohol available as George who is Tony and Julie's father had arranged an open bar at the restaurant. Unlike some of his mates, Tony did not drink very much simply because he did not like getting drunk. Julie did not drink at all due to her pregnancy. Fiona had a great night and got quite plastered – probably because she was letting her hair down after her big event last Saturday night. Graham was careful as he was going to have to drive home. Shauna drank modestly and spent the evening talking and dancing with Tony except when he was taken away from her by elderly aunties and female graduates who also wanted to dance and talk to him.

As the night came to an end, George paid off the bar leaving a few of the lads to finish off the remaining drinks and the party broke up. Julie drove John home and Graham was about to lead the two sisters to his car when Tony asked if he could drive Shauna home. Shauna hesitated but her sister laughed and said "Be a devil – if you get into trouble, you can call a policeman." Laughing loudly at her joke she was led away by Graham leaving her sister in Tony's care.

Tony kissed his mother goodbye and thanked the two parents for arranging such a great party and then took Shauna's hand and led her through the car park to his car. It was a Nissan 350z. It was a delightful old sports car which Tony maintained with loving care.

Once in the car and Shauna had his undivided attention they began to talk. They discussed their childhood and Tony even described his relationship with his sister and how she loved to be tied up and how he used to perform minor tortures on her. He even explained that his previous girlfriend (another police cadet) was a nice person and that they had had an enjoyable relationship while

they were at the academy. Her parents live in Townsville and when the opportunity came to get a posting there, she jumped at it without considering Tony at all. Not that it mattered because she was not a very adventurous lover and he was getting itchy feet anyway. They parted as good friends and she sent him a card for his birthday.

Shauna confided in him about the club and all about her sister and how wonderfully turned on she was after last week's activities. She also told him how her parents enjoyed a BDSM life style and that she felt that it might be heredity.

Tony said that he had no idea what his parents did sexually but from the way his mother behaved to his father, he thought that there was probably some dominance and submission involved.

When they got to Shauna's flat she invited him in for "Coffee". Actually they really did have coffee and continued to talk until about 2am. They discussed their childhood, why Shauna wanted to be a dentist and what Tony enjoyed about being a cop. Shauna mischievously suggested that what he liked was a job than came with free handcuffs. "Do handcuffs excite you?" he asked. "I think so." she said and after thinking for a short moment she corrected herself. "Actually, I am sure that they do", she said. "Well we must give you the chance to experience them very soon." he said menacingly.

And so it went on until they were both very sleepy and they both crashed on her bed where they simply slept together happily cuddled in each other's arms. Morning came and at around 8am Tony got out of bed to go to the toilet and in doing so woke Shauna. She also needed the toilet and used it after he finished. Then she turned on the shower and without a word being spoken, they both stripped naked and showered together. Shauna loved soaping his firm muscles and his large penis now very long and hard while he gently took care of her beautiful soft buttocks and her large young breasts capped by large pale pink nipples and areolas. He delighted in playing with them and commented on the many prominent little round lumps that surrounded each nipple. "They are called Montgomery glands." she informed him. "Some girls have ones which are quite noticeable like mine and some have small ones which you can hardly see." "I never noticed them on my sister." he

remarked. "I bet you would now that she is pregnant." Shauna replied. With this impromptu physiology lesson completed the naked couple dried each other off and ran to the bed where they collapsed together. He took time to carefully run his tongue around her Montgomery glands to her obvious delight. Then he entered her. She was not a virgin but Tony was huge. She was afraid when she saw how big and hard he was. She squealed as he entered her and felt her body being stretched wider than it had ever done before and wider than she ever thought possible. Tony asked if she wanted him to stop. She shook her head but begged him to be gentle. Despite the pain, or possibly because of it, she soon orgasmed vigorously and she screamed loudly as a series of blissful but painful contractions surged through her tightly stretched young vagina. Her contractions brought Tony to fulfilment and his juices were soon spurting against her cervix. She had found herself a man and she revelled in his strength and masculine hardness. They stayed in bed for about 2 hours before having another shower followed by breakfast.

They spent the Sunday together again cruising to Redcliffe in the sports car. They ordered a fish and chips dinner from a take away restaurant. When the girl at the fish and chips shop asked what name to call when they got cooked, Tony quickly replied "Montgomery". Shauna could not stop laughing. They ate the meal on the beach before driving back to Shauna's flat.

They got back to her flat and made love again. It still hurt when he filled her, but she wouldn't have wanted it any other way. He had to go home at 6pm to get to bed early because his shift started at 6am the next morning. "What are you doing tomorrow" he asked. It was a loaded question, she knew. If she gave a general answer then she would be saying that she didn't want to see him anymore. If she gave him specific details she would be opening the way for him to arrange to catch up with her again.

"I must be at the Uni at 8am" she said "and after a 2 hour lecture I must go to the dental college to do some practical work until 1 pm." "After that I am free for the day." The specifics worked. "How about I pick you up from the dental college and take you to my flat" he

asked. "That would be lovely" she replied. And so that was it – they had a relationship.

He went home soon after leaving the young woman alone and excited. Of course the first thing she did was phone her sister to tell her the news.

The next day (Monday) she was walking down the stairs from the Dental College when she saw a uniformed police constable standing at the foot of the stairs. Of course it was Tony. "I didn't expect to see you in uniform today." she said. "Why Not, I am still on duty and I am here to pick up a prisoner." he replied. "Who", she asked. "You", he replied. It took only a moment for her to understand and she smiled as he took her by the elbow and led her to the waiting police car. Her friends looked on. They were obviously wondering what was going on and what had she done to get herself arrested. He opened the back door and pushed her in with one hand on her head to keep her from bumping the roof of the car as police are trained to do. He unhooked a pair of steel handcuffs from his belt. "I need to restrain you – Miss." he said. "Good prisoners are cuffed with their hands in front but ones who are likely to cause trouble are cuffed with their hands behind." "I am likely to be very bad." she replied with a grin. So he pulled her hands behind her back and locked the cuffs behind her. She couldn't tell if it was by accident or design that her short skirt got rucked up behind her back leaving her bare legs and buttocks in contact with the cold vinyl seat. The thong that she was wearing was of very little assistance. He got behind the wheel and drove off. She couldn't talk to him without shouting through the Perspex panel separating the driver from the prisoner in the rear. She had never been in a police car before and noticed how rugged it was when compared to an ordinary car. The heavy duty vinyl floor mat and the absence of door handles were immediately obvious. The next thing that she noticed was the smell of stale urine and vomit that permeated the rear of the vehicle despite the equally obvious effects of police staff (probably Tony) to use heavily scented disinfectant. The effect of the handcuffs soon became apparent and the discomfort of having the hard metal digging into her wrists along with the pain of it pressing into her back as she slid into the back of the seat was hard to bear. Worst of all was not having the use of her

hands. She became aware that parts of her body like her nose and her vagina became itchy and she desperately wanted to scratch. She could do little to control her position and the motion of the vehicle and the pull of the seat belt forced her against the back of the seat and prevented her from gaining any relief from the pain of the metal digging into her back. She was very aroused and her feminine wetness was spreading under her thighs and buttocks and making the smooth vinyl seat even more slippery.

They didn't talk during the 30 minute drive from the college to his flat. Neither of them wanted to break the illusion. Shauna decided that she would make sure that she would never do anything in her life that required that she should be arrested for real. Even as it was, she found it to be very daunting to be locked in the rear of this vehicle.

When they got to his flat, he drove the car underneath and parked in a car park bay with his name on it. He opened her door and pulled her out. She needed him to do that. She was surprised at how difficult it was to do anything with her hands locked behind her. She was embarrassed at the wet patch on the seat. He found the smell of her feminine arousal which hit him as he opened the door intoxicating. After thoroughly locking the vehicle he escorted her to the goods lift and pressed the button for the 4th floor. When the doors closed, he dropped his severe look and kissed her. "Are you OK so far?" he asked. Meekly she nodded her head. She wondered what she would do if anybody else got in the lift but fortunately nobody did. When the lift stopped, he escorted her out by again holding her elbow and opened the door of what must have been his flat.

"OK" he said, "new prisoners are usually stripped naked and searched for lice and concealed weapons. If a prisoner looks to be dangerous the handcuffs are not removed necessitating the clothing to be cut off the upper body." "Are you likely to be dangerous?" he asked with a grin. Speaking very quietly, she said "Like I said before – I can be very dangerous." Very quickly, he stooped and pulled down her skirt and helped her to step out of it. Then he grasped her thong and quickly ripped it from her body. Rubbing his hands over her shaved pussy he said "No lice there! So now we check for

weapons.” She shrieked in surprise as he thrust two fingers up her very wet vagina. “Seems OK.” he said as she gasped in surprise. Then he produced a pair of scissors (that just happened to be conveniently) and cut along the sleeves and shoulders of her blouse before he removed the ruined garment from her body. Finally he undid her bra at the back and snipped through the shoulder straps with the scissors and tore it from her body. The young girl stood naked and nervous in the room that she had never seen before. “Now,” He said with a more kindly tone in his voice, “I want you to watch this.” He escorted her into the kitchen and took the key of the handcuffs from his pocket. Sitting it on the cutting bench he took a small pink candle such as one would use on a birthday cake and lit it with the matches which he had previously been left on the bench by the candle. With the smell of wax filling the room he let the wax drop on the key and thus gluing it to the bench top. Then he threw the remnants of the candle down the garbage disposal.

“Now – if you really need to get un-cuffed like if you have a panic attack or the building catches fire you can break the key away from the wax and remove the cuffs. But I expect the wax to be the same as it is now when I come back.” This was a shock as she hadn’t expected to be left alone. “I don’t finish work for about another hour.” he said. “and it will take me about 30 minutes to get back here so you will need to wait for me for at least one and one half hours handcuffed and alone – OK?” Trembling, she nodded her head. “There is one more thing” he said “I don’t want you to get bored so I can provide a burning reason for you to really want to get free – are you up for this?” “What are you going to do to me?” she asked. “I’m not telling – I want you to agree to the torture without knowing what it is” She noticed that this was the first time that anybody had used the word “torture” in referring to her and her belly knotted in a glorious sensation of excitement. “It would be very nasty for you to leave a lady feeling bored.” “Do whatever you want with Me.” she said.

He led her back to the lounge room and helped her to lean over the back of a chair with her feet wide apart and her hands resting on the seat. Both of her most intimate holes were fully displayed while her cuffed hands fluttered above them.

Telling her not to move, he went to the bathroom. Soon he returned. With her head so low in the chair all that she could see was the back of the chair only a couple of inches from her nose from her upside down view. Apart from that, her hair was falling over her face giving her no chance of seeing she was unable to see what he had brought with him. Soon she experienced a pleasant tickling and rubbing of her anus before becoming aware that some substance was being forced up inside her narrow passage. He finished what he was doing and surreptitiously slipped the tube of toothpaste in his pocket before he assisted her to stand. Soon the pleasant warm feeling in her passage started to progressively become hotter. Eventually she began to howl as the burning reached its peak.

“There is your burning reason.” he said, “See if you can endure it until I return!”

He began to leave. “What have you put inside me?” She howled to him as he opened the door. “I will tell you when I get back” he said then he turned and lovingly kissed each of her tear stained cheeks before he hurried away down the stairs.

As she watched the police car pull out of the driveway and proceed down the road, a feeling of helplessness washed over her. She was totally naked with her hands still held in the steel embrace of the cuffs behind her back. The effect of having her hands locked behind her back was to make her breasts thrust out provocatively making her feel even more vulnerable. Above all she was suffering a burning in her bum that brought tears to her eyes. She ran on the spot and stamped her feet in vexation and frustration.

She went in the kitchen and looked at the key. She should just grab the key from the wax and unlock the cuffs even though she knew that that might be difficult. Then she should wash the substance from out of her bum before putting on her skirt and stealing one of his shirts to use in place of her shredded blouse before calling a taxi and going home. But she couldn't do it. She realised that she loved this man and she loved the pain, excitement and helplessness that she was experiencing.

It was a long and difficult 85 minutes (she had been closely watching the clock) before she heard the 350z drive under the building. Her arousal had only become more intense as she waited.

The burning in her bum had not eased during the time and she had nothing to distract herself from dwelling on the pain. She had tried to turn on the TV but couldn't do it with her hands behind her back. Likewise she was unable to do anything to control her juice as it trickled out between her lips and down her legs in an itchy progress that left her craving to rub with her hands.

She scarcely allowed time for him to fully open the door before she kissed his lips. He was obviously very excited and he continued to kiss her lips and face as he undressed. A loud clunk filled the room as his belt with gun and other tools of trade hit the floor. He was quickly naked and she felt his huge erection rubbing her belly. She kneeled and took the head coated in his musky smelling pre-cum between her lips. She had never taken a man in her mouth before. In fact the idea had seemed gross to her, but now it seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. He groaned with delight. Knowing that it would all be over in seconds if he allowed her to continue, he reluctantly put his hands under her arms and lifted her away. He didn't let go but instead lifted her over his shoulder as if she weighed nothing and carried her to the bedroom. While still holding her effortlessly he first sat and then lay on his back on the bed with his erect organ standing like a pole from his crotch. He took the girl and with one hand under her left butt cheek and the other holding her tiny waist, he positioned the lips of his willing victim over his penis and in releasing her weight caused her to impale herself on him. With her hands still cuffed behind her and her sheath lubricating wildly, she could do nothing to prevent herself from sliding down and engulfing him inch by delightful inch. She screamed loudly as her body adjusted to being stretched more quickly and more deeply than it had ever done before.

Seconds later they both experienced the most intense orgasms of their young lives. Of course, being only 19 years old, she would have many more to look forward to. She screamed in ecstasy as her belly contracted uncontrollably around the large intruder and he groaned in delight as his body repeatedly discharged his essence deep into her womb.

They still hadn't spoken since he came through the door. Eventually as his erection subsided he lifted her off him while they

both were still panting from the intensity of the experience. Then, he held her in his arms as she lay beside him. Soon her panting became sobbing and while looking into her tear stained face he said "I'm sorry – was I too rough on you?" She smiled through her tears and said "I'm crying because I am so happy, I've never been so happy in my life – that was absolutely wonderful!" then she kissed him tenderly on the lips. "But, I think that I have had enough of the handcuffs – thanks very much." she smiled.

Tony leapt from the bed and quickly returned with the key. He undid the cuffs and sitting up on the bed, she windmilled her arms groaning with delight as her cramped muscles and joints adjusted to the freedom. Then she kissed him again. "Now can I get this stuff out of my arse please – what is it anyway?" she asked. "Toothpaste," He replied. "Funny how something that is so nice in your mouth burns so much in your bum."

She smiled at the information and languidly stretched out beside him before she started to get out of the bed. He caught her arms and lifted her over his body and sat her straddling his firm belly. He then tenderly sucked each pink nipple before helping her over the side of the bed. "I think that if you go to the toilet and then have a bath, the burning will stop" he said. So she did.

He ran the bath for her while she was in the toilet. Later he sat on a chair beside the bath to talk to her while she washed. He explained that she shouldn't ever expect to ride in a police car again as it is against the rules for an officer to use a police car for private purposes. "Especially if he uses it to hijack his girlfriend!" he said. He also explained that the steel handcuffs were seldom used these days and plastic handcuffs are used because they are cheaper and not as uncomfortable to wear. He said that it had taken him quite a while to find the ones that he used on her but he knew that she wanted to feel the steel on her wrists. She quite emphatically agreed. He asked how she felt being alone and restrained. She said that it made the whole thing scarier but she was glad that he did it because it also made the whole experience more intense. She also said that the toothpaste was a "wild" idea and the burning made her feel even more excited. "If ever I am naughty, you must toothpaste me again." she said. He happily agreed and confided that he had to

leave work early because the idea of her being alone and restrained in his flat was too much to stand and he was too aroused to do any work. Apart from being desperate to get back to her, he was also worried that in wandering around a police station with an erection might attract attention.

She had a long leisurely bath and they talked for quite a while as he enjoyed watching her nakedness. She asked how he knew what to do to her to give her so much pleasure – she certainly had no idea that the restraint and torture could unleash such feelings in her. He said that he just did what he thought that his sister would have enjoyed. Eventually he had a shower in the cubicle beside the bath while she watched him.

She was still in the bath when he emerged from the shower and he sat beside the bath again. They began to talk some more but she could see his penis growing as the discussion progressed. Eventually it came as no surprise when he took the soap and began to soap her breasts and massage the now slippery mounds. Soon his penis was huge again.

It didn't take long for her to finish her bath and dry off before they were back in his bed making love again. She again delighted in taking him in her mouth but soon, she began to crave to have him inside her and it became obvious that her oral stimulation would soon bring him to a climax. Soon he was on top of her and again inserting his swollen hardness into her small but slippery sheath. Soon she was shuddering in exhilaration as he exploded inside her. Afterwards, she realised that she enjoyed taking her man in her mouth and resolved that before long she should set about to experience his essence squirting into her throat.

They cuddled together for quite a while after that before they got dressed and he drove her home. She had to get ready to start work at the "Scotch Thistle" that evening. She left wearing one of his shirts which was way too big for her and she carried her destroyed blouse and bra in a shopping bag.

She went to work that evening hurting. Her anus was still sore, not because of any residual toothpaste inside but it was a raw from all that had been done to it during the afternoon. She also had pains in her belly from being so vigorously fucked by Tony's large member

and her nipples were also tender from all the attention that had been lavished on them. Despite these pains, she was elated and had never felt more like a woman in her life.

She couldn't wait to tell her Mother and her sister of her experience and Margaret said "You'd better ring Karen and tell her what happened – she went to a lot of trouble arranging this for you." She was so excited that she rang me that night when Richard and I had just finished a wonderful love making ourselves and I was almost asleep. She excitedly began to tell me the whole story but after a while I got her to stop and she agreed to tell me everything later on when I wasn't so tired. I arranged to meet her for coffee in the city that coming Wednesday. Then I went back to sleep in my husband's arms contented that my match making had been such a success.

Chapter 12 - Shauna's Party

I met Shauna for coffee as planned and she told me the full story about her time with Tony and how happy and in love she was. She talked briefly about previous boyfriends and the few clumsy and unsuccessful encounters that she had had with other young men. But it was Tony, Tony, Tony! that dominated her thoughts.

It was young love but it was clearly love and I was delighted for her.

She told me all about the toothpaste and how it burned. But she also said how much she enjoyed the torture. I talked about Richard's and my experience and how we only became involved in our dominant and submissive lifestyle when our marriage was on the edge of disintegration. I expressed the hope that because they had got their relationship to such a satisfying start that they might avoid the difficulties that we had experienced. She talked about her parents and remarked on how happy they had been over the years. She joked about the time that she and her sister came home early from the movies and burst into the house to find her naked mother with her wrists tied together and held high above her head chained to the ceiling and with whip marks circling her body. It was funny having her mother explain the facts of BDSM life to the two sisters with her arms still stretched to the ceiling. "Many young girls would have been revolted by the experience," she said. "But I wasn't and suddenly made many of the strange feelings that I had been having made sense." She described how both she and her sister were both fascinated in watching their mother being whipped by their father in the knowledge that both their parents were having a good time. Later the next morning the family again talked over what had happened and the outcome was that the young women very quickly came to see sexual torture as a wonderful way for couples who enjoy it to enhance their relationship.

She said that she was hungry for more. She realised that what Tony had done to her was pretty mild compared to what she had seen done at club meetings and she wanted to satisfy herself that she was up to enduring some “serious shit”. I said that she didn’t need to jump right in and that she and Tony could take things at their own pace and only join the club if and when they felt that they were ready.

She listened to what I said but told me that she and Tony needed some experienced guidance and that she realised that she really was a “pain slut” and as she said before “I am hungry for more”.

I suggested that she might enjoy it if I hosted a small get together for the younger club members. “Tony and I are free this Saturday night,” she blurted out with youthful impetuosity. “Can you do it then?” I smiled at her and said, “OK, I will try to arrange a party, Can you invite your sister and Graham and also ask Tony to invite his sister and John. I will also invite Leonie and Warren – do you know them?” I asked. Shauna said that she had talked to them and that Leonie seemed to be a “lot of fun”. She realised that Warren and Leonie were about five to six years older than she was but that she still agreed that they would be nice people to spend some time with.

Chapter 13 - The Contest

All the couples accepted the invitation but Julie's acceptance was on the condition that she was not in hospital giving birth. She was due to "pop" as she put it any time now.

I did not go to a lot of trouble. I just bought some steak and made the usual coleslaw, potato bake and salad that I usually make when we have a barbeque. The other couples would bring some items to nibble and some drinks.

Our barbeque is near our swimming pool and in winter we can close it off to keep the wind away and it is heated by a solar system mounted on the roof. This makes the pool a very enjoyable place to be any time of year and particularly in winter when one can enjoy a nice warm swim without any risk of sunburn.

So, the party soon took the form of five couples relaxing naked in the water selecting cheese crackers, salami, cheese and guacamole dip from plates sitting on the coping around the edge of the pool. Julie found it heavenly to be relieved of the weight of her large belly and breasts as they floated in the water. It wasn't just Julie as all of the women except Leonie had very large breasts and we all enjoyed the weightlessness that the water created as we floated and swam in the water. I love my pool and I relax in it often. Peter and I frequently spend hours luxuriating in the water. It is a salt water pool and the dissolved salt gives a greater flotation which we women enjoy so much.

Warren who builds swimming pools for his business complemented Richard and me for the great setup that we had created.

Finally, Shauna asked "What are we going to do tonight?" "What, you mean about someone getting tortured?" her sister replied. Leonie said that "It would be nice if we could do something that involved all of us." The others agreed readily. I had deliberately not planned anything for the evening as I wanted the young people to

take control. So I said nothing. Julie, ever so perceptive, noticed my silence and specifically asked me what I thought. Deciding to go with the flow, I replied, "I haven't experienced any torture since I got branded in February and it is now nearly June. I am really hanging out for a bit of stimulation."

"I saw a very wild porn movie on the web," said Fiona "It involved a contest between women to see who could take the most whip strokes." She went on to explain that pairs of women were strapped down on a table by their wrists and ankles and they were flogged until one gave in making the other the winner. In the contest some pairs of women were strapped lying on her back and others were made to lie on their bellies. This meant that some were whipped on their backs and buttocks while others got whipped on their pussies, bellies and tits.

As she spoke, I could feel myself juicing up and was sure that the other women were becoming equally excited at the prospect. "I like the idea of the contests being between pairs of women." Tony remarked "But we have five ladies tonight – how would we work it?" "That's easy" said Julie "I don't think that I could possibly compete." "Not only is it impossible for me to lie on my belly, but my tits are so tender that I would cry uncle at the very first stroke" "If it is OK, I would like to just be a spectator tonight." That seemed like a good idea and the group readily agreed. "Just one thing though," she went on to say "I don't want to be excused – When I come back in a couple of months with tits full of milk, I want you guys to devise some devilish torture for me." We all agreed. That was now the third time that Julie had mentioned her desire to be milked to me and it was obviously very important to her that we take this into account.

Graham said "So, tonight then, we could have two pairs of ladies competing with each other in 2 heats and then the winner of each heat would face off against each other in a final." That seemed very logical and there were enthusiastic nods of agreement all around the pool.

How strange it was, I thought. Here we were planning what was clearly going to be a most painful experience for the four of us in as light hearted a manner as if we were planning a picnic.

Fiona looked at Richard and cheekily said "OK – Mr Equipment Builder, can you make a table for us so that we can have this contest tonight?" Richard had obviously been thinking about this while the young people were talking and he said that he thought that he could.

Things moved very quickly after that. The barbeque was lit and the meat cooked and the meal was disposed of very quickly. The women did not eat very much. This was partly because as young women they were concerned about their figure but as I could testify, they were also thinking about the ordeal to come and they were too nervous to eat very much. Not that we were unhappy as we were all experiencing the delicious thrill that one gets when waiting for an imminent flogging.

We threw chairs into the pool and sat on them as we ate our meal. Richard and I frequently do this and the water at the shallow end of the pool just covers my breasts when seated giving me the lovely floatation. Julie showed no reluctance to eat as she was eating for two and obviously the little person in her belly was hungry. Of course the men had huge appetites especially Graham, Tony and Warren who in addition to being young were all very big boys. Not that John and Richard are small by any means and they ate well also. We were all naked and I enjoyed looking at the erections of the men. Each had become quite formidable while the details of the contest were being discussed. I must admit that I found Tony's member fascinating. It was both long and thick. I remember Shauna saying how much he stretched her and how sore she was afterwards. When she told me I thought that this was just because she was tight as a result of her age and lack of sexual experience. But I didn't think that anymore after getting a look at Tony, naked and erect.

After we had eaten, we girls began to put away the dishes and generally clean up before resuming our relaxation in the pool. The men went with Richard to watch and assist him in making the table on which we would suffer later that night. When they had gone, Fiona, with wide eyes said to her sister what was on all our minds. "My God Sis – Tony is huge!" "Do you think so?" she said ingenuously. "Of course" we all replied. Julie was smiling as we were talking about her brother. She said that since she had grown up with

it, she didn't realise that he was unusual until after she left home and had got to see other men. "What is he like?" she asked Shauna. "It hurts", she replied "But it is beautiful – and he is so lovely and gentle." We lay around mostly talking about our respective partners and joked about the strange habits of men. Whilst expressing our love for these beautiful human beings with whom we share our lives, our bodies and our beds. Leonie remarked that strange as our men are, they are not the ones sitting around waiting to get tortured. She had a point.

We heard the sound of hammering and the scream of Richard's power tools coming from the shed and shuddered in anticipation of what he was building. I mentioned to the girls that I had read stories of people in the past who were in prison and who could hear the sound of people building a scaffold or whipping rack for them and the fear that it created in their heart. They empathised with the feeling.

Later the boys came back and said "We're ready!"

I noticed that all the men had put clothes on. I thought that this was odd. Maybe men don't like being naked with each other. I must talk about this with Richard sometime. Besides which they were probably cold.

We five ladies got out of the pool and wrapped my big fluffy towels around ourselves. There was clearly no point our getting dressed as four of us would soon be lying naked on the table that had been prepared for us

The boys had modified the torture rack table by removing the winch and placed an additional one foot wide plank along either side of the existing three similar planks that already formed the bed. It now consisted of just a long flat table which was wide enough for two women to lay side by side.

Lying along the top and bottom edges were two lengths of timber each about 4 inches thick and 2 inches wide. Along the bottom edge of each were four hemispherical cut-outs. Clearly these were to be placed over our wrists at one end and our shins at the other. The wrist cut-outs were of course smaller than the ones for our shins. Both the wrist cut-outs and the shin cut-outs were designed to hold

the legs and wrists about two feet apart. The cut-outs for one lady's wrist and her shin were only about one inch from the ones for the lady lying beside her.

"OK – we have figured out how this will work." said Tony seeming to show the authority of one who is used to telling people what to do. "There are 4 playing cards lying face down on the table. They are all Queens – not that that matters but we thought it would be appropriate." He said with a smile which was reciprocated with great intensity and looks of love from Shauna. "The two ladies who draw a red card will be in the first heat and the two with black cards will be in the second heat." he continued.

"In the two heats, each lady will lie on her belly. The clamps will be positioned so you can rest on your elbows" he said. 'And not on your breasts' I thought. "That will be more comfortable for the woman and more entertaining for the boys who will enjoy watching them dangle and shake"

"Sometimes I wish that you would keep your web surfing ideas to yourself" Shauna said smiling to her sister now that the suggestion had now become reality.

Each lady picked up a card and Leonie and I drew red and the two sisters each drew black.

Without any ceremony Leonie and I were assisted to lie on our bellies on the rough hewn timber that formed the upper surface of the table. Our feet were made to hang over the end of the table and obviously our toes were pointing down. We each felt the wooden clamp being placed in position making contact with the backs of our legs just slightly above the ankle. Next we heard the scream of the power drill as it drilled long screws through the timber clamp and into the table. It was a surprise to find that we were to be screwed in place. I immediately felt cool air on the delicate membranes inside my pussy as the labia were held apart by my spread legs. I realised that both my holes were on full display and accessible.

Next the boys focussed their attention on our wrists. We were made to lie with our elbows positioned below our shoulders so that our upper arms were vertical and our forearms were resting flat along the table top.

Our weight was being taken by our elbows which were pressed into the coarse timber of the table. Our pubis and belly was pressing into the table but the position caused us to bend upwards at the waist. Leonie's breasts hung below her but were clear of touching the table. The nipples of my much larger breasts hanging as they did were touching the table. I could feel the rough timber rubbing them whenever I moved.

The clamp was placed over our wrists and once again the drill screamed as it screwed three long screws through the clamp and into the table top. One screw was used at each end of the clamp and one in the centre.

It was very scary to be clamped down like this. The hemispherical cut-outs in the clamps were sufficiently large so as not to hurt our wrists and were even large enough to permit the wrists some slight movement. They were however much too small for us to get free by pulling our hands through the holes or to slide our forearms forward to ease the pressure on our elbows. I could feel a gentle itching as my feminine juices trickled out of my vagina and down over my clit as the feeling of total exposure and vulnerability overtook me. I knew that there was about to be yet another set of stains on the timbers of the table being testament to the suffering of yet another female.

We watched in fear as the Australian stock whip was produced once again. I had not realised when I bought it, that it would be such a popular toy. Richard then explained to Leonie and me that the boys had decided that each lady will alternately receive three strokes. The whipping will continue until one lady quits. It had been agreed that Graham will do the whipping. He then handed the whip to the huge young man who was no doubt about to whip a woman for the first time.

From behind me, I heard Graham ask "who wants to go first?" I hesitated trying to decide when I heard Leonie say "Me - please!" then she looked over at me to see if I was happy about this. I smiled at her in acquiescence and held her hand to the extent that was possible with our wrists clamped as they were.

A few seconds elapsed before I heard the whirr of the whip followed by a very loud crack as it impacted on Leonie's soft body. I felt her body convulse beside me just before she screamed very

loudly and gasped for breath and shouted "Oh My God!" She then began a high pitched howl for a few seconds before I heard the second crack. Again I felt the massive convulsion of her body followed by more screams and she howled."It hurts so much!" She grasped my hand very tightly as she yelled. This was very scary to me as I had known Leonie for more than a year and knew that she was tough. I turned and through the veil formed by my hair hanging down, I could see her tear stained face and the pain in her eyes and knew that I had a massive ordeal ahead of me. Soon I heard another crack followed again by an even more violent jump of her body and frantic wriggling. Her ongoing howl burst into a frantic scream on the final impact before she relaxed into a series on gasping cries.

Graham waited for a short time while I lay in expectation of the stroke. Then I heard the whirr before the impact and what an impact it was. The whip contacted my left buttock and ran up my back to my shoulder blade setting up a line of fire. This boy could really hit. I know that I screamed but I was not aware of anything much except the shock of the leather slamming into my tender flesh followed by the burning pain. The burning did not seem to ease off from the initial agony; you just needed to adapt yourself to dealing with the pain. Not only did I scream from the impact of the second stroke but began to howl continually as I now had an additional line of burning agony now running from my right buttock and up my back. The third stroke arrived some seconds later and was shocking in its cruelty. The first point of impact was just below my anus and delivered its stinging fire over the incredibly sensitive puckered bud and up through the valley between my cheeks, over the tailbone and up along my spine with the supersonic tip digging into the small of my back.

We two women lay gasping and crying as we sought to get control over the pain ravaging our bodies. The boys gave us a few minutes to calm down before Graham repeated the strokes which set us screaming and howling once again.

The third onslaught was a bit different with two strokes impacting our left buttock and running up our backs with the tip extracting its misery on the very sensitive skin under our left shoulder. The final

stroke of the set impacted behind the knee and ran up the back of the leg with the tip whistling into the sensitive flesh where buttock met thigh. We were making a lot of noise. We both were keeping up an ongoing howl with occasional interjections of “Oh God” and “Oh Shit!” and “Fuck, that hurts so much” and such like. I was opening my mouth wide on each impact and making letting go a loud and desperate scream while Leonie was making growling sounds from deep in her throat. I became aware that my left leg had begun an uncontrollable shivering. So intense was the pain.

We had certainly not regained control when Graham began again with a similar bracket of three strokes each but this time on our right side. Our screams became frantic and I became oblivious to everything outside my world of pain. I was told later that Julie had jumped up and leaving her towel on the seat had run to Graham and grabbed his wrist and begged him to stop. It was my husband Richard who said, “These girls are in control they can stop this anytime they wish”

I had started twisting as much as I could within my bounds to avoid each stroke which was futile but I could not stop myself doing it. At the end of the bracket the shivering had increased and I fought to regain control. I fought down the urge to call out “I quit” because I could feel Leonie squirming beside me and I really believed that she would give up very soon.

I heard the thirteenth stroke hit Leonie and she howled obviously in even greater pain than previously and I could hear her humping on the table as though she had a lover beneath her. I didn't know what Graham had done to her but it must have been awful. A deep fear gripped me and I became certain that I was not able to take what Leonie had just endured. I heard someone saying “I Quit” before I realised that it had been me. It was over! I soon heard the scream of the power drill undoing the screws and felt the clamps being lifted from our wrists and ankles. Both of us were still gasping and moaning as we were assisted off the table. After declaring Leonie the winner, we were partially escorted and partially carried to the bathroom where we were assisted by Julie who ran soothingly hot water over the vivid red welts on our backs, bums and legs. She then gently rubbed lots of my Nivea skin cream into our backs. It

was then that Julie asked Leonie to show me the final stroke that had hurt her so much and caused me to quit. Graham had caught her inside her thigh about half way up and had caused the tip of the whip to bury itself between her labia. Whether it was a “lucky” shot, or whether he did it on purpose we will never know but it certainly brought the contest to an end.

After the shower and the treatment with the cream we went back to the shed and settled in nice comfortable seats to watch the two sisters battle it out.

We arrived just as the two sisters were climbing on to the table and becoming aware of the roughness of the table top as they rested their bellies and elbows on the rough hewn timber planks. Then with feet spread apart and resting on their elbows, the clamping bars were positioned over their ankles and wrists and screwed down holding the young bodies in the same position that we had so very recently assumed. Resting on their elbows neither girls firm young breasts made contact with the table top as mine had done. They presented a stunningly beautiful sight. Each girl's body formed a graceful arch as she curved back with her pubis and belly making intimate contact with the table top and with her chest elevated from the table by the length of her upper arms allowing each perfect young breast to dangle freely.

I have no doubt that Leonie and I presented a very erotic sight but surely it must have run second to the beauty that these two young ladies displayed.

Soon the whip was again biting into sensitive female flesh to the accompanying screams, growls and whimpers from the young recipients of its attention. The pain was so intense that each of the young ladies continued to howl even when it was her sister who was absorbing the blows. The girls while young were tough and it was not until after Shauna received her fifteenth stroke that she screamed ‘I quit’.

That left a tie and Fiona was asked if she could take another 3 strokes to be the winner. She hesitated for quite a while, panting loudly, and had to be asked the question a second time before she agreed.

Two more female screams filled the room until with a final shriek the eighteenth stroke bit into her sex between her open labia.

Fiona won but at an enormous cost.

The clamps were removed from their ankles and wrists and the two young ladies were assisted off the table.

We decided to hold the final between Fiona and Leonie later in the evening. We were all too exhausted to contemplate another bout just then.

We took the sisters to the bathroom and both went into the cubicle together and enjoyed the hot water running over the red welts running up their backs and legs. After spending quite some time enjoying my nice big shower cubicle, the young ladies emerged and I escorted them to our guest room where Julie and I pampered them with Nivia Skin Cream followed with my nicely scented body talc. Julie was quite a sight kneeling naked on the bed and crawling on it to provide comfort to the two young women with her big belly and enlarged breasts on full display. We five women had a lovely girl's time pampering each other's naked bodies until we were all feeling quite relaxed and delightfully feminine.

Then we all went outside and enjoyed some more drinks and savouries with the men. Some of us sat on the coping around the edge as we talked and ate. Julie and John were soon in the water with Julie again luxuriating in the flotation. Shauna and Tony had taken over a settee which I had positioned near the pool and which I frequently use to sunbake, read and relax in between enjoyable swims in the pool. However, the main reason that I put it there is that Richard and I enjoy swimming naked together and this often causes us to become very aroused and in need of urgent sexual release. We tried making love in the pool but I found that the water washes away my lubrication and I can become quite sore from this. The bricks and pavement around the pool are OK especially if we place a couple of towels down first but they are still a bit hard and I have sometimes ended up with bruises from Richard's vigorous thrusting. That's why I bought the settee that Shauna and Tony were so happily cuddled up on.

Eventually Leonie asked the question that was on everyone's lips. "What do we do for the next heat?"

There were some expectant looks around the group but nobody spoke. Eventually Richard speaking in a soft voice asked the question. "What do you ladies think of electrical torture?" There were surprised looks and silence as we were all taken aback by the question. There were a few "Wows" and an "Oh Shit" before I asked, "Isn't it dangerous?" "It certainly can be," he replied, "but if you follow some simple rules it can be safe – bloody painful! But safe". "You have obviously been looking into this," said Tony. "Tell us what you know;"

So Richard explained that there are two important facts to know about electrical torture:

- It is not the voltage that hurts but the current. Some units generate a very high voltage that arcs and sparks in quite a terrifying way but when placed on somebody's body, the voltage drops away and it only causes a very low current to flow. There are some units that behave like that in adult stores. On the other hand the voltage source from a household wall socket is much lower but can supply massive current. A shock from a mains outlet is often fatal.
- Where the current flows is also important. A shock from nipple to nipple may go through the heart and even a low current can be fatal. A shock to the head can also be fatal. Shocks around the lower body and legs whilst still very painful are not dangerous unless of course very high currents are used.

He had been looking at cattle prods which are designed to cause a painful current to flow from the two brass electrodes spaced about 1 ½ inches apart. They are safe to use provided that they are used sensibly. Because the electrodes are relatively close together the current would be most unlikely to flow into internal organs. "What about Tazers?" Tony asked. They work the same," Richard said, "But the current is designed to be higher and therefore much more painful and debilitating."

"Have you got a cattle prod?" I asked anxiously. "Yes." He said "I bought one, in January. It is called a 'Picador' from a place called

‘Farmers warehouse’. I have been waiting for a good time to try it out on you.” “Oh shit!” I exclaimed.

Then he went on to suggest that he could zap me with the Picador and folks could decide from my reaction whether to then have a contest between Fiona and Leonie using the prod. Everyone thought that this was a good plan except for me, but I was feeling that familiar fluttering in my stomach and the trembling of excitement as I contemplated what might await me. Richard disappeared into the shed and emerged about 10 minutes later. Shauna kissed me and stroked my hair as I waited anxiously for his return. The unit that he returned with was a little palm sized pink plastic box with two brass electrodes at one end and a push button on the side that could easily be pressed by the thumb of the operator. He explained that the Picador comes in different models which basically consist of a wand about 2 feet long and about 1 ½ inches in diameter. He felt that the unit that he bought would be an impractical design for cattle but he felt that from the shape of it, it was obviously designed for people – even though the manufacturers couldn’t admit it.

“Are you good with this?” he asked me. This took me by surprise as I didn’t realise that I had an option. The juices that I could feel welling up behind my labia had begun to tickle as tiny drips began to tickle as they ran down my leg. I nodded – too excited to speak.

He got me to stand naked in the centre of the lawn and he stood behind me. He pressed the little box against my left buttock and I could feel the little brass buttons pressing into me. Then Wham!! It was as if somebody had hit me hard with a very thick cane. The pain was really intense and my muscles went into a sharp cramp. I screamed loudly and collapsed on the grass as my legs, mainly the left one, collapsed under me. I finished up squatting on the grass, panting and rubbing my butt. I soon recovered and Richard asked me how it felt. While still sitting on the grass, I described how much it had hurt but remarked that as soon as the electricity stopped, the pain did also. I went on to say, “If I had been hit by something that hurt that much, I would have a massive bruise and a residual pain and sensitivity at the point of impact but my butt feels fine now”.

Richard explained to the group that a cattle prod is designed to “stimulate” an animal to move while not damaging the meat. I wasn’t

sure that I liked being compared to an animal but it got worse when he pointed out that the prod had been set to stop passing current after 2 seconds to comply with animal welfare legislation. He then said that “Karen didn’t get the full 2 seconds because she broke away from the prod when her muscles cramped.”

“So Ladies!” he asked “How do you feel being “stimulated” by a device that has been designed for a cow?” He hadn’t been thinking of Julie’s fetish for being milked when he said this and the young woman quickly interjected, “I don’t mind being treated like a cow – I am soon going to be milked like one!” Everyone laughed. After a pause of less than a minute, Fiona said “I’m game!” “Me too” said Leonie soon after.

So, the contest began, Richard took over organising of the event and he asked the two girls to stand facing one another with each hand grasping the other’s elbow. “OK, who wants to go first?” He asked. “Me!” they both said – almost in unison. “Well, that won’t work, let’s toss a coin.” He said. Since none of the men were wearing much and we girls were all naked, it took a little while to find a coin but before long, Warren retrieved a dollar coin from Leonie’s purse after she told him to look there. She saw nothing strange in supplying the coin that will be used to determine her fate. Richard asked Leonie to call and she said “Heads”. He flipped the coin and it landed on the path – tails. “Tails it is”, he said, “Fiona, you get to choose.” “Can I go first?” she asked in a soft high voice. “OK,” he said and soon she felt the edge of the box with its two brass electrodes pressing into her left buttock.

Moments later, she shrieked and leapt into the air with both feet off the ground and her left knee bent. The violence of her reaction took Leonie by surprise and she only just managed to keep her competitor from falling to the ground as I had done previously. Soon Fiona was again standing on both feet but Leonie was now holding her in a loving hug and consoling her as she gasped with her head on Leonie’s shoulder from the agony and exertion that she had just experienced.

As Fiona settled down, Richard asked Leonie to tell him when she was ready. I fully expected her to say, “I quit.” But she didn’t and after asking Fiona to hold her firmly, she said, “I’m ready.”

Her reaction was almost exactly the same as was Fiona's but Fiona was better prepared for the reaction and was able to keep Leonie better controlled during her painful, uncontrolled spasm. Soon, the two young women were again embracing each other each gently wailing and sobbing as they contemplated whether they could endure being zapped again.

Instead of walking away, the two young women remained huddled together and so, after waiting a couple of minutes for them to relax a bit, Richard asked, "Are you guys ready to go again?" To everyone's surprise, they both said "Yes!"

Not long after, two more frenzied screams, one after the other, just as before, echoed around the pool area. Each had received a zap to her right buttock but, by being better prepared this time, they supported each other with less difficulty but again the iteration of agony finished with the two clinging to each other and gently sobbing.

Again, I expected them to quit but no! Instead, after settling down from their individual torments and without being asked, they again assumed the arm to elbow position and looked to Richard in expectation of the next round. It was not long in coming. To her horror, Fiona felt the cheeks of her bum being parted and the little box was nestling between them with the two electrodes pressing into her tender skin one just above and one just below her little pink anal rose.

It is strange to hear a woman launch into an agonised scream without any movement or sound preceding it. But that is what Fiona did once again as her lower body convulsed in pain from the current passing through her most sensitive flesh. Leonie had to take the girls complete weight as she violently pulled away from the cattle prod as it continued to discharge its dose of agony carefully measured by the manufacturers so as not to cause excessive pain when pressed against the thick skin of a bull. This was not a bull it was a girl and the current flowing through her sensitive skin into her nerve rich anal area was wicked. After the current stopped and she gradually regained control of her body, she continued to wail and gasp from the pain which while over was still remembered as her nerves and muscles slowly recovered.

While hugging her friend who was still sobbing on her shoulder as she recovered, Leonie said. "I quit!"

The girls turned to walk back as friends and lovers moved rapidly towards them. Only then, did I see the wetness running down Fiona's leg where a little trickle of urine had run while she had temporally lost control of her bladder. I wondered whether it had been the pain or the muscle spasm that had caused it. I resolved to discuss it with Ingrid when next I saw her.

Fiona was declared the winner and after many hugs and kisses soon recovered to her bright happy self.

We became aware of a whispered but animated discussion verging on an argument between the two young lovers, Tony and Shauna. "What's wrong?" I asked. "She wants to get zapped!" Tony replied "and I don't see any reason why she should." Shauna replied, "But I want to experience everything – that's why we had the party today, wasn't it Karen?" she implored with an almost childlike entreaty. "Well that is true," I said hesitantly, not knowing if it was the right thing to say. "See!" she replied triumphantly. "Karen agrees!" which wasn't exactly true but what could I say? Tony shrugged his shoulders and said "Well, if that is what she wants, who am I to argue." Then his mood softened and he looked into the eyes of the woman that he loved and said with tears in his large dark brown eyes. "I think my beautiful girl is very brave." It was settled, the wicked little cattle prod was to pass one more vicious little dose of agony into the flesh of another female body before it was to be done for the night.

Richard decided to give Shauna a slightly different experience. She was made to stand with her legs together and her arms out in a crucified position and Leonie was to hold one hand and Fiona was to hold the other. She looked lovely. The position caused her beautiful young breasts to be thrust forward her shaven slit was fully displayed. It was perfectly shaped and her young lips were still girlishly small and were yet to take on the swelling that would likely occur as her sexual maturity continued. It occurred to me that if she continued to have those lips regularly stretched open by Tony's massive shaft, they won't stay girlishly shaped for much longer. Her inner labia were small and were totally enclosed by the outer lips.

Despite this, her arousal was apparent as her clitoris could be seen peeping out from under its hood. With her legs together, I couldn't see if she was lubricating. I certainly was and I was not the one waiting to get zapped.

There were gasps from both men and women alike as Richard positioned the electrodes either side of her slit approximately level with her urethral opening.

The young woman had only just witnessed seeing other ladies including her sister get zapped and no doubt, she was expecting the shock to be something quite extraordinary. Bit, from the way that she doubled over with pain as if she had been punched in the belly and from the way that she howled, gasped for breath and howled again, it was clear that what she had experienced was even worse than she had anticipated. She was not allowed to fall over because the two ladies holding her hands knew what to expect. Her screams subsided and she gradually recovered and eventually stood panting as she regained her composure. Like all of us, she looked surprised at how so much pain could be inflicted from such an innocent looking little box.

"I did it!" She said proudly.

Chapter 14 - The Horse

The months of May and June had been very intense what with my little bit of matchmaking for Shauna and the “young people’s” party only the week before. Early in June in amongst these other activities, I attended a committee meeting. Before planning the June meeting, the committee decided to deal with yet another email from Fiona. In the email, she said that she and Graham had decided to get married. She asked us if their wedding could be on a club night and if that was OK by the committee, they would invite all the club members as guests to the wedding and reception. Also she asked if the committee could arrange to give her a “wedding present” for her to endure just before the wedding service which would have after effects which she would have to suffer in silence and in secret from the “straight” guests who would be attending.

We talked it over and decided that we should give her 36 strokes with a new single tail whip that I had recently acquired from my favourite Australian supplier. I had phoned my friend, Philip Andrews, the whip maker and asked him if he could make something special for us. We talked for a while about various possibilities and then he agreed to think about it and call me back. After a couple of days he did call back and offered to make me a specially crafted driving switch. This consisted of a long handle about three feet long with a three foot whip attached to it. The handle had a thin fibreglass core encased in a braided soft leather sheath. The braided leather continued past the end of the cane to form the whip section. The handle was half an inch wide at the base tapering to one quarter of an inch at the end. The whip section tapered further to less than one eighth of an inch at the tip. He said that driving whips or switches are very common in equestrian circles but the ones designed for horses are much too heavy for a woman. He built this one specially for me and pointed out that the whip section could still be made to zing through the air like the heavier

units do but the lighter whip will not break the skin or create the longer term damage that a heavier one could do. He told me that he had tested it out on his wife and had emailed some pictures to me. These were taken, not only of the driving switch, but of his lovely wife displaying six thin purple bands of pain encircling her body. We decided that it would be left to the bride to decide if she would take all 36 strokes herself (almost impossible even for Fiona) or distribute them amongst the other ladies in the bridal party. We sent the pictures to her and told her that if she was to accept our “gift” of 36 kisses from this whip, we would make her wedding and reception the club activity for July. The very next day, I got an email reply from Fiona which she had copied to her mother and her sister agreeing to accept our “gift”.

The meeting went on to discuss the forthcoming activity. It was decided that we should have a quiz night with penalties awarded for each wrong answer. Then we refined the idea to being a contest between two women again with penalties being awarded for each wrong answer. It was left to Terry and John, two of the 3 male members of the committee to arrange the details. Which they did!

The meeting was to be held at the “Scotch Thistle” again but, as it turned out, John was not in attendance. He was at the hospital with Julie who was in labour. Ingrid was absent also as she was delivering Julie who was her patient.

The outside temperature was hovering at about 5° C (40 ° F) a very cold evening by Brisbane standards. The fact that the ladies were wearing coats did not arouse the suspicion of the other hotel guests and the Marriott staff in the foyer. We women, as had become our fashion, had decided to wear our most sexy outfits. Wendy suggested that we should have a topless theme which was agreed on as a lot of fun. We really needed to wear our coats while we were outside not only to avoid causing a riot but to avoid freezing.

The meal was traditional Scottish and even included a haggis. Some did not like it probably from knowing how it was made but I thought that it was nice. The two sisters, Fiona and Shauna, were working as waitresses and, as usual, were looking very sexy in their kilts. They were not exactly traditional in that the hem was mid thigh.

What was even less traditional was that they were totally naked from the waist up. Their two partners, Graham and Tony dined together watching the women they loved. Everyone knew by now that the girls wore their kilts without knickers and as the material swirled about as they moved many a male pair of eyes followed them. Not that the girls were the only source of interest. My own blouse buttoned to the neck and would have been very modest had it not been quite see through and my big braless breasts delighted Richard and other men as they moved around under the thin silk top.

Jenny displayed her firm young breasts in a beautiful creation based on an outfit that Madonna once wore. It was a high waisted white velour dress extending from just below her breasts to the floor. What made it spectacular were the straps. There were four in all. Two were attached the upper hem between her breasts and each of the other two attached to the side of each breast near her arm pit. Each pair of straps joined together above the breast near her collar bone to a single strap that ran over her shoulder and held up the back of the dress. Each of the straps, which were about 1/2inch wide, formed a triangle with the top of the dress around each naked breast. Her beautiful breasts each framed by the soft fabric straps were a magnificent sight. I think that she looked even better than Madonna did in the black outfit that she wore.

My sister in law, Wendy, looked lovely in a 15th century style outfit which in keeping with the era was worn with the breasts fully exposed. It was a full and very formal outfit that would have done credit to Marie Antoinette. In fact, as, Wendy told me later, that the dress was based on a painting of Marie that they saw in a gallery in Paris.

Wendy wore a strapless club evening wear cocktail stretch dress which was designed for the elastic around the top to sit above the breasts. However, soon after entering the room, she pulled the elastic forward and down to avoid it rubbing over her prominent breasts and positioned the top of the bodice below them. There was an audible gasp in the room when it was noticed that she had added a pair of accessories that really advanced the outfit from being very sexy to downright erotic. She wore a pair of gold diamond studded

nipple shields. Each shield was shaped like a five point star with a solid gold ring mounted in the centre that fitted around each nipple.

Wendy had quite large nipples and with the ring encircling the base of each one quite firmly caused each nipple to swell slightly and become slightly darker. She confided in me later and explained that they also make the nipples more sensitive. The star was curved to conform to the shape of her breast and the points of the star, each with a diamond fitted, rested on the breast. They were beautiful things and were obviously very expensive. Wendy had arranged for them to be made especially for her at a Brisbane jeweller. It had been very exciting for her to go to the shopping centre and have the jeweller take her into the back room and measure the size of the nipple and then draw the shape of the star on her breast. Then looking in a mirror she could decide if the size and shape was what she wanted. She needed to go back for a couple of fittings to confirm that the ring was the correct size and that the curve of the star conformed to the breast. She wasn't sure but she suspected that the subsequent visits might have been more for the enjoyment of the jeweller than for the quality of the result but she enjoyed the attention and happily went along with it. They had been a birthday present from Gary. I did not realise that my brother could be so romantic.

It was a beautiful evening and we danced for a while after the main course had been eaten which was especially nice as we ladies enjoyed showing off our breasts in this intimate atmosphere. Fiona and Shauna did a Scottish sword dance which is a beautiful spectacle at any time but these two young women wearing only their short kilts not only caused male erections throughout the room but left many women feeling very aroused as well.

As the dancing came to an end my husband Richard whipped a tablecloth away from a piece of apparatus that was standing ominously in a corner of the room. It was my Lady Horse. Some people call it a wooden pony. Richard built it for me and I have ridden it twice. It is a dreadful piece of apparatus designed specifically for a woman. It looks rather like a church pew without a seat. Two parallel rails, positioned one above the other, run between the two end posts, each with a large base to ensure stability. The

rails are about 6 feet long. The bottom rail is rectangular in cross section and is about three inches deep and two inches wide. But, it is the top rail that strikes fear into a woman's heart; it is triangular in cross section being 4 inches high and 2 inches wide at the base. The narrow edge was uppermost and whilst the rail was smooth and varnished, the edge was still sharp.

Yet another name for this fiendish apparatus is what some Americans call "Riding the Rail". It seems that back in times past, women were punished by sitting them astride the railing of a split rail fence.

No explanation was given. But as we sat around the table the women who had never seen one before were told by those who had how it works. It did not take much imagination for a woman to realise how, by sitting astride the rail; her most sensitive pink flesh would be crushed by her own weight onto the sharp edge. This fear was compounded when Catherine and I, who were the only women to have actually ridden this particular machine, described the painful experience. I did not mention the fact that Richard had said that he would not make me ride it anymore because it hurts me too much. It had been a committee decision to bring out the horse tonight and he went along with the decision and supplied the horse for tonight's events. I was very excited with the tantalising fear that once again my most intimate female parts might again become acquainted with the horse.

Not surprisingly many women were too preoccupied with thoughts of how this fearful ride would hurt her to want to eat much of her desert.

It was at this point that Tony's mobile phone rang. Usually, guests will turn their phones off when the club meets but tonight was special. It was Ingrid calling to tell him that he had become an uncle and that Julie had had a girl. Tony shouted the news to the group. Ingrid then asked him if the evening's activity had been announced yet. "It's called the Lady Horse" he said, speaking loudly so that all in the room could hear, when, he continued on to explain to the horrified young doctor on the other end of the call how it worked. He also made sure that every woman present knew exactly what was potentially in store for her.

The group was allowed about thirty minutes to eat what desert that they wanted and have tea or coffee if they wished. Then Terry stood up. This big man with curly black hair and wearing a chunky gold very masculine looking necklace soon had everyone's attention.

He acknowledged that, by now, everyone was familiar with the Lady Horse but went on to say that the event tonight will be more complex. "Two ladies will be selected tonight and we will have a Quiz to see who gets to ride the horse. But, there will be a variation. If a lady does not know the answer when she is asked she can elect for a caning. It works like this; First she will get asked a question to answer without being given any answers to choose from. If she answers the question, that is it, and she scores a point if she is correct or gets no point if she gets it wrong.

But, if she asks for choices she earns a cane stroke and if she then chooses correctly she scores a point then gets the cane stroke and the game moves on.

Second, if she can't choose, she can ask for two wrong answers to be removed from the list. She earns another cane stroke for this.

Finally she may choose the correct answer from the remaining two answers. If she still doesn't know the answer she can earn a third cane stroke by asking for the last wrong answer to be removed thus leaving her with the correct answer and so she scores a well earned point. If at any time, that she calls a wrong answer she loses the point which avoids any further cane strokes but increases the risk of her being the one to ride the horse.

"And finally, one more thing" Terry said "If the quiz ends in a tie you will both ride the horse together"

"And now, since this is the first meeting where Fiona and Shauna have their marbles in the jar, I will ask Fiona to bring me the jar and would Shauna then select a marble." So that is what they did!

Fiona held the jar high while her sister reached in and pulled out the first marble. "Jenny" she announced. Jenny squealed loudly. She was hugged and kissed by all at her table. She announced in a very high pitched voice what I already knew to be the case "This is my first time" she said. It was remarkable that as a foundation member of the club her marble had not come up ever before but statistics are strange things.

The girls swapped duties and pulled another marble. "Angela" Fiona announced. Angela winced but then controlled her emotions as she was also kissed and hugged by those around her. She was wearing a moccasin coloured full length dress with a deep vee bodice and an elasticised waist. Worn normally, the vee displayed the cleavage and extended down almost to the waist. The tops and inner sides of the breasts were visible. By pulling the waist up slightly, she was able to pull the bodice neckline much wider and position the hem to the sides of her firm breasts. She looked very beautiful and rather exotic with her shoulder length straight black hair, light brown skin and chocolate nipples and areola.

Two card tables had been set up and each lady was escorted to a table where she was to sit by herself. A small pile of blank sheets of paper along with a marking pen and a glass of water was provided at each table. They were instructed to write down their answer on the page and hold it up for the group to see but obviously not the other player.

He also positioned three bar stools in a triangle shape and ominously rested an 8mm cane across one of them.

"First question" he announced "What is the name of Princess Mary's husband?"

Each lady wrote on the paper and each held up the word "Frederick". "Both correct" he said.

"Second Question – What is the name of Nicole Kidman's youngest child born by surrogacy"

Angela thought for a moment and asked "That is the third one – Yeah?" "Yes" said Terry. She held up a paper with "Faith" written on it. "Correct" he said to her. "How are you going Jenny? He asked. "I haven't got a clue" she moaned.

"Do you want a set of choices?"

"Yes" she said with a resigned look at the cane.

"OK! Here they are" "Charity, Faith, Nicole or Keith"

"That doesn't help much - If I guess wrong, I still lose the point, don't I?"

"I'm afraid so!"

"The only boys name is Keith and she is married to Keith urban – I know that" she said "I really don't know, take away the two wrong

answers please”

“OK! Said Terry “Nicole and Keith are wrong – You must choose between Charity and Faith”

“I’m glad I didn’t choose Keith” she said “Charity and Faith are funny names – and I would be just guessing, you’d better give me the right answer”

“Charity is wrong – she named the little girl Faith” he said.

“Do I get the stick now? She asked “or does it all happen at the end?”

“Now!” he replied “Can you stand please?”

Terry then escorted her to the waiting stools. It was explained that she should place one knee on one stool and the other knee on the other. Then she should lie forward and rest with her arms crossed on the third stool and to place her forehead on her arms.

She removed her beautiful “Madonna” dress and her shoes and then she stood naked behind the two stools on which she was to place her knees. She wore nothing under the dress so I took these her only garments and folded the dress and put it away.

Getting up on the stools was difficult but with help from Terry and some of the other guys, she was lifted into position. It was a very exposed position with her knees wide apart and her head down her female crease was widely open from anus to vagina. Her lovely firm breasts hung down beautifully displayed. Every woman present must have felt as wonderfully excited as I was as it could have so easily have been her intimate openings on full display and available to the waiting cane.

Of course her brand was fully displayed and it was a point of interest to all present. As was the custom many of the group came over to her and caressed her body and embraced her. Some of the ladies ran their hands over the brand feeling the indentations in the flesh and admiring the skin texture and the colour. Obviously each was thinking of the possibility of her own body bearing the brand of her lover. Olivia examined it very carefully and called Grant over to look at it also. Olivia made it clear that she wanted one but Grant said that it would be a silly thing to do since as an actress she would occasionally have to bare her lower back and sometimes appear totally naked. Even if she did not need to have that part of her body

appear on camera it would eventually become gossip and her lifestyle would become known.

Bent as she was, her vaginal lips were extending behind her and her prominent inner labia were presented for punishment. David had been given the cane to use and he was aiming for the crease between bottom and thigh where not only is the skin most sensitive but it would certainly impact on the beautiful pink folds of her labial lips.

She may not have realised what a painful target she was offering but when men took up position to hold each knee and another held her head, she knew that they were expecting a violent reaction from her.

The cane flashed down and impacted the waiting female flesh with a resounding splat which was very quickly followed by a scream as the poor woman bucked wildly with the pain.

Then, she received the two further strokes one slightly above and one slightly below the first. After each impact she was allowed about a minute for her screams and howls to subside and for the bucking and shivering to stop before the next blow. My own vagina was twitching in sympathy with Jenny's poor little female part being so abused for all to see.

Eventually it was over and she was escorted back to her chair. She was cupping her vagina in her right hand as she walked. She sat very carefully and waited for the next question. She took up a waiting glass of water and sipped slowly as her breathing became more normal. She took a tissue that was offered and wiped away her tears. Anne assisted and tidied her running makeup.

Angela had been watching with look of great interest which progressively became one of horror when as the scene unfolded. She had expected to see her opponent's bum and the backs of her legs being striped by the cane but to see the labial lips included as well was horrifying for the young woman.

Both women tried to calm themselves so they could answer the questions correctly and avoid yet another visit to the bar stools.

"What is the square root of 132" Terry asked. They both wrote 11 and held it up. "Correct" he said. Both women looked slightly

relieved thinking that there was a possibility of getting through the questions without needing another caning.

“How many bytes in a gigabyte” he continued. Angela wrote 1,000,000,000 and Jenny wrote 10^9 . The game continued.

“What organ of the body produces Colostrum?” Both girls wrote “breasts” “yes!” Terry said and unnecessarily went on to explain how important it was to new born babies. Maybe he just wanted to show off his knowledge.

“Who wrote the book ‘Story of O’” he asked. Jenny wrote Pauline Réage but Angela wrote Dominique Aury. “Jenny is correct” he said. Angela looked distressed and was shaking her head. She was not an assertive person and it was Ross who spoke before she could and he said “Actually Angela is also correct – Pauline Reage was a pseudonym used by Aury. In fact” he went on “it is not even certain if it was Aury – there is a lot of speculation” I knew that Ross was correct because I had also done some research since I read the book myself some months ago and probably read the same Wikipedia entry that he had done. So Angela saved her point.

Not one to be embarrassed Terry took control of the group and asked “How many of Henry the eighth’s wives were executed?” Angela wrote “2” and Jenny wrote “1”. “Two were executed” he said “I know about Anne Boleyn” Jenny said but who was the other one? “Stuffed if I know.” he said “I am just told that there were two” Angela became very animated and said “the other one was Katherine Howard” she exclaimed “Poor Katherine was only 19 when she married old Henry and she was silly enough to hang out with young men her own age. Nobody is really sure if she was really unfaithful to the king but her enemies said that she was so she was also beheaded” Obviously Angela enjoyed history. Jenny looked anxiously at the barstools and asked if she could earn back the lost point. “Sorry!” Terry replied, “That rule only applies if you do not answer.” “Shit!” she exclaimed and looked at the “horse” which she was now very likely to ride.

Terry clarified the situation pointing out that now that Angela had 7 points and Jenny 6 then Jenny will be the rider tonight unless Angela loses 2 more points. Jenny looked at him questioningly and he further explained that if Angela loses one point it will be a tie so

they both ride and so she (Angela) must lose two points for Jenny to be reprieved. "So if I lose any more points what happens?" she asked. "Well nothing really – it just makes it more likely that you will ride". I could see what she was thinking – if she was already the loser there was no point her taking another caning to save a point. Angela being a very bright girl had figured out the implications for her and was smiling.

"What city is the capital of Chile" Asked Terry. Both thought for a couple of minutes before writing "Santiago" "both correct" he said.

"Who became Australian Prime Minister following the drowning of Harold Holt?" He asked. Angela was thinking deeply and displayed a strange habit of closing one eye as she concentrated. Jenny could be seen counting back on her fingers. After a couple of minutes they both wrote their answer. Both wrote "Gorton". "You are both wrong" Terry said. "The next PM was McEwen the Country Party leader who was there for 23 days while the Liberals elected a new leader – who was Gorton." "I didn't think that he would count" complained Angela. Jenny just looked bemused – I don't think that she had ever heard of McEwen, I certainly hadn't as I hadn't even been born then.

"Last question" Terry said "What American President announced that the country had achieved 'Peace with honour'?"

Both girls thought for a while and Jenny wrote her answer. Angela was obviously pondering what to do. She looked at Jenny and then at the horse and then with a sigh wrote her answer. Jenny had written "Nixon" but Angela had written "Kennedy". Jenny was correct and Angela was quite wrong. Johnson came after Kennedy and was before Nixon. Both girls would ride tonight.

I will never know for sure, but I think that Angela might have thrown the competition. She had done so well up until then and she was obviously quite good at history. Most of all she was of Vietnamese descent so surely she would have known about the circumstances that ended the war in her parents former country. I think that she wanted to see what the experience of riding the horse would be like.

Jenny being already naked got up from the table and walked slowly to the horse. Angela removed her dress which was all that she was wearing having previously dropped off her shoes under the

table and she too walked to the horse. Both girls embraced and kissed each other and then looked about as if to say “OK – what happens now?”

Terry had relinquished his master of ceremonies role to my husband Richard who was now (somewhat reluctantly) about to make these two women suffer. First he produced four wooden blocks to be used as footrests. Each was about 10 inches tall with a square base with 3 inch sides. A rope was connected to each block through a hole drilled through each from one side to another. He explained that the ladies should each stand on the blocks and then position her slit over the wedge. When she was in position the blocks would be pulled from under her feet by a sharp tug on the ropes.

Then he and Terry lifted Jenny and placed her in position straddling the upper bar and guided her feet to stand on the blocks. The footrest kept her feet high enough to prevent her slit coming in contact with the sharp edge of the bar.

They then did the same to Angela!

The two men then produced rolls of duct tape and after instructing the girls to each put her hands behind her back holding each elbow in the opposite hand they wrapped the tape around the forearms locking her arms in this position. This method of securing the hands is frequently used in the club because not only does it make our arms totally immobile and unable to protect ones bottom in any way, but it also causes the woman to push her breasts out in a delightful posture. In this case it also made it impossible for the woman to ease any pressure from the bar by using her hands.

Then spreader bars were attached with loops tied around each trembling ankle. The bars were not particularly long being about 18 inches in length but each ran below the lower rail of the horse making it impossible for the wearer to gain any support from the lower bar while at the same time limiting her capacity to squeeze her legs together to ease some of the pressure of the wedge on her inner thighs. Fitting the spreader bars required the lady to take her weight on one foot to enable the other to be held with the correct distance between her ankles so the straps could be done up. Once spread the blocks were positioned so that she could again place

both feet on them. Each lady assisted in this process with calm acquiescence.

He then instructed both ladies to bend their knees so as to position her slit on the edge of the bar making sure that it rested between her labia. There were two reasons for this. The first was that it would be horrendously painful if the lady was to drop onto the wedge when her footing was snatched away. The second reason was to ensure that neither of her labia got caught. This was particularly so for Jenny since hers were already swollen and sore from the caning that she had so very recently endured.

Soon they were in position with each woman shaking not only with fear but also from the strain of holding her knees bent in the awkward position. He and Terry on the count of three each very quickly tugged on the ropes pulling the blocks out from under each lady's feet.

Each woman screamed in shock as the full weight of her body suddenly bore down on the wedge forcing the edge deep into her most sensitive flesh.

The squeals became howls of pain as the constancy of the pressure became apparent.

Angela was the first to become silent and pant gently as she steeled herself to endure the steady pain. Jenny soon followed suit. They were sitting face to face and tried to encourage each other by whispering words of encouragement and support.

After about 10 minutes each lady began whimpering and keening softly as tears began running down each cheek. Each tried leaning back then forward offering different parts of their slits in a futile attempt to gain some relief from the pain of the bar relentlessly pushing up into her soft flesh. As each became more and more consumed by her own personal distress, she ceased to be aware not only of her friend suffering before her but everything else around her.

The keening gradually changed to howls of agony as each woman desperately fought the awful pain. One might expect that there might have been calls from the other women in the group to stop the anguish. I am sure that each woman felt like I did in that we each faced the same risk and experienced the fear of the pain and

humiliation which was the most exciting part. This would be diminished if we knew that we could get reprieve. So we watched our sisters suffer. I remembered the terrible agony of the wedge from when it had been my turn to be the jockey of that terrible horse while most of the assembled women could only imagine the pain that Angela and Jenny were enduring. Many a woman, me included, could be seen rubbing her own crease in empathy.

Eventually the 30 minutes was up and four men descended on the horse and initially lifted each foot to raise the woman from the bar and subsequently to lift her away from the horse completely.

Neither woman could stand by herself so, with her arms about the shoulders of a pair of men, each was carried to a table where she was helped to lie on her back.

The howls and tears again became screams as each woman began to suffer a renewed pain as her blood flow re-established itself into the crushed flesh and enabled the tender bruised nerves to regain their full sensitivity.

Their bodies glistened with sweat and their chests rose and fell with the deep breathing as they relaxed after their ordeal. Both lay with their knees bent and feet flat on the table. They let their knees splay apart which, while easing the pain in their slits, gave everyone a clear view of each of her bruised and battered flesh extending from her vagina to her anal sphincter. Guests, helpful males, then gently rubbed soothing cream into the abused areas.

The party soon broke up after that with most couples hastily making their way to hotel rooms which had been previously booked. Hotel bathrobes were given to Angela and Jenny when they eventually felt able to stand and they were assisted to their rooms. Some couples made their way to the car park and drove home.

As this was happening, I was joined by Fiona. She asked me to join her in the bar for a drink. I agreed, expecting her to want clarification of the arrangements for her wedding. In a way, I was correct but what she really wanted to know was if I was prepared to be her Matron of Honour. It was very nice, flattering even, to know that she held me in such high esteem but I immediately realised that as a member of the bridal party that I would be required to share in the 36 "kisses". Despite this, I agreed to do it. Maybe the opportunity

to participate in this outrageous event overshadowed my fear of the suffering that I would be committing myself to. It occurred to me that when I had suggested to the committee about the 36 “kisses”, I had never imagined that I might be required to take some of them myself. Fiona after thanking me for accepting went on to ask if I realised that I would need to share in the “kisses” and of course I nodded in agreement – possibly still a little too shocked to speak. She then went on to describe how she felt that the “kisses” should be assigned. She explained that, now that I had agreed, there would be five ladies in the bridal party. First there would be Margaret, the Mother of the Bride. Margaret would be accompanied by her sister Nicole. I thought that it was odd for the bride’s aunt to be included in the bridal party but it was Fiona’s wedding and she could do as she wished. It was also one more female body to share in the “kisses”. Next there was me as the Matron of Honour accompanied by her sister Shauna as Bridesmaid and finally herself as the bride. She asked me if I thought it would be OK for each the ladies in the group to take six “kisses” and she would take 12. I said that that was fine by me, even though I was trembling with the recollection of the photographs of the lines of pain encircling Mrs Andrews.

I asked if she felt that she could take 12 strokes and if the other ladies were in agreement and if the other ladies had all seen the photographs. She replied “yes” in all cases. Fiona then said goodnight and went to find Graham. After walking with Angela and Peter to their room, Richard and I went to our room. He asked me what Fiona had wanted to discuss and I told him. He was fascinated at this prospect and, as if the events of the evening were not arousing enough, this final bit of information drove us both to a frenzy of lust. We had a wonderful night of passionate love. This was renewed when we awoke next morning and I showed Richard the photographs of the driving switch and the pattern that it had left on Mrs Andrews’ body.

The next day, I phoned Mr Andrews and asked him if he could post the switch to me so that I would have it in time for the wedding. He replied that he would be visiting Brisbane that week and he could deliver the switch personally. I suddenly got an idea and asked him if he would like to attend the wedding and be the “executioner” since

he was expert with the whip. He agreed and said that his wife would assist him. I undertook to roll the idea past the committee to check that they were happy with the idea. They were, and I rang him back the following day to confirm. When the various details were settled including his kind offer to supply the switch for free, I said "By the way, this is no longer just a concept for me, I am now to be the Matron of Honour and thereby part of the bridal party" "How many strokes are you to get?" he asked. I explained that every lady will get six and the bride will get twelve. "Poor Bride!" he exclaimed. "Still, it will be very nice to meet you at last." he continued. "Nothing personal" I replied "but I don't think that it will be nice for me to meet you". "No indeed!" he said with a laugh.

Chapter 15 – An Appointment with Mr Andrews

July was to be a very interesting month!

On the first day of the Month, Julie and John came to visit with baby, Christine. She was a beautiful little child and very content. Julie nursed her soon after arriving and after the little girl was asleep in her basket, John produced an electric breast pump. It was an expensive hospital grade unit with 2 cups each with a small clear plastic bottle attached. When the unit was running, the suction caused the cups to stay attached to the nipples without any support. Julie was clearly enjoying milking marathon and she looked delightful as her large nipples sprayed fine jets of milk into the transparent cups where it trickled into the bottles.

She was saying that she was concerned that her nipples might get too sore to be milked by the machine as some journals had suggested might happen. But so far she had been fine. In fact the machine was gentler than Christine and Julie has decided that if her little mouth became too violent she might only use the machine and feed the child from a bottle filled with milk from the pump.

Why they had come to visit was to ask Richard if he could make her a milking frame. Basically she wanted a frame to which she could be strapped while she was being milked. Some discussion followed during which time Richard got a clear understanding of what was needed. They both pointed out that she liked the prospect of being restrained and milked like a cow. I had lost count of the number of times that I had heard Julie use the phrase “Milked like a cow” and I realised that the idea was very important to her.

Eventually her milk flow ran out and she disconnected the machine and continued to chat with her bare breasts on display.

We were left with 2 bottles of her milk. She passed the bottles around and we all had a drink. It was sweet and lighter than cow's

milk. The two men and I drank it all except for enough which we used later in coffee. It was nice but not a wonderful taste however; I could understand how John would enjoy drinking the milk from the woman he loved. Julie was clearly both proud and deeply excited by being able to carry out this most womanly function so abundantly. She was delighted to tell us how Ingrid had put her in contact with an organisation called the "Breast Milk Bank". They collect milk from nursing mothers with excess supply, "And I certainly qualify" she happily asserted. "Then, after pasteurising the milk, they distribute it to mothers who are unable to produce sufficient milk themselves". She was also delighted to point out that Ingrid had also told her that the more that a woman has milk demanded from her breasts, the more that she will produce. The two young parents were both committed to see just how much milk that she could make.

After about an hour, they left with Julie saying that she would need to reattach the pump on the way home. John pointed out that the unit could run on batteries if mains power were not available.

After they left, Richard asked me how she could care for a baby and carry out her other daily tasks if she was spending so much time being milked. "They have paid help." I replied. "Also her mother visits every day and loves caring for her granddaughter. Also, she wants to help Julie do what she wanted to do herself so many years ago."

John began sketching some designs and told me that he would need to buy some material but would begin building her a frame next week.

On the following Monday, we girls went shopping for bridesmaid dresses. It was good fun especially since we had to keep in mind that we would all have whip stripes around our bodies which would need to be covered up – at least until all the family and friends who were not members of the club had departed.

We spent all of the day surfing the web and visiting boutiques and stores in the city until we went to dinner together that evening to make a decision - and we did. We chose a burgundy coloured, [floor length, strapless, inverted V, empire waist, chiffon](#)

dress with satin lining for the bridesmaid's outfit. We liked the idea of them being strapless because one could simply push the bodice

down to below the breasts anytime you wished to display them.

Fiona chose a very classy white sheath V—neck halter satin floor length chiffon wedding Dress. The bodice was designed with inbuilt cups specially designed to accommodate her beautiful breasts and to show them off. The V-Neck displayed her cleavage but was limited to the inner surfaces of the breasts. That way, any whip stripes which might run across the breasts would not be visible as they would not strike the inner cleavage. Fiona was obviously very anxious during these very practical discussions about her impending condition. The back of the dress was bare to below the armpits from where it curved down about 2 inches. In the centre of this curve was a 2 inch wide beaded strap which ran up the spine and attached to the halter behind the neck. There was a clip fastener at the back of the halter to join the two halves of the halter and the “spinal strap”. She finished off the ensemble with a small tiara to which was attached a lace veil. It fell to just above the breasts at the front (so as not to obstruct the view of her beautiful cleavage) and to waist level at the back.

Since both the bridesmaids dresses and the bridal gown were backless to below the armpits, it would not be possible to whip the bare upper back without leaving marks but we agreed that Mr Andrews would no doubt still be able to whip the breasts without marking that part of the back. Moreover, as I not very helpfully pointed out, by having floor length dresses, this would enable the backs of the legs behind and below the knees to be whipped. None of us had ever been whipped behind the knees or the calves but we all agreed that it would be very painful. These were sobering thoughts especially for the young bride for whom the pain would be much greater. Her mother looked at her daughter reassuringly and she replied with a wan smile.

Margaret bought a Sexy Chocolate Taffeta Strapless Sweetheart Mother of The Bride Dress. It too was floor length and had a full skirt.

Nicole bought an elegant champagne satin embroidered dress likewise with a floor length full skirt and with a matching shoulder coat which opened at the front, scalloped from the neck across the bosom to finish at elbow height. She also bought a very elegant

wide brimmed Champaign coloured hat with a small diesel coloured bow around the crown. She later felt that the diesel colour could signify mourning so she got it changed to burgundy, to match our dresses.

All the dresses had built in bras and were silk lined to reduce any chafing to the sensitive bruises that we knew that we would all be enduring on the occasion. Also the lining would give some protection if there was any slight seepage from the bruised skin even though Mr Andrews had assured me that the skin would not be broken.

It was a very busy month. Firstly I had to email all the members and let them know what we had agreed upon for this month's activity and many replied back that they would be delighted to attend the wedding and they loved the idea of the "gift of 36 kisses".

Fiona went into bride mode and became heavily involved in planning the details of her special day. Richard was bemused by all the detailed planning and at one point said that rockets had been sent to the moon with less planning than had gone into this event.

Finally the details were all planned out and the day was to run like this: At 9:30 am the ladies would all meet at Fiona's flat and then go the hairdresser together At 12pm, the wedding party would arrive and we would all meet in the Scotch Thistle for a light lunch together.

At 1 pm the ladies would go to suite 110 which they would use as a dressing room. They would be met by 3 other ladies from the club who would assist them to dress. It was agreed that after being whipped the ladies in the bridal party would need all the help that they could get. We chose Anne, Marion and Wendy to assist us. The suite was quite large consisting of a spacious bathroom, a bedroom normally with a dressing table and a double bed and a single bed. The adjoining lounge room was fitted out with a large sofa, a single lounge seat and a coffee table. We had asked for all but the single bed to be removed and for additional dressing tables to be supplied which hotel staff had often done previously for weddings.

Also at 1pm, the men would assemble a whipping frame in suite 112. Both beds in this suite were also to be removed. The frame consisted of two 3 foot square bases each with an eight foot vertical pole in the centre. The poles were joined at the top by a 3 foot

horizontal bar. The bases were joined also. Since the bases were heavy (it required two men to carry each one) and joined together, a stable 6 foot by 3 foot base was created. Rings were welded to the tops of each pole to which ropes could be attached to each wrist to hold the lady's arms up in a "Y" shape. A ring was also provided on each base 6 inches to the side of each join to which each of the lady's ankles were to be tied. Of course it would have been so much simpler to just put a couple of hooks into the ceiling but obviously the hotel would not permit that and nobody even suggested it.

It was no accident that rooms on level 1 were chosen because it made it easier to carry in the parts of the whipping frame and it would be easier to access to the lawn garden where the ceremony was to be held. Moreover, the Scotch Thistle was also on level 1.

At 1:30pm Mr and Mrs Andrews were to arrive in room 112. The men would meet them in the room and confirm that everything was in order for the man who was soon to inflict some severe pain on the women they loved. Then they would adjourn to the bar and wait.

At 2 pm the first woman (Nicole) would walk out of the door of room 110 wearing nothing but a hotel bathrobe and knock on the door of room 112.

The schedule after that would be:

2:15 Margaret

2:30 me

2:45 Shauna

3:00 Fiona

At 4pm, the wedding service was to commence. The service would be held in the lawn garden of the hotel. It is a beautiful open area nestled amongst some beautiful jacaranda trees and overlooking the river. It was purpose built for weddings.

At 6pm, the wedding breakfast will commence in the Scotch Thistle.

At 9:30pm the bride and groom will depart At 10:00 the Scotch Thistle will close and all guests will leave.

At 10:30 the Scotch Thistle will reopen secretly and only club members will be admitted. We did not want the "straight" aunties, uncles and friends to know about the exceptional features of this wedding.

There were a couple of dress fittings scheduled during the month and I had a further phone conversation with Mr Andrews to explain exactly what had been planned on the day and confirm that he will be happy with it.

And so the day came! I was excited, frightened and aroused all at the same time. I had been so since I first agreed to be the bridesmaid. The prospect of being whipped in private by a man I hardly knew was keeping me in a state of constant arousal. Richard found my libido to be so high that I was almost insatiable. The bridesmaid's outfit that I was to wear was a perfect fit and looked fabulous on me and I was looking forward to wearing it.

The hairdresser appointment was a good start to the day and we were all quite hyped up as we entered the salon. We were quick to discuss how sexually aroused that we had all been during the month. Shauna described how, on one day, she had been so horny that she went to the police station to find Tony and almost dragged him to a nearby hotel where he spent his lunch break and a little bit longer satisfying her lust.

The hairdresser and her staff were very accommodating and we all emerged feeling delighted with our hair. We then went to a coffee shop and chatted until 11:30 when we went to the hotel. It was fun having a nice "girl talk" together with we older ladies telling and sometimes horrifying the younger ones with stories of past private events and some club events.

We arrived at the hotel looking rather strange with beautifully coiffed hair but wearing Levis and casual tops. We felt strange but the hotel staff had seen it all before. Lunch was nice but none of us had much to eat as we were too excited. The men were quite and seemed overwhelmed in this maelstrom of excited feminine conversation. Observers of our group would never have suspected that we were each soon to be writhing under the lash.

Sometime before 1 pm we left the dining room and we girls headed to room 110 after gathering our dresses all zipped up in travel bags, hat boxes, jewellery boxes, makeup kits and other feminine kit from Margaret's car, my car and from the Scotch Thistle. We met Anne, Marion and Wendy who had also met for lunch and were just driving into the car park. They assisted us to carry our stuff

to the room. It took a couple of trips. We saw the boys at Richard's truck where they were taking the wooden bases from out of the back and the three poles down from the roof rack. At that stage we girls had no idea how the kit of stuff went together but it looked very frightening – especially to know that there was to be no random selection and chance to escape for any of us on this occasion.

We got to the room and the staff had really done it up well. Six bottles of champagne were waiting along with chocolates and fruit.

We busied ourselves unpacking our dresses, trying them on and fussing with our jewellery. Some of us lent pieces of jewellery to each other to better match with each outfit.

We could hear the occasional bump and clatter from the next room and some muffled conversation. 2pm seemed to come around very quickly and after hugs and kisses from us all, Nicole got naked and Wendy tore a hotel bathrobe from its sealed, sanitised transparent polythene bag emblazoned with the Marriott name and logo and gave it to the nervously waiting woman who put it on and headed out the door.

We waited in silence, nervously sipping champagne and listening for sounds from room 112. Soon we heard some muffled speech from which we could not distinguish any words. After a silence of about a minute we heard the unmistakable crack of a whip followed by a scream. We looked at each other – there was no need to speak, our faces said it all.

We didn't know it at the time but the men had gathered in the bar and as 2 pm came around somebody said "well it will be starting now" "It will be Nicole now!" said Chris stating what everybody already knew. Alex nodded thinking of his wife in the hands of a stranger being made to suffer and scream alone. They had mixed emotions. They found the thought sexually arousing but each was fearful that the woman he loved was being forced beyond her endurance. Chris had three women facing the lash and although he had often experienced pleasure whipping his wife, he got no joy from watching the suffering of his daughters other than from the knowledge that they were experiencing what that had asked for.

Approximately 10 minutes later the sounds stopped and soon a sobbing Nicole was brought to our door by Mrs Andrews. Margaret

looked fearfully at her sister as she was escorted into the room. Anne started rubbing ice (which she had thoughtfully previously obtained from the ice machine down the hall) along the red marks which were deepening and becoming more purple before our eyes. She had six welts as expected. One was on the thighs clearly impacting of the fronts of the legs with the tip of the whip curling behind her left thigh with the tip burying itself into the sensitive flesh between her legs. The next had impacted on her lower belly and had curled around the left buttock with the tip biting into the crease only just missing the anus.

Another stroke had impacted on her shins and had whipped around to cut into both calves with the right being in the most pain as that was where the tip had come to rest.

Her belly had taken two more strokes both had been delivered from the front. One had hit slightly below the belly button and had curled around to let the tip bury itself into her back on her left. The other which was slightly above the belly button and which had been swung in the opposite direction had done the reverse and buried into the back on the right.

The unkindest cut of all had been delivered under her right armpit and cut across the breasts with the tip burying itself into the soft flesh of the right areola below the nipple. Both breasts were obviously very sore but the entire areola and nipple had begun to swell painfully and darken from the impact.

Margaret turned around when she heard Wendy ripping open another bathrobe packet and then on dropping her clothes walked resolutely to the door putting on the bathrobe as she walked out.

We busied ourselves, applying ice to the red lines on Nicole's soft white skin. I concentrated on her breasts while Anne worked on her legs and Wendy did her belly and back. Eventually she got control of herself and went to sit at a makeup table where Marion wiped away her tears and commenced to apply foundation to her flushed face and then applied some subtle makeup.

We were dimly conscious of the sounds from the adjacent room as Margaret was taking her strokes.

In what had seemed a short time, Margaret returned sobbing as her sister had done and was clinging to Mrs Andrews for support. Her injuries were exactly the same as her sister. Andrews was good – his aim with the whip was spot on. This had even extended to giving Margaret a throbbing right nipple just as he had done to Nicole.

The ladies followed the same drill and calmed down the suffering woman sufficient for her to also begin applying her makeup and to begin getting dressed.

I knew that I was next and very soon after Margaret's return, I began getting ready to make my appointment in the next room. I quickly shed my clothes; I was only wearing bra and knickers at this point anyway, and on collecting my bathrobe from Wendy walked to the next room and knocked on the door. I was so frightened to be alone knocking on a door in which I was about to suffer such pain. The door opened and Mrs Andrews ushered me in, removing my bathrobe as I walked past her into the room.

There I was naked standing before Mr Andrews for the first time. I had spoken to him on the phone but I had never met him. He was tall and lean and in some ways reminded me of Clint Eastwood. He took my hand and after kissing it in a very old fashioned way, He said "I am delighted to meet you at last Mrs Ogden". He was being very formal which added to the gravitas of the moment. "And I you Mr Andrews", I responded. Taking my hand he twirled me around like a girl would do in a slow jive and admired my body. I hoped that he couldn't see the juice that was about to trickle down my inside leg.

"Beautiful brands" he commented when he saw my back. "You must be a tough girl to endure that" "Thank you", I replied not being able to think of anything else to say.

"You saw what I did to the two sisters I suppose?" He asked. "Yes – your aim is pretty good!" I replied.

"Do you want the same or would you like me to be more creative?"

"Does creative hurt more?"

"Yes"

I paused for a while feeling the tingling in my belly and the swelling in my nipples not to mention my being drawn by the raw maleness of this man.

“OK – do your worst!” I said.

“All right, I will need your help with some of these shots. Can you stand on the coffee table please? He asked. Then he and his wife each took a hand and helped me to step up on the table. I was so nervous that their assistance was needed.

“Keep your feet together and stand still” he commanded. “Here we go!”

I flinched when I heard the whirr of the whip and I screamed as the tail impacted on my shins and wound around to bite into my calves.

I could not resist the temptation to bend down and rub my legs wailing in shocked disbelief at the pain.

He gave me a minute or so to compose myself before asking me to stand tall on the table. Again I heard the whirr before the whip again snaked around my body. This time he hit my knees and the lash wrapped around the backs of the knees with the tip inflicting its amazing sting into the very soft and sensitive flesh behind my right knee.

Again I shrieked in pain and almost fell off the table. He grabbed me and assisted me to step down. This caused me to bend my knees and immediately I felt a further surge of burning from my traumatised flesh. I knew that this was a pain that would be regenerated with every step that I took.

Mrs Andrews escorted me to the whipping frame standing ominously in the bedroom. Not surprisingly my walk this short distance was both slow and with a stiff legged gait. She took my left wrist and kissed it before tying it to the ring at the top of the left post then she did the same to my right but without a kiss this time. Then she tied my feet to the rings on the base.

I hung panting for a short time before I again heard the whip sound and felt the impact and burning fire of the cord striking my belly just above my pubis and winding around my left buttock to bury itself into my crease very close to the anus. Actually I had thought that he had actually hit it, such was the pain. Needless to say, my

howls filled the room. Very quickly, he did it again with a backhand stroke that caused identical pain on my right buttock.

My howls were frantic and I began screaming "No more! No more!" They waited a couple of minutes for me to calm down before he looked at me enquiringly holding the whip towards me. I nodded.

The next stroke impacted to the right of my back just under my right shoulder and wound around snaking across the underside of my right breast with the tip burying itself into the left nipple. At first I just opened my mouth but was so shocked that no sound came out. This was followed by a gasp for air followed by a loud bellow of pain. He scarcely paused at all before again using a back hand blow performed an identical shot to my left side placing an identical red line under my shoulder and the underside of the left breast before exploding another burst of agony on my right nipple.

He supported my weight as his wife released the ropes and as soon as my hands were free, I cupped my burning breasts.

Mrs Andrews just placed the bathrobe over my shoulders and pulled it together at the waist so that I could continue to support my breasts as I walked back to room 110.

The women in the room, especially Shauna and Fiona, whose turns were yet to come, looked aghast at the red lines encircling my body and were horrified as I displayed each purple swollen nipple.

Shauna was already naked when I entered the room she very bravely took the bathrobe from me and put it on and resolutely headed out the door.

Quickly, I was given ice packs to hold on my nipples and Anne held packs to the backs of my knees. Wendy was gently rubbing ice along the other lines encircling my body. All of the lines were quickly taking on a purple red colour.

Marion went down the hall for more ice.

After what seemed like a short time, a sobbing Shauna re-entered the room. I was still too preoccupied with my own pain to take much notice of what had been done to the young woman but I realised later that she had taken the same strokes as had been given to Margaret and Nicole. There were fewer uninjured women available now to care for Shauna but Marion and Anne did a good job while Wendy continued to keep icing my injuries. Margaret and Nicole also

assisted as best they could not only because they had had some time to recover but of course they were the mother and aunt on the still sobbing young woman.

Fiona had watched her sister's arrival in silence and had stripped off her Levis, knickers and blouse (she wasn't wearing a bra) and had opened a bathrobe pack by herself and had put it on. She was about to head out the door when her mother stopped her and gave her a hug. Knowing that she was about to endure twice what had been done to each of us, we all gave her hugs and kisses and wished her good luck. I kissed her particularly fondly as I also wanted her to understand that I bore her no bad feelings for causing me to endure this agony.

The sobbing in the room gradually ceased and I regained my composure as we set about to get ourselves ready for the ceremony even though we could hear the screams of the bride coming from the next room.

We each used the bathroom and then had a shower. The warm water felt nice as it ran over the bruises circling our bodies. I particularly enjoyed running the hot water over my bruised nipples. The other ladies each had one sore tit but none had been hit squarely on both nipples as had done to me. I was also the only one with deep purple bruising behind the knees which responded particularly well to the soothing hot water.

By the time Fiona was brought back into the room by Mrs Andrews, all but Shauna was showered, powdered and ready to put on our dresses. Since all of the dresses had a built in bra and as none of us was going to wear knickers we were totally naked. We had discussed wearing stockings and a garter belt or just stay up stockings but we all decided that with floor length skirts it wouldn't be necessary. The feeling of pure nakedness under a formal dress was much more fun.

We all stopped what we were doing (except for Shauna who was in the shower) as Fiona was almost carried in. She had really been given the treatment. With two strokes one from the right and one from the left in each of these places:

- The shins and calves,

- The knees front and back,
- The thighs,
- The belly and buttocks going right down the crease
- Around the waist at belly button level
- Under the shoulders and across the breasts to each nipple.

She was sobbing uncontrollably and we lay her on the bed and proceeded to apply ice to all of her welts. I concentrated on icing her nipples knowing only too well that this would give the greatest relief.

Soon she regained control and began to recount what had happened to her in the next room. The story came out slowly at first but became faster and more lucid as she stopped sobbing and deep breathing. She described how her emotions were at fever pitch as she knocked on the door. She said how the fear that she experienced from watching each of us return in such pain only made her feel even more excited and anxious to experience the lash herself. She admitted that towards the end of the session, she had been begging Mr Andrews to stop, but he had ignored her. She seemed embarrassed to admit this but I kissed and reassured her that so did I. I pointed out that one of the most important aspects of committing oneself to erotic painful stimulation is the knowledge that once you agree to it, there is no going back and that whatever you say (or scream) after that point will be ignored.

Soon each of the six women were looking resplendent in our beautiful gowns and with our hair all fully restored and held in place with bows and hairspray. We escorted the beautiful young bride out to the lawn garden.

Chapter 16 – The Wedding

It was a beautiful wedding!

There were many guests who were not members of the club. In fact, club members only accounted for only about 30% of the guests. There was a collection of aunts and uncles of the bride and groom, grandparents and business associates of Chris and Margaret. This included the manager of the Marriott and her husband. Also attending were many friends of Fiona and Graham from university.

The mother of the bride arrived first accompanied by her sister. They made their way slowly down the aisle, smiling at, kissing and hugging many who were present. Some club members might have noticed that they walked a little stiffly and there was the occasional wince as the occasional well wisher in hugging her unknowingly put pressure on bruised flesh below the material of the gown.

Then it was time for the Matron of Honour and the Bridesmaid. Mine was a more difficult job as I needed to walk down the aisle to the music of the wedding march some 15 paces ahead of the bride being escorted by her father. I managed to walk sufficiently well as not to raise the suspicions of the guests but it was an effort. My ankles ached, the back of my knees were burning with a pain that surged with every step and the bruised flesh of my nipples hurt like hell as the breast moved to the motion of each step. I smiled through my pain and caused many a male club member, including my husband, to become hard at the thought of what I was suffering so stoically.

Next was the bride who must have been suffering even more. She had her father's arm to support her and she really needed it. They disguised it as a loving embrace but it did not go unnoticed by the club members. She walked with noticeable stiffness but walked in step with the music and disguised her pain very bravely.

She was followed by her beautiful younger sister who was probably the least stoic of the group and was walking very stiffly.

She did not disguise her pain very well but when one of her aunts later asked her what the problem had been, she replied that she was having a painful period. The old woman who was well past menopause smiled knowingly and soon passed the story on to the other women and soon the “fact” was well known. It was very amusing to be told later in the evening by some dear old lady that I hardly knew “What a pity it was that Shauna’s period was causing her discomfort on this special day”

The mothers took position in the front pew. Nicole sat beside Alex and Margaret left a space at the end beside her for Chris to sit after he gave away the bride.

I arrived at the altar next and grimaced to Richard who smiled at me and whispered “you look fabulous”.

Then the bride arrived and her hand was passed to Graham by Chris who then stepped back. I heard Graham whisper to her “How is the bride?” “In love and in agony” she replied forcing a smile for the benefit of the guests. Then Fiona took up her position beside Tony on the other end of the group. They smiled at each other and whispered something but I couldn’t hear what it was.

The wedding service was conventional and very enjoyable. There were quite a few surprised looks when Fiona included the words “and obey” in her vow. The highlight of the occasion in my view was when Olivia in a beautiful red, floor length, high waisted, sleeveless gown sang during the signing of the register. The plunging keyhole shaped neckline made it obvious that her beautiful large breasts though not supported were firm and delightfully protuberant. Everybody knew of her acting ability but few realised that she had such an astounding voice. She sang “You’re my world” and “Hopelessly devoted to you”. Both Cilla Black and Olivia Newton-John would have been proud of her rendition of their most famous songs. Richard later remarked that he thought that she had a remarkable resemblance to the Welsh mezzo-soprano, Katherine Jenkins. I agreed but said that she was even more beautiful. Although she had a body that was every bit as voluptuously sexy as Katherine’s is, her face whilst similar has a delightful pixyish quality. Many of the guests were very curious as to how the family came to

know such a famous and talented celebrity. If they only knew – I thought.

The reception was excellent. Alex was the Master of ceremonies and did a great job. The speeches were well done and to the point and expressed the sentiment of a loving family and a loving couple. Fiona spoke herself and gave a very witty but sincere message expressing her thanks to her parents for giving her such a wonderful childhood and expressing her desire to spend her life with the man she loves. At one point she said “I have learned a lot from my parents on keeping a marriage exciting and Chris knows that. I will bring this love to our marriage”. Most guests thought that she was talking in generalities but club members knew that this statement was being made by a bride with bruises circling her body and purple red bruised nipples only millimetres below the bodice of her blouse causing her bolts of pain with every move of her body.

After the cutting of the cake was the bridal waltz which we all knew would be agony for her. Chris kept his face close to hers, kissing her lips and cheeks as tears ran down. They were tears of agony but they smiled and said they were tears of joy. Actually they were both.

The waltz was only slightly less painful for me when Richard and I joined in but nobody paid much attention to my tears. Later in the evening a well meaning (but probably rather lecherous) old uncle insisted on dancing with me. Hiding my pain from him as we jived around the dance floor was the most difficult thing that I have ever had to do. It was made easier because he didn't look at my face very much and addressed his conversation to my breasts.

His wife on the other hand must have been looking at my face and taken my looks of pain to indicate that he was hurting me, which he was, but in ways that she could never imagine. I was amused later to overhear her lecturing him about his “ways” later in the evening.

The evening came to an end and we formed a circle to sing “Auld Lang Syne” and the bride and groom circled the groom with Fiona smiling and secretly enduring more agonising hugs from loving friends and relatives. I saw her wince on more than one occasion when she was hugged firmly causing her tender nipples to be

crushed against the jacket (and sometimes the bodice) of a well meaning guest.

As planned, by 10:00 pm the guests had all departed.

Richard and I virtually followed the bride and groom out of the door. Most other club members were not far behind. I was told that a few of the “straight” guests thought it rude that so many left of us left without first catching up with Chris and Margaret to say thank you for being invited. They would have been right of course if the club meeting had not been scheduled to start in half an hour’s time.

We had decided to stay over after the event and we had booked a hotel room for the night. We went to the room and I very quickly removed my gown and shoes (the only items that I was wearing) and fell on the bed. Richard got some Marriott brand moisturising lotion from the bathroom and gently rubbed it into my most painful welts and my tender nipples. Unfortunately the bottle was small and difficult to fully empty. He did the best he could, even tore the bottle apart to get the last of the lotion before giving up. He then started “kissing it better”. This had the inevitable result and soon he was lying on his back, naked with me sitting on him delightfully impaled on his beautifully hard penis.

Afterwards, I had a quick wash of my private parts, repaired my makeup, put my dress and shoes back on and went down the elevator to rejoin the party.

Most of the club members were there when we arrived and the party was in full swing.

The girls of the bridal party were asked to show off their welts and we happily complied by removing our gowns and mingling naked (except for our elegant shoes) amongst the guests. Some hadn’t realised that Nicole and Margaret had been whipped and the naked mother and aunt of the bride were complemented and kissed for their bravery. There were quite a few (mostly males) who wanted to look at my injuries and, not surprisingly, the injuries to my breasts came in for special attention.

The beautiful young bride wearing nothing but her shoes and her veil stole the show and so she should. The deep purple welts surrounding her body in so many places stood out starkly on the unblemished milk white skin of her body. Now free of the bra cups of

her gown, the turgid flesh of her nipples and aureoles was free to swell which it certainly did. She constantly, held the hand of her new husband who gave her his undivided attention.

It would be unfair to overlook the young bridesmaid likewise beautiful and also wearing the marks of her suffering with pride. She was accompanied by Tony who was clearly aroused by the marks born by his partner. When Tony became aroused nothing would hide his prodigious member.

With six women in the room naked, it encouraged other women to adjust their gowns to also display their breasts. It was a spectacular sight watching these beautifully coiffed women wearing their finest jewellery but taking advantage of the many and varied features of their gowns to put their bosom on display. It must have been what it was like in the French Court of long ago.

Chris had put on an open bar but after a short time guests started putting money for their drinks in a jar on the bar because after all the other expenses of the day, most people felt that the father of the bride had spent enough on the day.

The committee had not made any arrangements for the meeting and had decided to just let events take their course. Richard and I enjoyed spending some time with Mr Andrews and his wife who, he insisted that from then on, we should call them Philip and Helen. They were saying how much their involvement with the club through me had changed their lives. Their marriage like ours had also previously become rather uneventful. Helen, who actually made the whips, had secretly nursed a fantasy of having one used on herself but had been too afraid that Philip would think her mad if she suggested it. She had secretly used one on herself on occasions and despite the pain, she had felt very excited by the shock of the sensation. When I had first rung them and I had told them that I wanted a whip to be used on me they were both very surprised. Helen realised that her desires were not so strange after all. She was also very surprised and delighted to find how Philip became very turned on at the prospect.

Philip asked if they could join the club. They needed to visit Brisbane most months to look after some of their other business interests and they felt that they could attend most meetings. I

explained how the marble system worked and suggested that if Helen's marble came up on a meeting where she was absent, then her torment would be carried over to the following month without her having being told in advance. They agreed to this and so I told them that I would suggest the plan to the committee. Helen stripped completely and it was immediately obvious that she had tested the driving switch very recently.

The party was going very well and there was much happy conversation and dancing.

Chris noticed that Olivia had left her equipment in the room and asked her if she would like to sing again. She agreed.

It was a delightful surprise as this young woman set up her equipment before asking for requests. Apart from her voice, her body was absolute perfection. In fact as she confided to me later, she had been offered a six figure sum to pose naked for an Australian men's magazine which she had thus far refused. She did not want to upset her young fans or their parents. Her skin was perfection and obviously well cared for. It was unblemished white all over her body. I discovered later on that her husband, Grant, and some of her friends call her by the nickname "Seagull".

She undid the solitary straining button that held her gown together at the top of her cleavage and it immediately sprung open. Taking the edges of the plunging keyhole, she tucked them under her breasts and stood before the crowd with her wonderful breasts fully displayed.

She sung "Anyone who had a heart", "Gypsies tramps and thieves", "I who have nothing", "I will always love you" and quite a few more beautiful songs in her amazingly powerful voice.

Later when she stopped for a break, somebody asked her why she did not sing for a living. She replied that she had started as a singer but the children's show came up first and gave her regular income for about five years. Since then she had been in demand as an actress. "Still, who knows what might happen in the future", she said.

There was a group forming in the room of various people who were discussing something. Eventually Grant asked Ross in a voice that indicated that it was not just intended for him "Are we going to

have a show tonight?" Ross replied that it was up to the group but nothing specific had been planned. A good natured discussion followed and Ross fell into the role of chairman. David made the point that they had all missed seeing any of the bridal party ladies whipped and that was disappointing. Ross asked if they would like to see a similar whipping tonight. This was greeted to many murmurs of assent and nodding of heads throughout the room.

"Shall we make a selection by the marbles?" Ross asked "but if you do then I think that we should exclude the six ladies who have endured so much already today"

"I agree" said Grant but why don't we just have" a vote this time?" This also drew indications of agreement from the group. As soon as I heard this, I gave Olivia a wide eyed questioning look as I could see where this might end. She did not respond. Maybe she didn't understand my body language. Maybe she didn't foresee the likely outcome or maybe she was content to let matters take their course.

Ross asked the group if anyone objected to the lady being chosen by a vote tonight. This was unfair to Olivia but if she didn't object then nor should I. After all I wasn't even to be in the vote.

There were cardboard coasters at each table setting and Ross asked each man to write the name of the lady whom they would most like to see whipped tonight. He repeated that we six who had already been whipped today were exempt.

There was a lot of chatting and laughter as the votes were written on the coasters. There were a few discussions by partners as to whether a man should vote for his partner because he thought her the most beautiful or to not vote for her to save her from the lash.

Ross asked me to be the returning officer and I collected the coasters. As I expected, I didn't need to count the votes, Olivia had been selected by a wide margin. Ingrid got a couple of votes and Wendy also got one.

When I announced that Olivia had won, she was very surprised and shrieked loudly. I wasn't surprised and I don't think that many others were either. Possibly because Olivia is an actress by profession – she just couldn't help putting on an act but I don't think so. I think, from talking to her, that she just doesn't realise how beautiful she is and that she was genuinely surprised to be chosen.

She probably looked at the other women in the room and figured that many were more attractive than she was. Later, when I discussed her success as an actress with her, she was bemused by it.

Alex said “We loved your singing before but you will be singing much louder soon”. I didn’t think that this was a nice remark – even if it was true. She gave him a fierce look and grimaced.

Phillip Andrews was asked if he was up to doing one more whipping and he agreed. Who could blame him – the opportunity to whip one of the most beautiful women in the country is a once in a lifetime experience.

Olivia was asked to remove her gown and stand on the table which she did with considerable grace and elegance in her nudity. She stood on the table exhibiting the serenity that we women often display when we are facing imminent distress. I knew from experience that this is an illusion and that her mind and her feelings would be a riot of emotions and sensations at this time.

By standing on the table she was able to hold on to one of the exposed beams which ran above the table. Phillip asked Helen to tie Olivia’s wrists to the beam with some short rope supplied by Chris. Soon the members were looking up at a beautiful naked woman on the table tying an even more beautiful woman to the beam above her head. Olivia and some others in the room were probably wondering why she had been made to stand on the table. We who had previously been whipped by Phillip knew that he liked to start at the calves and work his way up. By standing on the table, Olivia’s dainty calves were at a perfect height for Phillip to aim at.

When Helen stepped down, Phillip placed a stroke across Olivia’s shins which wrapped about her calves. A painful blow, which six ladies in the room knew only too well. He quickly followed it up with a similar stroke which he did while standing on the opposite side of her body. She immediately howled and began a dance – lifting one foot at a time in a futile effort to relieve the pain.

Phillip was in no hurry and stood quietly waiting until she had settled down sufficiently for her to receive the next stroke.

She did eventually and was soon the recipient of two blows impacting on each knee and wrapping around to bite into the

sensitive flesh behind. Needless to say, Olivia reacted as she did before but her howls were louder and her dance lasted longer.

As I expected he did her thighs next. It needed Wendy and Ann to hold her feet to steady her for the stinging strokes that whizzed over their heads.

Phillip had done with her legs and now she needed to be positioned to let him have a crack at her bum, belly and breasts.

Wendy and Ann helped the young woman to take the painful steps from the table top to the seat beside it and then to the floor. I knew how it would have hurt her to bend her knees so soon after she had felt the kiss of the switch biting in behind them.

Olivia thought that it was over and screamed “NO!” “NO!” “No more please!” when she realised that she was being escorted to stand below another beam. Ropes were expertly thrown over the beams and, once tied to her wrists, were pulled on and tied off to some nearby table legs. She was soon standing with her arms in a Y shape. It was the same position that slave girls, servants and thousands of other women had been made to assume for millions of years to offer their defenceless bodies to the whip.

Her quiet keening erupted into a full bodied screams as the leather tip bit into the left of the crease of her bum and continued as the right suffered similarly. Then two more strokes circled her belly and she writhed frantically with the pain.

Phillip paused for a while to allow the young actress to regain her composure and appreciate what was to come next. Fiona held a glass of cold water to her lips and helped her drink it.

Later Phillip asked “Do you know what is coming next?” “My tits” she gasped with tears running down the flawless cheeks of her enchanting heart shaped face.

On the first stroke she opened her mouth in a silent scream such was the shock of the pain. She took a deep breath and a loud roar filled the room before becoming a shrill wail. Phillip paused before the next stroke but she still continued to wail – so he hit her again.

Another scream filled the room, which gradually subsided into sobbing. The ropes were quickly released and her wrists were untied and she was supported with one arm around Grants neck and the other around Peter’s.

Helen kissed her before she was assisted to sit. Ann gave her a glass of wine to sip. Members gathered around, congratulating her, empathising with her and generally showing the love that we masochistic women and sadistic men have for each other and especially for one of our number who has recently suffered on our behalf.

We didn't feel sorry for her because we all were used to the pumped up feeling that we knew that she was experiencing. The sexual high that she was experiencing would continue for the next couple of days. I was feeling much that way myself. It was exhilarating.

Richard shook hands with Phillip Andrews and I hugged Helen. He congratulated Phillip on his amazing accuracy. Richard pointed out that Phillip had whipped seven women that day. Five had been given six strokes and two had had twelve. That was 54 strokes in all and each one was right on target. "I compete in whipping contests back home" He said "So I practice a lot". "He practiced that driving switch on me" Helen whispered proudly pointing to one of the many lines of purple surrounding her body. I shuddered.

That was as much as I could stand and I joined the group, some now fully dressed or wearing bath robes, leaving the room behind Olivia now with her gown back on and walking very gingerly but still looking very stately as she made her way to her room.

When we got to our room, I quickly shed my clothes and lay naked on the bed. It was a wonderful night.

The latest that one could get breakfast in the hotel restaurant was 9 am and so we arrived a little before that. Not surprisingly many of the other club members had arrived when we did or only slightly earlier. We formed a large table and had a wonderful breakfast together. The bonds of our friendships were getting even stronger. We discussed the previous day's activities using all sorts of codes and euphemisms to avoid having the people at nearby tables understanding what we were discussing. The secret language made the gathering even more fun.

The bride and groom turned up and endured the good natured bantering that two newlyweds would expect on the morning after their wedding night. They were asked about the honeymoon details

and explained that they were going to stay in this hotel for 2 more days before driving up to Noosa where they had rented a unit until the following Saturday. They had expected that Fiona would be quite sore from her meeting with Phillip Andrews and wanted to give her a couple of days to recover. I wished that I had thought of that – I had to go to work that day.

Olivia was recognised when she entered the restaurant and was soon graciously autographing menus and coasters and posing for photographs with various diners. If they only knew, I wondered, what this beautiful woman was doing on 12 hours ago.

Eventually she made it to our table with her bowl of fruit, yoghurt and cereal from the breakfast buffet. She sat beside me – which was nice. “That must be tedious” I remarked, looking towards her fans still watching her as if they were surprised that celebrities ate. “It goes with the job”, she replied. “In my business, you have something to worry about, if they don’t recognise you – besides”, she continued “Most fans are very sweet.”

Of course we discussed the events of last night and I wondered how she felt about her treatment. She replied that she was surprised to be chosen and I decided not to comment since I was not surprised at all. She said that just thinking about the club and eventually being chosen for a show had constantly excited her. She was so afraid when she had been chosen and even though she would have done anything at the time to avoid the whip, she was glad that she had eventually got her comeuppance.

We all said our goodbyes with many a “see you next month!” being said from one party to another as we made our way to our cars after checking out.

Chapter 17 – The Milking Frame

Julie had spoken to Richard and me at the wedding reception to ask how her milking frame was progressing. I was surprised when Richard had said that it was nearly ready and said that he would be finishing it this week. He invited them to visit us the following Saturday the 2nd August. I was surprised because it was only three weeks ago when he had got me to lie in various positions on various planks and over boxes where he measured me up as the model for the frame.

I suggested that they come for lunch which was an offer that they happily accepted.

It was a busy week for me but eventually Saturday arrived. I did my morning shopping and prepared a nice antipasto lunch which was good fun for me as I had never made one before.

The young couple arrived around 11:30.

They were by themselves, little Christine was with John's mother along with a very adequate supply of recently expressed milk.

Lunch was a great success. The food was enjoyed by all, much to my delight, but by around 1pm Julie was aware of her breasts again filling with milk and she wanted to express the milk as soon as possible. Ingrid had told her not to let her breasts become engorged with milk as that will eventually reduce the flow and could possibly cause mastitis. I didn't know what that was but it didn't sound good.

Richard suggested that we abandon coffee and adjourn to his work shed and let Julie try out the frame. All agreed especially Julie.

The frame was a credit to my husband's creative genius. Basically, it consisted of a horizontal bar with a padded triangular plate with rounded corners mounted on one end, a padded cross bar towards the other end and another oblong padded plate with a large hole cut in it at the other end.

The triangular plate was as wide as a woman's pelvis and tapered to her groin. The idea was that she would stand behind the frame

with the tip of the triangle just below her vagina and then lie forward over the plate resting her hips on the wider section of the triangular plate. She could then take her weight on the bar and lower her chest over the bar with her breasts dangling to either side.

When lying down fully, she could extend her arms out in a crucifixion position along the padded cross bars. She could then rest her face on the padded oblong plate with her nose and mouth over the large hole so that she could breathe.

There were some interesting additional features; the cross bar was fitted with Velcro straps at wrist and elbow positions to enable her arms to be bound in position. There was a bar which could be positioned by various adjustments to be just below the dangling nipples. This could be used to support the cups of the breast pump or any other apparatus like clamps that they might like to be attached to the nipples.

There were two padded bars each about a foot long which were dangling vertically, attached to hinges on the vertical pole which supported the triangular plate. The lady would be asked to raise her knees to allow these bars to be lifted to a horizontal position where they clicked into a locked position. The bars then supported the lady's thighs just behind her knees and made it impossible for her to lower her legs. She was forced to rest with her knees up close to her belly and her feet hanging down.

There were many adjustments available to adjust the height and length of the device to suit the vital statistics of its female rider. Richard had measured my body to set up the frame, and because Julie's body was similar to mine, it did not take long to adjust the frame so that she was snugly locked into its embrace and unable to get free. Even her breasts were about the same size as mine because hers were so full of milk.

When she was comfortably locked in, Richard demonstrated one more feature. The oblong face plate could be swung down by 90 degrees so that what then became the top edge could not only support the woman's chin but also force her to hold her head back. Thus, not only did the bars holding her legs up, give unimpeded access to the lady's rear holes, but her mouth was also held into a

position of availability to anyone who wanted to thrust a penis (or anything else) into it.

I envied Julie her toy as I thought what wonderful fun it would be to be strapped helpless on the frame to be fucked at both ends at the same time.

Soon the breast pump (or milking machine) as Julie preferred to call it was in place and running. Despite the fact that the cups would hold on her breasts just by suction, it was decided to attach them to the "Nipple bar" anyway.

She was all set but nothing happened. John had a solution to the problem. He quickly stripped naked and thrust his member into her open and available vagina. As he thrust into her, he stimulated her clit with his fingers. It soon worked. Her hands, displayed by her outstretched arms, opened out fully and she groaned in orgasm and her milk came down and each nipple squirted multiple jets of nature's most wonderful liquid into the waiting cups.

John after grunting loudly as he ejaculated into her withdrew and sat down beside me still naked but now flaccid. I found his musky male scent very exciting and my nipples became quite hard. After he caught his breath he explained that while his wife can let down her milk easily whenever she is nursing Christine, but she usually needs a nice orgasm to get her started when she is connected to a machine. It is something about her body releasing oxytocin.

"She needs me to get her started." he said "one of the chores that we men have to do." he continued smiling She presented a most beautiful and erotic sight as she rode the frame. We sat and drank coffee as we watched the white liquid run down the tubes into the 500ml jar of the breast pump. It was purring loudly as it maintained the vacuum in the cups drawing milk from the woman's breasts. Like a cow that she so wanted to be compared to, she now had no say in the matter. Her body would give up its nectar regardless whether she wanted it to or not.

After about 30 minutes the bottle was almost full and her flow had virtually stopped.

John switched off the pump and took away her nipple cups. He left her on the frame for another 10 minutes while she relaxed into a dreamy happy state talking to us now and then while her nipples

exuded the occasional drip of milk which fell to the concrete floor below her.

Eventually we released from the frame and she stood and stretched her arms and legs and massaged her breasts.

I took her for a leisurely walk around my garden and my house while the boys chatted and did guy stuff in the work shop. We soon heard the noise and saw the flashing light as Richard showed John the TIG welder that he had used to weld the aluminium of the frame. "Boys!" I exclaimed.

Later that afternoon we sat around together and enjoyed a bottle of wine and some cream onion dip with chopped up carrot, cauliflower and Arnott's Jatz biscuits I remarked on how very turned on I was by what I had seen (and smelt – but I didn't mention that). I mentioned that I thought the chin support was a pretty cool feature. The men looked at each other and promised to test it on me after dinner.

Dinner was a pretty simple affair as I was too preoccupied with what was in store for me afterwards. I was not prepared to ask them exactly what was planned but it sounded pretty wild. We ordered in a pizza.

After we finished the pizza and finished off a bottle of wine, we went back to the work shop.

Julie's breasts were filling again and so we put her on the milking machine again. Once again, she needed to be started with John putting his fingers in her vagina and playing with her clit. I stroked her breasts and kissed her. Thirty minutes later, we had extracted about 300ml of milk before her flow again eased off.

Then it was my turn. Julie is slightly taller than me from her hips to her neck and so the horizontal bar needed to be adjusted to be slightly shorter to position the upper edge of the oblong face plate to support my chin when the pad was in its vertical position. They started the breast pump and fitted the cups, which were quite warm from being sterilised by Julie under a hot tap. I complained about them being hot on my tits and she laughed and said that normally she puts them in boiling water. The sucking was very pleasant and I could feel my buds swell under the influence of the machine. Of

course no milk came from me and even though I never expected that any would, I was disappointed.

Then Richard asked me if I wanted to be fucked in both ends. I did not have to think for long before I said "yes".

They began by caressing my immobile body with particular attention to my crease, clit and breasts. Richard kissed me passionately on the mouth. Then I squealed in delight as I felt John slide his rod into my open wet cunt and soon after Richard asked me to open my mouth and then gently moving his body back and forward he eased his shaft down my throat. I had taken the head of Richard's penis but he had never gone right down my throat. I gagged a couple of times at first as I came to adjust to the size of this fleshy rod invading my mouth and throat but I soon got to enjoy it.

It is a wonderful feeling for a woman to be so filled and with the delightful stimulation of my breasts; I reached violent orgasms after only a few minutes. John came soon after and he howled with pleasure as he blew his sperm deep into my womb. Finally Richard ejaculated and my head was vigorously shaken as the spasm of the muscles of his hips and belly were transmitted to my throat by his surging member. I delighted in the feeling of his emissions squirting down my throat.

After he was done he withdrew and looked at me anxiously and said "Are you OK?" I nodded as best as the chin support would allow and smiled. My throat was still a bit too traumatised for me to speak just at that moment.

We were all a bit exhausted by then and we went inside to enjoy tea and coffee. Julie had green tea; I enjoyed a large cup of Earl Grey with a dash of milk. It was lovely to feel the warm liquid sooth my bruised throat. The two men both had coffee and Richard put some Irish Mist liqueur in his.

Chapter 18 - August

We had a committee meeting on the following Wednesday – as usual, it was held in Ross' office.

Normally, it is left to the ladies of the committee to suggest what the activity for the month should be. Because I knew that I had a whipping waiting for me at the wedding last month, I had been on a sexual high for the whole month leading up to the wedding. In my excitement, I had been actively in devising new and frightening things to do. In surfing around the web, I came across an article about the crucifixion of females.

I found it to be very arousing. I certainly was not interested in the death bit, but the idea of being fixed to a cross for some hours whilst suffering great pain and being unable to move was a very exciting prospect.

As I researched the web, I found that sexual crucifixion of a woman was not unheard of at all. I read many works of fiction and some went way too far with the woman dying on the cross. There were however many factual articles about the medical aspects of crucifixion including how it is done in some devout catholic countries where they frequently engage in non-fatal crucifixions at Easter time.

After a few hours, I had decided on some guidelines for what I would suggest to the committee:

1. No nails
2. Whipping (scourging) before the crucifixion left painful lines on the body which the victim suffered more because she would be immobile soon after and could not rub the affected areas to get any relief
3. Reverse crucifixion, with the cross bar behind the vertical post was “better” for a woman because it pulled her arms back and caused her to thrust her breasts out more. The backwards pull of the arms would hurt more of course.
4. Support for the feet was important. Victims in Roman times were nailed in the wrists (not the hands) and the feet. This caused victims to “dance” on the cross as they alternated between putting their weight on the wrists for a time until it became unbearable then by straightening the knees; the weight was then put on the feet until the same thing happened. I needed to find a way to make our victim dance without the use of nails.
5. The time on the cross was really based on just how much agony that one wanted to inflict. Crucifixion victims in Roman times were known to spend days hanging before they eventually died. A healthy victim could be tied or clamped to a cross for some days and not die.

I was wondering how to arrange the dance. I had a talk to Richard who liked the eroticism of seeing a woman on a cross and he suggested that possibly, he could make a footrest that would sink down so that it would initially allow the lady to stand on it but it would slowly sink down under her weight until she would not be able to touch it even on tiptoes. After she took her weight off the footrest it would slowly rise. It sounded brilliant. I could really feel the frustration that the poor woman would feel in having to take her weight suspended only by her wrists while she had to wait for the foot rest to slowly rise to a point where she could again stand on it to relieve the pain which by then would be surging through her shoulders and upper body. We needed to be careful that she was not left not hanging by her wrists for more than about 15 minutes in case she might suffocate from her muscles losing so much strength

that she could be unable to exhale. My research indicated that most victims of crucifixion died from asphyxiation. I didn't want that to happen.

I discussed the sinking pedal idea with Richard and he said that he thought that could make one if he bought some brake or clutch parts from an auto wrecker. He went on to explain to me how it could be done describing master cylinders and slave cylinders and pistons and stuff. I didn't get it but I smiled and pretended that I did. All that I really understood was that my clever man could make exactly what I had described.

I thought about how to secure the wrists since nails were not on. Rather than using padded wrist cuffs nailed to the cross bar, I decided to recommend that we use large "U" bolts. Two holes could be drilled above and below the wrists and the bolt slid through clamping the wrist to the cross bar. "U" bolts are threaded at the ends and nuts could be done up on the threaded sections poking out the back of the bar to hold it in place. It would be much more painful than wrist cuffs and would leave the woman with nasty bruised and chafed wrists from having the bolts take her weight. Still one expects pain in the wrists from crucifixion so I thought that the bolts were a good idea.

The Romans devised an additional bit of painful apparatus. They arranged for a small saddle (called a sedile) in the form of a narrow piece of timber to poke out from the upright between the legs below the victim's perineum. This would give the victim something to sit on and thus reduce the stretch on the arms and possibly allow the victim to live (and suffer) longer. An evil refinement of this was to attach an upwards pointing cone shaped piece of timber which they called a cornu which would point upwards and penetrate the victim's vagina or anus. The cornu would take away any relief that the sedile might offer and instead cause the victim to suffer abrasion and stretching of her vagina (or worse, her anus) as she "danced" up and down in her effort to mitigate the pains from her suspension. I thought about this (becoming more and more sexually turned on as I did so) and came up with a wicked plan. I decided that "my" cornu should penetrate the anus. If it consisted of a half inch steel rod about around ten inches long with a wider ball section about the size

of a golf ball midway up the bar, then as the “rider” danced up and down the ball would be forced in and out through the sphincter. The cornu must be positioned such that the victim would not be able to pull herself up high enough to get her anus free on the rod. The stretching of the sphincter as the ball was forced through it on each up and down movement would be painful from the start. After a few hours and with the bruising and tearing of the many previous insertions and withdrawals, it would be agony.

Of course it needs to be understood that crucifixion is carried out in the outdoors. So in addition to all the other torments, the victim is subject to the elements and must endure the hot sun, rain or cold not to mention mosquitoes, flies and other bugs. Being fixed to the cross with her arms stretched out leaves the victim totally at the mercy of whatever nature dishes up.

As I did my research, I became massively sexually aroused imagining myself suffering on this fiendish device even though, the likelihood of my having to ride it was low. Richard was the beneficiary of my enhanced libido and encouraged me to “keep up the good work”.

Richard said that he doubted very much that the committee would accept the crucifixion idea because it was just too horrible an experience. He said that although he found the idea of a woman on a cross to be very erotic, he would not expect anybody to endure it. He would not start building a cross and the sinking pedal because he did not expect it ever to be used. He did make a nice stainless steel cornu for me on his lathe because he said that it would be fun to tease me with. That night, I endured a beautifully smooth and brightly polished version of my design being forced into my bum. The stretching was just as wicked as I expected. Richard then fucked me with the cornu still inside. The feeling of having sex with both my passages filled was sensational.

I drew a pencil sketch of a woman fixed to a cross so the committee could see what I was planning. I included a sinking footrest in the drawing even though I had no idea of how it could be designed along with a diagram of a sedile and my cornu.

Wednesday came and I made my way to Ross’ office with printouts of my sketch and diagrams for a crucifixion event.

It was a short walk from my office to Ross' building. "Yep – that's right he owns the entire company and it owns the building." The walk took quite a bit longer than I had planned because the rain was bucketing down (as it had been for the last couple of days) and I needed to take a longer route to avoid getting my nice new boots wet. I eventually made it to his office and his PA recognised me and said "Ross will see you now - the other visitors have already arrived." She looked at me quizzically as she was obviously curious as to what went on in his office when we met each month. She could not have helped but notice that sometimes, one of the women would emerge from the meeting red faced and tearful after having been chosen to act as the guinea pig for some future show. I walked through the door into his office and, without being asked, locked it behind me.

The meeting got under way and eventually Ross who could see that I had printouts in an envelope and I guess my eyes were sparkling with excitement said "Well Karen, I guess that you have a suggestion for the committee." I responded and passed out the printouts and enthusiastically explained my crucifixion idea.

I was disappointed with the lack of enthusiasm being shown on the faces of my fellow committee members as I began to explain what I had been planning. Even Suzanne, with whom I enjoy a close friendship and who has always shared my ideas for past shows, and most other things as well, began to frown as my presentation wound to a conclusion. When I was done, Ross asked "Well what do you others think?" There was a hush until Suzanne looked at me with an earnest expression and said "Karen – I'm sorry but this is way too scary even for me. I just couldn't put this up at a club meeting. If I was chosen for it, I think that I would just have to walk out. I couldn't face it." Anne nodded in agreement and said "I think that we might be taking this a bit too far. I know that I agreed to the breast hanging of poor Janelle and the flogging of the wedding party ladies and poor Olivia last month but lately I am starting to think that we should rein things in a bit." The men, Ross, John and Terry all agreed.

I was in a strange position. I felt embarrassed that the committee had rejected my idea especially since it was the first time that any idea by a member had ever been rejected by the others. But my

strongest feeling was that of disappointment. I had been harbouring the fear that it might be my body writhing in agony on the cross and this fear and anticipation was keeping my emotions on a knife edge.

Ross was very nice and thanked me for all the effort that I had put into the research and said that I have had so many good ideas in the past and will have many in the future and so I shouldn't feel discouraged to come up with one that we others don't like. John said "Maybe we can reconsider it later on" Anne said "No! Not while I am on the committee – it is just too horrible a thing to do." She looked at me apologetically and said "I'm really sorry Karen, but I feel the same way that Suzanne does."

So that was that. This left the committee to come up with something else. There was silence for a while before Suzanne said "You know when we were hanging Janelle" 'by the tits' I recalled to myself "well I was thinking about that enema that we gave her." she continued in a voice that indicated that she was thinking as she went along. "Maybe we could give a lady a really big enema that would be quite painful and humiliating." "How much milk did we put in Janelle last time?" Ross asked. "One litre" Suzanne replied. She knew because she had bought the milk before the meeting. I had no idea because at the time, I had been tied to the branding frame waiting to be branded. My only thought at the time was of the brands resting on the table in readiness for my waiting bottom. Ross asked "Maybe we could give her 2 possibly 3 litres this time?" "Let's ask Ingrid what she thinks" Anne replied "That sounds good to me" Alex commented "I think that we have had a lot of heavy impact and very painful events in recent months and a more subtle but still stressful event might be nice."

It was agreed that Anne would contact Ingrid for advice on what to do and plan the event accordingly.

John told the committee about his wife's breast feeding fetish and asked if they could bring her milking frame to each meeting so Julie could empty herself during a meeting. "The frame was very cleverly designed by Richard." he said smiling at me "and it folds up quite nicely to travel." The group all agreed that it would be nice to watch her being milked.

Alex then suggested that we think about what should be done for the following month. Ross said "OK – do you have anything in mind?" He said that he had an idea forming that he wanted to discuss. Ross and the rest of us encouraged him to go ahead. "Well", he said, "Nicole and I have been watching the Australian Open on TV", "Like all of us!" Suzanne interjected. "Yes!" he said "And I must say that these female tennis players look just so sexy". "I haven't been able to stop fantasizing about slicing a cane over the bottom of a woman like [Victoria Azarenka](#) or [Maria Sharapova](#)

and Jelena Dokic who looks positively awesome." Ross and John nodded in agreement and we women could see where this discussion was heading. "Maybe we should have a tennis match and cane the loser." He said. "Do you want all the ladies to wear tennis dresses?" Anne asked. "I think that it would be lovely to see them playing naked." he replied. "What a surprise," I said with a laugh looking at Alex who was assuming the look of a mischievous schoolboy. I went on to point out that being naked would change the game very much as large breasted women (like me) would suffer terribly as we ran around the court and served and returned the ball. Even in regular tennis it is obvious that even with a sports bra players like Dokic for example have problems controlling their breasts especially when they are serving. "But doesn't she look fantastic when she does," Ross remarked "Precisely!" said Alex.

"OK!" said Suzanne "Would you like me to talk to the ladies and arrange a contest?" "I will report back next month with what I think will work".

"What about the penalty? Alex asked "I thought that we could give the loser of each set one cane stroke for every point that she lost. "That way, if she lost a set 6:4, she would get 6 strokes. "We could cane the winner as well" John suggested "we could give the Looser 6 and the winner 4. If we only caned the loser the winner would go into the next set with an intact bum while the loser would have to play with her bum all burning and bruised?" He finished the sentence on a high note indicating that it was as much a question as a statement.

Again Suzanne said “OK – she would talk to the ladies and see what they thought and what she could arrange.” She went on to explain that she would try to set up a game between two ladies who were closely matched but who were not necessarily top class players. She also would get their opinions on how it should be scored.

We discussed where the match should be played. We needed a large property that had a tennis court so that members had an unobstructed view of the match but which offered privacy.

I remembered seeing a tennis court on Catherine’s property and suggested it to the group. Suzanne undertook to talk to Catherine about having it at her property.

I came out of the meeting with nothing to do. Anne was going to arrange the next meeting with Ingrid and Suzanne was going to arrange the tennis match. Suzanne asked if she could phone me in a couple of days to discuss “tennis” as she put it. I agreed.

The month went on with not much excitement. I was wondering what it would be like to be made to take an enema. I had never had one. I began reading up on it on the web and it didn’t seem to be too bad. But the reports of cramping and bloating of the belly were frightening.

True to her word, Suzanne called me and we discussed the tennis match. We decided to categorise the ladies into groups. The groups that we made up were as follows:

1. Ladies who had never played tennis ever
2. Ladies who played at school but not afterwards
3. Ladies who continued to play after school and who still have a game once or twice a month
4. Ladies who made it to the state titles and who still play regularly.

We went through the membership list so that we each had a list of ladies that we would phone to ask about her tennis skills. Every lady who we rang wanted to know how the information would be used and we truthfully explained that we didn’t know yet. The idea was to find two ladies who would be an even match.

This gave me something to occupy my mind but I still thought about crucifixion and still read various articles about it on the web.

We met at the Alchemy Restaurant in Eagle Street for lunch on Wednesday the following week after we had rung all the ladies. It is a beautiful restaurant with a lovely view of the Story Bridge (one of Brisbane's iconic structures) and with awesome decor inside. After a delightful lunch and a discussion about Queensland politics, we got down to business.

It turned out that most ladies in the club had played tennis at one time or another. In fact, Julie had played in the state titles and had made it into the top 100 in the state. She had been playing regularly until she became pregnant. Susanne said that she still holds a ranking even though she hasn't played for about a year.

We asked each of the tennis players if they would agree to play naked and all said "yes" generally with laughter in her voice. They didn't need to be told that there was a show involved and that she might get punished as a result of her game. Almost all of those who hadn't played for some time assumed that they would lose and anticipated some sort of flogging. We both had anticipated this and we told each lady, regardless of how good (or bad) she was, it didn't matter because we were trying to arrange a game between two seemingly evenly balanced players. There are seven ladies who still play regularly. They were Fiona, Shauna, Catherine, Angela, Isobel, Jenny and Leonie. We agreed that two of these ladies should be chosen for the match. After a great deal of discussion, we decided to break the group into two further groups. There were the three younger ladies, made up of the two young sisters and Leonie in one group and the four older ones in the other.

We chose a slightly complex selection process. The idea being that on the first draw any girl could be selected from the possible seven, but on the second draw only a girl from her group could be selected. The whole process was a bit dodgy because we had only the ladies own estimates of their skill to guide us in grouping them. We hoped that our choice would result in a good match.

We then discussed the punishments. We decided that we would use a different implement for each set and that we would beat both the winner and the loser at the end of each set. We also liked the

idea of the lady taking one stroke for every game that she lost. This guaranteed that one lady would always get at least 6 strokes and possibly 7 if it came to a tie breaker. If the winner of the set won 6:0 she would avoid any strokes for that set. We decided on the implements that we would use and how the event would be conducted.

We also decided that Julie should be the umpire.

Suzanne phoned Catherine and asked if we could use her tennis court and property for the match. Catherine told her that she had been talking to me about tennis (which Suzanne already knew of course) and wondered if the club would really want to meet at her house. She was concerned that the court was in need of some maintenance and the net was quite old and even when fully tensioned, sags in the middle. Suzanne replied that this isn't Wimbledon and that she was sure the court would be fine. Catherine finished by saying "Well you are welcome to use it but, as I say, it is pretty scruffy." Since Mark and Catherine's property was quite a long drive out of Brisbane, Suzanne suggested that they should book the local motel so couples could drive out on the Saturday and stay the night to be bright and fresh for the next day's activities. Catherine said that they could certainly do that but if anyone wanted to stay on their property, "She could very likely be able to put them up".

Suzanne called me and we discussed it. I had seen Catherine's court when I was staying at her house, the day after I had been branded. I said that her court was showing its age but would be OK for what we wanted. I also knew that the property was huge and had quite a lot of accommodation from the days when they had to accommodate teams of shearers.

So, it was settled. I said that I would send the details to the other members of the committee to tell them that the event had been arranged. We probably didn't need to have a meeting of the committee next month since we had events arranged for the next couple of months.

There was a slight hiccup however when I got a call from Anne. She had arranged to have this month's gathering at the "Scotch Thistle" Margaret had agreed and we had sent out the notices. Chris rang Richard and asked if anything needed to be set up for the

event. Richard told him that the lady on that occasion would be having an enema. "Like bloody hell, she will!" he exclaimed. "I'm not going to risk having somebody shitting on the floor of my restaurant". Richard was embarrassed because Chris had every reason to object. He called Anne who was also embarrassed because she should have thought of it. So Ross rang Chris and apologised and so did Anne. At short notice, the venue was changed to our house. We planned torturing the lady on the lawn in front of Richard's shed or, if it was raining, we would do it in the shed. We have proven before, that the club can all fit in the shed. Chris being the decent guy that he was apologised for making a fuss and was soon told that he had had every right to do so. I sent another email to all members advising of the change of venue.

Sunday 30th August came around and I busied around to get everything ready for the night. We had decided on casual dress for the evening. The evenings were pleasant but slightly windy as is normal for Brisbane this time of year.

The guests began to arrive at around 6PM and our driveway began to fill with cars as did the street outside. Each lady went to quite a lot of trouble to look as sexy as possible. I wore a skirt which was supported by two Braces about 4 inches wide which covered my breasts and crossed behind my neck. I wore nothing underneath and the breeze ensured that the braces were often blown aside to leave me exposed. My skirt was again of "Story of O" design and was rolled up at the back exposing my bottom and my brand which was looking nicer with every passing month.

The young ladies Fiona and Shauna looked amazing wearing matching white aprons and nothing else.

Julie wore a military style white outfit with gold braid on the shoulders and a tight white business like knee length skirt. The blouse had army style breast pockets. What was a delightful surprise was that when she undid the button on each pocket the whole pocket just fell away and allowed her breasts to poke out of each hole. The impact of this conservative looking outfit with her large milk filled breasts hanging out was stunning and I swear that there was not one soft penis in the house when those pockets came off.

Of even greater interest was when her husband brought out her milking frame. He swiftly unfolded it and placed it on the concrete path that ran down the side of the group standing on our grass lawn. Julie flipped up her skirt and then bent over the frame in a practiced motion and stretched out her arms across the cross pads ready to have them strapped down. She had become very used to the process by now and, as soon as her breasts hung down on either side of the central bar fine little jets of milk began to squirt from each swollen nipple. John very expertly and swiftly setup the breast pump and attached the cups to each breast. Swift as he was he did not get her hooked up until the concrete below the breasts was wet with milk. John swung the face pad down so that she could rest her chin on it and talk to people while her body was being drained of milk. John looped the Velcro straps around her arms locking her crucified on the machine. By flipping her skirt when mounting the frame, Julie enabled her husband to pull up her skirt leaving her fully exposed from the waist down. She lifted her knees up to her belly to enable the supports to be clicked in place up under her knees and locking her long legs in place. Her most intimate holes were on full display with her labia protruding back behind her legs, she was available for anyone to caress and play with her lower body and many did – that was the idea. The men soon found that they could wet their fingers from the copious juices flowing from her vagina and use it to penetrate her anus. Julie was talking to Shauna and Fiona about how she was feeling locked in the frame and being milked. This description was disrupted by a shriek as one of the men (Alex) attempted to push 3 lubricated fingers up into her very available anus.

We had a beautiful smorgasbord dinner which is always a successful because people can mingle around as they eat and chat. Everyone, particularly the guys, enjoyed the opportunity to look at each of the outrageous outfits. Many people assisted in feeding Julie as the pump continued to purr draining her milk into the glass jar.

I did not need to ask for assistance in getting the food served with the two young sisters immediately swinging into the role and knowing just what needed to be done. Shauna had an accident when she was carrying a tray with glasses of red wine on it. She

spilt a full glass of wine down the front of her apron. She didn't miss a beat and whipped off the apron and continued to serve drinks and food gloriously naked. She got a cheer from the group as she did so and acknowledged it with a shy smile.

Eventually the time came for the tapping on a glass and a call to order from Ross who had taken on the role of MC this time. He decided to choose the lady before announcing the form that the evening's show would take. He asked Suzanne to pick up the jar of marbles and asked the naked Shauna to close her eyes and choose a marble from the jar. So she did.

"Anne" she screamed looking at the serene beautiful woman who put her hands to her face in a silent wide eyed scream. Shauna ran to her and hugged her closely. Anne did not need to be asked and walked the grass to the centre of the gathering near her husband. She gracefully turned her back to him when he lifted her blond hair clear of the zipper and he ran it from her neck to her tailbone. The silken gold dress fell from her shoulders and dropped to the floor. Shauna picked it up for her and folded it and put it on a table (near her own stained apron).

Of course Anne knew what was in store for her as being a committee member, she was about to take on an experience that she, herself, had orchestrated. Most of the other ladies had no idea what had been planned. Ross, rather cruelly asked his wife to tell the assembled group what was about to be done to her. He could have asked Suzanne or me to do it but having the lady herself describe her impending suffering was an interesting twist. "I am to have a large enema tonight." Anne said in a subdued manner with her voice high with excitement and fear. "I won't be getting a simple cleansing enema like Janelle had last February, mine will be a full enema and my body will be completely filled." She continued with her voice breaking with emotion. There were many feminine gasps and exclamations around the room as the other women realised what they had managed to avoid on this occasion.

Ingrid rolled out a 6 wheel hospital IV pole which had a large clear plastic bag hanging from one of its four hooks. The small wheels were designed to roll on a smooth hospital floor so she had difficulty after she pushed it out of the shed with its concrete floor and onto

the grass. She grasped the vertical pole and half rolled; half pushed the stand into position close to the terrified woman.

There are many types of enema nozzle some are quite small and can be inserted through the sphincter without any discomfort but we decided to choose one that would really get the lady's attention. We bought a product called a "Large Enema" by mail order from a company in the USA. (Anne actually choose it herself) At its widest point, it was one and one quarter of an inch in diameter. They supply some other nozzles which are even larger including one called "Titanic" which might suit an elephant but not a woman, least of all a petite lady like Anne. Ingrid purchased an enema bag from the hospital supplier which was made from clear plastic along with some suitable clear plastic hose. She also got an inline tap (faucet) which had a male fitting either side which could be slid into the hose. Anne and Ingrid had previously fitted the nozzle to a 6 inch length of hose and then fitted the tap to that. The tap was turned off. Ingrid explained to the group that when one pushes a nozzle into an anus, it disables the ability of the sphincter to control what stays inside and sometimes this can result in a messy result. By attaching a hose and a closed tap to the nozzle, this possibility is avoided.

There are many ways to give an enema. The recipient can stand up or sit but this has the problem that the fluid must flow uphill requiring more pressure from the bag. The procedure is also often administered with the recipient lying on her side. This works well, particularly with women whose wider hips give a bit more height over the bowel.

The best but most embarrassing position is for the recipient to kneel and then lie forward with her forehead touching the floor – generally resting on her hands. This will position her anus (and vagina) on lewd display at the highest point of her body. Surprise! Surprise! – We decided to do it this way.

An elevated box with a padded top was provided for the lady to kneel on. Anne kissed her husband and then this woman, one of the wealthiest in the country, took her position on the box.

Alex put on a plastic glove and selected a tube of KY Cream and set about to lubricate the anus so availably presented before him. She groaned as he pushed two fingers inside her to force as much

lubricant into her canal as possible. Next, he picked up the nozzle and coated it with cream. He asked her to reach back and pull her cheeks apart. Whether this assisted him in inserting the nozzle I wouldn't know but it certainly made Anne feel even more violated.

She began a low wail as she felt the head of the nozzle being inserted but this soon became a series of "Oh! Oh! Ohs!" as her penetration continued. Alex moved the nozzle in and out a few times going deeper each time. Finally, he made a vigorous thrust driving the head past her sphincter drawing a scream from the lady's lips. The action of her sphincter then drew the nozzle head deep into her colon and the pain diminished. Soon she was left with only an inch of the nozzle protruding from the hole and the attached hose and tap dangled below it.

Alex helped her up from the box and she was encouraged to circulate around the room – which she did. Anne was a beautiful woman who through diet and exercise kept her body trim and her belly flat. She became very frightened when Ingrid commented that her trim belly will make it very noticeable when it distends from the volume of liquid soon to be introduced into her bowels.

Julie had by now been freed from her milking machine and also began to move about the room. She did not replace the pockets of the blouse and she walked about with her breasts on display. The nipples were quite a deep purple colour and one could see the shape of the cups in pink surrounding the nipple. She had filled one 500mL bottle and had put 100mL in a second bottle. She asked me to refrigerate the full bottle so that she could send it to the breast milk bank and she put the other bottle out for people to put in coffee or enjoy it any way that they wished. Many did.

Anne circulated the room naked but for her shoes. Her hair was beautiful and diamond stud earrings supported the elegance that she radiated. After about an hour of talking to various people and receiving many hugs and kisses, she was escorted back to the box. She was visibly trembling as she mounted the box and again assumed the position offering her anus to be filled.

Alex took the tube from the bag and attached it to the tap to enable the flow from the bag to the waiting anus. He also mounted a little clear plastic device just below the bag. It had two pea sized red

balls inside which spun around indicating the rate of flow of the liquid through the tube. Anne was encouraged to sit up and rest on her haunches. She watched apprehensively as Ingrid poured 3 litres of UHT milk into the bag and hung it from the stand. The stand was not very stable on the grass, and so Richard got a couple of bricks and sat them on the base to give it some stability. The obvious lean of the stand towards the bag was testimony to the weight of the liquid. Three kilograms as Richard later informed me.

Ingrid removed the hose from the tap while clamping the hose between her fingers. She let a small amount of milk to flow out of the end of the hose before again pushing it back onto the tap. "The hose needs to be full of liquid to avoid pushing air into her belly" she explained.

Anne was gently assisted to again put her head down in readiness to be filled.

Ingrid turned on the tap and the flow down the tube caused the little red balls to spin. Soon Anne groaned as she began to feel her bowel expanding from the pressure inside, this soon became a keening wail as the pressure became more intense while the little balls continued spinning.

She howled and began to sit up as her belly was engulfed with a painful cramp. Ingrid had previously suggested that they warm the milk to body temperature to lessen the likelihood of cramping but Anne had rejected the idea so as to make the process more painful. She was regretting that suggestion now. Ingrid massaged the naked belly and her expert fingers could feel the expanding bowel where we non medical folk could not see anything different. This helped her to get past the pain and she was able to put her head down again. Not long after, she screamed again as the cramp returned with greater intensity. Ingrid and Alex helped her to get off the box and to stand beside it. Ingrid closed the tap and again began to massage her belly. Her fingers again located the expanded section of her bowl and she palpated the swollen section to encourage the fluid to flow more deeply inside her easing the pressure on the straining lower section. Anne had no idea what Ingrid was doing. She just suffered the sensation of ever increasing fullness and the various pains as Ingrid's expert fingers did their work. By this time the swelling of her

belly had become quite obvious even to me. Of course, the fact that she was standing now made it even more obvious. Soon she was relieved sufficiently for her to take up her position on the box and the tap was turned on again. After a few more minutes, she was cramping again and howling. Again Ingrid did her drill spreading the fluid more evenly through her belly and positioned her on the box to take on more. It did not take long for the cramps to becoming agonising and of longer duration. Ingrid shut off the flow. The little balls had still been spinning just prior to the tap being turned off which indicated that she still had capacity to take more liquid – painful though it would be.

By now she had taken just over two litres and her belly had clearly expanded. She was allowed to sit on the box before she was massaged again. Ingrid had begun showing a very curious Fiona where the bowel was as it looped around the belly. Because the organ was swollen and firm it was easy to find and Ingrid ran Fiona's fingers over the organ to help her find it, Anne sat on the box in pain and in terror as her body was being used for this impromptu medical lesson.

Ingrid settled her down as much as was possible with extensive massage and comforting but Anne was barely paying attention as she sobbed and felt around her swollen and firm belly.

I want you to get up from the box and walk about for a while. That will help the liquid disperse about your belly and enable you to take a bit more. She clamped the tube to prevent any running out of the tube and she closed the tap. "You will feel as if you are about to explode but that large nozzle will ensure that this won't happen." She advised.

Anne did stand supporting her belly and saying "This is terrible!" She took short mincing steps as Janelle escorted her to walk about the lawn, Eventually, she was made to take up position on the box again. "OK" Ingrid said, "This is the last lap. I want to run the milk into you until the balls stop spinning indicating that you are holding as much as you can." "Anne," she said, squatting down and looking at her victim in the face, this is going to be quite hard for you." She kissed the sweating face lovingly and then continued. You will

certainly cramp again and it will be very painful and you will scream and try to get away.

That is why I will need a man to hold you by each of your knees and elbows". It took only moments for four men to take up position and she turned on the tap. A minute or so passed as Anne, with eyes focussed on the bag and spinner, waited apprehensively for what Ingrid had predicted. Ingrid had un-wrapped some Nivia skin cream and was crouching down beside the box gently caressing the cream into the skin of the ever expanding belly in front of her. Anne screamed very loudly when the next cramp hit and Ingrid began to massage her quite vigorously. Exactly as predicted, Anne began to squirm vigorously and tried to pull away. She screamed "Please stop", Please stop!" And "I am bursting!" all to no avail.

The balls in the little spinner did eventually stop spinning and Ingrid closed off the tap and removed the pipe from it. Anne was holding two and one half litres of milk. She was assisted to her feet and she stood very carefully. She was in panic as she expected the pressure in her belly to force the nozzle out causing her to void herself on the spot. Ingrid calmed her down and explained that again the large nozzle will keep her from voiding but she would need to be careful not to put any pressure on it.

She again circulated around the group with all present hugging her gently and feeling her distended belly.

After about 15 minutes, she was escorted to my nearby garden. Suzanne and Margaret took her elbows and gently walked her backwards until the backs of her heels touched the stone edging of the garden. "Here we go" said Suzanne, as she opened the tap. Immediately a jet of white milk squirted hitting the ground more than a yard from her anus. Since this was occurring in the open air, and the milk covered any other matter that might be voided, it was not unpleasant to watch the flow being directed over my rose bushes.

She squealed as she cramped yet again but it was not as bad as previously and she was left to bend forward and deal with it unaided as her body readjusted to the reducing pressure. The milk jet continued for about 5 minutes before reducing to a trickle. Ingrid asked Anne's two escorts to step her forward and then bend her over. Then, after putting on a pair of hospital gloves, she extracted

the nozzle to the accompaniment of yet another shriek from Anne as her sphincter was again forced to stretch over the wide girth of the tool. She was quickly placed in a crouching position and a little more milk flowed from within her.

When that ceased, she carefully stood up and said "I still feel as though there is some left inside." "There will be, replied Ingrid, "You will want to use the bathroom a couple more times tonight".

So the night drew to a close. Some couples stayed over especially Anne and Ross who spent the night in a guest room that had an adjoining ensuite.

Next morning we had breakfast on a table that I set up in the front lawn under some trees. Anne was the centre of attention and she was radiant. "I've never felt better" she exclaimed. "I am not surprised." Ingrid replied. You were pretty bound up inside. That is why filling you caused you some discomfort. You must do it again sometime or change your diet." "I'd better talk to you about my diet", Anne replied "I won't be lining up to do that again."

Chapter 19 – Anyone for Tennis

The September meeting was Sunday 27th September. Catherine suggested that any club member who wanted to arrive on the preceding Saturday and stay overnight was welcome to do so. Sunday was going to be a busy day so we wanted everybody to arrive early. Richard and I decided to take up Catherine's offer and we arrived on Saturday afternoon.

About half of the members did the same. Mark and Catherine have a huge property with a large house and a barn. The surrounding farm property used to be a commercial sheep property but the previous owner closed it down and sold the property. Mark was saying how it was a sad story because although the property was viable, government legislation, greedy banks, periods of drought and markets being manipulated by the large customers made its continuing operation non-viable. He and Catherine managed to sell their farm in South Africa before that country went into unrest and used the money to buy this property at a very good price.

They had many rooms to accommodate guests some in the house were quite luxurious while others which had been built behind the barn as staff accommodation were a bit rough. The couples decided what rooms that they would stay in the good natured way that good friends are able to do without any difficulty.

Mark and Catherine (mostly Catherine) have been building up the farm over many years to grow vegetables, citrus fruits and other crops mostly for their own consumption. They ran a few cattle for milk and occasionally for meat. By selling their surplus produce at a roadside market which is run by a co-operative of other local farmers they bring in sufficient cash to cover the costs of keeping the farm going with a slight profit. They also have six horses which Catherine describes as "expensive guests". Mark is a very successful

consultant who has had a lot of experience with oil wells. He works from home most of the time.

I had dressed for horse riding and very soon got to ride the same lovely horse that I had ridden naked on my last visit. Catherine had very kindly saddled up all the horses prior to our arrival so I was soon riding about the property with Catherine, Maria, Wendy and Olivia. I told the group how I had ridden naked on my previous visit and how nice it felt. The other ladies all wanted to try it. Catherine suggested that we spend the afternoon riding clothed but we might like to strip off and ride naked for about half an hour just before we went back to the house. She laughed as she said that having ones thighs chafed from excessive riding is a torment that she wouldn't wish on anyone.

The ride around their property and the adjoining properties of friendly neighbours was delightful. We stopped by at the creek that forms one boundary of the property and stripped naked and had a delightful swim in a deep billabong. We folded our clothes and left them on nearby logs and rocks.

Naked riding is lovely for a woman and the ride back to the house was delightful. The movement of the horse caused our breasts to bounce in a stimulating rhythm and the feeling of the animals powerful muscles bouncing and rubbing on our vulva as we sat with legs wide on the saddle was delightful. I became aware of a lovely squishy feeling as my vaginal fluids coated the saddle. Five very happy and aroused women made their way back to the house and arrived to much laughter and ribald comments from the men who greeted us. Most of the men had only just returned from playing golf on the small but difficult golf course that Mark and a neighbour had built straddling the two properties.

I took the quad bike and (still naked) drove back to the billabong to retrieve our clothes. There was no need to rush as all the ladies were quite happy to stay naked. Others who had not been on the ride decided to join in on the fun. It took me more than an hour to collect the clothes and drive back and by the time that I got back to the house the entire group was naked.

Wendy was again wearing her nipple shields and they looked stunning swinging seemingly with a movement of their own on the

ends of her prominent breasts and sparkling in the sunlight.

Some of the other ladies had various minor body piercings. Suzanne had recently had a ring fitted to her belly button and Maria had had a couple of rings fitted to her labia and of course almost all of us had had our ears pierced, All of these piercings paled into insignificance compared to what Margaret had done. She was wearing nipple stretchers. Her nipples were pierced near the tips and had a substantial little bar passing through them horizontally. Each bar was about one eighth of an inch thick and about one inch long and had a little ball on each end. It was the other part of the apparatus that left me in awe. There was a ring that fitted snugly around the base of the nipple. The ring was fitted with three pairs of differing length “Y” shaped supports positioned equally around the ring. Each matching support was diametrically opposite the other. The shortest pair was three eighths of an inch high, another was half an inch high and the longest was five eighths of an inch tall. The idea was that degree of stretch could be controlled by positioning the ring to rest on one or another of the pairs of supports.

Margaret had her bars resting on the shortest pair of supports but even so, her nipples were obviously under substantial tension.

She had gathered quite an audience all of whom were in admiration of her obviously painful little decorations.

She explained that She and Chris had visited Glasgow to visit his parents prior to Fiona’s wedding and they had stayed over in London for a couple of days on the way home. They had been wandering around Soho and had come upon a jewellery shop in Old Compton Street. It had a wonderful variety of lovely gold and platinum nipple stretchers of many different types. Although she had never even heard of such things before, she was fascinated as soon as she saw them. They were both beautiful and barbaric at the same time and she wanted a pair to take back to Australia. The beautiful young sales assistant was very helpful and explained how each type worked. She took Margaret to a fitting room where she measured the width and length of her nipples and assisted her to choose a pair that would best fit her. She warned Margaret that this is not like buying shoes. “Even though the stretchers that we choose for you

are the best fit, they will hurt like hell and keep right on hurting for hours.” She stressed.

All models relied on the fitting of a bar through pierced nipples but it was the stretcher that varied. The cruellest was of a spring design which (like them all) engaged with the bar and forced it away from the aureole ring. They were the cruellest because the spring would continue to provide stretching even after the nipple had become elongated from the constant tension. Others had only a single pair of “Y” shaped supports mounted on the ring and these could be purchased in various lengths.

The one that Margaret chose was of a similar design but had multiple supports of various lengths allowing the wearer to choose supports of ever increasing lengths as the nipple adjusted to the stretching over time. There was another version which consisted of two rings and the outer one had three screws going through it so that they could be turned and progressively adjust the gap between the rings and stretch the nipple in doing so.

Margaret felt that the spring ones would be too painful. And the ones with screws were too bulky and not very attractive. The ones with a single pair of supports were the most attractive. However, because they were in no way adjustable it would be likely that it might be too tight or too loose and made no allowance for the nipple to eventually become longer. The one that she bought gave her three extension options which seemed best.

She waited until just after the wedding to have her nipples pierced and have the bars fitted. She had to wait for the piercings to completely heal before she could try the stretchers. Today was the first time that she had worn them outside her house. When she first tried the stretchers two weeks ago, she was not able to put them on by herself and Chris was too afraid of hurting her to do it. She had to ask her daughters to come home and assist her. Fiona and Shauna were stunned when they saw what their mother had bought and were delighted to be part of the project. The first time that she tried it, she put the stretchers on and positioned the shortest supports near the bar. Then she got Shauna to pull on each bar and sit it in the “Y”. She squealed with the pain and it brought tears to her eyes. Chris took her in his arms and kissed her mouth stifling her screams

and gently kissed away her tears. The girls admired her elongated nipples and encouraged her while drinking many glasses of wine to endure the pain for more than an hour. Each daughter visited her every other day after that and each mounted the stretchers and positioned the bar. Chris delighted in his wife's bravery and the eroticism of the sight of her distressed nipples. It became less painful as the nipples gradually adjusted to being stretched and yesterday she was able to fit them herself and wear them for four hours. The daughters loved fitting them for her and asked her to involve them whenever she could.

She had not worn them on the long drive to Catherine's house but had got Shauna to fit them to her while we were out riding.

All of the ladies got naked in the pleasant afternoon sun. The men did too but found it uncomfortable walking about with erections. All that we wore was our shoes and some mosquito repellent. It was a delightfully erotic occasion. I have read articles by naturalists who claim that having a bunch of people walking around is not erotic but natural. I am sure that they are sincere in their thought but that is not how it was for our club. I was very aroused and so was Richard. I knew that he was enjoying looking at the bodies of the other beautiful women and for that matter, I found the look and scent of the naked men arousing. It was nice.

As the afternoon wore on, other couples arrived and joined our happy naked group.

Catherine had arranged a nice smorgasbord dinner which we began eating at around 6PM. There was beer and wine available and we all stood around naked drinking and eating, chatting and generally enjoying each other's company.

As evening came, we went inside because it was starting to get a bit chilly and the mosquitoes were becoming more aggressive.

They had a nice seven foot Aristocrat brand billiard table in the centre of their large games room which was soon being actively used. I started it off by challenging Wendy to a game. I had never played Billiards naked before and it was fun. I know that Wendy and I were being watched closely as we bent over the table. We sometimes needed to rest our breasts on the felt, legs apart and

with bums elevated and resting on the table edges. No wonder we attracted an audience.

Wendy won. We only played three breaks before giving up the table to others. Male testosterone began to surface and some wanted to play a serious game with a cash prize.

After a lot of happy banter and discussion, Grant threw a challenge into the room. He bet \$1,000 that he could beat anyone in the room. Many couples had whispered discussions about whether to take him on. I could see Shauna and Fiona encouraging Tony to accept as presumably he must be pretty good. Tony was embarrassed and said "I can't afford to bet that much." Shauna, with all the impetuosity of a woman who has yet to celebrate her 21st birthday said "Oh go on – you are so good at this game!" Tony showed the maturity and judgement that got him early promotion in the police service and shook his head. "Can't we bet something else - What about \$200?" Shauna suggested. There was a murmur of conversation around the room and it was clear that most wanted to see a match between the young policeman and the successful businessman both of whom were thought to be very good with a cue by those who knew them.

"You can bet your arse." Grant aggressively said to Shauna. "I will pay you \$100 for each cane stroke that you take in place of the \$1000 if I win." I think that he was probably joking but it would be easy to think that he was being serious. Clearly Shauna did not see the funny side and Olivia, his wife, was scowling at him.

Tony looked at the woman he loved who was standing defiantly, with her firm breasts rising and falling from her deep breathing. Her face was flushed and she was angry. The young man shook his head as if to say don't respond. "It's my decision!" She exclaimed defiantly and I will take the bet. "That's not fair!" Exclaimed Olivia, showing the gentleness and fair mindedness that was so much a part of her sweet personality. "A thousand bucks is nothing to us – we are lucky enough to have a high income." She continued. She was too modest to point out that \$1,000 was about one week's salary for the young man. "I will bet my arse as well!" she declared. Grant looked at his wife in awe as she escalated the bet into something that he had never envisaged. Although Olivia had a

pixyish possibly childlike face it was clear that she was no coward in offering her body again after having been caned barely two months before.

“OK! You’re on– 5 breaks ABSC rules?” Tony asked boldly. “5 breaks is fine”, Grant replied. “But what is the ABSC?” “The Australian Billiards and Snooker Council”, Tony replied. “And I suppose that they manage the Australian championships which I guess you have played in?” Grant asked. The modest young man paused but Shauna very proudly announced “He made it to the semi finals in the Under 21s Queensland Championships” Olivia clenched her beautiful bum as she anticipated the cane strokes that her husband’s bravado and her sense of fair play had very likely earned her. Grant looked at his beautiful wife and whispered, “Sorry!”

The game quickly got started. Both men were a delight for us girls to watch with Grants powerful heavily muscled body and Tony being younger, smaller and wirier but with a beautiful penis that was both long and thick. Shauna had confided in me how he stretched her and everyone could see why.

It was a great game and even those of us who were not billiard fans enjoyed the match. Grant played well but lost every break. Olivia began to smile. But she squealed fearfully as she watched the game slipping away from her man. Shauna was an even more enthusiastic fan showing her pride in the young man that she loved, squealing and even jumping and clapping her hands as he demonstrated his talent with the cue. It became obvious right from the start that her bum was never in any danger.

When the game was over and while Shauna jumped excitedly around her lover kissing and hugging him, Olivia looked around to see who was going to be the one this time to inflict the ten wicked cane strokes into her soft white flesh.

Maybe because it was his pool table, Mark decided to take control. “Would you like me to cane you?” he asked in his distinctive South African accent. “OK!” she replied simply. Grant took her in her arms and again whispered “I’m sorry!” She smiled and quietly said “It’s OK! – I wouldn’t be here if I was worried about getting the stick.”

Catherine had already produced a ¼ inch thick cane and reverently gave it to her husband. She looked at Olivia with a glance

that showed that she was no stranger to the instrument. Mark said "Olivia, I sometimes use this on Catherine. It is reasonably light but I use it on the sensitive parts of her body. Are you OK for me to do that to you?" Olivia looked at the cane and nodded.

Catherine had been busy and quickly got a ladder and some rope. She stood on the ladder and threaded the rope through two rings mounted in the ceiling. She did this with the smoothness of one who had done it many time before. Meanwhile, Ross said to Olivia "Livy! We know that your profession requires you to wear revealing outfits, none of us want you to have to give up work by being brave tonight." She shook her head sending beautiful long black hair swinging around her face and said "It's OK! – I will be doing talk shows next week and will just have to be careful what I wear." Ross nodded and the care that he showed for this lovely young friend of us all was obvious.

The milk white skin of Olivia's face and chest had assumed the blush of sexual excitement as Catherine fitted her with padded wrist cuffs and tied the ropes to the "D" links. Then, squatting on the floor she lifted out two pieces of timber out of the parquet floor to reveal two rings mounted in the concrete. Olivia moved her feet close to the loops without being asked and Catherine then took two short lengths of rope and tied her ankles loosely but adequately to the loops. She stood and kissed her and stood back.

Standing with her feet about two feet apart she looked magnificent. Her raised arms presented her magnificent breasts prominently and her widespread feet opened her naked slit revealing a narrow line of pinkness between her labia. Some journalist had remarked that she had the nicest bum in the country. With her firm cheeks widespread revealing the pink puckered anus, who could possibly disagree Mark took position and whipped a stroke into the left cheek of her bum bringing a shout of "OH!" from the woman; He did the same on the right with the same result. Then he placed two more strokes one on the sensitive inner flesh of each thigh. She shouted again at each stroke and continued to moan after he stopped. Then he stepped in front of her and asked her to push her pussy forward. "You are not going to hit me there?" she asked terrified. Catherine very quickly answered and said "Yes!" in a single

word that spoke volumes. Timidly, she proffered her sex as an easy shot for the instrument poised before her eyes. She began a howl as she waited for the cane to begin its descent which suddenly became a frantic scream when it hit the sensitive flesh with a resounding "Crack."

She screamed again as another stroke cut across her belly.

Next he took up position beside her and with her chest heaving looked at him bemused as she could not work out where he planned to hit. She squealed loudly when the cane bit into the soft tricep of her raised arm. Mark was imaginative – I would never have thought of hitting anyone there. The beautiful young recipient left no one in doubt as to how much it hurt. She looked in fear as he took position on the other side before he hit her again.

Olivia was panting and sobbing as Mark looked into her eyes and said "Can you present your breasts please?" She said nothing but staring into his eyes, resolutely thrust her magnificent orbs forward. Her shriek filled the room as the wand bit into the soft mammary on the left making it jump almost to her neck. "Please!" she begged, "Not the other one!" but she presented it dutifully just the same. After glancing at Grant who nodded, the second of "the girls" as she was known to call them also bounced as its sister had done only moments before under the ministrations of the piece of stick moving at almost supersonic speed. She made a loud growling noise as she fought to come to grips with the pain. After it was over she took hold of the ropes and hung from them panting, her beautiful milk white skin with red lines clearly testament to the fiery pain that each was continuing to inflict on her.

All of the men were naked and all had their penis on display. Not one was soft.

Not surprisingly, there was no further thought of billiards that night and there was a rush to the bedrooms. We got one of the rooms behind the barn and apart from not being very fancy the walls were not very thick and one could hear the sounds of the couple in the next room very clearly. At first we tried to keep the sounds of our lovemaking quite. However Shauna and Tony were in the adjoining room and she had begun squealing with delight. No doubt she was again enjoying her young partner's huge size and also feeling very

aroused after the excitement in gambling her body against the torment that Olivia had endured. We gave up being quiet and soon my squeals and Richards grunts joined the many similar sounds spilling from the rooms into the evening air.

We woke cuddling together under the doona to escape the cool morning air. Richard, whispering quietly, reminded me that it was my birthday next month and asked me what I wanted. I said that I had everything that I need and kissed his mouth. "OK!" he said. "I didn't ask what you need, I asked what you want." "Margaret's nipple stretchers are nice." I suggested "That would be fun." "So you want something scary – do you?" he asked. "You know me by now – my love" I said "I long for the fear of erotic pain" "If I knew that I was to have my Appendix removed, then, the fear of that pain would be awful." "But, if I knew that I was going to be naked and flogged – like happened at the wedding, then that is just mind blowing." "OK!" Richard said "Scary, naked and painful it will be!" I kissed him again wondering whether I had done the right thing and then cuddled up again feeling myself becoming juicy as I imagined the pain of the unrelenting pull of nipple stretchers on my tender nubs.

Richard soon sensed my arousal and easily entered my lubricous channel and we made quiet gentle love again.

Eventually the couples began to stir and we could hear the showers running in the two bathrooms, one at each end of the hall. The hall was a gathering place for various people as they formed a queue for their turn in the showers. All were wrapped in towels not just for reasons of modesty but because the air was chilly. Many couples showered together not only to speed up the process but because it was fun. The two young sisters Fiona and Shauna showered together like they did when they were children while their partners waited outside neither of whom were looking very happy. One could have become annoyed with them for spending such a long time in the shower but for the laughter and girlish giggling emanating from behind the door.

We emerged from the bunk house to a cool and overcast day. The grey clouds looked ominous and it looked like our tennis match would be a washout. I began to think about what we could do if it were to rain.

We all made our way to the games room where the billiard table had been covered by a very large wooden panel that turned it into a regular table that could be used to display food. This, of course, was exactly what Catherine was using it for. Mark was cooking bacon and eggs on the barbecue outside and Catherine had buns, various flavours of juices, cereal, milk, coffee and tea on the table inside. Some sat on the improvised chairs and tables scattered about but many enjoyed their breakfast standing and talking to their friends. Olivia looked radiant and showed no signs of her torture the night before. We were all dressed casually with Levis and denim skirts dominating the scene. I figured that one day being naked was enough and obviously the others felt the same.

John and Julie arrived in time for breakfast and soon settled into the happy gathering. After finishing rather quickly, Julie asked Catherine if it would be OK if John set up her milking frame right away as she was bursting with milk after the long drive. Catherine said that she would be delighted. It took very little time for him to retrieve it from the boot of their SUV and Julie quickly and without any shyness got naked. I am in no doubt that her breasts and nipples had grown since I last saw them only a month ago. She no longer needed any assistance to get her milk started and her nipples began to squirt as soon as she saw her milking frame assembled. She took the few steps needed and bent into position over the frame, spraying milk as she walked. John with some assistance from those around quickly plugged in the breast pump and hooked her to the cups. Then he strapped her arms out along the padded crucifix and brought the support up under her knees which she obediently raised to facilitate her immobilisation.

Breakfast continued for many of us as we enjoyed our tea or coffee while standing and watching this beautiful young woman so lewdly displayed enjoying having the milk drained from her body.

By the time breakfast was winding up, the sky had cleared somewhat and though still overcast, the likelihood of rain seemed to have diminished. "This is perfect," I thought. An outdoors event, like we had planned, carried out in the full Queensland sun could be a bit unpleasant but some cloud cover would be very welcome as long as it didn't rain which now seemed unlikely.

I had noticed that neither Ingrid and Peter nor Anne and Ross had arrived and thought that this was a bit strange. It was approximately 8:30PM and we had all finished breakfast and had assisted Catherine to put away the breakfast things. Julie's milking had finished and she had got dressed again while John put the milk in the refrigerator. I heard a helicopter and paid no attention until the sound became quite loud and I could see that it was about to land on the golf course. With the call sign VH-ROS on the side it wasn't hard to guess who owned it. Ross and Anne along with Ingrid and Peter got out.

Amongst the hugs and kisses that so exemplified the warmth and affection that the members of the club had for each other, Ingrid explained that she was on call today and might need to go to the hospital if any of her patients went into unexpected labour. Rather than miss the events of the day, Ross had offered to fly her here and he had agreed to take her to the hospital in the unlikely event of there being an emergency. The hospital has a helipad.

The men, my man included, were fascinated by Ross' little toy. To me it was a pretty little helicopter painted a lovely shiny gun metal grey colour with nice wood grain panelling inside. From the enthusiastic questions that the boys asked Ross in the course of looking at the motor and checking out the instruments I gleaned the following information from all the "techno babble" that the boys engaged in. The helicopter was a Robinson 44 which Ross had owned for about 5 years. A new model has been released called the 66 which has a turbojet engine and this model can fly faster, higher and carry more fuel or more luggage. Ross is planning to trade this machine in on a 66. Words like IFR rated, angle-valve, tuned-induction engine and 28-volt electrical system didn't mean much to me.

Eventually it was an equally bored Catherine who broke into the discussion and said, "Ah Hum! I hate to interrupt you guys but what does a girl have to do to get tortured around here?" It was a very funny thing to say and it had the desired effect and the group gradually began to make their way to the tennis court.

We had asked the ladies to dress for a game of tennis and if possible could they wear a short white skirt with a separate blouse

and tennis shoes. We had left the choice of whether they should wear a bra and knickers up to them. I was not surprised to see that I had not seen any evidence of a bra or a pair of knickers anywhere. I certainly was not wearing either.

As we walked around the front of the barn I could not help but look at the very spot where my branding had taken place. The brand that I will wear proudly for the rest of my life with the initials of the man I love burnt into my flesh. I noticed Janelle looking at the hoist on the front of the barn from which she had been suspended by the breasts. The spot where she had stood was obscured by a big blue tarpaulin hanging from its centre point and covering some piece of equipment underneath. This was a working farm so new bits of equipment would be delivered and worked on all the time. Still, I think that she was disappointed that the spot that was so precious in her memory was not visible to her.

We walked on to the tennis court. I was very surprised to see what they had done to it. The surface had been re-done by the “Kangaroo Court” company whose logo was on the gate. It was beautifully smooth in a light green colour. The wooden net posts had been replaced with round white coated steel posts with a nifty internal winder that I had never seen before. To cap the whole thing off, they had replaced the very dilapidated umpire’s chair with a lovely new one with a writing table built in and a lovely green canopy. I caught up with Catherine and said “This is marvellous – you didn’t need to go to so much trouble.” And then, for the first time ever, I saw tears in the eyes of this most stoic lady. She looked at me and in a voice charged with emotion, she said. “You guys are very important to Mike and me” “you are like family and if we can do something to make today enjoyable for everyone then we are delighted to do it.” The love and sincerity in the eyes and voice of this wonderful woman brought tears to my eyes as well. I hugged her and kissed her cheek. Many others also joined in recognising the considerable effort and expense that they had gone to.

Bleachers in the form of simple raised wooden planks had been built on one side of the court. They were made of untreated timber and were obviously quite old and had been there for some considerable time. There was evidence however of some recent

repairs having been done with some of the planks not having been “bleached” by the sun and there were some obviously new timbers in the supports as well. Four long poles were attached to each corner of the structure and one was in the centre just behind the rearmost plank. A tarpaulin was supported by these five poles. Guy ropes from each corner pulled the tarpaulin taut and it provided quite good protection from the sun.

There was not quite sufficient room in these stands for all the members and our generous hosts had also arranged folding chairs along the opposite sides of the court either side of the umpire’s seat. A number of beach umbrellas had been erected between the chairs to provide various amounts of protection from the sun.

Eventually the entire group were seated and in some cases standing around the court. There was a lot of laughter as it became apparent that it was not possible for a woman wearing a short skirt and no knickers to sit modestly on the elevated seats.

Every woman there had been questioned on her tennis playing skill and each was aware that it wasn’t the level of skill that mattered but the likelihood of staging an even match. As the moment for the announcement approached, the level of sexual excitement amongst the ladies was obviously reaching a peak. Each was wondering if it would be she who would be competing and of course, more importantly, being made to pay a penalty for any missed points.

Suzanne and I well understood the feelings of the ladies present and decided to drag out the excitement a bit longer.

First she explained the rules. “Today we are going to play three sets of tennis. At the end of the match, each competitor will receive strokes from various implements which Karen is about to show you. We also have a cane. In this match, disputed line calls are fine but if a competitor disputes a call and it is upheld then that is that. If the decision goes against her then in addition to loosing the point, she will get a cane stroke immediately. Also just to keep the umpire on her toes, any call that she makes will be put to the gallery for a vote if any competitor calls for it. If the gallery votes against her then her call is overturned and she also gets a cane stroke.

The winner today will receive this nice trophy” Her little speech finished and she held up a nice big crystal liquor decanter. Julie,

who had already agreed to be the umpire smiled and called out, "You didn't tell me about that when I agreed" But she made her way to the umpires stand to spontaneous applause.

"Now I will hand over to Karen to explain how our players will be selected. She said. She whispered to me. "I hope that you are good about the line call stuff – I just thought it up about 10 minutes ago". I said that it was fine with me.

Speaking in a loud voice, I explained how we had chosen seven ladies who we felt could provide a quality game of tennis and who were evenly matched. I went on to point out that the seven had been broken into two groups where we thought that those in each group were of similar skill. I then described how we had taken the marbles of the seven ladies from the selection jar and I had wrapped three of them in red silver paper and the other four had been wrapped in green.

I produced the jar now filled with only seven marbles and offered it to Ingrid to close her eyes and to select the first marble. She did and it was green. She un-wrapped it and called out "Isobel". She squealed, kissed her partner, Derek, and made her way somewhat awkwardly down the seats to stand with Suzanne and myself. I gave her a hug and then said that I was about to get her ready for the match. I lifted her short skirt and said "No knickers – that's good." Then I lifted up her blouse and slid it over her shoulders and pulled her arms through. She stood naked except for her tiny skirt. Her nipples stood erect as she stood waiting in the cool morning air but I figured that she would warm up once the game got under way.

I took out the three red wrapped balls and put them aside. It then offered the jar with the three remaining green wrapped balls to Olivia to choose one. She did and called out; "Jenny."

Jenny was sitting on the other side of the court and when she heard her name, she stood and after accepting hugs and kisses from those around her, removed her top and gave it to Peter. Then she walked over to us wearing just her skirt. After looking at Isobel's preparation, she didn't need any instructions in what to do.

I was happy the way that it had turned out with both of our contestants being very fit young women. Jenny was possibly the tougher of the two, being the only lady other than myself to carry her

husband's initials branded into her flesh. Her skirt sat low on her hips and the brands became clearly visible above the hem of the skirt when she removed her blouse.

The last announcement was to present the implement that was going to be used on them at the end of the match. I reached into a carry bag that I had brought with me and produced a paddle that Richard had recently made. It was constructed from plywood and was 1/2 inch thick. The paddle was rectangular with rounded corners. The paddle section was nine inches long and three inches wide and had a handle attached. It had been sanded very smooth and unpainted.

I asked Suzanne to bend over and support herself by holding onto the net post and I flipped up her skirt and gave her naked bum a hefty swat with the paddle. She screamed and all could see the pink shape on her bum left by the paddle. She settled down and after getting her breathing under control said, "You can demonstrate the next one."

Each woman was handed the paddle to look at and they each adopted that coy smile of fearful expectation on their faces as each contemplated the pain that it would cause. I announced that this little toy was waiting for the loser of the first set.

The penalty for the loser of the second set would be the result of another of Richard's inventions. It consisted of a loop of electrical cable about three feet long doubled back with the ends clamped in a handle with a three inch wide section screwed together to make a vicious whip which would leave nasty "U" shaped weals on the recipients body. The cable was about 1/8 inch thick having been retrieved from an old computer mouse.

I then handed it to Suzanne and quickly removed my dress and stood naked with my hands behind my head. I could see many of the men admiring my breasts which were so brazenly presented. I guess many were hoping that Suzanne would wrap the cable around them, but she didn't. I heard the whirr of the cable through the air before it wrapped about my belly leaving its "U" shaped signature just above my left hip with its red trails running back across my trembling belly. One strand ran straight across my belly button.

When I regained my composure after a bout of jumping up and down, screaming and panting, I went on to breathlessly explain that the third set looser would encounter instruments of my own design. They consisted of lengths of wooden dowel the same thickness of a pencil. They were of varying lengths from two inches long through to three inches long. Each had been put into my pencil sharpener and given a very sharp point at both ends.

I called for a volunteer to demonstrate this punishment and Wendy quickly stood up. I asked her stand with her back to the group to bend over as far as she could. I then got her to reach back with each hand and to pull her bum cheeks as wide apart as possible. I then selected a suitable length double pointed spear and positioned it horizontally across her crease, with the sharp points digging into her flesh on either side. I placed it just above her anus. Then I asked her to let go of her cheeks which she did very gently. She squealed as the body's natural movement caused the crease to narrow and in so doing force the points to dig into the sensitive flesh. There was no way that the little spear would fall out as it was held firmly by the pressure of her cheeks pressing on each end.

I then asked her to walk across the court and show the folks on the opposite side what had been done to her. The expression on her face was testament to the pain that she was experiencing with the gluteal movement of each step.

As she was walking back, I lifted my own left breast and demonstrated, with no small personal discomfort, how a spear can be captured with one end digging into the chest and other end pressing into the soft and tender flesh of the lower breast. When the breast is released, its own weight traps the spear in place.

When Wendy returned, I asked her to bend forward and again open her cheeks for me to remove the spear. As she stood back up and began to resume her seat, I released myself from my own self imposed torture and removed the little spear from under my poor breast.

Our two tennis players watched these demonstrations aghast

I tossed a coin to see who would serve first, and the game began with Isobel serving. It was delightful watching the two women play. The naked breasts bounced beautifully and all of the men certainly

delighted in watching them. I was a little surprised to notice that whilst the breasts were certainly very active during service and volleying, it was when the player ran on the court taking large strides, to get to the ball, that the breasts were most active.

The short skirts provided very little modesty and as we expected only served to make the game more erotic as the skirts flew up when the lady jumped at a stroke exposing the naked bum and vulva. Very often the lady's feet would be well apart as each woman would stretch to return a ball and this would reveal a flash of her most intimate pink flesh.

Isobel really came out fighting and played powerfully. With her trim body and taught muscles it would appear that she would be the stronger player. Everybody's expectation was fulfilled when she easily won the first game with Jenny only scoring one point. On the next game, she broke Jenny's service and won again. She held serve on the third game leaving the score at 3:0 on the fourth game. By this time the athletic young blonde had clearly begun to tire and Jenny began to assert some dominance. Jenny won her next service game and the match followed service from there until Isobel took out the Set 6:3.

Both girls were showing signs of tiredness and even though the sky was overcast they were sweating profusely from such vigorous exercise in the heat. Catherine offered to spray each one with a light shower of cool water from a garden hose. Both girls accepted her offer. The spray caused the skirts to get wet and each lady decided to ditch the skirt and play totally naked from then on. Neither girl showed any discomfort from having her firm young breasts unsupported even though they continued to bounce beautifully during the game. I am sure that if it had been me playing, the continued bouncing of my large breasts would have made them quite sore after the first game.

They rested in the shade for 10 minutes and sipped some homemade lemonade and drunk some water. Catherine had provided some chewy energy bars for them as well.

The second set began and it was immediately obvious that removing the skirts was a good idea. There are few activities that show off the wondrous beauty, suppleness and coordination of a fit

human body than does tennis. The total nakedness enabled every muscle to be on display stretching and bending as the game progressed. Jenny is the only woman in the club besides me with a brand and it was on full display. It was nice to notice that it was as distinct and brightly coloured as it ever was. There was no sign of it fading at all.

Isobel again opened powerfully even serving an ace on her first serve. But she began to succumb to Jenny's slightly better technique. Also Isobel was a "sprinter" while Jenny was a "marathon" type player. Jenny won the set 6:4.

Again they enjoyed a cool spray from Catherine and a 10 minute rest.

Jenny took out the third set easily breaking Isobel's serve on the first game. Isobel was obviously tiring which caused her to become slightly sluggish in her movements. She was seen to grimace during a long rally when her breasts had been subjected to intense and extended bouncing and swinging as the ball continued to be driven back and forth.

Jenny won the set 6:1. There were no disputed line calls during the entire game.

The girls received rapturous applause from the assembled group and each was given a beautiful crystal decanter as a prize. The winner's prize was only slightly larger than the loser's.

Ross took me by surprise and met the naked contestants in centre court and said, "Jenny and Isobel, you have given us a wonderful and enjoyable match and we know that you have put every ounce of energy into this game. I am sure that if either of you did not feel up to suffering the loser's punishments that await you, then I am sure that your friends here would support that decision." Many in the assembled group nodded their heads and some were heard to say "Yes!"

Isobel looked at Ross and said "We didn't join this club to play tiddlywinks." Then, looking at Jenny, she continued, "Just let us have a shower and freshen up a bit then we will be back for you to do your worst." Jenny nodded in agreement and whispered "Yes!" The crowd applauded enthusiastically.

The two young women went to the bunk house accompanied by a small entourage of supportive women who wanted to help them get prepared for the ordeal to come.

Catherine and Mark accompanied by Margaret and her daughters went to the house and returned not long after with lunch. We sat about on the bleachers and elsewhere around the tennis court eating sandwiches (cucumber included of course as befitted the occasion) and enjoying drinks of wine, beer and soft drink (soda to my American readers).

As lunch concluded some of the guests began playing impromptu games of mixed doubles. Many of the women all wanted to see what it would be like to play whilst naked – including myself. I played a single game with Richard as my partner against Olivia and Grant. It was as I expected, my breasts assumed a life of their own and bounced, swung and twisted to the violent movements of my body as I played. I gave up after the first game – I was hopeless as a player although Grant and Mark later remarked that I was very entertaining to watch.

Eventually our two contestants arrived back looking quite relaxed with their hair washed, dried and set and with their makeup restored. They wore white bathrobes.

Suzanne took it upon herself to get the program restarted and called Isobel and Jenny to the side of the court in front of the stand. The people who had been sitting on the other side of the court stood around to watch rather than sit on chairs on the court which might damage the beautifully prepared surface.

Since Isobel was to endure two rounds of torture, one for each set that she lost, she was called upon first.

A box was brought into the centre of the court by Mark and Ross. It was the same one on which Anne had been made to kneel the month before. Isobel removed her bathrobe and was made to kneel on the box with her head down resting on the box and with her bum forced high in the air. Rings had been mounted on each corner and she was made to kneel on the box with her wrists and ankles tied to each ring. The position gave her some freedom to either rest her head on the box or hold it high. What was not possible was for her to

stop presenting her beautiful firm young bum as an inviting target for the paddle.

I had read about the paddle but I did not realise, until I tried it out today, what a noisy and painful instrument that it was. Scott got the job of being executioner and he swung the instrument into the lovely white female bum so lewdly presented with considerable force. Isobel howled at the impact and continued to shake her bum and squeal from the pain long after the loud “Crack” had ceased to ring in the ears of the spectators. The second stroke was every bit as powerful as the first one and again the woman howled. She lifted her head and moved about as much as was possible with ankles and wrists held captive and eventually after sobbing and making a soft keening sound, she took up the position and offered her bum to the paddle again. After the second stroke, the central flesh which had been in the centre of the bright pink rectangle of the paddle had begun to form a red blister. Of course Isobel could not see it; all that she was aware of was the agony in her bum.

Jenny, of course, could see it all too well. She watched wide eyed and fearful wondering if what was in store for her would be as bad.

The third stroke caused the blister to intensify and Isobel became more violent in her futile movements as she writhed and pitched her head up and down while wailing loudly. The fourth stroke brought a single loud scream before she began gently sobbing. The fifth and sixth strokes were received to a constant howl only changing to a short loud scream following each impact. The paddle area had become a deep red and the central blister had become a deep purple colour. She settled down and whimpered quietly as her hands and wrists were untied.

Next was Jenny’s turn. Mark took her hand and held her wrist to his lips and with old worldly charm said, “Would you like to accompany me, my lady.” I think that she tried to think up a suitable reply but she was too nervous. We escorted her to the back of the umpire’s chair which, as Catherine had previously pointed out, had rings at the top corners to which the canopy was attached. Jenny’s dainty feminine wrists were tied to these rings which stretched her arms well above her head with her body in a “Y” shape. Then her feet were attached to the bottom corners forcing her body into a “X”

shape and placed greater pressure on her arms. "Its funny." remarked Richard. "It is almost as if it was designed for it. Maybe more people than we think mix torture and tennis together?"

The position was perfect to display Jenny's beautiful body. The stretch of her arms pulled her firm breasts up and caused her already firm flat belly to be even more so. Her fully shaved labia were well separated by her open legs and on close inspection, one could see the secretions from her vagina welling up and trickling down her inner thigh.

Her arousal was made all the more apparent by the blush in her face and her upper chest reaching to her breasts.

Mark took up the cable whip and swung it through the air for a practice swing. Jenny winced and shook her head causing her auburn curls to brush past the insides of her arms and settle on the upper slopes of her breasts. Mark gently tucked it back pushing it between her ears and her arms. "We wouldn't want your hair to get tangled in the whip would we?" He said. If Jenny hadn't realised it before, she knew now that her breasts were going to feel the painful bight of the cable.

And so it began. She screamed as the first wicked stroke left its "U" shaped mark on her inner thigh and continued to howl as the remaining strokes made their way alternating from left to right up her body with each of the last two making a firm young breast jump before leaving its signature mark in the soft white flesh.

When she was released, she fell into Marks arms and was half carried, half walked to a nearby chair. She collapsed into it and sat, gently caressing the vivid lines of pain criss-crossing her body.

We didn't rush but after many of us kissed and caressed Jenny, we made our way back to the centre court, where the box waited for Isobel to ride it once again.

Since this next torture was my invention, I took charge of administering it. This was the first time in the short history of the club where a woman had taken on this role.

I asked Isobel to kneel on the box and reach back with both hands to pull her bottom cheeks as wide apart as she could. Not wanting to bring the embarrassment that this display was causing her to an end quickly, I very leisurely selected two of my little spears and placed

them on the box between her knees. Then carefully, one at a time, I positioned them across the widely spread crease, one just above and one below the fully exposed pinkness of her anus. I did not press the sharp tips deeply into her flesh, knowing that as soon as she released her cheeks, nature would take care of this by placing each under quite considerable pressure. I just positioned them so that they were under just enough pressure for them not to fall out. Even so the pressure and the expectation of what was to come brought anxious and high pitched wailing from the lady. When I told her to let go of her cheeks she squealed in surprise at the magnitude and suddenness of the pain in her cheeks. Wendy and I were in position to grab her hands lest she try to ease the pain by pulling the cheeks apart again. Instead we lifted her to her feet. And of course the movement of getting off the box and standing aggravated her pain which her further squeals bore testament to. We then tied her hands behind her back wrist to elbow, elbow to wrist in the traditional way. I asked Wendy to assist in holding her right breast as high as was possible and I placed two more spikes just below the soft globe with the lower points digging into the flesh of her chest and the other two pressing into the curved bottom surface of the breast. With Wendy still supporting the right breast, I asked Suzanne to assist the same way in holding the left. I repeated the procedure. "OH, my poor girls!" Isobel wailed, knowing what was in store for them when they were allowed to drop down to put her entire weight of her tit flesh on the waiting spears. I counted to three and they let go. We all stood back to watch our friend's reaction as she was exposed to the full pain of all six little spears as twelve sharp little points pressed into her delicate flesh.

At first she wriggled vigorously in an effort to throw off the tormenting little instruments but soon realised the futility of this action. Groaning, she looked at me and said, "You bitch!" But she was smiling as she said it and was really complementing me on the deviously simple torture that she was suffering. Then wailing and complaining she walked gingerly to her husband Peter who took her in his strong arms and kissed her deeply.

She was left to walk around the group talking to various people who admired her upthrust breasts resting as they were on the twin

poles of agony fully visible below each one. Her rear was so indecently displayed with her red and blistered cheeks being held so widely spread by the other two spears.

Despite her pain, the pink blush in her face and upper breasts along with the obvious moistness of her cleft made her sexual arousal clear to the women who noticed. The men of course did not notice this; they were fixated on her breasts and bum each so lewdly presented.

Her agony continued for about 30 minutes while the group enjoyed drinks and canapés. Jenny recovered during this time. The colour returned to her face and she stood up and also began to circulate the group still naked and with her vivid red/purple stripes for all to admire. Eventually, I beckoned Isobel to me and I again lifted each breast and removed the spikes. After this, I freed her wrists and asked her to kneel on the box. She knew the drill, and reached back and spread her cheeks without needing to be asked. I removed the remaining two spikes and she stood up. She rubbed her cheeks and tits to get the circulation going around the various torture points and groaned in delight as the pain eased.

She looked at me as she recovered and said, "You really can be evil, can't you!" I smiled and said, "Yep!" Then we hugged. I noticed that the tips of three of the spikes were pink from where small amounts of blood had seeped into the wood.

The party continued until around 4 PM when the group began to thin out.

Eventually Richard said to me, "come with me, I want to show you something." "What?" I asked. "Your birthday present," he replied. "But my birthday is not 'till the 23rd of next Month." I said questioningly. "I know that, but I want you to see what is waiting for you"

I noticed that others in the group had gathered to listen to our conversation and I began to suspect that they knew more about what was going on than I did. "OK!" I said "Show me my present."

We walked away from the tennis court and back up the side of the barn towards the open area in front of it. We were accompanied by most of the remaining members of the group and this confirmed my suspicion that something had been arranged. We walked to the area

which, as I mentioned before, held such significance to me, since it was the place where I had been branded. When we got there, Richard stopped and I looked around. It didn't take me long to notice that the big blue tarpaulin had been removed and standing erect, totally uncovered was a wooden cross. It was exactly as I had designed.

"Oh Shit!" I exclaimed, as fear gripped my body. "For me - How long will you hang me for?" It was Ross who answered. "We decided on 12 hours. On your birthday, you will be brought here. We will whip you at 9 am and crucify you at 10AM where you will hang until 10PM."

"I hope it doesn't rain!" I gasped.

Epilogue

They did crucify me twenty seven days after I was first shown the cross. The fear of knowing what was in store for me clawed at my belly during the whole time and I was ravenous in my need for Richard's intimacy. I needed to take time off work for the last week as I could think of nothing else and could not concentrate on my job. I scarcely slept at all the night before the event and I was already awake at 5am when Richard began to get me ready. We had delicious sex before he showered me and helped me to do my hair and makeup. I chose special stuff that wouldn't wash off because I knew that there would be many a tear shed as the day unfolded. Anne and Suzanne had obtained a white monks' style robe with a hood for me to wear on the day. I wore nothing else. Richard drove me to a nearby field where Ross and Anne were waiting in their helicopter.

Under normal circumstances, my first helicopter flight would have been a very special event but I was much too preoccupied with what was to follow to pay much attention.

We arrived at Catherine's farm at 8:00 am to find the entire club in attendance. I was greeted lovingly by them all and hugged and kissed fondly. Conversation was muted in view of the gravity of the situation. Ingrid removed my gown and before the gathered assembly, measured my temperature, checked my blood pressure and generally gave me an overall physical. Then she made me drink a pint of water mixed with various electrolytes and sugars.

Next my hands were tied together above my head and held up by a rope that was passed through one of the "U" bolts on the cross arm. I received twelve whip strokes from Philip Andrews over the next thirty minutes. When it was over, despite being exhausted and suffering from the pain of the twelve stripes winding about my body, I knew that I must steel myself for the much greater agony yet to come.

The cross was lowered flat on the ground and I was placed on it. The "U" bolts were removed and then replaced with my wrists clamped under each bolt with the back held firmly against the rough timber of the cross bar. I regretted already my idea of the reverse cross as each arm was pulled behind me with the upright pole positioned between my back and the cross bar. Alex took my feet and pulled them towards the foot of the cross to gauge where my anus would be when I would be hanging unsupported. They then allowing me to press my foot on the pedal and move up to the top of the cross in the supported position, I could feel them working between my legs to adjust the sedile to the correct height and soon I was to feel the tip of the cornu being inserted in my anus.

At exactly 10:00 am the cross was hoisted vertical and my 10 hours of agony had begun.

It was every bit as horrible as I had expected. The sagging footrest worked exactly as it was designed and I did my dance moving up and down the cross sometimes being able to take my weight on one or other foot resting on the tiny pedal and at other times to hang screaming with no foot support and with my entire weight being taken by my bruised wrists. To make a bad situation even worse was progressively increasing agony in my anus as the ball of the cornu was being forced into and pulled out of me with every cycle up and down.

The day started as sunny with some cloud and from my elevated position, I could watch my friends sitting on blankets picnicking as I provided the entertainment. My worst fears were later fulfilled however; as dark clouds soon rolled over and heavy rain was to fall. It really added to my torment as the heavy raindrops crashed down onto my unprotected body. It particularly hurt my face, eyes and breasts. It did occur to me that this was possibly better than being toasted in burning hot sunshine, but this was scant consolation at the time.

I did everything that was expected of me. I screamed, howled and whimpered. I begged to be taken down and I suffered the added humiliation of having to piss from my elevated position before the onlookers. Time stood still as the pain just seemed to go on and on.

Every two hours, Ingrid would stand on a ladder and check my blood pressure and make me drink more liquid with the inevitable result.

Finally at 10:00 PM I was taken down and it was over.

That was the last meeting of the club in its original form. Very soon after that, Ross and Anne announced that they were moving to Denver Colorado. Ross' company had bought out his American competitor thanks in no small part due to an opportunity that came about from the global financial crisis.

Olivia got a role in an American sitcom and she left also. That Christmas, she brought out an album of Christmas songs which did very well and got her singing career started. The last I heard, she was negotiating for a Broadway show. Since Ross' company now owns the production company, her chances are excellent not that she should need any assistance as her talent is amazing. Grant is going to expand his haulage company to the USA. I wouldn't have been surprised to hear that he would be contracting to Ross' company to help him to get started – but nothing had been said about that.

Julie got pregnant again and decided that the demands of motherhood were too great for her to keep attending club meetings. She still makes good use of the milking frame.

Ingrid and Peter moved to the UK where she became the head of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at a hospital in London with rooms in Harley Street and Peter set up a UK branch of his real estate company.

The saddest thing to happen was that Daryl was sentenced to six months jail after being convicted in a real estate fraud. He and Suzanne withdrew from the club and members (including myself) were supportive and gave character references. Ross got the best legal team in the country to assist him but the reality of the situation was that the silly fool was guilty. I think that he would have gone to jail for longer if it hadn't been for our collective efforts. I remained loyal and supportive to my friend Suzanne through the whole tragedy. He was released after four months on good behaviour and now they are trying to rebuild their lives.

The biggest surprise was when Richard was appointed General Manager of his company and we suddenly needed to move to

Melbourne. We sold our house and workshop to Gary and Wendy.

Shauna and Tony moved to Cairns where Tony was promoted to Senior Constable and manages the small police anti-terrorism group there. Shauna has become a partner in a local dental practice in the Cairns City Centre.

The club continued on with new members and Gary and Wendy continue to use the many bits of apparatus that Richard built to good effect. The club is doing well and in the twelve months since we left, there has been one racking and two crucifixions - one of whom was Wendy.

The old club has agreed to have an annual reunion and we did all manage to get together at the "Scotch Thistle" only one month ago. We had another Quiz and Shauna got to ride the horse on that occasion.

Richard has begun building apparatus again at our property at Dandenong in Melbourne and we are in the process of starting another club but that, my friends, is another story.

END OF BOOK 2