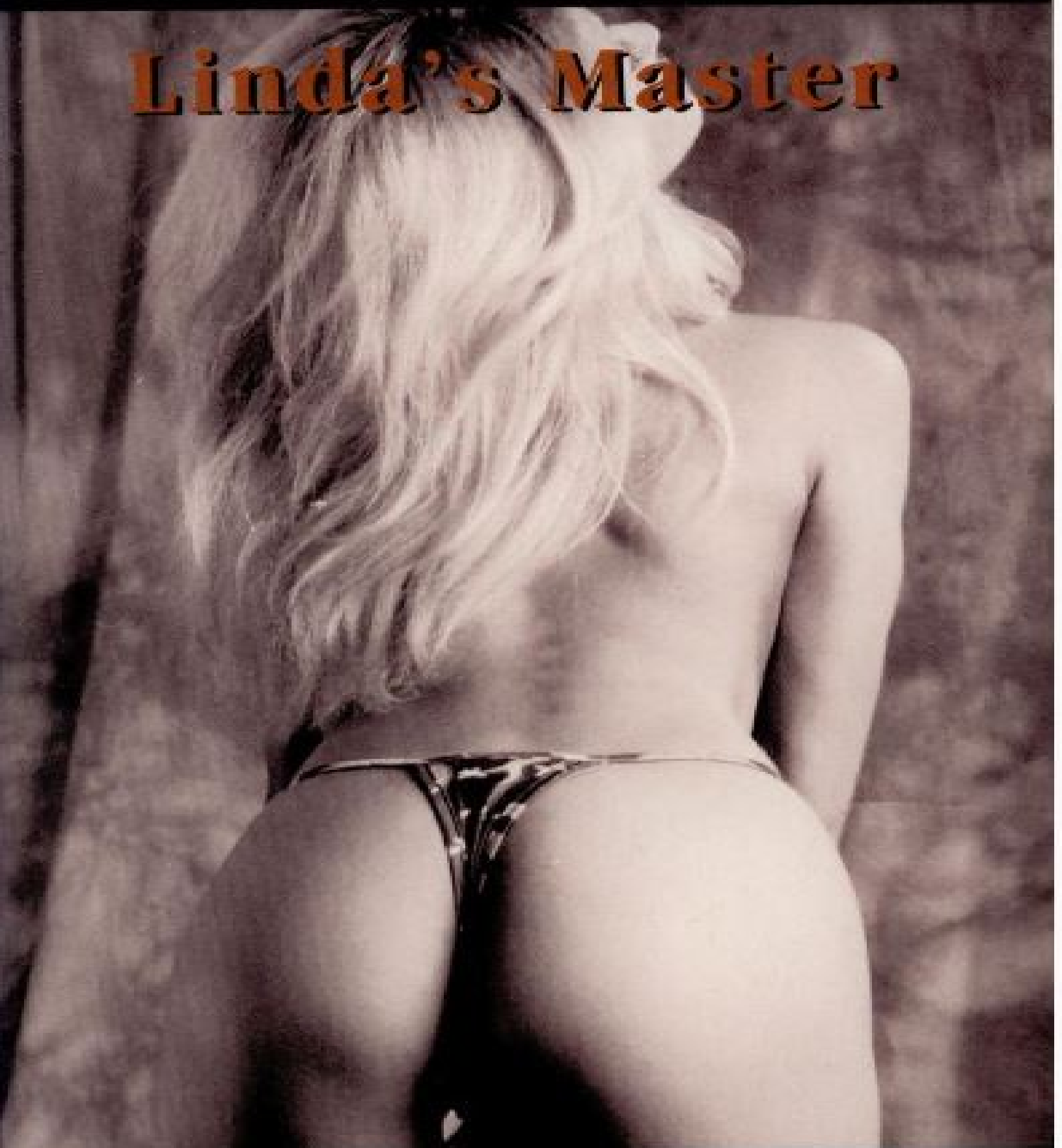


Silver Moon

Linda's Master



by
Nicole
Dere



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CHAPTER ONE

'Hey up, slag! There's your lordship calling for you! Go and get your legs round that big throbbing engine of his!'

Linda Hammond tried to halt the blush she could feel rising through her features, tried to hold a pose of calm dignity as she crossed the few yards which separated her from the drumming motor cycle and the black leathered figure of Alan Harding sitting astride it and waiting with that easy, possessive grin of his. Deeply aware of it, and of his dark eyes which seemed to slide familiarly over her, she was also uncomfortably conscious of all those other eyes, glinting with aggression and contempt, fastened on her slim back view as she swung herself onto the narrow pillion seat and settled herself behind him, her arms slipping round his waist, after tugging at the short grey skirt which had ridden up to display an embarrassing amount of her pale thigh. Her own eyes stung with tears, and she prayed for him to pull away and take her far from her fellow pupils.

She felt the Kawasaki 500's power transmit itself through her thighs, through the base of her belly like a deep stirring sexual caress, and then they were moving, the hem of her skirt flapping even higher, her bare legs caught and chilled in the rush of the wind, despite the fine summer day. She bent forward, nestled into the shape of the figure in front of her, bending her head and turning it to shelter behind the glistening shoulders, feeling the rub of the smooth cold leather on her cheek.

Why were her schoolmates so bitchy towards her, she wondered, with a trace of bitterness. She thought of how in the past they had taunted her, made her the butt of so many snide jokes and insults, and all because of the prudery and old fashioned shyness she had so spectacularly abandoned since meeting Al again. 'Linda Loveless' they had named her, from way back in year nine, when boys had loomed as almost the sole topic of conversation between the girls in her form. And then the graphic descriptions of sex, doing it, having it off, shagging, and all the other unlovely terminology involved with their first serious explorations into the fascinating subject which occupied their every waking minute-and half their sleeping ones, too, if the vividly erotic accounts of their dreams were anything to go by.

She had always been "one of the quiet ones" as she progressed through her secondary schooling. Shy and pretty, in an unspectacular kind of way, the lurid accounts of her school fellows frequently embarrassed and worried her, stirring deep seated fears along with the other more turbulent sensations her adolescent body subjected her to. 'Bet you haven't done it, yet, have you, Hammond?' they would tease her, their scorn becoming more apparent as they advanced through year ten, and then eleven. 'Sweet sixteen and never been screwed!' Blushing, trying to hide the threat of tears, she would refuse to say anything, to rise to their baiting, but it didn't help.

To her own private dismay, she had found herself dreading the idea of going out with boys of her age. They seemed so crude to her, so insensitive, though her attractiveness meant that plenty of them tried. She went out with a few, but their clumsy or brutal gropings, and the slobbering smother of their kisses, open mouthed, on her lips or her neck, made her shiver with distaste. 'Maybe there's something wrong with me?' she tormented herself. When she first heard the cruel jibe which changed her nickname to 'Lezzy Linda', she was reduced to stinging tears, much to the delight of her tormentors. From then on, the cruel mockery increased

tenfold. Even the boys joined in, and she became something of a social outcast.

Things scarcely seemed much better when she moved up to year twelve, among the elite studying for A levels, though by then she was getting used to her situation. By quietly refusing to rise to their taunts, she took the edge off some of the more virulent of her aggressors, blunting their anger to an almost good-natured contempt for her prissiness. But then had come the cataclysm of her fall from grace.

And what a fall! Al Harding had been one of the tearaways at school, couldn't wait to get away as soon as he was sixteen. Linda had been secretly a little afraid of him, though he wasn't the only one, of course. Most boys made her nervous, though she did her best to hide the fact. And Al had never directly bothered her. Had hardly spoken to her, in fact, or seemed to notice her. Which had made it even more of a surprise when, a few months ago, returning unexpectedly to an open evening at school, he had made a beeline for her and made it abundantly plain that he was interested in her. Her blushing, stammering gaucheness had only intrigued him even more, and to her reeling bewilderment, Linda found herself being chatted up, and, even more shocking, responding to it. 'You're not like the other slags,' he told her, with that steady, dark eyed look that felt like he was touching her. 'You're far too decent for this lot. And you're a real looker, too. You turn me on.'

Since that fateful meeting, the last two months had been unreal for Linda. At times she was frightened of the transformation which had overtaken her, the way in which both her body and her mind had been so drastically made over. But then, as was happening right now as she clung to him and felt the rush of wind carrying her along, her thoughts fused into that trembling ecstasy of want and need that made every nerve quiver, made her thigh and belly muscles tauten, and other, hidden muscles beat, too, and cause the moist film of desire to make itself felt against the thin cotton which pressed tightly against the swell of her most intimate flesh.

The bike slowed, the engine snarling as they climbed the narrowing, curving road that led up to Falling Woods. They bounced and juddered as Al competently steered the machine off the road, on through the tufty, leaf strewn undulations of the woodland, until they were well hidden from the road, and other prying eyes.

Their favourite trysting place. Linda blushed anew as she climbed from the pillion, and shook down her skirt, removed the helmet and smoothed her wildly tangled, honey coloured hair. This was where it had first happened. That terrifying, shaming, and finally wonderful experience of giving her body for the first time. It had hurt, she had cried, shocked at the ferocity of new sensations tearing through her, just as that fearful, hard column of his flesh had driven into her softness, taking, demanding, burning through her surrendered virginity. But then, when her sobs had quietened, and she had thought it was at last over, all the tortured wondering and speculation, he had taken her again, opened up her sore and trembling body to her own dazed senses, revealed a fierce torrent of passion she had never dreamed of, until she was lost, twisting and threshing under him, knotted to him, unaware of anything save for the floods of release soaring through her, possessing her utterly, so that she could never be the same girl again. Goodbye Linda Loveless, hello Linda Lovelost.

'Come here, you sexy thing! I can't wait another minute-'

'Please, Al! Somebody might see us!' she gasped, in that soft, quavering protest that rose instinctively, and uselessly, to her lips. He grabbed her round her waist, bore her against the thick, seamed, scaly trunk of the stout old chestnut, half lifting her as her heels slid and scuffed against the unevenness of the roots at her feet.

'Get those sodding school knicks off!' he grunted, his rough hands already moving, sweeping up under the grey skirt, the hardness of his searching fingers scratching at her skin as he hooked them in the waistband of her white cotton briefs and dragged them down off her loins, on over thighs and knees, to wrestle them over the white ankle socks and the solid, ugly, sensible school shoes.

She felt her own shiver of distaste at those outward badges of her schoolgirl status, even as she moved awkwardly to assist in the final removal of her knickers. At eighteen years old, and the participant in such passionate loving, she felt the stigma of the neat uniform which tied her to her adolescence. She squirmed at the teasing quality of Al's knowing grin, his oft repeated comments. 'I love you in that school uniform. I can't wait to get you out of it.'

But now he literally couldn't wait, and, suddenly, neither could she. He clawed at his own shining loins and there, thrusting exotically from the leather-clad crotch, jutted his erect penis, the swell of the huge dome inviting but intimidating. His hands moved again, lifting the scrap of her skirt about her waist, parting her thighs to expose the small triangle of her brown pubis, the eagerly beating cleft of her vulva. His thumbs peeled back the soft furls of her sex lips, to reveal the gleaming inner surfaces, wet with urgent desire for him, and he jerked, slammed his cold belly against hers, and drove into her, the tightness of her closing and spasming about his thrusting column. She felt the roughened bark press and scrape brutally on the base of her spine, and the clenched rounds of her buttocks as she in turn thrust forward dashingly to yield him even deeper possession of her. It was all part of the savage ecstasy, the pain of it, her pulsing tightness about him, and the start of the merciless potency of the orgasm rippling, then rushing through her, so that she screamed out, a sharp yelp of pure sensation, and bit deep into the leather smoothness of his shoulder, jerking and jerking against him, impaling herself, sobbing with fulfilment while he battered her against the thick trunk. He pounded on and on, deeper and deeper, until she was all burning pain and only dimly aware of the mighty

final thrust and the shuddering impact of his own climax and the softening of his engorged prick deep within her.

It was inevitably a terrible moment for her when, dizzily returning to consciousness of her surroundings, she felt all the physical discomfort of such violent love making; the cold withdrawal, and the obscene reality of her own gaping, livid wet rawness, the slickly gleaming helm of his hanging prick. What minutes ago had seemed such intensely passionate love was all at once reduced to the rutting blind instinct of two animals. She could scarcely hold the tears as the crumpled skirt rumbled back over her shame, and the feel of her under the grey cloth merely added to that animal sense of nakedness.

'I want to be in bed with you,' she whispered to him. 'To fall asleep in your arms, to wake up slowly beside you and make love again.'

They had been to bed before, at a shabby terraced house which was the home of a friend of his. But she had felt tense and afraid in the strange untidiness of the dark bedroom, too conscious of the furtiveness of their coupling to relax. Ashamed yet unable to help herself, she had been revolted at the faint body smells of the stale sheets. Al had spread a clean, rough towel under them, had stripped her fully naked for the first time, and feverishly begun to arouse her with his lips and his hands, sucking at her nipples, letting his fingers play and prize into every intimate orifice, until she had been moistly brought to a throbbing excitement. She had opened herself wide, raising her legs, splaying herself in blatant pleading to be taken. But afterwards she had felt sullied and ashamed at her own depravity, glad to be covered by her own clothing once more and out in the clean cold of the open air.

Yet she had to admit that he had revealed a shocking, hitherto unknown facet of her personality to her by his unsubtle sexual approach. As the weather grew warmer, they spent most of their time out in the

open, up here in Falling Wood. She had never done anything like the things he made her do, never dreamt that she could. She was helpless to prevent him, or, rather, incapable of summoning up any vestige of will to stop him. From the beginning, that was part of the shameful thrill of sex, to be taken there, under the trees and the sky, that dark sense of her immodesty at being naked, of making love outside, breaking all the moral taboos that she had been brought up with.

She felt it now, even though it had happened so many times before. She thought, having satisfied himself so hastily, and her, too, that might be enough for him. But no. She acknowledged the inner quiver of arousal, in spite of the power of the climax she had so recently experienced, when he smiled, in that easy, conquering way of his, having cleaned himself and reaching for her.

'Hey, not so fast, baby,' he crooned, at the signs she had given of being prepared to leave, the pulling of her comb through her tangled fair hair, the straightening of her clothes. 'We can't leave you in that schoolgirlie outfit, can we? Even though it is so cute. Besides, that was just for starters. I just couldn't wait. I'm such a greedy sod, aren't I? I know it was far too quick for you, babe.'

She blushed. 'No, Al. It was ... great,' she sighed, but she was completely powerless to resist as he reached for her again, gently this time, and pulled her into him. He kissed her, long and hard, his tongue slowly inserting itself and filling her mouth, holding the embrace until her senses swam dizzily and she was panting when he released her. His fingers moved with masterful deliberation now, unlike his former furious tugging. He loosened the knot of the maroon and blue striped tie, undid the buttons of the white, short sleeved blouse, unhooked the waistband of the skirt. It fell about her feet, and she stepped out of it, deeply aware of the pale nudity below her midriff, the small wiry bush of her fleece against the creamy conflux of thighs and belly, the smooth rounds of her haunches, over which

his hands played hypnotically until the cheeks clenched, the deep hollows appearing in the symmetrical curves.

'Such a sweet little arse,' he whispered, his lips brushing her neck. She shivered. Already, his hands were plucking at her open blouse, slipping it off her shoulders, drawing it down her arms, to let it drop onto the grass on top of her skirt. She felt briefly ridiculous, standing there in the white, lace trimmed bra, and the white ankle socks and shoes, but then his fingers expertly unfastened the bra, eased the cups off her breasts, and she felt the cool of the air, felt her nipples bud and harden, felt the tingling response to his light, cupping caresses, and she shivered deeply.

'Oh, Al!' she murmured, the tears trembling in her voice. 'What if someone comes? There's kids around.'

'Won't they be the lucky ones?' he answered, his deep voice stirring her rapidly resurrecting hunger. 'You're a sight for anyone's eyes. I'd like the whole world to get a look at you.' He pulled her down into his arms, folding her into him as they nestled at the foot of the tree. 'In fact, I'm going to make sure people do get a good look at you, babe,' he whispered, his lips moving over her warm, satin soft breast, and nibbling at the pale little teat which crowned it.

The words registered, sent tiny shivers of alarm bells ringing at the edge of her consciousness, but his fingers were now sliding with assuredness between her thighs, seeking out the still damp furrow of her vulva, claiming the pulsing narrowness of the cleft he had so lately possessed, and her senses swam, centred to that awesome physical need and pleasure. She no longer thought of words, or of the weird spectacle she must present, curled up under a tree under the summer dappled sky, naked except for white socks and shoes, aware only of the throbbing desire at her very centre that his skilful fingers were fanning. She surrendered

entirely to it, and to him, gladly, letting her thighs fall slackly open, lifting her body to him, in willingly slavish abandonment to his domination.

CHAPTER TWO

'Relax, baby. For God's sake! You look like a terrified rabbit! I know you think nobody's going to be looking at your face, and you're probably right. But I want these pics to be perfect.'

'Oh, Al. Please!' Her blue eyes were wide with her pleas, glistening with her unshed tears. Again, that weakening sensation swept her as he took her thin wrist, led her over to the long, polished dining table. The very familiarity of the objects about her added to the surreal feeling which swamped her. That she should be naked like this, in her own home, the clothing he had stripped from her in a little heap on the carpet. The carpet whose texture she could feel on the soles of her bare feet as he drew her remorselessly across it, and lifted her onto the edge of the table. The coldness of its gleaming surface on her bare bottom, its hard unyieldingness, made her shiver, as did his dominance of her.

'Al!' she begged, in a hopeless whisper, yet she moved obediently as he took her ankles, arranged her with knees jutting out, heels tucked into the insides of her thighs. His moulding hands pressed at her spine so that she sat up, slim and erect, in a modified kind of lotus pose. He put her own hands to rest, with cupped palms uppermost, fingers slightly bent, in front of her feet. She felt a strong urge to move, to cover the exposed pubis, prominently presented by her splayed limbs, but she forced herself to keep still at his bidding.

The unreal quality of their meeting had existed from the very first second when she had opened the door to him, her heart pounding at the sight of his thin body draped nonchalantly, clad as always in the black

leather. The gleaming Kawasaki was propped on its stand on the gravel of the drive. Hastily, she closed the front door behind him before he crushed her to him, his mouth sealing hers, stamping his authority on her. 'Wow! A right toff, you are!' he declared, glancing around at the comfort of her parents' house, but still with that easy self-possession, as though his surroundings were immaterial to him. Which they were, she reflected, whenever he was with her, so confident was he of his power over her. The thought both thrilled and scared her. Never more so than at this moment, when, in the midst of the tasteful backdrop against which she had grown up, he proceeded to undress her, not even waiting for her to lead him upstairs to her room. It was shocking, and overwhelmingly thrilling, so that, by the time he had removed the last of her underthings, she was trembling with her need for him.

But it was a need which was to be cruelly and exquisitely extended, for, instead of making love, he produced the small but expensive camera and declared his intention of taking some intimate photographs of her. Now, she recalled his words about making sure others would see her beauty. Her face nakedly exposing her fears as plainly as her bared flesh, she cried, 'Oh, please, Al! No!' And when he laughed and pulled her to him again, she acknowledged defeat with her begging whisper. 'Please! Promise you won't ever let another soul see them. I couldn't bear it. Promise me!'

'For fuck's sake, Linda, love! You should be pleased that I'm so proud of you.'

The poses were at first at least vaguely artistic, even alluring. The yoga-like perching on the dining table, the coy stretching out on her front among the cushions of the sofa, propped on her folded elbows, her feet raised, ankles crossed, nipples hidden, teased by the feathery rub of the brocaded surface on which they rested. But then they became more and more explicitly pornographic, lewdly passing beyond the titillating or suggestive, and she whimpered in genuine distress at the spreadeagled thighs, the merciless exposure of the long divide of vulva. He even made

her hold her labia apart, her delicately painted fingernails contrasting with the glistening darkness of the inner tissue she displayed. Where, in spite of her near tears, she could feel her muscles spasm, and the beat of her imperative hunger, and feel the pungent release of the fluids which betokened her urgent need for him to take her.

Her distress was forgotten, her groans now of pure lust, when, at last, he carried her up the stairs, along the landing to her bedroom, where the sun filtered through the floral pattern of the light summer curtains which had already been drawn together in anticipation of this moment. He was still fully dressed, she had been naked for almost two hours. He had used two films. Every inch of her compliant body had been recorded. Now, every inch was afire as she lay, eyes fixed on him as he slowly took off his clothes. His prick thrust from his thin body like a lance, and she lifted herself gladly to be speared, the gaping wound of her flesh enclosing the stabbing weapon in the passion of her surrender.

When it was over, he smiled down fondly, brushed the wisps of her fair hair which were caught in the tearstains about her temples, evidence of the sobbing excess of emotion at the climax of loving. 'You really let yourself go, don't you?' he smiled, and kissed her gently on her love bruised lips. Their bodies were still entwined, and redolent with the pungent aromas of their coupling. He fitted himself spoon-like into her softness, his limp wet penis nestled in the divide of her buttocks. 'There now! You can have your dream come true, babe. You go to sleep now, and when you wake up I'll be right here to give you another good seeing to!' He laughed delightedly at the embarrassed blush which showed on her face. 'Let's just hope your folks don't decide to cut short their weekend and come home unexpectedly, eh?'

* * *

It was only after Al's abandonment of her that Linda's parents found out about his existence. Though they had occasionally teased her about her lack of interest in boys, they had been secretly relieved, even pleased, and believed she was devoting all her energies to an academic career which beckoned with such bright promise. Her teachers had told them that there was every chance that their daughter could achieve a place at Oxford or Cambridge. They believed that the hours, and sometimes whole nights, Linda spent away from them, had been passed in the company of the like minded female friends she had told them of, a little elite of serious minded girls like herself who found studying together an added stimulus.

Then, with disastrous suddenness, her whole attitude and behaviour had changed. She had become a stranger to them, tearful and sullen, withdrawn, shut away in her room, wild eyed with grief and utterly purposeless. Subjected to lengthy, excruciating interviews by the doctor, by her teachers, she had eventually blurted out the truth to her horrified parents.

'Yes, I've slept with him!' she wept. 'And no, I'm not pregnant! And yes, he's dumped me. And no, I don't want to go to fucking Oxford or anywhere else, so leave me alone!'

His rejection of her had been brutal, and left her feeling totally discarded and worthless. One day, he suddenly announced that he was leaving, going abroad to work, and that their relationship was over. Later, she writhed in self-disgust as she recalled how abjectly she begged and pleaded for him to take her with him, but she was helpless in the face of her desolation. She sobbed and clung, until, shockingly, he all at once abandoned his reasonableness, and grabbed her by her hair, thrust her back against the wall of the shabby borrowed room they had occasionally spent whole nights in together. 'Look, it's the fucking end, Linda! Get it through your thick skull. You've had more than your fair share out of it, so stop snivelling. When you get to your la-di-dah uni, they'll be lining up to

stick it into you. And believe me, you'll love it, babe. You might have been a late starter but you fucking love it, so don't try to make out different."

He let go of her, and she remained leaning against the wall, gazing at him, stunned by his outburst, the tears still rolling down her face. His anger fled, he gave his old, easy smile. 'So let's have one more for the road, babe. A quickie, and no hard feelings, eh?' He gave a deep guffaw, and glanced down at his leather loins. 'Speaking of hard feelings, your bloody tantrums have cooled me off. You'll have to do a bit of work for once, girl and earn your keep!'

He unzipped his fly, and, with a squirm of his hips, flipped out his penis. It hung there, long but limp, the gleaming red dome showing through the thick ruff of foreskin. His hands shot out, pressed demandingly on her shoulders. She felt the grip of his fingers on the delicate bones through the thinness of her T-shirt. She let herself be pushed down, until she knelt in front of him. She shivered, half with throbbing excitement and half revulsion, her nostrils filled with the potent yeastiness of his sex. She knew what to do. She had done it before. Once more, she felt his impelling mastery of her, her own melting acquiescence in her degradation.

She reached out, shivered again at the hot satin feel of the delicately brown tinted column, felt the responsive pulsing of her own sex at its immediate, stirring throb on contact with her cool fingers. She bent forward, her lips puckered, to deliver the first light kiss of homage, and it beat imperiously, she felt it press as though returning her humble caress, felt the slime of his emission on the helm which rose against her mouth. Her fingers moved quicker, more surely, pulling down on the foreskin, and the prick surged, stiffened, thrust into her face, so that she had to half turn as she opened her mouth wide, stretched her lips to fold them about the shining girth of the glans. It filled her mouth, swelled against the back of her throat, and her nostrils flared, the breath whistling as she suckled, took in the hard column until she was filled chokingly.

He wound his fingers in her hair, and kept her there, plastered to him, gasping, sucking, lapping, until her face was coated with their mixed fluids and she was no longer aware of anything except her desperate breathlessness, the sealing, smothering embrace of his potent flesh filling her, her frantic worship of his manhood. She thought with both terror and a fearful thrill that he was going to keep her there until he came inside her proffered mouth, but all at once, with a disgustingly loud sucking sound, he withdrew and she sagged, head down, her body heaving to take in air. She was only roused to awareness once more when he hauled her roughly upright by her arms, then heaved her onto the bed.

As always, at his command she was wearing a skirt, and he reached up, savagely tore her tiny silk thong off, and slammed into her. Their furious rutting lasted no more than seconds, yet, when it reached its fierce climax, she was there, with him, her body arched, her head thrown back, lost in the splendor of their coming together.

She didn't see him again. Each morning she woke sobbing, and wondered why, until she remembered, and her grief seized her like an invasive disease through every cell of her defeated body. Her parents were worried, then frantic, then furious with her. And she found some kind of resistance in herself, a sullen defiance, yet without losing that sense of abandonment, and helplessness, as though Al's possession of her body was somehow permanent, that she would always belong to him.

She dropped out of school, and, tormented by her parents' constant, nagging concern, somehow stirred herself into action, found a poly in London which offered a two-year course in business studies, and which would take her immediately, on the strength of her GCSE results. She did not even have to wait until the start of a new academic year.

'A new start,' she told her folks, with unconvincing bravado. But they hid their disappointment, and hoped she would be happy. 'I need to get away. Make a fresh start.'

And no more romantic entanglements, she told herself. Whenever she thought of Al, the tears still swam in her eyes. No more boys. Welcome home, Linda Loveless. And to hell with everyone.

She often felt during the first lonely weeks in the capital that this was what she deserved, that it was a fitting punishment for what she had allowed to happen. But when she climbed into her narrow bed at night, heard the inhabitants of the old boarding house settling down in similar uninspiring rooms all around her, she could not help her thoughts returning obsessively, not to Al's cruel dismissal of her, but to the new heights of physical passion he had taught her, and her own dark thrill at his dominion over her. Her body would grow hot, stained with blushes, at the recall of those photographs, whose glossy prints she had stared at so often in his company, deeply ashamed, and even more deeply roused at their abandon. Feeling herself curling mentally with mortification, she nevertheless felt the damp pulse of excitement deep inside as she wondered whose eyes had studied them, caressed her wanton nudity. She had begged him not to show them to anyone. But he always laughed, deeply, never promised....

She was too much aware now of her body, of the demands of sex, to be able to leave herself alone. Still stung by an abiding sense of guilt, she could not resist for long the urge to caress herself, to stir that hunger, and build it, until, often after hours of tormenting, delicious sensation, she brought the lonely thrill of orgasm to her drenched and twisting frame. She became adept at the art of masturbation, could sometimes carry on the thrill of fantasy beyond a single session, keeping herself 'on the boil' for more than a day, sitting demurely in class, or in the college canteen while, hidden beneath her clothing, the silken cling of her underwear would be soaking with emission. Sometimes, she would secretly initiate the caress of

a wooden table leg against the inner curve of calf, and knee, and thigh, until suddenly she would gasp faintly, her body tensed and quivering imperceptibly as, with a releasing flood, she would be caught by the surge of orgasm rippling through her. Even the tube ride in the swaying anonymity of the crowd could be a highly sensual experience, and sometimes left her gasping, sitting or standing shocked by the climax surging through her while, within inches, so many unknowing bodies swayed and lurched, totally ignorant of the storm of feeling within the slim figure of the pretty, pale girl beside them.

The male students came on to her. She went to the various college entertainments, occasionally made up numbers for communal nights out, but never dated. Instead, she sought female company. She got on well with a number of the other girls, even eventually admitted to them an attachment which had left her emotionally bruised, and unwilling to let herself be exposed to any serious relationship. One in particular, a tall, athletically good looking girl called Margot, with cropped jet black hair, and an easy, outgoing personality which Linda found more and more attractive, became something of a special friend, and even a confidante.

'Well, I don't know what all the fuss is about as far as sex is concerned,' she told Linda one night when just the two of them had been out for a rare trip to the theatre and a meal. 'I mean I've never met a man yet who knew how to get it right.' She gave a deep, husky laugh. 'Not that I've had that much experience. I'm no slapper. But I've certainly given it a go.' She nudged Linda with her elbow. 'They've never done anything for me that I couldn't do better for myself.' Linda stared round-eyed, the shock plainly showing at this confession. Margot leaned even closer, until her dark head was resting against Linda's fair brow. To Linda's amazement, she felt Margot's hand settle firmly around the softness of her thigh. 'Or that some other girl couldn't do,' she added, in the softest of murmurs, her long fingers digging into Linda's nylon covered leg. 'Know what I mean?'

Her brown eyes held Linda's commandingly. Linda was stunned at the sudden feeling that look aroused-the quick pulse of response at the base of her belly, the quiver that passed through her frame. The frank invitation in the gaze and its familiar domination. Her head spun. She could scarcely find her breath. All at once, she was aware of every nerve, of every inch of her body-the moist touch of the thin strip of silk against her crotch, the encasement of her breasts in the lace cups of her bra, the curl of her toes inside her dainty heeled shoes.

She nodded. 'Yes,' she breathed faintly, while inside her head she heard her own squealing protest. You do not! She's talking about gay love. About lesbians! Lezzy Linda! The old mocking phrase reverberated in her brain. Margot's hand was still on her leg, intimately feeling her, squeezing ever tighter. The long, handsome face was suffused with colour, the eyes darkly ablaze with intensity. 'I knew it!' she murmured, in thick triumph. 'I felt it. I've always found you so attractive, Linda. So deliciously girly. I don't think I've ever seen you in jeans, have I? Always such pretty clothes, always so immaculate. I've dreamt about you, you know. And not always in my sleep. I've fancied you since I set eyes on you, you angel! Come on! Let's get out of here. My place or yours? I haven't shocked you, my darling, have I? I hope not. I don't want to frighten you off. We'll take it as slowly as you like, I promise.'

She was already moving, pulling back Linda's chair, helping her up, an arm unobtrusively at her waist. Linda felt the returning flood of that old feeling, of helpless compliance, and acceptance. She was shocked, powerfully, at what was happening, at the reeling passivity of her brain. 'No, not at all,' she murmured, in hardly more than a whisper. 'I like you, too. An awful lot.'

Dazed, she allowed Margot to lead her by the arm, to get her coat and help her into it, to steer her out into the busy night and to a waiting taxi.

CHAPTER THREE

'Come here! You always manage to look so deliciously girly, no matter what you wear. Or don't wear!' As she spoke, Margot Pearson grabbed Linda, thrust her roughly against the cold tiles of the changing room wall, one hand in the tangled, fair hair, the fingers burrowing to gain a firm hold, and pulled the face round to her. The descending mouth clamped over Linda's lips, the tongue pushing obtrusively until Linda's own lips opened in surrender, and it slid into the warm, moist territory it already knew so well.

'Margot!' Linda gasped, in her usual shocked protest, which was nothing more than instinctive now, familiar as she was with Margot's passionate displays. 'Somebody'll see us.' And there were voices all round them as the inhabitants of the gym moved back and forth among the varied items of equipment which filled the hall.

'So what?' Margot growled, but she pulled Linda swiftly through the door of the tiny changing cubicle which sealed them in its minute privacy—except for their ankles and feet which showed in the twelve inch gap at the bottom of the door. They kissed again, gnawing at each other hungrily, and Margot's left hand delved between their pressing bellies, the fingers curving to fit around the shape of Linda's vulva, whose moist, padded softness they explored through the thin cotton of the training pants, and the tiny briefs that lay beneath them. Margot felt the swell of the labia, then the extra dampness of the groove between. In helpless response to her vigorous strokes, Linda's belly thrust against their pressure. The hand moved again, briefly upward, until it slipped inside the elastic, then dived again, this time only the small triangle of the tanga briefs keeping those searching fingers from the dewy delights of the sex furrow itself. Margot could feel the springy tuft of pubes, the odd curling tendril which escaped from the tight edges of the undergarment.

'Please, Margot!' Linda panted, her mouth moving avidly against her partner's. 'Not here! We'll be caught! Let me go!' Margot's fingers merely rubbed more insistently, and Linda felt the sudden acceleration of the flood which soaked the narrow strip of cotton over her vulva. 'Jesus!' Her buttocks hollowed deeply, the muscles at the front of her thighs bunched, her loins thrust forward at the surge of the climax. She gave a smothered yelp, her forehead resting against Margot's shoulder, her own chest feeling the pressing softness of the tall girl's slight breasts as the spasm ended and she relaxed, their flesh melting and flowing together.

'Excuse me! What's going on in there? This is a changing room!' The abrasive voice was like a powerful electric jolt, and Linda cried out again, a mew of alarm this time, as the embracing couple sprang apart. There was a vigorous thump on the metal door. Linda dragged the training pants back into place, while Margot clawed open the metal catch. The short, square figure of one of the female attendants blocked the doorway, her face beneath the short blonde hair red with embarrassment and anger. Behind her, stood at least two other women, staring with outraged hostility.

Margot tried to brazen it out, though Linda's beet-faced guilt was in itself a proclamation. Head down, she felt the fiery spread of shame throughout her entire body, her sensitivity withered under the accusing glares. 'What on earth's the matter?' Margot asked. 'We're only getting changed ... '

One of the women in the background gave a fiercely derisive snort! 'Hah! Sounded like it, I must say!'

'Disgraceful!' her companion muttered.

'Why?' Margot challenged bravely. 'What did you think we were doing?'

'If you want to snog each other, there are more private places to do it in,' the young attendant huffed, her colour deepening. 'This is a public place.'

'Pervert!' muttered one of the onlookers.

'We were just having a bit of fun,' Margot answered. 'Something you're not very familiar with, by the look of things!'

"There's no need to share cubicles,' the attendant said pointedly. 'There's plenty of room ... '

'We won't be coming here again!' Margot declared dismissively. She gathered her clothing from the hooks, grabbed her hold all. 'Now, if you'll excuse us, we'd like to get changed.' She pushed past the trio stood around the door. 'I'll find my own cubicle as it upsets you so much.' She went into the empty adjacent compartment, and clashed the door shut. 'Sorry to disappoint you, but we don't do strip shows!'

Linda snivelled quietly most of the way back to the flat. 'I've never been so ashamed! I've told you before about ... about ... doing that sort of thing ... outside. I hate it! It makes it all so ... cheap and nasty!' Now that they were back on their own private territory, Linda's grief, and her anger, became more abandoned. 'Sometimes, you ... you just go too far! All that groping ... I don't like it! You think I'm just being stupid, but it's true. I hate it, as a matter-of-fact.'

'Oh yes, of course! I could tell how much you hated it at the Bay Horse the other night! "Ooh, Margot! Don't stop! Please don't stop!" ' she mimicked cruelly, and Linda gave a cry of guilty rage.

Linda's tearstained face burned anew. Margot was referring to a student gig they had attended at a local pub, where, after enduring the sweaty attentions of several males on the jostling dance floor, and sitting listening to their inane prattle, allowing them to buy them a heady succession of drinks, she and Margot had escaped to the loo. 'God!' Margot's deep, shuddering exclamation of repugnance drew spluttering agreement from Linda, who was feeling the effects of the alcohol both strongly and liberatingly. 'Those creeps!' Margot went on. She moved into a toilet stall, and slipped down her jeans, squatting on the pedestal. She gazed at Linda through the open doorway. 'That bastard James! He's so desperate to get into your knicks, my pet, I swear it'll be his cock and not his tongue hanging out in a minute or two.'

'No chance!' Linda giggled. 'Nobody gets into my knickers except you, you know that'

Margot stood, hauled her clothing back into place. 'Come on. Do pee-pees.' Linda moved obediently. Aware of Margot's proximity, she eased herself into place, reached up under her short skirt and slipped down tights and briefs in one movement before sitting on the pedestal.

'In that case,' Margot breathed, with heavy lechery. She swung the door shut, slid home the bolt.

Linda, still sitting on the lavatory, stared up, and squealed with delighted outrage. 'Margot! Don't! Wait-we can go home soon.'

'No, that's just it. I can't wait, you luscious little tart! Come here.'

Linda smothered her cry of shock. Hastily, she rose, made to pull up the tangled clothing about her thighs, but Margot's hand clamped like iron over her thin wrist. 'T told you! I can't wait!' Linda's further squeal of protest was blocked by Margot's rapidly descending mouth, which fastened passionately over hers. Tongues twined, they gnawed hungrily at each other. The fingers of Margot's right hand spread like claws over the area at the base of Linda's bare belly, the nails scratching excitingly across the small scrub of pubic curls, until the fingertips sought out the moist furrow of the outer labia, and slid into the groove of slippery tissue.

Linda's strangled moans were no longer even tinged with protest, her breath came more forcefully through her flared nostrils. She shuddered, gasped when their mouths finally parted. 'Oh, Margot! Don't ... I can't ... oh, God!'

Margot had worked two fingers deep inside the wet tightness of Linda's vagina. With practiced skill, they sought the tiny protuberance hidden within, moved feather lightly back and forth, teasing and rousing until they were thickly coated with the sticky evidence of Linda's moaning excitement. 'Oh God!'

'Please ... don't stop! Oh God!' But that's exactly what Margot did, withdrawing her fingers so suddenly that Linda gasped with pain, and with cruelly suspended sensation.

Instead the dark girl roughly hauled her partner round by the waist, and thrust her once more down onto the lavatory seat, at the same time crouching before her on the damp floor. Her fingers clawed at the bundle of tights and briefs which were digging into Linda's sprawled upper thighs and dragged them forcefully down the limbs, stripping them from the writhing figure along with the heeled shoes in one savage movement. Naked from the waist down, Linda whimpered helplessly as Margot's hands seized the pale thighs, tilting her even further backwards, so that

her feet were lifted clear of the floor, and her head and shoulders were squeezed painfully against the icy hardness of the cistern. Linda felt the backs of her knees hooked over Margot's stooping shoulders, her feet sawing the air, her bottom wedged even more firmly into the toilet bowl. At the same time, her belly was raised profferingly, and all at once the discomfort and the lewd exposure were forgotten as Margot's dark head dipped, and her mouth sought greedily the cleft of Linda's wet and throbbing sex. The tongue lapped at the length of the groove, the teeth under the nuzzling lips nibbled at the peak of the puckered folds of tissue at the top of the vulva. Linda's frame jerked upward, her painted toes kicked frenziedly towards the ceiling and a cry of lost ecstasy was torn from her.

To be reminded so brutally now of that fiercely passionate moment, added to the engulfing shame which swept over Linda. The choking sobs overwhelmed her. I thuh ... thought you cared for me!' she blubbered.

'Christ! You prissy little cow! Why do you think I can't keep my hands off you? Even round the gym or in the bog?'

'It's so sordid! So gross-'

'Yeah! Well I haven't noticed you complaining until those dried up bitches caught us at it. The only screaming you did was when you were coming all over me, and that's something you've done plenty of!'

'Oh!' Linda let out a shrill squeal of outrage. 'You're disgusting! I'll never let you touch me again! You ... you disgusting butch pig!'

Things happened so quickly after that that Linda barely had time to shriek in fright. Margot sprang at her, flung her left arm around her slender waist, pulled her over to the sofa and dragged her face down across her

knee, all in scarcely more than a second. Linda kicked out impotently. 'Bastard!' she sobbed, while Margot clamped her easily over her thighs. 'No!' Linda screamed again, at the feel of Margot's nails digging into her, pulling the pants and the tiny knickers down off her behind. The trained heels waved helplessly in the air. 'Let go! You beast! How dare ... agh!'

With a loud crack, Margot's rigid palm descended to deliver a ringing slap across the divide of the upturned buttocks. Linda felt the angry burn of the blow, felt the blinding tears which sprang to her eyes. She yelped again as another explosive slap was meted out, with another fiercely stinging throb of anguish. The blows fell rapidly, until both buttock cheeks were redly marked with the hot handprints, and Linda's struggles subsided, except for the instinctive little scissorings of her feet. 'Ooh! Stop, please! You're huh ... hurting me! Please! Stop! I'm suh ... sorry!'

At last the spanking ceased, and Linda felt the burning pain steady to a throb. She wept noisily, while Margot drew in great gulping breaths, savouring the ache in her tingling palm. She felt the soaking cling of cotton to her pulsing crotch, shaken by the depth of excitement that spanking the weeping girl had given her. She felt a guilty thrill as she realized how deeply satisfying it had been. 'I should think you are!' she grunted hoarsely. She pushed the limp form off her, and Linda rolled at her feet, her hands rubbing at the glowing flesh, and making no attempt to drag her pants into place again.

Later, Margot played the role of penitent, while Linda acted out her part of aggrieved victim. In the foaming bath, which they shared, Margot murmured sympathetically at the still vividly stained rounds of Linda's bottom, and kissed delicately the abused flesh before gently dabbing at it with a sponge. Linda winced at even this gentle contact. 'Gosh! It's so sore!' she murmured, her lips pouting, and eyes still misty with tears. Secretly, though, she was herself shaken at the powerful physical response the beating had stirred within her, despite the pain and the shame she had endured. She was almost afraid to acknowledge it, her memory

disturbingly activated of Al's dominance over her and its effect on her. It was a facet of her personality which both scared and thrilled her.

'You must promise never to do that to me again,' she told Margot. 'No one's ever done that to me. It was awful!'

'What? Nobody's ever smacked your booty?' Margot began, with a mischievous grin, but then she saw the rising blush, and the threatening tears welling up in those blue eyes. 'OK, love. I'm sorry, truly. It's just cos you got me so worked up. I'm crazy about you, you know I am!'

Naked in the double bed which had swiftly become such a haven of delight for them, Margot played her part of active lover to the full, and Linda wept again for sheer joy at the might of the series of orgasms starbursting through her compliantly spread body. However, later, when she was away from Margot's dominating presence, Linda stared at the multihued bruises marking her backside and felt that frisson of fear at her body's dark complicity in her subjection to her forceful partner. I really ought to get out of this before it's too late, she urged herself, yet recognizing she lacked the firmness to do so. She had had only two relationships in her young life, and in both she had allowed herself to be possessed to an unhealthy degree. And now there was the added twist that she had become a lesbian. Had allowed herself to be trapped in the traditional fern, girlie stereotype, all short skirts and frilly underwear, which Margot was imposing on her.

Her thoughts about her relationship with Al led her painfully to recall the shocking power of the sex they had shared. She found herself stirred bodily at the thought of it, recalling the thrill of Al's masculine hardness driving deep into her receptive softness. It had frightened her-at first. But if she was destined to be subservient in any relationship, better that it should be to a male, the naturally dominant sexual partner, than to a sadistic, backside thrashing dyke like Margot!

Her secret thoughts began to affect the sexual activities she shared with Margot. Although shared was hardly the right word to describe it. Received would be more accurate. Linda was passive by nature, and so she was happy enough for her body to be the object of Margot's avid attentions, though she was still capable of being shocked at her own response to the fierce love making. Guilt was added to her shame when she thought how readily she accepted her role, how willing she was to be dominated. Margot would often undress her, even quite early in the evening if they were not going out anywhere, while they sprawled on the old sofa watching TV. She lay back naked in Margot's arms, the kisses and caressing strokes becoming freer and more rousing until Linda was moaning and trembling with need. All the while, Margot would remain fully clothed, fanning her partner's excitement until, at last, it would boil over into the shuddering release for which Linda was by then begging.

Even in bed, Margot kept her briefs on, while insisting that Linda wore nothing. When Linda did make any attempt to take an active part, like seeking out Margot's small breasts and licking or suckling at their tiny, pale nipples, Margot would shiver and gasp, enduring it for no more than a minute or two before her hands would seize roughly on Linda's head and force her mouth away from its contact. 'Ooh, baby! No more! It's too much!' Then she would grab Linda's thin wrist and pull her hand down to the crotch which, like as not, was still covered by the narrow strip of cotton or silk of the tiny knickers, and hold Linda's fingers, frothing them back and forth vigorously along the groove of the-labia until the belly heaved, the thighs locked convulsively, and Margot's dark head would fling back and she would give a harsh cry of orgasm.

It didn't take long, and the climax never lasted long. Not at all like the consuming, rippling series of climaxes which constituted Linda's coming. 'Phew! Short and sharp, that's me!' Margot would gasp, red faced, and looking for once strangely vulnerable, unable to meet Linda's gaze. 'You wicked little bitch! What do you do to me?'

Not long after the spanking, when the bruises were still visible though fading on Linda's bottom, she was moved by her perverse mood to take an initiative she had never before assumed. They had had a teasingly long session in bed, during which, at one stage, Margot had lain on top of Linda, mouth to mouth, breast to breast, belly to belly, thigh to thigh, maintaining contact even down to their working toes. They lay still, Linda pinned under the weight of the stronger figure, only their lips and tongues avidly exploring, in the kisses that sent shivers of desire through both of them. It was a technique which they indulged in frequently, both of them enjoying the slow but steady-arousal it brought. Margot's movements gradually became more violent, the friction of her flesh on the girl beneath her harder, more urgent, until their bellies thrust, their buttocks hollowed, and their pubic bones clashed painfully as their vulvas pressed together. Inevitably, Linda's hunger blazed, then, suddenly, on this occasion, she was smitten by a vivid sense of unfulfillment ... of inadequacy. You sick idiots! Her inner voice screamed. Two cunts trying to fuck each other! That is so pathetic!

Helplessly, her memory stirred vividly with recall of Al's potently plunging member filling her, blocking the tightness of her vagina, ramming with thrilling harshness against the neck of her uterus. The memory stayed with her, until, mercifully, Margot slid hands and mouth down over Linda's sweating skin, to home in on that brimming centre of her hunger and bring her to the fiery apocalypse of release.

Lying sore and sated, hours later, yet tormented by these thoughts of secret rebellion and betrayal, Linda made her move. She had worked the briefs down over Margot's inert limbs, and was dragging them off her feet by the time Margot's mind swam groggily towards consciousness. 'What the-what's going on?' She rolled vaguely onto her back, still too woozy to offer resistance, as Linda, with untypical determination, forced the thighs apart, and dipped her head amid the mustiness of displaced sheets into the pungent treasures of Margot's exposed sex. Slobbering against the

perspiration dampened belly and thighs, Linda muttered, 'You never let me go down on you. I want to make it happen for you for a change. Lie still, damn it!'

The words were muffled, and Margot was still returning to full awareness. Then she felt the searching mouth, the feverish kiss, and even the hard bite of teeth on her sensitive tissue. For several seconds, she lay there, shocked, as Linda nuzzled frantically at her, then she cried out, her belly jerked and her hands fastened in the fair hair. 'Fuck me! Get off, you little bitch!'

Linda screamed in pain at the brutal force with which Margot hauled her away from her loins, dragged her round, and in turn pinned her down on her back. The dark girl was half sobbing. She knelt astride Linda, who saw the dim shape of the pale breasts heaving with emotion. 'You want to eat me, do you? You want to eat my pussy, do you? OK then, bitch! Go ahead! Here! I'll help you!'

Linda's cries were abruptly sealed, as Margot's wet loins smashed down crushingly on the upturned face between her spreadeagled knees. The taloned fingers held her mercilessly by her hair, keeping her still. Linda felt the slippery wetness smother her lower face, felt the parting softness of the swollen labia, the rough scrub of pubic curls. Her senses were enveloped by the pungent aroma, then the hardness of the bone structure beneath crushed her nose and lips cruelly. Margot rode her, jerking herself rapaciously against the twisting face. Linda, sealed in a nightmare world of agony, fought to scream, fought to breathe against the smothering flesh, the pounding weight. Still trapped in the bedclothes wound like bonds about her limbs, her heels hammered helplessly against the yielding mattress, her chest rose desperately under the driving pressure to find precious air.

'Come on then, bitch!' Margot screeched, her buttocks clenching against the slim frame, belly and thighs working towards the powerful coming she could feel spiralling so terrifyingly towards eruption.

CHAPTER FOUR

Margot's brutal treatment strengthened Linda's determination to put an end to the relationship, even though she lacked the courage to express it. At first, Margot tried a combination of bluster and jollity. 'All right, my little fuck face. What's wrong with you?' She knew from the start, however, that it would never work, and she swiftly dropped it. She changed to earnest, cajoling explanation. 'Look, darling. I'm sorry I lost it, but it just took me by surprise, that's all. It's not my way, is it? You know I'm your tough old bull dyke, like old boots. Some of us are like that, my pet. It scared me, if you really want to know. Having you do that to me. Brrr!' She gave a dramatic shudder. Her laugh was nervous, the look she shot at Linda was, for once, one of genuine vulnerability, very different from her usual confident dominance. And Linda felt an impulse that was far from usual, too. It brought a glow of colour to her cheeks as she realized it was a brief thrill of power.

But she was not prepared to pursue it. Instead, she played to the hilt the more familiar role of injured delicacy, the pouting sulkiness, which drew its expected response of repentant favors from Margot. 'Forgive me, baby!' the dark girl crooned, her embraces over the next few days gentle, her behaviour gallant. They were accepted. Soon, Linda was enjoying the more ardent proofs of Margot's feelings with her own compliant passion. Nevertheless, a change had occurred, and Linda's private thoughts continued along the lines of ending their union.

She sought small ways of escape, at first. It shook her to contemplate how completely she had surrendered her privacy. She never bathed alone, the door was never locked even when she went to the lavatory. She began

to cut certain lectures and practicals at the college, so that she could evade Margot's presence, returning home to the luxury of having the apartment to herself for an hour or two. By the time she got to the flat on these occasions, she was trembling with excitement. She undressed hastily, flinging off her clothes, caught in a fierce sexual arousal which shocked her, yet she could not help herself. Blushing furiously, she dug into her underwear drawer, and pulled out the implement wrapped and hidden in a hand towel at the back. It was her vibrator, the sleekly smooth, black plastic instrument which had been her nightly companion and consolation during the days when she had lived alone, on first leaving home.

Its purring, unyielding hardness as it slid into the moistly tight receptiveness of her sheath, made her moan with ecstasy. The fusion of both pain and pleasure, the intrusiveness with which it filled her narrow passage, brought her quickly, all too quickly, to the brink of orgasm. At first, fearful and guilty, she was glad of the swiftness of the climax, for she was terrified that Margot might suddenly appear, alerted to her unfaithfulness.

For that's how Linda viewed these stolen moments. She even locked herself in the bathroom to masturbate, too scared to bolt the front door against Margot's key. She ran a hot bath, ready to immerse herself in its fragrance when she had finished playing with herself, or to plunge in should the dreaded interruption occur, then spread a towel over the cold checks of the lino tiles, and lay on her back, knees drawn up and splayed wide apart, rubbing and teasing the outer surface of her unfurling labia with the tip of the vibrator, before sliding it in deep within her vagina. The fantasies so essential to these solitary sessions centred around Al, reliving the sensation of his throbbing, vital penis ploughing its claiming way into her. Her heels would lift clear of the floor, begin drumming against the backs of her thighs where the swell of the taut buttocks began, her feet sawing the air. 'Oh, Please, Al, no, no!' she would groan meaninglessly, the fair hair whipping from side to side at her rapid head movements, her fingers relentlessly forcing the humming implement deeper inside her until the pain flared sharply.

Afterwards, she wept, partly in disgust, and partly in longing. The sleek instrument which had fallen from her nerveless fingers, and eased out of her swollen sex lips, and lay now still purring softly on the towel, covered with the filmy layer of her secretions, was nothing like that vital, living prick to which she had given herself so adoringly. Even less so were the probing, teasing fingers, the lapping tongue and nuzzling teeth, the nibbling kisses, of her current lover, which would claim her in a few hours, and hold her like a prisoner in their tumbled bed.

After several escapes of this nature, Margot spoke with sharp suspicion. 'What the fuck are you up to, you little bitch? You're always skiving off without telling me. Why don't you let me know when you're leaving college? And how come you're getting all this free time all of a sudden? Or are you cutting lectures, you devious little sod?'

The disturbed state of Linda's mind made her forget for a moment her normal cautious timidity. 'You're not my ... my keeper!' she spluttered, red faced. 'You don't own me! Even if you think you do! I'm not putting up with your bullying any more. I'll please myself when I ... '

The diatribe was cut short by her squeal of alarm as Margot flung herself at her with devastating speed. 'Is that a fact?' she gasped tightly. 'Maybe it's time you had another lesson in manners, little flick face!' By the time she had spoken, she was kneeling astride the thrashing figure, who was pinned on the living room floor, the thin wrists fastened either side of her head by Margot's cruel grip.

'Get off me!' Linda sobbed, her feet kicking impotently. The dainty slippers flew off. 'Let me go ... you ... you pig!' After the solitary love play in which she had indulged that afternoon, she had put on her light grey tracksuit. In spite of her weeping recriminations and pleas, it took Margot no more than seconds to strip her of the top and pants. Under them, all

she wore was a pair of white cotton briefs. 'No!' she shrieked again, wriggling to escape Margot's smothering embrace. It was in vain. Linda's squirming effort to escape only assisted in the removal of this last garment, for Margot's fingers hooked in the elastic and hauled down the knickers as the fragrant limbs scissored and slithered away.

Weeping wildly, Linda sprang up. Margot laughed aloud at the sight of the naked figure trying to cover her breasts and brown tufted loins with her arms, in a ridiculous gesture of modesty. 'Don't you dare touch me!' Linda warned.

Margot laughed with quiet menace. She felt that damp throb of excitement in her belly, knew she could not resist it, even though a tiny part of her brain signalled danger. 'I'll leave right now, I'm warning you!' Linda blubbered, starting to back away.

Margot laughed again, more richly. She nodded. 'Go ahead. I've always said I think that's your cutest outfit.' She moved easily towards the cowering girl. 'Come and take your medicine like a good girl. I can see I've been far too soft on you lately. Smack bottom time, Lindy!'

She dived forward as she spoke, and Linda turned to run, only to be caught easily round the waist. She struggled in earnest, even managing to rake her fingernails painfully across Margot's forearm, but she was no fighter, and once more she found herself easily captured and held face down across Margot's knee, her feet rapidly kicking the air in useless protest. This time, Margot was in no hurry to begin the punishment. One hand kneaded and caressed Linda's clenching behind, the fingers pushing deep into the divide, then stroking the flexing haunches, which soon relaxed. Linda's struggle subsided, though the weeping increased in intensity. 'Let me go-please!' she begged now.

Her limp form, and the submission of her tone, thrilled Margot deeply. 'I don't think I disciplined you properly last time, little bitch. Either that, or you loved it so much you've deliberately come begging for more. Well, let's see how you like this!' Grunting, she reached over and picked up one of the delicate slippers which lay to hand.

Splat! It connected with a crack like a pistol shot on Linda's tautened cheek. Its crimson outline stood out deliciously on the pale flesh, while the thin needle of torment burned on Linda's tender skin. 'Yeouw!' she yelped, in startled horror, before there was another crack, and the same fine agony flared across her other buttock. The dimpling, hollowing rounds were soon a mass of overlaid, fiery imprints of the narrow sole, which Margot wielded with punishing swiftness, until Linda was lost to everything except the flaying agony of her burning rump. 'Oh, stuh ... stop, please, Margot. I'll do anything-whatever you-oh, ow! Please! Stop!'

But this time, it was an eternity before the cracking blows ceased, by which time Linda's scalded bottom was covered with crimson fire. She lay face down on the carpet at Margot's feet. The pain was too intense even to rub at the throbbing flesh, which in places was rising in swelling blisters.

Margot knew she had gone too far. The soaking wetness of her pants against her crotch told her that. 'Come on,' she murmured quietly. 'We'll have to get some cream on that. Come on, help me. Lift up. There's a good girl.' She pulled the desolate figure up somehow, bent and picked her up in her arms. She carried her through to the bedroom, laid her face down on the coverlet. She used her own cold cream to lather the hot, abused area with its soothing touch. Linda whimpered when, much later, Margot helped her to ease her under the bedclothes. Even their lightest touch caused fresh throbs of agony. Linda lay on her stomach, her fair head turned away from her partner, and Margot kept as far from her as she could, lying on her own side, on the very edge of the mattress. She lay awake, listening to Linda's moans and whimpers in the darkness. She deserved it, Margot argued with herself. And she wanted it, too, the

devious little bitch. She's as pervy as I am. But she couldn't convince herself.

'I'm not going to college,' Linda croaked next morning, her bare back on show above the sheets. Her head was still turned away from Margot. She refused to look at her. 'Tell them I'm sick.'

'Look, I'll make you some breakfast. I'll stay, too. Look after you.'

'Just leave me alone,' Linda muttered. 'I'm worn out. I didn't get any sleep last night. I want to be on my own.'

You got more sleep than I did, Margot thought truculently. I heard you snoring. But she said nothing. Maybe she'd better do as Linda said. It would be very tricky to get over this situation. Play it by ear for a day or two. A few minutes later, the front door closed and Margot was gone. Linda had not answered her subdued, 'Goodbye. See you later. I'll get us something nice for tea.'

Linda lay for a long time, revelling in the silence, the unaccustomed luxury of having the bed to herself. She even felt the stirrings of sexual desire in the pit of her belly, but at the first little movement, she felt the intense pain in her behind. The slightest flexing of her bum was an ordeal. No. There'd be no playing with herself today, no fantasy fuck with Al. At the thought of him, and the quiver of sensual memories, a new resolve hit her. The tears came again, but they only hardened her determination. There was only one way to end this sick relationship. Escape now, this very day. She was shocked at her own boldness. Al had brutally deserted her. It was through his cruel rejection of her that she had ended up in this sick relationship, with a dyke who was using her literally as her whipping boy-person! Ashamedly, she corrected her lapse of feminine political correctness. His leaving her had wrecked her life. She might have been

studying at Oxford now, or Cambridge, instead of piddling about at the poly with this silly business thing. Well, she would desert that, too! Why not?

Clamping her lips against the moans which moving brought, she got slowly out of bed. Each step made her buttocks ache, while even the whisper of silk on the abused flesh as she slipped a pair of knickers on was painful. She solved it by changing them for one of her black thongs, an insubstantial triangle of lace and satin whose thin strap slotted deep into the cleft of her bum and left the reddened cheeks free. For the moment.

She managed to swallow some toast, and took two aspirin with her coffee. Anxious only to put her plan into action, she forced herself to stand in the bath and bathe herself with the shower attachment, though contact with her bottom made her whimper aloud as she washed herself. It was the same when she dressed. She wanted to wear jeans, but no way could she endure their tight confines over her rear. It galled her to have to succumb to the girlie image Margot had forced on her, but the most comfortable garment was one of the short skirts, which flared slightly, with the thong underneath. Because of the late spring chill, she had need for some cover on her legs, and so, again, was compelled to draw on a pair of the dark, self support stockings, of transparent nylon, which Margot loved to see on her. As she eased their attractive scalloped tops into place on her pale thighs, she vowed she would cast them aside as soon as she got home.

And home was where she was going. All right! she told herself angrily. Running back to mummy and daddy, like some frightened little girl, which was what she was. She would just have to put up with all their clucking recriminations at her foolishness in abandoning her course so suddenly. At least dyke Margot wouldn't come running after her there. Anyway, she'd have some other pathetic little fern in her bed by the weekend. It was almost the fashion now to be les. But not her!

She reached into her drawer, scooped up the vibrator along with her undies and thrust them into her case. She could make do as far as that department was concerned. Until she met the right man, if there was such a person. Who knew? Maybe Al had come back from his foreign travels. She had not heard any more from him or about him since he had left. Not that she had tried to find out. After what he had done to her, she wouldn't have anything to do with him, even if he came begging on his knees. Wouldn't touch him with a barge pole. And her cheeks pinked as she sniggered at the smuttily apt comparison.

CHAPTER FIVE

The long train journey home, spent shuffling uncomfortably in her seat, or standing by the window of the buffet car to ease her aching rump, was nowhere near as painful as her arrival back in her parents' house. Her unconvincing explanation for her decision to give up her studies only produced a storm of increasingly irritated questions, until at last Linda's nerve snapped and she burst into tears. 'Can we just leave this for a while? I'm not feeling too good. Can't the inquisition wait?'

As she moved rather stiffly towards the stairs and the haven of her room, her mother came after her, and cried out bitterly, 'I know damn well what it is! It's another boy, isn't it? You've gone and got yourself involved with somebody again, haven't you?'

'Hah! You couldn't be more wrong!' Linda flung back at her, before racing upstairs to slam the door of her bedroom emphatically behind her.

Things calmed down, but a war of attrition developed, in which she never felt safe from her parents' sniping queries and admonitions. By the time the bruises on her bottom had faded to smoky pastel shades, she was already desperate to escape yet again. Margot wrote a passionate and

forthright letter begging forgiveness. She was clearly under the impression that Linda's flight was temporary, that she would return to college and to their bed, until Linda's curt reply disabused her. It drew a final, briefer, less tender response:

It's time you woke up to who and what you really are, Linda. You 're a dyke, Ducky-a fluffy fern who needs a firm hand, especially on that pretty arse, and don't make out you didn't love it, because we both know different, don't we?

One day you'll have to admit it-you need to belong to someone who '11 keep you in line, even if it isn't me. Thanks for the rides, babe. They were great!

Blushing furiously, Linda tore the note into little pieces and flushed them down the toilet.

In desperation, Linda searched out some of her former schoolmates. The girls she had been most friendly with were away at university, but she fixed up a meeting with one of the less obnoxious who had been outside that elitist circle of high fliers. Sharon Duffy was a tall, busty brunette. She wore her black hair short, coming to a peak in the front, and tight black jeans and gleaming high boots. Linda felt herself pinking as she was stirred by the immediate comparison with Margot, and wished now she, too, had chosen trousers instead of the short, summery floral dress and light cardigan. Girlie again! she chided herself bitterly as she self-consciously tugged at her hem to cover her dark nylon legs as they sat down.

But Sharon's impressive bosom strained the dark T-shirt, and she was clearly not regarding Linda with any lustful intent. Her eyes were seeking out any male 'talent' in the bar, and her conversation soon got round to men. She talked with enthusiasm about her current boyfriend. 'He's real

cool, you know. And hot, too, if you get me!' She chuckled salaciously, and Linda smiled, striving to push away the image of 'Linda Loveless' which her contemporaries had teased her with. Then her blush became visible as Sharon went on in the same suggestive tone, 'Hey! Did you ever hear anything of Al Harding? You had a real thing going with him before he left, didn't you?' Again the knowing chuckle.

Linda glanced away, tried to sound casual, to hold her poise. 'No. It didn't last long. I went off down south soon after he went abroad. Why? Have you heard anything of him?'

Sharon shook her head. 'Naw! I doubt we'll see him again in this dump. Listen! You'll have to come down the rugby club Saturday night. There's loads of the lads and lasses from school get in there. You'll have a good laugh. You're not courting or anything, are you?'

Linda forced a laugh. 'Not me! I've got more sense. Plenty of time for the serious stuff later on. I want to enjoy myself first.'

Sharon giggled, a much more innocent sound, closer to the schoolgirls they had been three years before. 'Hey! Remember how they used to take the piss out of you at school? Reckoned you were a les, cos you never fancied lads.' The colour mounting, Linda forced a smile. She clenched her fists, felt the sweatiness of her palms under the table. 'Till you showed them with Big Al, eh? That took the wind out their sails. Right?' Half relieved and even more embarrassed, Linda began a murmured denial, which Sharon ignored. She leaned over and pinched her bare arm playfully. 'Come off it. I knew what you were getting up to at Falling Wood. Everybody did! And good on you! You might have started late, but you made up for lost time, eh?'

That night in bed, Linda's mind turned relentlessly to those wild days-and nights-she had spent with her first lover. Unable to help herself, and no longer able to make do with her own caressing fingers, she reached into her dressing table drawer, then slipped her vibrator deep under the bedclothes, raised to a tent by her bent knees, and, praying that her parents would be soundly asleep, strove to bring her body back to those wild times her mind so vividly recaptured.

* * *

The rugby club was something of an ordeal, but she returned for the next three weekends, mainly to alleviate the atmosphere of her home and her parents' increasing pressure. 'What are you going to do? You can't just moon about here, lying in bed till the day's half over! You'll have to look for a job if you're not going to carry on with your studies.'

She was both embarrassed and titillated by the discovery that most of her school friends remembered her in the context of her ill-fated obsession with Al Harding. This was brought home to her on the third Saturday, when, with a crowd of others, she had gone at almost midnight to a private party somewhere on the edge of town. Tony Head had somehow latched onto her, so that she was regarded as being with him. They danced and snogged and drank in the dimly lit room, until his attentions became plainly lecherous, his hand on her breast and thigh, and striving to aim higher. Foolishly, she allowed him to lead her out into the chilly garden, where several other shapes were wrapped around each other.

'Come on,' he leered. 'I know a place.' He led her along a narrow paved path through the shrubbery, then they were in the creosote smelling privacy of a cobwebbed garden shed. To her dawning dismay, he pulled her down onto a small pile of musty, damp, folded deckchairs. 'We're safe enough here.'

Horrified, she felt his rough hands hauling up her thin dress, already thrusting between her thighs, rubbing at her silk covered crotch. She kicked out, gasping, even now afraid to scream loudly. 'Let me go! Get off me! You ... you're too rough.'

'Come on. I know you like it. Don't fuck me about, you prick teaser. Get these fucking things off!' His stubby fingers dug into the cold bare flesh of her belly as he ripped at her briefs and tights, hauling them down the front of her thighs. His left hand caught at the shoulder strap of her dress, tore it free, exposing her left breast in its lacy cup.

She fought in earnest now, flailing, her feet threshing the air, twisting and clawing at his brutal hands, and somehow she freed herself from his embrace, rolling onto her knees, her clothing hanging from her in torn disarray. 'No!' she sobbed. 'Get off me! I'll scream ... for help!'

Frantically, she got to her feet, pulled her knickers and tights into place, held the torn dress over her breast. She was shaking so badly her limbs felt like jelly, and she was terrified she would not have the strength or the will to escape, or to cry for help, as she had threatened. She was afraid he would rape her, that she would have to submit to him.

But he did not attempt to touch her. He levered himself upright. She cowered helplessly as he came close to her. She could feel his breath and his spittle on her face. She wept quietly. 'You fucking little bitch. Don't come the innocent with me! I know all about you. How Al Harding used to take you up to Falling Wood and screw you. How he used to take you round the flat in Kirk Street and shag the arse off you. So don't make out you don't know what it's about, slag! You don't want it with me, all right. Christ! You've probably had it off with half the blokes here by now, anyway.' He crashed out, and left her there, shivering and weeping in the dark.

The strap of her dress was broken. There was a gaping hole in the knee of her tights, and the elastic in her knickers had snapped. As she made her way hurriedly back to the crowded house and the sanctuary of the bathroom, she was shocked by the fact that, beneath the trembling fear which still gripped her, she recognized the wicked pulse of excitement that the episode had sparked in her-and a paradoxical and confusing sense of disappointment that he had not after all pursued his wicked way. Nevertheless, she vowed that the Saturday trips to the rugby club, or any other gatherings where her old school colleagues met, would take place no more.

She stuck to her decision, so that she was surprised when Sharon rang her more than two weeks later. 'Hi, Linda. How's things? Haven't seen you at the club for a while.'

It was clear from her tone that she was well aware that something had happened between her and the revolting Tony Head. Linda could imagine just what his account of their clash would be, and her own manner was coldly off-putting as she answered Sharon's overtures. 'Listen,' Sharon said, cutting short the small talk. 'I'll tell you who I ran into on Saturday. He, seemed very interested when I told him you were back in town. Remember Mark Rydale? Tall blond lad. Quiet but dishy. One of the brains, like you. I hope you don't mind. I gave him your number. I'm sure he'll call.'

A picture of Mark Rydale came immediately into Linda's mind. Still noncommittal, she quickly ended the telephone conversation without responding to Sharon's tentative proposals for further meetings. Mark had indeed been one of the quiet ones, a loner, who refused to run with the herd. And yet he had commanded respect, he was never mocked the way she had been. In fact, she recalled that Al had been friendly with him, even though Mark had never been included among the tough, rebellious types of which Al had been one of the foremost. She recalled that she had quite fancied Mark in her innocent, virginal days of fourth and fifth year, not only for his thin, sensitive good looks, but for that quiet, self possessed air, the

distance he kept from his contemporaries. Of course, he had never shown any interest in her, was scarcely aware of her existence, she suspected. And then Al had burst into her life, and she had eyes for no one else. That Mark Rydale should now not only remember her but actually want to meet up with her was intriguing as well as flattering. But then, Sharon was probably exaggerating the whole thing. If anything, they had most likely had a good snigger over her infatuation for Al. She blushed hotly at the painful memory of her mauling by Tony Head. Perhaps, Mark, too, like the loathsome Tony, thought she had been transformed at one fell swoop from virgin to nymphomaniac by Al Harding's magic tool.

She tried to dismiss Mark from her mind, but to no avail. She was not sure whether to be relieved or not when, three days later, her mother called her from her room. 'There's someone on the phone for you. A Mark somebody or other.'

Linda's heart was fluttering, her voice breathless, as she spoke to him. She was startled at the effect of his rich, deep voice, and the warmth it conveyed. She recognized the tiny pulses of desire, the shivers she could feel passing through her. 'Yes, all right,' she murmured. 'About seven. I'll be ready for you.'

She chided herself for her state of nervous anticipation, and the shameful sexual arousal she undoubtedly felt as she prepared for her date. She found herself lying back in the scented foam of her bath, gently teasing the lips of her sex with feathery strokes, and, hot faced, sat up abruptly, the bubbles sliding from her breasts, whose small nipples were dark and erect with her attentions. She was glad, however, for the care she had taken over her grooming and her clothes, when she saw his smart car, a shining Honda in a deep peacock green, his expensively tailored suit, and the impressive out-of-town hotel he took her to for dinner.

She cursed herself for her innate shyness, but then was quickly comforted as she realized beyond doubt that he found it attractive. Of course, she might have known. He would not be taken by the brash assertiveness of most girls nowadays. In fact, he practically told her as much, as they finished their meal in the stylish surroundings. 'I always thought you were ... very attractive,' he confessed, his own smile looking sweetly ingenuous. Linda felt her heart beating faster. 'But I never dared make a move. Then, when I heard you were going out with Al-Alan Harding-' he shrugged modestly.

Linda prayed that she would not blush too fiercely. Tony Head's wicked words rang in her brain. 'How he used to shag the arse off you.' She swallowed, felt the prick of tears behind her eyelids. 'Oh that!' she said dismissively. 'It didn't last long. It was just-he was my first boyfriend.' Now she did allow herself to blush, and glanced up at him appealingly. 'I was a late developer, as far as boys were concerned. Still am,' she added softly.

His smile sent a thrill right through her. 'I'm glad.'

He held her hand lingeringly, but didn't kiss her when they said goodnight at her gate. On the following Sunday, he took her for a drive through the dales, and when they climbed to a rocky crest well away from other trippers he held out his arms, tentatively, and she moved shyly to accommodate him. His kiss was restrained, but she could feel his quivering desire, reciprocated it as their mouths opened, and their tongues explored. 'You're beautiful,' he whispered, before kissing her again. They lay together, and soon their bodies were pressing, straining, and she could feel the throb of his prick through their clothing. Her own crotch, under the slacks and knickers, was wet, and she wanted him to go on, to undress her, and make love to her, but he didn't, and though her frustration was agonizing, she was glad that he didn't. She had expected him to, would have welcomed his fucking her, but his not doing it was even more special. By the time he had dropped her at home, late at night, after drinks and a

meal and more heady kisses in the steamy limitations of his car, she was convinced she was in love.

Quickly, she stripped and slid naked into bed. She slipped her hands under the sheets, and listened to the soft purring of her faithful sex machine. As the cool tip nuzzled at her moist opening, following the little circular motions of her fingers, she lifted her belly to its gentle ministrations and imagined the rocky crest once more, and a rampantly potent Mark who whispered his love as he took possession of her completely.

In his own boyhood room in his widowed mother's house ten miles away, Mark gazed reflectively at the modest furnishings, and thought how far he had come since the days when this was his home. He had come a long way indeed, and not only in distance. He was already launched on a career which he was confident would make him a millionaire. And soon he would be his own boss, have his own company. He would be able to bring about all those dreams which had driven him over the past years. One of them he had begun this very night.

He stared at his naked reflection, watched his swollen penis stir and lift, the red helm fully emergent from the rim of foreskin. He resisted the urge to touch himself, and went to the top drawer. From a folder, he pulled out the photographs, spread them out on the top of the dresser. The immature, girlish figure gazed stilly up at him, the innocence exquisitely at odds with the titillating, and then rawly pornographic poses. The spreadeagled thighs, the dark gash of the sexual organs so blatantly paraded. And yet he was more deeply roused by that unblinking stare, the total surrender, the yielded artlessness that showed in those wide eyes.

Roused to throbbing hardness now, his prick stood out proudly from the brown cluster of his pubic hair. He recalled his shocked delight when he

had first seen these pictures, shown to him by a smirking Al. 'Have a decko, mate! A right little goer, is Linda!'

Linda Hammond! He kept on staring, drinking in the pure face, the thin shoulders, the coltish legs, the small, pale tipped breasts. That brown fleece, above the frank exhibition of her womanhood revealed in the long line of her vulva, those delicate fingers opening herself further, in ultimate submission. That's what had really turned him on, what had stayed in his brain all this time.

When Al had carelessly offered him the photos before departing, Mark could hardly believe his luck. His dream of possessing her, of owning this sacrificial beauty, had remained with him for three long years. Repeating the ritual which he had carried out so many times in this very room, in the stillness of the solitary night, Mark gazed down on the naked images, and seized his rock hard penis in his right hand. It seemed to him more than coincidence that had brought her into his life again. And this time, he vowed solemnly, feeling his manhood throb powerfully to his touch, he would not allow her to escape.

CHAPTER SIX

'A perfect gentleman.' The ultimate accolade from Linda's mother certainly fitted Mark Rydale. Linda was thrilled and dazzled by his courtesy, and his clear attraction to her company. When he had to leave the town on business, she was dismayed at the prospect of days spent without seeing him. He was not boastful but it was obvious both from his lifestyle and the places he took her to that he was doing extremely well. 'I work for a company that supplies fittings for clubs and hotels,' he told her modestly. 'I'm based near Leeds, but I travel abroad quite a bit. I'm hoping to branch out on my own any day now. I've made some good contacts. I want to start my own company.' He smiled, with that hint of reserved shyness she loved. 'A bit of a gamble, but worth the risk.'

A lovely bouquet of flowers came for her while he was away, and a letter whose sections showed that he had written to her every day. He even put the time at the head of each section, usually late at night, back in some hotel.

I'm missing you more than I would have thought possible. I hope you don't mind me telling you this. Please don't think I'm trying to push you into anything. I know we haven't known each other long (apart from school when I thought you didn't know I existed). But for the first time I'm really looking forward to getting back home again. I just hope you haven't grown tired of me in the meantime.

No chance! Linda thought, shivering with joy at his declaration of wanting their association to continue-and to move on to something much more close, and committed. She was weak with anticipation and promise when at last the agony of waiting was over and they were together again. Her body trembled, she pressed against him with an eagerness that made her blush, her mouth opened to his passionate kisses in a hungry acceptance that she was sure must tell him how completely she was prepared to give herself to him. She was desolate when he finally pulled away; with a gasping out-take of breath that showed how desperately he was exerting self-control. 'Phew! I'm sorry, Linda. I get ... carried away. I can't help it.'

Her heart thumped wildly. 'You don't have to help it,' she whispered unsteadily. 'I mean-I feel the same way-about you. I think I'm in love.' She writhed with embarrassment at her girlish confession, bitterly conscious that she was the first to declare it, yet unable to prevent herself.

He held her hands up to his face, kissed her fingers softly. 'Think?' he answered gently, while she cursed herself for her feeble timidity. 'I want you to be sure. Absolutely certain.'

'Oh but I am! I ... '

Now he held his fingers to her lips, stopping her outburst. 'I think we have something very special here.' She noted his echoing of her own word, and cursed inwardly again. 'It's so special I want us both to be totally, rock solid sure. Let's not rush it. Let's wait. If that's all right with you?'

The tears shone in her eyes as she nodded dumbly. The damp throbbing between her thighs was like a scourge to her. A sudden clear vision of the sleek, gold-rimmed vibrator, symbol of her need and of her frustration, came into her mind and she burned with shame. All at once, she recalled Al Harding, and Mark's reference to their affair. Was it that which was making him so hesitant now? Did he think she was promiscuous, a little tart dying only to be shagged by some guy-any guy? The thought tormented her, would not leave her alone. Very well! she vowed. She'd show him! She'd wait, even if it took months of this sweet torture. He would have to make the first move. All the moves from now on, even if it meant they would never get it together.

But it was hard, even sick, she sometimes thought, the way he would kiss and hold her, his arms around her. The way they would strain together, thighs and bellies thrusting, so that she could feel his hardness through their clothing, until she was running with hunger for him, and she was sure he felt just the same. She almost welcomed the times when he was due to go away-until he'd been gone a couple of days and she found she missed the sweet frustration of his embraces, while her body was just as imperious in its need to find some gratification. She still spent her nights pining and dreaming, and bringing herself to slow, teasing climax. 'You look quite pale,' her mother told her one morning, as she came down at almost noon, still in her dressing gown. 'There's dark rings under your eyes. Goodness knows why. You spend half the day in bed. That's the trouble.'

You should get out. Are you ever going to get yourself a job, or do you intend to live off me and your father the rest of our lives?'

'You want me to move out?' Linda snapped, her voice quivering with threatened tears. 'Or perhaps you'd like to see me skivvying in some restaurant or shop?'

-I wouldn't mind seeing you do anything!' her mother replied unfeelingly. 'Why don't you ask Mark if he knows of anything? He must have loads of contacts.'

When he was next home, and they were ensconced with flask and sandwiches on one of their trysts on the moors, Linda began to tell him of the atmosphere, and how her parents' constant grumbling affected her. She leaned against his protective arm, her head resting on his shoulder. 'Mum even had the gall to tell me I should ask you for a job,' she sighed.

She felt his sudden stillness. He appeared to stop breathing for an instant, and all at once she felt a terror that she had gone too far. She began to babble blushing to cover up her mistake, but he shushed her. 'Actually, that's not a bad idea,' he said slowly, as though thinking aloud. 'I'm ready to launch out on my own. I need people I can trust. Someone,' he corrected himself. 'Someone I can depend on absolutely. In all circumstances.'

Now it was her turn to hold her breath. 'Oh, Mark!' she sighed. Then her conscience forced her to go on. 'Listen, you're not just saying this, are you, because we're ... close? I mean ... I'm not qualified or anything. Apart from A-levels. I didn't even finish my course at poly ... '

"To hell with paper qualifications!" he said strongly. 'They don't mean a thing. Some of the biggest prats I know have yards of letters after their

names. Besides-you were bright enough to go anywhere. Everyone had you marked down for Oxbridge. It might just work-if you're prepared to take the risk. Sink or swim together, eh?'

She flung herself at him. They fell back on the blanket, their mouths and bodies pressed together. She felt his hand cupping her breast through her sweater, then squeezing its softness, and she shivered. The hand was snatched away, he released her and rolled away, groaning. She began to cry quietly. 'I want you, Mark.' Her voice was begging, but she couldn't help it. 'I want you so much. I want to belong to you.'

He kept his face turned away from her, his voice was muffled. 'I want ... it's got to be special. It's got to be like there's no turning back. Wait. Just a little longer. Try to understand.'

'Oh yes, darling, all right, all right!' she wept, clinging to his rounded back. 'Whatever you say. But please-I want you to know I love you-really love you. I have no doubts-I'll always be yours.' She couldn't see the look on his face, misinterpreted the shudder that she felt run through his body.

'I'll miss you so much all the while I'm away,' he told her. He turned to her, bent to kiss her, his face marvelously relaxed, serene almost. 'When I come back next week we'll make our plans. Get things sorted. This is your last chance to back out. To escape.' He chuckled.

The tears shone on her cheeks. The fair head shook. 'Never! You're stuck with me.' She began to act out her little girl role, cuddling up to him, her head on his chest, her lips puckering like a child as she lifted her mouth to be kissed. 'Do you really miss me when you're away? As much as I miss you?' Her voice sank to a whisper. 'Will you think of me at night when you're in bed?'

'Wickedly!' he promised, his mouth moving against hers. 'Every lonely minute!'

The tall chimneys of the house stood out blackly against the vast sweep of sky. They were braced with thick wire stays, like a ship's mast, against the storms when the east wind blew straight in from the sea, buffeting the cliff top. Just beyond the hedge of thick hawthorn, whose branches all turned inward, pointing to the house, bent over by the frequently blustering weather, there was only a narrow path and a few yards of sloping turf before it fell away in a drop of two hundred feet to the giant rocks and the steep bank of shingle that made up the shore. The crunching and the pounding of the waves were a constant muffled presence, like the beating of a heart.

The only approach from landward was a rutted track, where the coarse, tufty grass grew in the centre of the two earth furrows caused by the passage of numerous vehicles over the years. A high wall, built with the great dark grey blocks of local stone, marked the boundaries of the property on three sides. In the middle were the high, scrolled iron double gates, always locked. Mark stopped the car, got out and spoke into the small box at one side, then got back into the car. There was a buzz and a click, then the gates swung open, he drove through, and they clanged shut behind him. A short graveled drive led into a circular area, also of gravel, centred by a large bed of rose bushes. Their scent rose over the sea smell on the steady afternoon breeze as Mark parked in front of the worn steps of the front entrance to the house. Two stone lions either side, at the foot of the wide stone balustrades, were smoothed and worn almost beyond recognition by age and weather.

A stately looking woman, dressed in an expensively simple black dress, with her dark hair piled stylishly atop her head, stood by the double doors to greet him. Her features were delicate, finely formed, giving her an aristocratic look entirely in keeping with the scene. Her voice was deep and rich, and perfectly modulated. 'Ah, Mark. Good to see you. Do come in.'

Leave your bags. Someone will get them. And leave your keys in the car.' She stretched out a slim hand. On one finger was a beautifully cut and mounted dark emerald ring. 'Everything's ready for you.'

'Mrs. Parminter. How are you?' She put her hand lightly on his arm as she led him into a long hallway. The floor of large, black and white tiles was covered down the middle by a long runner of rich eastern design. Gilt framed paintings and various antique objects, such as polished powder flasks and bugle horns, hung on the walls. Tall, dark green plants stood in elegant containers in the alcoves, adding to the atmosphere of an Edwardian country house.

Mark's hostess pressed a buzzer on the wall, and a harsh electric signal sounded somewhere. Waiting only a few seconds, she jabbed again at the buzzer. A door opened and a figure came hurrying forward. It was a young woman, completely naked except for a pair of incongruously bright trainers. She kept her head bent obsequiously, her eyes downcast, refusing to make contact with Mark's or Mrs. Parminter's, whose voice was changed from its mellifluous tones of greeting to harsh command. 'Miranda. Bring this gentleman's bags in, then park his car in the courtyard.'

'Yes, madam.' The naked figure had long, silvery blonde hair. Her face was finely featured, its pronounced bone structure giving it an almost ethereal stamp, totally at odds with the servile manner she displayed. Her breasts were small, with a hint of girlish immaturity still. Her loins were absolutely free of pubic hair. The smooth paleness of the mound highlighted the upper fold of the narrow sex fissure, and added to the enticing aura of adolescence. As she passed them and hurried through the door, her tight little backside attracted Mark's fascinated gaze. It was scored by a series of thin, angry looking red stripes.

Mrs. Parminter laughed softly. 'Miranda's undergoing one of our corrective discipline courses. Her daddy's a belted earl.' She laughed again,

in that deep, musical tone, nodding towards the retreating figure's striped buttocks. 'Very appropriate, don't you think? Let's go up. You're in room six. A sea view. We're fairly quiet this week.'

Some time later, Mark was gazing out at the rapidly darkening scene through the high bay of the window. On the horizon a few isolated points of light twinkled from various fishing boats or other vessels. The high mass of clouds was merging with the gathering dusk, and he could already see a faint reflection of the girl in the windowpane. Her body stood out palely, her arms raised, firmly secured through the leather restraints binding her wrists, and held taut by the wires stretching to the rail near the high ceiling. Her legs were kept apart, held by similar supple bands around her ankles, and chains which led to stout bolts fixed to the floor. She could move her feet only an inch or two, and they were kept well separated. He could see the pout of the mound, the narrow curve of the labia standing out against the pale slim hairlessness of the body. He heard her swallow hard, imagined how the soft rubber of the gag must press disgustingly on her tongue, the saliva dribbling from the stretched corners of her grinning mouth.

She was shivering, her naked body chilled, despite the central heating, and the double glazing which kept even the sound of the pounding of the sea and the sighing wind out. And sealed also any noises which might arise from within. Not that she was likely to make any noise with this choking gag fastened round her. She rose slightly on her toes, to ease her aching muscles, and strove to control the shivering fit which had gripped her. He had left her hanging here long enough, now. Over an hour.

The Scandinavian girl, Inger, had brought her up, and chained her in the window recess, chatting all the while like some loquacious chamber maid while she did so. 'This is the Honorable Lady Miranda,' Inger had giggled, in her cutely accented English. 'Daddy's a real milord, isn't he, sweetie?' The blonde head, even lighter than Inger's neatly groomed, short hair, remained bent, the figure silent. She made no effort to resist as the

Swedish girl secured her. 'But our little girl's been naughty, big time, haven't you? Won't have the rich foreign hubby daddy's picked out for her. So daddy's given her to us for a while. We'll soon make her toe the line. Won't we, sweetie?' As she spoke, Inger gave the fastenings of the gag at the back of that silvery cloud of hair an extra vicious little tug, eliciting a faint muffled grunt from the victim. 'There! All done! She's all yours. And don't spoil the rod, please. The little bitch is getting to love it. Just ring if you need any help. I'll be only too happy to oblige.' Inger's lively face dimpled in a mischievous grin. Mark stared appreciatively once more at the swelling white rounds over the carefully fitted black bodice which held them profferingly. The corselet, whose laces were more for effect than any practical purpose, nipped in her waist to amazingly narrow proportions, emphasizing the curve of her belly and the mound, which were covered with the same shining black material. The brief garment was cut away at the top of the thighs, and the long legs were encased in dark fishnet tights and the knee length boots, again laced from ankles up the side of the shapely calves. The creamy shoulders and arms were bare, apart from a broad leather wrist guard, and a collar of dark leather embossed with dull metal studs about her long neck. The traditional high camp gear of the dominatrix, yet Mark felt the throb of response the girl stirred in him. She moved in close, so that he could smell her perfume, and squint down into that enticing cleavage. In the heeled boots she was nearly as tall as he was. 'Have fun, yeah?' she breathed. She moved over to the spreadeagled figure in the window. 'Be good for Mr. Mark, baby.'

Her pink tongue flicked out, brushed across Miranda's nipples. The breasts were tautened by the raised arms. The captive shuddered, the small teats hardened, then there was a jerk of pain as Inger nipped one of them sharply between her teeth. She laughed. The tongue trailed down, from chest, to navel, and lapped at the shallow eye shape until Miranda shivered again. Behind the gag, the moan was trapped in her throat, and now her tormentor reached down, her nails grazing the sensitive flesh as she gently caressed the curving shape of the genitals, cupped them in her palm. Again came her rich chuckle. She squatted, her blonde head on a level with the belly, her breath warm on the captive flesh.

She stroked slowly, softly, teasing the narrow cleft, until the labia blossomed, unfurling, exposing the gleaming inner surface, like a yielding, ripe fruit. The girl was weeping now, the sound muffled by the gag. Her white belly thrust forward, the muscles of her slim thighs hardened, as she responded to Inger's wicked stimulation. Inger's lips were only inches from the musk scented treasure she was caressing. They puckered, so that Mark, who was gazing enthralled, was sure she was about to kiss the sex which was stirred by her warm breath. His prick was fully hard, he could feel it jutting against the tight restriction of his clothing.

Then, Inger's exquisite tongue flickered out, lapped at the tangy divide, tasting the fluid which was now seeping steadily from it. She stretched her jaws wide, the golden hair plastered to that undulating belly, concealing it as she devoured the nectar exuded from the object of her avid attentions.

The pinioned figure writhed and whimpered behind her sealing restraint, clearly desperately close to the point of crisis. With exquisite cruelty, and at no small sacrifice to her own roused emotions, Inger moved, rising from her crouch and reaching for a small hand towel conveniently placed close by, with which she wiped her gleaming face. She touched her crotch, sealed in its pvc cover, rubbing it swiftly in a fleeting but blatantly erotic caress. 'Time you got down to business, yeah?' she murmured, her teeth flashing in an apologetic, rueful smile. She stared pointedly at his bulging crotch. 'Promise me you'll beat the shit out of her before you fuck her. That's what she's here for. Besides ... ' again that hand flickered briefly to the shining swell of promise between her thighs there's far more on offer for relaxation than that skinny slag can give you. Bye!'

When the door closed, he moved over to the chained figure, thrilling to the wide-eyed fear he saw in the green eyes, which looked huge and luminous with the tears that filled them. Holding that terrified gaze, he

stood inches from her, and without caressing the flinching body, reached down between the trembling thighs, and ran his fingers over the smooth hairlessness of her mound. There was no trace of roughness, or the slightest suggestion of even the finest stubble. He let one finger pad search out the uppermost fold of her pudenda, and ease its way into the crinkled tissue, pushing gently, and tracing the line of the fissure, feeling the greasy film coating her sex lips, feeling their swelling, soft response and yield to his touch. She was pungently wet. He knew that the soft whimper trapped in her throat was not entirely of fear. Her instinctive recoiling had ceased, she stood still now, except for the involuntary trembling, and the rapid rise and fall of those breasts whose peaked nipples almost touched the front of his shirt. He let his finger slide deeply into her, and felt the clenching, welcome spasm of her vaginal muscles about it. He stroked her, seeking the enflamed, tiny nub of her stimulation, and knew by the convulsive jerk, and stiffening of her entire body that he had found his goal. He caressed it, savored the entire, melting, running yield of her for several agonizingly sweet seconds before his brutal withdrawal, and the even more brutal thrusting of his coated finger into her streaming face. 'You're a hot little number all right. Now let's really get you going!'

He moved behind her, out of her sight, and she heard him opening a cupboard. The first blow from the thin cane cut off her breath at the fire which bit into her clenched behind. He waited until her mad writhing eased before he struck again. Soon her twisting dance was like the jerking of a demented puppet, and her bottom was aflame with the myriad crisscrossed red weals which marred its quivering flesh.

Gradually, through the haze of pain, she realized that the steady burn of her flayed behind indicated that the beating was over. She hung there, utterly limp now, her frame quivering violently, racked by great, gulping sobs. The window in front of her was an expanse of blackness, and her weeping grew even more desolate as she became aware that he had left her alone in the darkened room.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Miranda woke with a start at the stab of light that came from the bedside lamp. Instinctively, she tried to move, and immediately felt the tug of the broad swathes of material about her wrists and ankles, to which were fastened the short lengths of cord which pinioned her to the four corners of the bed. She was convinced she had not slept at all through the long night, but then she heard with shock the sound of her own whimpering and realized she was surfacing from a dream of cruel punishment. Pain flooded over her, particularly from her aching buttocks, and dream merged with reality. She saw Mark's tousled hair as he bent smiling over her. She recalled the harsh beating he had inflicted only a few hours ago, before turning her over onto her back and re-securing her. She had been whimpering then, as he switched off the lamp, and settled in the identical bed across the patterned rug, without touching her further.

There was no sign of daylight at the wide bay of the curtained windows. She groaned. 'Please! No more. Leave me alone. Listen! I want to see Mrs. Parminter. I've had enough. I mean it! I want to stop. Tell her-I want to leave today.'

Mark bent even closer. He was naked, his slim youthfulness attractive, the jutting column of his penis below the abundant dark bush of pubis indicating his state of arousal. In spite of the throbbing ache in her hindquarters, she felt the spasms of her own excitement, the hot blush of desire and shame flooding her tearstained face. His hair brushed against her nose and mouth as he bent and began to suckle lightly at her nipples, which rose to tingling hardness immediately. He smelt sweet and fresh, despite the hour. He lifted his head from her chest, gave a soft laugh. 'Wake her at this unearthly hour? You must be joking. She would skin you and me alive. No. I'll tell her later, maybe. But I think she will say no! I guess you know the rules here better than I do. It's what your daddy agreed to. Two more days, yeah? On Friday they let you go.'

He found himself growing even more curious about this beautiful, misguided girl, and the circumstances which had led to her being handed over to him in this strange place. Excitement knifed through him until he ached with its sensation as he pictured the delights of having Linda in this house, under his power so completely, as was this lovely stranger. 'Yes, you can certainly learn what it feels like to have complete control over someone,' Mrs. Parminter had told him when he had first met her, and, inhibited by a strange shyness, confessed his most secret wishes. 'It's not as easy as you might imagine, to have that kind of power. That kind of responsibility. It takes a special kind of strength. Otherwise, you'll find you'll become as much a victim of the relationship as the one you wish to possess. You have to guard against your own weakness. Or at least, against letting them see it, sense it. It's hard to remain in total control.'

But not with this lovely, forlorn figure tied to the bed. The tablets they had given her had clearly kicked in, with devastating effect. She was utterly subservient, to Mrs. Parminter, to Inger, and, latterly, to himself. He was amazed how powerfully it had worked. The only physical effects seemed to be a kind of lethargy; as though she were trying to keep functioning after being deprived of sleep for a night or two. But the other—the emotional and mental state! That was what really impressed him. She was practically incapable of finding words, to dispute anything or even to initiate a real conversation. Only to murmur acquiescent replies. Right now, her eyes were beginning to water, and she blinked rapidly to disperse the threatening tears. 'Please, Mark.' He could hear the subservience in her tone, the servile whining, part of him disgusted at her weakness. 'Promise me you'll tell her. I'm not—I can't take much more. I thought I could—'

He pursed his lips, lapsed into mocking baby talk. 'Oh, diddums! Was naughty Mark too rough with you? Is your booty hurting? I hope not, because you've got some more to come soon. Before breakfast.'

'But it's not even morning.' Her head turned to the window. The tears came fast once more, in a series of hiccupping sobs. 'Please! I need a few hours. Honestly, I haven't slept. Can't you untie me, just for a little while?' There was that begging tone again!

'Don't worry. I'm not going to beat you again-yet. No. I've woken you for something completely different. Something I know you've been waiting for. Dying for. You naughty girl!'

'Listen, Mark. I need the toilet,' she pleaded, more urgently. 'I have to pee.'

He gazed down at her beauty, the high pointed little breasts, with the pale pink areolae, the exfoliated mons, the sprawled thighs. 'Your poor bald pussy. I've got something that'll make you forget about peeing, and everything else. Let's wake it up, shall we?'

His fingers teased, and he felt her exposed sex swell and open immediately. Carefully, he knelt astride her spreadeagled limbs, and leaned forward into her. He let the tip of his prick just touch her belly, then let the thickening shaft rest against her. She could feel its throbbing length now, on her warm, palpitating flesh, which rose pleadingly, straining against his captive touch, just as her limbs instinctively tugged against the bonds that held them. She felt the full weight of her helplessness, totally at this stranger's mercy, and she gave a soft cry. She felt the throbbing hunger in her sex surge at her very powerlessness. His skilful fingers stroked the pulsing cleft of her vulva, then the glistening wet tip of his manhood traced the narrow valley, and she longed only for him to drive deeply home inside her, longed only for the sensation of that potent column of flesh possessing her, her breasts crushed against his skin. He bent closer, inhaling the heat of her breath, the rank odor of their roused bodies, his long shaft, beating with a life of its own, pressing against the moistly eager entrance to her

vagina.. Her tongue flickered helplessly against her lips, she was gasping, panting with her urgent need.

'Please!' she blubbered, begging for him to take her, to fuck her, savagely and without pause.

Instead, with a sadomasochistic thrill that startled him, and left her breathless, he pulled away from the conjunction of their loins, lifted himself from that magnetic centre, leaning on his palms, his arms straight, quivering with tension, and let his thrusting prick move up to her upturned face. Her senses reeled with the hot, manly smell of him, her vision filled with his rearing penis, the heavy, fecund hang of his testicles.

The skin of his scrotum had changed from satin smooth to crinkled folds. Hypnotically, she poked out her tongue, lapped at the central seam, which so neatly and symmetrically divided his balls. She followed it up, to the base of the shaft, and on, tracing the thick vein which ran up to the small v-shape at the flange of the dome. The tongue movement quickened, rapid little flutters at this most sensitive point until he gave a high whimper, at odds with the potency of the glans, which beat mightily now, and shone with his secretion.

The tears spilt over. 'Oh God, Mark!' she wept. 'That's oh God! Help me! Do it to me! I beg you!' Her belly was lifting. All at once, he pulled away again from her lapping face, rearing over her, and gripped his rampant cock tightly in his right hand. He fell between her thighs, sought the entrance to her cunt, and hammered home, deep within her tight confines, and she cried out with pain. But the pain was fused with a delicious, aching pleasure that seemed to absorb her consciousness entirely, and her buttocks lifted clear of the mattress, her belly reared at the fountain of his maleness. She was dimly aware of the searing pain burning at her ankles as she strove with all her might to lift her legs, to wind them about his driving frame, to take him even deeper into her

receptive body. Then his thrusting might erupted, and she screamed at the power of her own orgasm, which ripped through her jerking, pinned down body like a vital current.

Agony returned, flowing slowly into her battered consciousness, just as the residue of his semen flowed from her, to glisten in pearly drops on her heaving belly. It clung in the springy curls of his dark pubic hair, and over the rapidly detumescing penis, coating it too with the pungent, viscous fluid.

After a long while, his dead weight shifted, he climbed off her, and went over to the adjoining bathroom, and the cleansing comfort of a warm shower. She lay in the dark, the tears began to flow faster, trickling down the sides of her temples. Her chest heaved, the sobs clearly audible in the still night. She could feel the semen coldly drying, leaving its sticky traces on her belly, could smell its cloying odor. Oh God! And another degradation, a new, warm then rapidly chilling sensation, accompanied by the newly acrid odor that told her she had wet the bed.

Under the blessed relief of the shower, Mark wearily pondered on his reason for undergoing all this. He recalled his words to Mrs. Parminter. 'I want to experience what it's like for the victim. I have to know. The full extent of it. I want to know what they go through, what it all feels like. The whole thing, the pain, the bondage, the humiliation. The fear! Before I bring her here. If I'm going to bring someone to that state, reduce them to utter helplessness, I have to know.'

Well, he was learning now, all right! The photographs floated vividly into his mind. He saw the pale, trusting flesh, the youthful gaze of those blue eyes. In spite of his recent orgasm, he felt his flaccid prick stir against his thigh at the thought of having that body as his, having absolute power over it, and over her mind, too. Complete possession of her-and not for

just a few days in the seclusion of some deviant set up like this, but permanently, and everywhere.

He awoke suddenly from an exhausted sleep. The room was flooded with morning sunshine. 'Wake up, sleepy head. It's after nine. Let's get you fed and watered.' His hostess was standing beaming down at him. As always, Mrs. Parminter was dressed with simple elegance, in a dark dress, hair and pearls immaculately set in place. She made a brief gesture, and the nude figure of Miranda appeared, bearing a large tray laden with breakfast things. Impatiently, she waved towards the bedside table, and, head down, the blonde locks hiding her expression, Miranda lowered the tray onto its surface, and hurried out. Mark could not help glancing at the disappearing bottom, and observing the still livid evidence of the beatings he had administered the previous night.

He then glanced over at the bed opposite. The sheets and even the mattress had gone. There was the smell of some scented freshener in the air. Mrs. Parminter followed his gaze and, apparently, read his mind. 'The wretched girl had an accident in the bed. After you fell asleep. You'll have to chastise her for that afterwards. I promised her you would. Did you enjoy your little session with her last night? I gather from the state of our little miscreant's arse-and other parts of her anatomy-that you did. You see now what I mean. It's not always easy to maintain the role of master, is it?' She gazed at him archly, her dark eyes glittering.

He blushed, suddenly deeply conscious of his nudity under the bedclothes, and the rising beat of his rapidly stiffening prick. 'She's a very attractive girl,' he offered defensively. 'And surely that's merely another way of enforcing your control over your-victim? After all, they're there to serve your pleasure. That's the whole idea, I thought.'

'Certainly,' Mrs. Parminter answered dryly. 'But quite rightly you used the word 'enforce'. And in my considerable experience, flogging is a far

better way of achieving it than fucking. The latter can be much more fun with equals. If you see what I mean."

He gazed in astonishment as she moved quickly to the door, locked it, and turned to face him. Reaching behind her shoulders, she skillfully negotiated the zip fastening at the back of her dress, drew it down, and, with a whisper, it fell from her shoulders and her slim hips to lie at her ankles. She stepped from it, and from her daintily heeled shoes in the same movement. She was wearing a knee length satin slip, with narrow shoulder straps, and a wide band of lace at the hem. This, too, whispered as she reached under the lace, drew it up, and in one fluid motion, swept down and removed both the satin knickers and dark tights she wore beneath. He caught the briefest of glimpses of her long, shapely limbs before the satin slip fell concealingly over her nakedness.

She drew back the covers, allowing herself time to stare appreciatively at his upright member before sliding in beside him and covering them both. 'I'd like to look at you!' he said hoarsely, as she turned into his arms, and he felt the silk flowing like cool liquid over his eager body.

'No.' She reached for his prick, grasped it tightly, pulled him onto her, and into her opening thighs. 'A little mystery's good for the soul. And you've seen plenty of female flesh recently. Now humour an old lady and give her what she wants, there's a good boy. Let's fuck as equals, shall we?' Deftly, she rolled and drew him on top of her, her legs wrapped around him as she eased him into the moistly gripping passage that enclosed welcomingly around his driving column.

Miranda was finishing her shower, under the watchful eye of Inger. She knew that they had somehow administered another dose of the drug. The orange juice? she wondered. She felt the now familiar heaviness of limbs, the slowing down of movement, just a little, the strange, enervating twinge

of sickness in her belly. 'Look! I want to get a message to daddy. Mrs. Parminter told me-'

'Yeah. Later today, I heard. Come on.' She held out the large towel, and Miranda stepped forward obediently. She wrapped her in it and began to dry her. Miranda winced as the Swedish girl patted the crimsoned behind. 'Mark's learning fast, eh? Though your arse would be a lot redder than that if it was left to me, sweetie'

'Inger! Please! I told you-'

'Look. Shut up, will you? Later! I haven't given you your morning beating, have I? Be grateful for that and don't make me change my mind. Now come on. We have to go.'

'Where? Like this?' She stared at her in alarm, gesturing at her nudity.

'For Christ's sake! Just do as you're told! I warn you!'

Miranda flinched at the anger in her voice.

'Come here. Turn round.' She obeyed, responding automatically to that note of sharp command, and, taken unawares, felt a pair of metal handcuffs snapped into place on her wrists, which Inger had placed behind her. Her hands were now fastened over her sore bottom. Inger took her elbow, pulled her roughly through the door. The touch of the thick carpet on the soles of her feet made her newly conscious of her nakedness. She glanced fearfully about her, painfully aware also that, underlying her embarrassment was a shameful thrill at her exposed and powerless state. But she was relieved when she saw no one in the long hall, and allowed herself to be led through a side door-into a small room where to her

chagrin she saw Mark, dressed casually in a pale sweater and dark slacks, evidently waiting for them.

Inger, who was wearing her usual uniform of shiny corselet and high boots, grinned with bright maliciousness. 'Here's our little piss-the-bed. Smelling a bit sweeter than she did. But she's been complaining about her sore backside. And she's sore somewhere else, as well, I think.' Inger pouted and flounced coquettishly. 'T told you, Mark! There are others around here who could give you a much better time if you want to fuck around. Know what I mean?' She grabbed Miranda by the arm, and thrust her towards another door. 'OK. The boss said you wanted to see this slag getting it from someone else. Let's go!'

Miranda recoiled at the sudden chill of the open air on her body, and her eyes screwed up against the bright sunlight. Hobbling painfully over the gravel, she was led onto a paved area, and into what looked like an old barn, or maybe stable. It was dark after the brightness outside, and she had to focus to make out the scene within. The floor was covered with dirty straw, but, instead of animals, several vehicles and parts of vehicles rested on its surface.

A young man was bent over the engine of a car. His singlet was filthy with oil, as were the tight jeans and heavy boots, and his well muscled arms. His body looked like that of an athlete, broad of shoulder and narrow of waist. 'Here she is,' Inger said, pulling Miranda forward. Mark noted the coldness in her voice as she introduced him to the man, and the fellow's casual attitude, his mocking leer as he stared at Inger in her exotic gear. He was clearly not one of the masochist clients. 'This is Jack Coulthard. He helps around the place.'

"That includes keeping the girls happy. Right, Inger?" The golden head tossed with angry disdain, the lovely face tinged with pink embarrassment. It intrigued Mark to see the pretty, dominating figure so disconcerted. She

did not answer Jack's taunting tone. 'Right. Leave her to me, doll.' She unclipped the cuffs from Miranda's wrists and left hastily. 'Find a pew,' he said with lazy insolence to Mark. 'This your bird, is it?'

'Just for the moment,' Mark said levelly. 'I'll keep out of your way.'

Miranda's heart was thudding, she felt her legs trembling. 'Look,' she began, 'I don't know what's going on, but this wasn't part of my package-'

'Shut your fucking hole, and don't open it till I tell you to!'

Miranda reeled before this verbal onslaught. Speech failed her. A huge, blackened hand reached out to the middle of her chest and thrust her backwards, causing her to stagger. The backs of her legs struck an old wooden kitchen chair, and another shove sent her crashing down to sit on it. An excruciating pain shot through her bottom on contact with the hard surface. The burly mechanic grabbed a piece of blue nylon cord, and swiftly bound her to the chair, by her upper torso, her belly-the line bit deeply just above the line of her pubis-and her calves. 'Now sit there and keep your mouth shut!'

The rope had been carelessly tied, and Miranda could have loosened it easily enough if she had struggled, but she was too cowed by the lout's threatening manner, and by the drug induced timidity. She sat there, silent, and afraid.

A dark silhouette appeared in the open doorway. Mark recognized the alluring shape of Mrs. Parminter. Remembering the private pleasures they had shared in his room at breakfast, he felt strangely awkward and school boyish, but she directed her beaming smile at him, without any trace of embarrassment. She moved daintily over the dirty floor, her elegant shoes contrasting starkly with the rough surface over which they moved. She

stopped beside the bound, naked figure, and took Miranda's chin lightly between her finger and thumb, lifting the pale face up to meet her gaze. 'I understand you want to speak with me, Miranda. Are you coming to your senses at last? Are you going to promise to be a good girl? Are you going to do what daddy tells you? Always?'

'Oh yes, I swear!' the girl babbled frantically, losing all dignity and composure. 'I promise! Please tell him ... whatever he wants. I promise ... '

The older woman patted the disheveled mass of silvery hair and let her fingers brush through its tangled fineness for several seconds. 'That's good news, my dear. His lordship will be pleased, I'm sure. But it's early days yet. Let's wait a while, and see.'

'But ... ' the girl raised her tear soaked face, and Mrs. Parminter placed a long finger over the trembling mouth. All at once, the girl subsided, her body folding limply back into the chair, and the bonds, while a huge sob shook her frame.

'Now,' Mrs. Parminter continued briskly, turning to the grinning mechanic. 'Jack, why don't you show Mr. Mark what you're capable of?'

He was holding some mechanical device and he put it down, wiping his filthy hands on his jeans as he advanced. Quickly, he undid the ropes and seized Miranda's wrist, pulling her to her feet. 'Right, you little cow! Come and get what you're begging for!' and the naked figure quailed. 'Come here, you tosser! Bend over!' The elegant figure of Mrs. Parminter nodded approvingly, turned and left.

Jack positioned Miranda by the opened bonnet of the car, and made her lean forward, clutching at the vehicle's side. He stood behind her, and taking hold of her belly, wiped his greasy hands on it at either side, until

the white flesh was streaked with oily marks. Miranda was half sobbing, pleading, but she remained bent over, proffering her reddened backside, which her aggressor now began to lash with a short piece of webbing that could well have been part of a canvas seat belt. She howled, and her slim legs danced, but somehow she stayed huddled over in the stance she had been forced to adopt. When the beating was done, the already abused flesh was seared with vivid scarlet weals. Miranda straightened painfully, clutching at her scalded behind and weeping quietly.

Deliberately, the mechanic turned to her once more, and Miranda stared up at him, her eyes wide like a terrified rabbit. She swallowed, struggled to get her words out. 'Please let me go.' She glanced across desperately in Mark's direction, who was half hidden in the shadows. The teeth showed whitely against the dirty features as Jack laughed. 'No good looking at your boyfriend, slag. He's here to see you get what you deserve. Don't worry. I'm not gonna fucking beat you any more. Thrashing your pretty little arse has just got me going. Given me an appetite, like. If you know what I mean, eh? I'm gonna give you the thrill of a lifetime, slag.'

As he spoke, he pulled her by her shoulders towards him. Miranda felt all the remaining strength drain from her. She was incapable of supporting herself. She felt the strong arms pluck her up, her bare legs dangling as the grinning mechanic carried her towards the back of the building, where the rear seat from some old car served as a makeshift sofa. Jack placed her in front of it, on her knees, and bent her over until her head was almost touching the floor on the other side. The warm, sensuous touch of the old leather was smooth on her belly and thighs. She was stunned to feel the sudden stirring thrill that ran through her loins.

'Please, no,' she blubbered, the tears streaming, while, at the first spearing thrust of his rampant prick through the deep cleft of her buttocks, she learned at last the true depths of the submission she realized she had been seeking so avidly.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'I'm sorry, love. I haven't heard a thing. He hasn't even phoned, the wicked boy! Come in and have a coffee.' Mark's mother, a fussy little individual with big dark spectacles and wispy pepper and salt hair, ushered Linda into the unpretentious bungalow on the edge of town. It was only the second time Linda had met Mrs. Rydale. It was not that Mark was ashamed of his ordinary background, but rather that it was no longer of importance to him. He seemed almost contemptuous of it. Linda could sympathize, for she was heartily sick of her own parental home, and her folks' constant niggling. But Mrs. Rydale seemed a very pleasant lady, who behaved towards her only child with an affection which bordered on deference.

Linda surrendered all pride when almost a week went by beyond Mark's projected return, and she heard nothing from him. Her visit to his mother produced no results, apart from a few unconvincing words meant to reassure. 'All sorts of things crop up nowadays. Now he's starting out on his own, this company of his. He's probably had to fly off somewhere at short notice. I'm sure he'll be in touch. I know he thinks ever such a lot of you, Linda. I hope we meet again soon.' The sympathetic smile did nothing to ease Linda's growing concern.

That night she flared up at something her mother said, and stormed off to her room. The sobbing fit tore through her, and left her exhausted, her head thumping, her stomach churning. He had finished with her. She had been dumped again, just as she had with Al. Why? What had she done wrong? Been too keen? Let it show too much and too soon how badly she needed and wanted him? After all, she had invited him to make love properly to her. The crude alternatives for what she was thinking of bombarded her tormented brain. Screw you! Shag you! Fuck you! That was what you really meant, wasn't it, you randy little cow! Desperately, she

argued with herself. No, not just that. Not in that way. Of course I want sex with him. How else can I love him, show him how much I care? But I need so much more. I want to be with him always, I want to be part of him. I want to be really his, body and soul.

The next day she stayed in bed. Her eyes were puffed, red, her nose glowing, her head throbbed, and her vagina stung abominably from the savage attention she had given it through the long night. The house was muffled with her brooding desolation, and her mother kept well away, not even bringing a mug of coffee, or calling her for some lunch.

Linda was dozing when she heard the telephone in the hall bleeping. She leapt out of bed, and raced to the door, startling her mother by appearing on the stairs clad only in a pair of white cotton briefs. Mrs. Hammond was holding out the receiver to her, and Linda stumbled down the last few stairs, clawed at it while her mother clucked in disapproval and retreated to the kitchen.

'Mark! Oh Mark!' Linda sobbed, the tears streaking down her cheeks. 'What happened? Are you all right?'

'Yeah, sure. Sorry I haven't been in touch. All kinds of things have been happening. I haven't had a spare minute, day or night. I'll tell you when I see you. I'll be back Saturday some time. Hey! Take it easy! Me you OK?'

'I am now!' She was still weeping. 'Oh God, Mark! I thought you'd left me-I mean, you didn't want me. Oh Mark! I love you so much!'

He murmured the words she needed to hear, and the tears flowed even more copiously, with joy and gratitude. She realized she was caressing herself, stroking the narrow band of silk at her crotch, so that she could feel under the patch of dampness the furrow of her sex, the pout of her

sore labia. She snatched her hand away. Suddenly, she was aware that somehow he sounded different. His voice was quieter than normal, almost hushed. She wondered where he was calling from. 'Everything is all right, isn't it?' she asked, anxiety of a different kind gripping her now.

'It will be on Saturday when I see you,' he said more firmly. 'Time for us to put things on a proper footing. I'm taking you on, Linda. We're going to be together. Really together from now on.'

Mrs. Hammond stared in surprise at the transformed, radiant figure which appeared in the kitchen. 'Oh, mum!' Linda cried, her eyes glistening. 'Everything's so wonderful! He's coming home Saturday. He said he loves me. He wants us to be together.'

Her mother's face was pink. She stared at Linda's bosom, where the little nipples were standing up rosily. 'For goodness' sake go and put your dressing gown on! You'll catch your death!' But Linda could tell she was no longer angry. 'I'll make you a sandwich or something. Then have a nice bath and get dressed before your father comes home.' Linda raced back upstairs, ready to burst into song. Even her parents approved of Mark, she knew. They thought he was an ideal catch. But it's me that's caught! Linda reflected happily, and I've never been so happy!

'Well. This is it. Are you absolutely sure? I mean it, Linda. You can back out right now, if you want to. I won't say a word.'

They faced each other across the virginal vastness of the wide bed. Linda's expression was solemn, she was shaken by the gravity of his tone. For an instant, she felt a clutch of real panic that it was he who was looking for a way out. Then she cried out pleadingly, her face alive with her emotion. 'Mark! Can't you see how much I need you? How much I want to belong to you, forever? Really belong, with my body as well as everything

else. I love you, Mark. I don't care what happens as long as I'm with you, part of your life. There's nothing else for me."

He closed his eyes. His face looked pale. Again the disturbing thought flickered through her mind that he was somehow different. Had been so ever since he had returned from that trip. But then she knew from his own earnest words over the past days that he felt just the same, that he wanted her as much as she wanted him. It had been a time of sweet torture for her, and for him, too, she was sure, the days leading to this moment. Together all day, and sometimes half the night, travelling up and down the country together, staying in a series of hotels, some opulent, others humble, but always ending in separate beds, separate rooms. Nothing beyond the passionate kisses and clinging embraces, until she was trembling, could scarcely concentrate for her desperate need for him. And all the while striving to take in the information about his business she was bombarded with.

And yet it had all been such sweet torment, all the dizzy frustration, the gnawing longing-until the magic moment was upon them, here in the anonymity of this luxurious hotel bedroom where her life was truly about to begin. Another thought, too painful to contemplate, jarred her as she recalled the frightening ecstasy of her yielded virginity, in Al Harding's wicked arms. She thrust away the pang of regret. This was her true sexual initiation, with this intense figure who now came to her, held her close. 'No. Don't move,' he whispered, his lips stirring against her ear, so that she shivered. 'I'll do it.'

Carefully, tenderly, he undressed her, taking his time, spreading each garment on the chair as he removed it, until, obediently, she stepped out of the tiny briefs, and stood naked in front of him. He was still fully clothed. 'My turn?' she asked adoringly, but made no demur when he gently laid her back on the turned down sheet. Her gaze remained fixed on him while he stripped off his clothing-not provocatively, but still without undue haste, or clumsy modesty. His body was slim, and pale, the skin smooth except for

the bush of black pubis above the brown penis, which was already elongated, rising in a bow of desire.

Though she was wet, pulsing with hunger for him, he delayed the consummation, and somehow she managed to lie still under his delicious torture, her limbs star-like in the posture in which he had placed her, while his gentle hands and wonderful mouth explored and tasted almost every inch, every plane and hollow and groove of her quivering flesh, until she was crying quietly, each nerve and fibre finely stretched to that beating core of want deep inside her. When she thought she could stand no more of this sweet hell, at last she felt the tip of his prick gently nuzzle at her, and slide in to claim that throbbing centre where possession became complete.

Afterwards, he held her by her thin arms, and they lay on their sides, facing each other. She lifted her legs and he slid between, fitting them round his waist. "I know you're really mine now, my love."

The 'honeymoon' was brief, yet to Linda it was a timeless enchantment, for they spent most of it in bed, making love or sleeping in each other's embrace. Or making love again, languorously, in the wide bathtub, or even crouched under the shower, with Mark sitting, knees raised, on the wet tiles of the stall, his back against the glass partition, and Linda sat astride his thighs, their mouths stuck together as their bodies were. In fact, Linda loved this way most of all, for she could feel all the potent length of him thrusting up deep inside her, and they could make it last for hours if they wanted, hardly moving until the final rush towards the climax.

That first evening they managed to dress and drag themselves down for a late dinner, when most of the other diners had finished, and Linda blushed prettily for the benefit of the discreetly smiling staff. "They know

what we've been up to all day,' she whispered, embarrassed yet loving every minute of it.

T should hope so. They can see we can hardly walk."

'Oh, Mark!' She made a joke about his making an honest woman of her some day, then glanced up at him in instinctive trepidation, wondering if she had somehow offended.

But he grinned back easily. 'Why, you old-fashioned thing! We've got plenty of time for that. I've got to get you well runin' first. Maybe after the first six kids!' His words, though dismissive of marriage, brought her great comfort, and she smiled back at him. But then the playful expression slipped from his face, and he gazed at her so steadily she felt somehow trapped by the intensity of that stare. He reached for her hand, and held it up close to his lips. 'I want far more from you than any mere ceremony or some stamped piece of paper could give me.' His softly spoken words sent shivers through her, penetrated her mind with all the force of those compelling eyes. 'I want you. Every atom, every cell of your beautiful body, every thought in your head, every breath you take. I want it to be mine, all of it. I want you to belong to me, Linda. Truly belong."

She fought for the very breath he talked of possessing, her throat choked with her emotion. 'I do,' she whispered, tears shining. 'That's how it is. I'm yours. All of me."

She was shocked, and wounded by the sadness of his smile, the whimsical look as he relaxed. 'If only. That's how I want it. My perfect dream. I'm not talking about reality."

'I am!' she answered almost fiercely. The tears clung to her fair lashes. 'I mean every word. I'll do anything. Just let me prove it."

He relaxed even further. He gave a deep chuckle, as though bringing them both back from that level of intensity which had held them. He kissed her fingers lightly, let go of her hand. 'OK, slave. Take your knickers off. Now.'

'Here?' she squealed, her eyes wide with genuine surprise, and he chuckled again.

'See what I mean? When you come down to it ... '

She glanced round, afraid. Twin spots of colour appeared on her cheeks. Her hands slid beneath the table, and she squirmed, rose a little in her seat. She paused as a waitress came and removed a dish, then she ferreted again. He leaned backward slightly, lifted the edge of the white cloth, and saw the tiny briefs round her ankles, saw her scrabble frantically, kicking off her high heeled shoes to facilitate their removal. She straightened up, clutching the tiny slip of silk in her hand, and placed it on the tablecloth. 'There!' she panted tremulously. She emitted a gusty sigh as he took the knickers, rolled them in his palm, then slipped them into his jacket pocket. 'Thank God I didn't put tights on!' she giggled, her face alive with her daring.

'Let's go to the bar for a night cap,' he said, and she stared at him, excited and apprehensive, then nodded.

'OK,' she agreed, with a hint of defiance, accepting what she felt was his challenge. She realized how excited she was. She felt the pulsing thrill at her unaccustomed nudity beneath her demure dress.

He drew her towards the bar counter, and the high, narrow stools. He held her hand solicitously for her to mount one. 'Oh, be careful! Don't crease your dress, darling,' he said, and carefully moved the hem at the back over the upholstered seat, while the barman stood waiting to take their order. Linda felt the velvet caress of the narrow seat's material on her bare thighs and buttocks, and another knifing thrill passed through her.

He ordered drinks, but, instead of taking his own seat, he stood leaning against her. He engaged the barman in conversation. Linda stifled a gasp as Mark's hand slipped discreetly up her bare thigh, under her dress. His fingers stroked at the wiry curls of her pubis, traced the course of the divide of her tightly clamped thighs as she sat cross-legged on the high stool. The fingers burrowed rigidly and pinched so painfully that she jumped, easing the tight restriction formed by her posture. She bit her lip as the fingers slid further in, and stroked at the topmost folds of her vulva. Mark drew her into the conversation, so that she was compelled to participate. She had to exert all her strength to stop herself squirming as those wickedly teasing fingers caressed her, probed, until she felt her own wetness, and the throbbing desire which made her sex swell and blossom open to this rousing attention.

She was trembling, her face growing redder by the minute, her speech more lisping and breathless. 'You all right, darling?' Mark enquired. 'You look a bit flushed.'

'No, just a bit tired, that's all.' His fingers worked away, entering into her gaping wetness. She could feel the stickiness on her inner thighs, blushed deeper at the thought of leaving a damp stain on the upholstery. At last he let her go, withdrew his hand, and put it round her waist as he steered her across the lounge floor. In the safety of their room, she blew out her breath, chided him volubly. 'Good God. I thought you were going to make me come all over that stool. Don't ever do that to me again, you hear?'

She was reaching for the fastening of her dress when he caught her by the wrist. 'Hey! What happened to this obedience we were talking of downstairs? You forgotten your rash bragging already?'

She stared at him, both thrilled, and a little alarmed. This was a new side of Mark. He was always so polite, so considerate. It was playful, but it startled her a little, too. She felt nervous. And once more almost unbearably excited. 'What now?' she asked, her voice unsteady.

'It really turned me on, knowing you were bare arsed under that sexy frock. Touching you up under the nose of that barman. Keep it on-for now. How about if we establish just who is boss in this outfit, eh? Just a little lesson, to keep you in your place.' He suddenly seized her and pulled her down on his knee at the edge of the bed, bent her across his thighs.

'Mark! No! I don't mean-I don't want you to hurt me.' All at once her thoughts were running riot, vivid memories of Margot's punishing slaps returning to disturb her. She began to kick, decorously, as she had done before. 'Please! No one's ever spanked me before. Not even daddy ... '

'Just to help you be a good girl. Better not make too much noise. We don't want anyone interrupting.'

She felt her bottom bared, and she yelped softly at the first stinging smack. He struck much more lightly than Margot had, enough to redden and sting her clenching rounds, but the throbbing pain only fanned the desire already thrumming through her. Nevertheless, she played her role, her feet delicately sawing the air, her muted cries pleading. 'Ow! You're hurting me, Mark.'

When he stopped spanking, it was to swing her round, and push her head down onto the bed, leaving her reddened behind high in the air, her feet on the carpet. The dress was once more hiked over her back, and she felt his knees nudging her legs further apart. She gasped at the cold feel of his prick nuzzling in the divide of her hot, stinging buttocks, then it sought and entered the pulsing narrowness of her vagina. 'What are you doing?' she gasped, thrusting her bottom back against his weight, and taking him deeper inside her clamorous sheath. But, despite her show of outrage, and the brevity of his furious pumping into her, she came before he did, subsiding limply, spent and lost in her own world as he jetted powerfully his own release.

CHAPTER NINE

The spankings became a regular feature of their love play. Linda blushed to think how turned on she was by them, especially when she recalled Margot's cruel letter to her. You need a firm hand. How true that was proving to be. But then, she hurriedly consoled herself, there was nothing really kinky about the reassuring masculinity of that hand, and nothing wrong with her partner indulging in this titillating role play of mastery over her. After all, that was what she wanted, what she was so deliriously happy about, her treasured status of belonging to him. In fact, she had never been happier, never believed this degree of happiness could be possible.

For the first few weeks of their partnership, she was afraid that she might not be capable of fulfilling her other role as helpmeet and business associate, for she was so dazzled by her love for him that she sometimes felt her brain could scarcely function in any other way. But he was wonderfully patient, and she wanted so much to please him that somehow she managed to focus at least part of her mind on other things than the rapture of being his lover-at least for part of the time.

But it was hard. And his own delight in her compliance with his wishes did not help. On the flight back from Spain, where they had spent two hectic days on the Costa del Sol arranging the details of two lucrative new contracts with opulent clubs there, they had no sooner buckled themselves into their seats when he grinned and bent close, his lips brushing her ear. 'Get yourself comfortable, darling.' He held his hand out, palm upward, and she blushed fiercely, knowing what he meant. In spite of her whispered horror and acute and genuine embarrassment, she went through the furtive wriggles and squirmings which the operation of removing her knickers while remaining seated, in the midst of nearly two hundred fellow passengers, involved. She knew better than to plead with him to permit her the easy way out—a trip to the toilet, to return with the pants hidden in her handbag. An essential element of this routine was the painful embarrassment it caused her, and the difficulty—just as his meting out of corporal punishment must sting as well as thrill.

Sweating with exertion and alarm, she finally succeeding in slipping the pearl grey briefs off her bare feet, and handed them over. 'I don't know why I don't just give up wearing knickers altogether!' she muttered sulkily, knowing just how much her pouting childishness pleased him. The reward for her efforts was again a mixture of thrill and shame. With seats fully reclined and the armrest between them raised, he covered her with the airline's cellular blanket, despite the fact that it was a daylight flight and the cabin temperature perfectly adequate. She did a little more discreet writhing, to ensure that the hem of her mini-dress slid up over her hips and that his hand, under the light concealment of the blanket, should have freedom of access to her thighs and the musky, hair capped treasures which lay between. Before they had left the sparkling Mediterranean behind them, she was writhing again, in spite of all her desperate efforts to keep still and to feign slumber, while his fingers and palm were generously coated with the sticky emission his intimate caresses had aroused.

'Can I get you anything, sir? Madam?' The voice of the pretty stewardess sounded, to Linda's guilty mind, subtly admonitory, and she felt

the colour sweeping in an unstoppable tide up to her reclining face. But Mark's concealed hand did not even falter in its wicked attentions.

'Not just now, thanks. We're fine. Aren't we, darling?' His fingers probed even deeper suddenly, she felt the sensation shoot through the tiny nub of her clitoris, and she gave a faint, strangled murmur, her eyes closing, her face reddening.

'Please, Mark!' Linda gasped, as soon as the girl had moved on. 'I'm soaking wet! Let me-can't we go to the loo?' she begged. She saw his eyes narrow with anticipation.

Seconds later, she was tugging and smoothing at the short dress, trying to iron out the concertina wrinkles over her behind and thighs. 'My partner's not feeling too good. I'd better stay with her,' Mark told one of the other stewardesses, nodding at the toilet compartments. Once locked inside the tiny, swaying steel cubicle, Mark sat hastily, pushing his clothing clear of his knees, and pulled Linda down to sit astride him. A second or two, and his rearing prick was thrusting up into the soft and well lubricated passage of her vagina. They bounced madly, Linda's sealed mouth whimpering with pain and wild pleasure, their almost simultaneous climax and the cries of release accompanying it drowned by the noise of the powerfully throbbing engines.

The shockingly idyllic period of truly getting to be close, to know one another, went on. There were times when Linda had a disturbing sense that he was in some way watching her, waiting, as though to seek further proof of her devotion and loyalty to him. She vowed it nightly, both to him and to herself. 'I love you. I'll do anything.' But his demands were small, all part of the excitement of the sexual love play they both enjoyed, in spite of her blushing protests. He took up her playful suggestion that she might as well not bother wearing underpants at all, so that, more and more often, she would have nothing on under her dress or skirt.

He bought her a number of elegant suits, of almost severe cut, for her professional role as his Girl Friday, always with skirts well above the knee. He refused to let her wear trouser suits. She only got to wear jeans or slacks when they were off duty, and then quite rarely. He objected to tights, and though she found it quite galling, as well as uncomfortable, at first, she got used to the flimsy suspender belts and stockings which replaced them. In one way, it was easier, for it meant she could go knickerless without being so thoroughly chilled. It also meant that her sexual parts were accessible to him without involving the gyrations of stripping off underwear which she had hitherto had to undergo.

Their sexual activity became more varied, too. They would often find unusual settings for their coupling. Out of doors, or in odd corners of the various buildings they visited on business. Mark called these quick fucks 'table-enders'. Both of them fully clothed, he would unzip his flies, she would hike her skirt about her waist, and they would clash together furiously, the contact usually only momentary but shatteringly satisfying. The comfortable flat he had had for a year or two now, on the first floor of an old Victorian house in a town on the Yorkshire coast, they called home. 'We'll get something more stylish when we've established ourselves,' he said. 'Most of my contacts are up north here anyway, at the moment.'

One night, she felt a new thrill of fearful excitement when he pulled a handful of ties from his drawer, after they had taken their bath together. 'What are you doing?' she gasped, as she let him stretch her out on top of the wide, brass railed bed. Swiftly, he fastened her wrists and ankles to each corner. 'Mark! Don't! Please! Let me go!' She began to struggle in earnest, shaking the bed, tugging at the restraints, which held her easily despite all her grunting efforts. 'Mark! I don't like this! Lemme go!'

Again, she struggled, even harder this time, until her face was red and her ankles and wrists sore from the chafing. 'Bastard!' she wept. But

already a new, deep thrill was pulsing in her lower belly at her helplessness. She could feel the moistening spasms deep within her sex. And he knew it, too. His own condition was clear in the rigidity of his thrusting penis.

At first, he did nothing but look down on her, until the muscles on her thighs stood out at her instinctive desire to close her legs, to end this sprawled proffering of her body. The tears welled at her sudden disturbing recall of how Al Harding had made her expose herself to the camera lens. But then Mark stooped, began to nibble and suck at her toes, at the sweet arch of her instep, the jut and hollow of ankle bones, while her toes wiggled madly and she blubbered for him to stop. He worked his way up her shin, the rounds of knees, the fuller curve of slim thighs, then lapped at the shallow dips where thighs met belly. Avoiding the swelling mound, and the beating sex lips below the crest of fragrant, damp-soft pubes, he kissed her open, yielding mouth, then began to descend again, from the thin neck, the delicate scoops and ridges of her shoulder bones. He lapped and suckled over each slight, quivering breast, bringing the nipples to bursting hardness, before tracing the steep falling away of the rib cage, to the soft midriff and the tiny dish of her navel.

Only when she was whimpering, begging for him to take her, did his mouth bend to her sweet sex, whose lips his fingers gently peeled. The gleaming red inner surfaces shone with the juice of her need, the pungent flavour conquering the fragrance of perfumed soap. His tongue flickered, serpent quick, feather light, until her slim body arched, bowing as she lifted herself in sacrificial hunger, and his mouth opened, she felt the hardness of his teeth pressing into her softest flesh.

He tasted the quick flow of fluid that heralded the climax, and he lapped greedily at its nectar. His tongue stretched the sensitive tissue, she felt the clitoris thrum explosively, and her buttocks, deeply hollowed, jerked upward and she cried out as she came and came.

He let her sob to comparative quietude before he finally lay between her thighs and slid his prick deep into her, and she shuddered with fulfilment. Her sharp cries of pain alerted him, and quickly, without pulling out of her, he twisted and undid the fastenings about her ankles. Immediately, her legs came up around his driving hips and she sobbed with yet wilder need at the second wave of the climax which soared to meet his.

'God! That was scary, Mark,' she whispered, when she had recovered. The tears shone in her wide eyes and on her cheeks. Her wrists were still tied, her arms stretching out on either side. Her knees were drawn slackly up, fallen apart to reveal the gaping wound of her fissure, her pubic hair darkened by the sexual fluids with which they were larded. He got up, moved off towards the bathroom. 'Hey!' she called, in tones of gentle remonstrance. 'I need to go, too. Aren't you going to untie me?' She heard the noise of his urinating, the flushing of the toilet, then the patter of the shower. He took no notice of her. 'You'd better come and untie me!' she called. 'I'll pee the bed if you don't!'

But he ignored her while he completed his ablutions. She lay there, savouring her helplessness, and her stinging soreness. She could still feel the cold stickiness oozing from her, yet a small twinge of excitement stirred like the revived ashes of a fire. And when she moved, stretching out her aching legs, and she felt the increasingly urgent pressure of her bladder, it only added to the tremor of desire she experienced at her powerlessness to escape.

'How would you feel about proving to me that you really are mine?' he asked her one day, as they were driving back from Glasgow.

She stared at him, in genuine puzzlement, and just the tiniest flicker of alarm somewhere at the back of her mind. 'What do you mean? How? I thought you knew. Of course I'll prove it. What are you going to ask me to

do? Throw myself in front of a train?' She laughed, but it was a nervous sound, reflecting her uncertainty.

T want you to go away for a few days. On a kind of course. A sort of initiation, you could call it."

'What? You mean like an outward-bound thing? One of those awful back-to-nature thingummies, where you live in the wilds and go rock climbing and white water canoeing and all that? I think you know I'm not really a sporty type at all. I'm not laddish."

He shook his head, laughed softly. 'No, nothing like that. You'd probably hardly ever get outdoors at all. But it would test you. It would really sort you out. Sort us out."

'Oh! You mean the two of us?' The relief was evident in her voice. T wouldn't mind if you were there. I thought ... '

'Not exactly."

She was watching him closely. He gazed ahead at the unfurling lanes of the motorway. 'Is it a business thing then?

Tell me what it's to do with?' she pursued. 'And where would I have to go?' She saw his hesitation, and both her curiosity and her alarm grew. She felt her heart quicken a little. She drew in a deeper breath. 'Listen. If you think I should go, I'll go. Whatever. Wherever. I don't care. I'll do it."

She was startled at the way he suddenly turned, stared so intently at her. Again, she felt a mouth drying sensation of alarm. Her gut felt hollow.

'It's about everything,' he said slowly, as if struggling for words. 'It's hard to explain it. But it would really put the seal on our relationship. It would fix things for always. You'd really belong to me, and I'd know it, beyond all doubt.'

Oh God! She was really scared now. He looked so solemn. What could be so awful? She loved him, didn't she? And yes! She did belong to him. Body and soul. She had to let him know, to prove it. However testing this strange thing was he had planned for her.

'I've told you,' she said more firmly. Her hand lay on his arm. 'If you want me to, I'll do it, whatever it is.'

CHAPTER TEN

Linda's stomach churned. She felt sick with anxiety as the car turned off the narrow lane, which she thought would take them right to the edge of the cliff. Mark drove slowly over the bumpy track. She could hear the grass making soft swishes against the under-belly of the vehicle. Then her whole attention was focused on the stark silhouette of the house standing dramatically against the backdrop of trees and sea and sky. The unusually tall, black chimneys reached up like rigid fingers. 'Gosh,' she murmured. 'It's so isolated. Isn't there anything else around?'

In spite of his laughter, she could tell that Mark was unaccountably tense, too, and that made her even more alarmed. What was he bringing her to? Desperately, she tried to conquer her doubts and her fears. I'm doing it for him. This is what he wants. And he would never let anything really bad happen to me. He loves me.

Thoroughly frightened now, she stared through the wrought iron of the locked gates, while he got out and spoke into the box on the wall. The

gates clicked and swung open, closing again immediately when they passed through. But Linda was too preoccupied with the vista of the grounds and the grey house that loomed before her to note the fact that they were sealed in. She could feel her knees shaking when she followed him up the short flight of worn stone steps that led to the double doors.

'Hello there. It's good to see you again, Mark.' A tall, dark haired woman, strikingly good looking and elegantly dressed, was waiting to usher them in. Her smile was warm and friendly, her deep voice cultured. Linda's fear was eased, but she felt absurdly girlish and naive, despite her own stylishly cut grey suit and heels, beside this imposing figure, and the quiet luxury of the hall into which she led them. She quickly observed that Mark himself was far from at ease in these surroundings. She saw the red tide of colour that swept up his features at the woman's familiar greeting, could feel the tension in his manner which transmitted itself at once to her.

Before he could introduce them, their hostess stepped forward and caught hold of both Linda's cold hands. She held onto them while the dark eyes held hers compellingly. 'And this is Linda. My word! Mark didn't do you justice, my dear. You're absolutely gorgeous.' Now, it was Linda's turn to blush. She felt even more gauche as she stared at her narrow shoes, floundered for something to say. 'I'm Mrs. Parminter,' the mellifluous voice continued, ignoring her awkwardness. 'I'll be looking after you while you're here.' She laughed. 'Not only me, of course. Come on in. The other girls are waiting to meet you.'

She put her hand lightly in Linda's back, and propelled her towards a doorway. It opened into a large drawing room, whose two wide bay windows faced the vista of sea and sky, beyond the neatly tended lawn and flowerbeds which sloped down to the hedge at its boundary. Several standard lamps, and others on the low tables scattered among the deep upholstered furniture, were already lit against the luring afternoon. The centerpiece of the wall to her right was a high, carved fire surround in dark wood, framing a hearth of large floral tiles. A welcoming log fire burnt in

the high grate. Above the mantelpiece hung an ornate mirror of vast proportions, in a heavy gilt frame. It was a room of exquisitely tasteful comfort, but its decor was forgotten as Linda stared in drop-jawed astonishment. About the fire, in the loose semi-circle of sofas and arm chairs, sat three young women, totally naked. They stood at the entrance of the newcomers, and Linda saw by their gestures of modesty, and the way in which they attempted to hide breasts or sex with their limbs, that they were deeply embarrassed by their nudity. The wide-eyed expressions on their startled faces mirrored Linda's apprehension. Bemused, she noted two other girls, who stood like sentinels at the edge of the group. They were dressed in some weird, abbreviated costume of shining leather or imitation of it, which, cut high on the hip, revealed to the full their long legs, clad in dark, sheer nylon and knee boots which also gleamed in the lamp and fire light.

Both seemed tall, and strikingly beautiful. One had chestnut hair which spilled in attractively disarrayed waves to her bare shoulders. The other had shorter hair of a dazzling gold. This latter girl gave a wide grin, displaying perfect white teeth. 'Hi there, Mark. It's so good to see you again.' The accent was faintly and attractively foreign.

Mark muttered a reply. The be-ringed hand which had guided her into the room now propelled Linda firmly forward towards the assemblage. 'This is Linda, girls. Now, let's get comfortable. Get undressed, my dear.'

Linda stared, her eyes enormous, her mouth still open. Mrs. Parminter laughed richly. 'No need to be shy. We're all such good chums here. You'll soon get used to it.'

Linda gazed at Mark. Instead of the deep blush, her face was now pallid, her look that of a terrified animal caught in a trap. She opened her mouth, her throat worked, but she could find no words. He looked almost as discomforted as she was.

'Go ahead,' he muttered tightly. 'Take your clothes off.'

'But-please, Mark,' she whispered. The tears formed, hung trembling on her lashes, then two big drops trickled down her cheeks.

'Just do as you're told!' The words were like a blow. She had never heard him speak like that. For several endless seconds, she continued to gaze at him, waiting for him to come to her, take her in his arms, tell her the nightmare was over. Was this the test he had wanted her to undergo? This shameful public exposure?

He advanced towards her, but only to seize her forcefully by one arm and pull her nearer to the watching group. His fingers plucked roughly at the buttons of her jacket, pushed it off her shoulders and tugged it down, off her arms. He flung it to the floor, grabbed her by the waist, fumbling under the hem of the high necked white blouse to locate the fastener of the tight skirt. Unzipping it, he gave a slight pull, and it fell down her legs to lie about her ankles. 'Get on with it!' he hissed.

She stood there, the short blouse ending above her hips. On view now were the tiny pristine white knickers, the long white straps of the suspenders which ran down the expanse of white thigh to the dark stocking tops to which they were attached, the sheer nylons emphasizing the slim daintiness of her legs.

'Carry on if you wish to, Mark,' Mrs. Parminter said, the taunting tone evident in her speech. 'Or perhaps you'd like the girls to help her?'

Mark's image danced and dissolved in Linda's swimming vision, but not before they had exchanged a look in which she saw a strange

desperation, almost a kind of pleading, and with a sob, which visibly shook her slim frame, she lifted her unsteady hands and slowly undid the buttons of the blouse. She kept her eyes on the shimmering vision of her lover as she slipped it off her shoulders and let it fall behind her. Her hands then moved to her back, her elbows high and jutting, her breasts bent slightly forward as her fingers groped with that sweetly feminine competence to unhook the three small fasteners of the lacy bra. She bent further, revealing the pear shape of her small breasts, to shrug the cups free of the rounds of flesh. The nipples were darkening, puckering, not with the cold at their exposure, for the room was soothingly warm, but with sensual awareness, in spite of the rack of shame and humiliation she was pinned on. As she bent to unclip the suspender at her thigh, she stepped out of the restricting circle of the fallen skirt, and eased off the high heeled shoes, using the toes of one foot to prize the shoe off the other. Now, her face burnt again, while she rolled the gauzy material down her leg, all too aware of the alluring, strip-tease quality of her actions, and of her silent audience of six women-and her lover. Her movements became touchingly awkward in her haste to end this portion of her ordeal. She staggered, had to hop gracelessly while she pulled at the nylon, which clung obstinately to her foot. Clumsily, she tugged the elastic of the tiny pants down over her hips, fumbled out of them, clawed the thin webbing of the suspender belt clear, and at last stood there, nude, unable to hold her head up any longer, but with fists clenched, arms rigid at her sides, fiercely determined not to give them the satisfaction of seeing her pathetic efforts to shield her body from them.

Mrs. Parminter clapped her hands lightly. 'Bravo, Mark. Well done. I'm sure we'll have no trouble with this young lady. Get her clothes, girls.' At the order, the two figures clothed in exotic costume bent and gathered up the scattered garments. 'Come to the fire, and get warm, my dear. And we'll all get to know each other properly.' The light touch of her fingers on Linda's arm, the cupping hand around her waist, made Linda doubly conscious of her nudity. The tall figure turned and spoke over her shoulder as she led Linda to the group near the hearth. 'Isn't it time you were making tracks?' she said to Mark.

Linda, distraught, failed to notice the significant look which Mrs. Parminter exchanged with Mark. With a small cry, Linda broke free of her hold, and raced across the floor, to fling herself into her lover's arms. 'You're not going?' she wept, pressing her wet face into his shoulder. 'Please don't leave me here.' Her arms squeezed convulsively about his neck, while he pulled her closely to him. The rough texture of his clothing on her skin made her shiver with desire even now, in her panic. Her mouth lifted, and they kissed fiercely, oblivious of the spectators, or the mocking taunts of Inger.

'What are they going to do to me?' she pleaded, clinging to him.

He raised his hands to hold her tragic face close to his, his gaze blazing with his passion. 'Remember. This is all for me. You're doing it for me.' He reached now for her thin wrists, and with remorseless gentleness, withdrew her arms from him. He turned without another word and went out, closing the door behind him, and Linda stood there, drooping, her head down, her frame shaking with the weeping that overwhelmed her.

'Now now! After such a good start. This won't do. Come on back here. Meet the others.' Mrs. Parminter's arm was draped over her shoulder; she drew her back to the fireplace. Linda felt the warmth of the fire bathing her nakedness, and glanced up at the others. They looked as frightened as she felt. One of them, a diminutive girl whose brown skin and mass of black hair, and huge, luminous dark eyes, marked her Asian origin, was snivelling in quiet sympathy with Linda's distress. 'This is Anna,' Mrs. Parminter announced. 'And this is Kate.' She gestured at another naked girl, whose skin was also brown, though of a much lighter shade than Anna, while her firm breasts and the little triangle surrounding her dark pubic hair indicated that the brownness of the rest of her body was an acquired tan rather than her natural pigmentation. Her glossy black hair was cut short, an attractive wave falling towards her left eyebrow. Her frame, though

delightfully shapely, bore a musculature which was well defined and suggested her capability as an athlete.

The last of the naked trio was by far the tallest, at least five inches taller than Linda. But she was extremely thin, and her pallid skin had a translucence about it. A liberal dusting of rosy freckles covered shoulders, arms, and her fine boned features, in keeping with the rich redness of the hair which, though it reached only to the nape of her neck, covered her head thickly, curving out to hide her ears in a stylish cut. The triangle of pubes blazed fiercely between her thin thighs. Her rose tipped breasts jutted immaturely, no bigger than the bumps of adolescence. 'This is Louise. Now. Sit down all of you. Let's get down to brass tacks.'

Self consciously, knees pressed tightly together, arms hovering over their breasts, the four sat on the low sofa Mrs. Parminter had indicated. Their hips rubbed intimately as they sank into the deep, chintzy cushions. 'Linda, let me introduce you to my two assistants. Inger,' the dazzling blonde grinned widely, and gave a little, mocking bow, 'and Joan.' The tall figure with the tumbling chestnut hair nodded, but her smile was more like a sneer. She stood with long, booted legs astride, and folded her fists on her hips.

"These are my girls. They represent me, so you obey them always, at all times. In fact, while you're here, you'll obey anyone who tells you to do anything, unless he or she is as naked as yourselves. Understood?' There was a slight pause. 'You'll address my girls as Miss Inger and Miss Joan. You address myself as madam. Is that clear?' Her cultured tone remained quiet and good humored all the while. 'I said is that clear?' she asked pleasantly. The girls shifted and nodded in embarrassment, with the softest of throaty murmurs. 'I said, is that clear?' Mrs. Parminter repeated, incisively, stressing each word, and the girls stiffened, their eyes widened.

'Yes, madam,' they answered, almost in unison.

She gave her deep chuckle. 'Always answer any question immediately, and in a proper manner. You'll learn. Now. You'll go and take your baths and see your dormitory. You can talk, as long as you do it quietly, unless whoever is in charge of you forbids it. Off you go. Joan, would you see to them, please?' They stood and followed in the wake of the tall figure. They glanced around apprehensively, deeply conscious of their nakedness, but they saw no sign of any other occupant as they trooped up the wide, thickly carpeted staircase and along a spacious landing. The large bedroom to which they were escorted had four single beds, well separated, on which were folded large bath sheets, smaller hand towels, and a toilet bag containing sponge, face cloth, and toothbrush. On one wall ran a long shelf, covered with a wide selection of cosmetic items, including, the girls discovered, their particular favourite brands. A wide, rectangular mirror hung above the centre of this shelf, before which stood a low dressing stool. There were no other chairs or furniture of any description, and no sign of clothing.

'Come on then, grotties. Here's the bathroom. Get your sweaty selves clean and sweet smelling.'

Joan stood lounging in the connecting doorway, watching while they ran water into the wide, sunken bathtub, of a deep cobalt blue, like all the sanitary fittings-the double washbasin, and the lavatory and bidet which stood in one corner. 'Please, Miss Joan,' the dainty Asian girl, Anna, stood before her, twisting with embarrassment. 'I need the toilet-badly.'

Joan nodded towards the twin pedestals, 'Go ahead then. What do you want me to do? Wipe your arse for you?' The girl gave a smothered little sob, turned away uncertainly.

'It's all right. We'll take turns,' Kate declared, making an effort to speak firmly. 'You go first, Anna. We'll wait outside.'

'You fucking well won't!' Joan's arm shot out, blocking the doorway. 'Get back in there and get in that bath. Now!' Their eyes locked for an instant. Though Kate's firm body looked a match physically for the opposing figure, the dark head dropped and the naked girl wilted before the menace of their keeper. She jumped as Joan slapped the generous curve of her bottom playfully. 'I'm going to enjoy disciplining you, babe. I'll make you sing-and dance!' Her voice was thick with menacing pleasure.

Freshly bathed and perfumed, hair brushed and wearing the make up they were accustomed to put on in the world they had left behind, the four girls were taken back downstairs, this time to a luxurious dining room. Again, sitting in this elegant, softly lit comfort, they were reminded forcibly of their nakedness. The polished dining table, the heavy silver, the padded, carved chairs, all added to the surreal quality which enveloped them. They were still locked in their own private realms of fear and of stunned confusion, for it appeared that none of them had been prepared for the weirdness which had befallen them. They had scarcely spoken while they bathed and then groomed themselves, further inhibited by the formidable presence of Joan, who addressed only crudely disparaging remarks to them.

Mrs. Parminter, immaculate in black evening dress and twin rows of pearls about her slim neck, sat at the head of the table, flanked by her two acolytes. The four naked figures spread along both sides of the long table gaped in amazement as the door opened, and a girl came in, pushing a trolley laden with serving dishes. They momentarily forgot their own embarrassment at the sight of her nudity. Her hair was a wild cloud of silvery gold, her body thin, her breasts small. An insignificant patch of pale, sandy pubes showed at her belly.

She kept her gaze lowered, her whole demeanor one of subservience as she spread the dishes on the table. 'This is Miranda,' Mrs. Parminter told

them. 'You'll see her around the place. She's our menial. She's becoming an old hand here, aren't you, my dear? She almost resides here permanently now, she enjoys our company so much!'

'Yes, madam,' she answered, in a husky whisper.

'She's a genuine blue blood,' she went on pleasantly. 'But such a naughty girl her daddy has to keep sending her back here for correction. I think she loves it here, don't you, Miranda?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Randy Mandy,' Joan laughed, and Mrs. Parminter tut-tutted tolerantly.

The conversation was practically a monologue during the excellent and leisurely meal, served with glasses of red wine. Their hostess talked as if they were indeed house guests, giving them a history of the house, which was a hundred and fifty years old, and of this stretch of wild but beautiful coastline, once, in the previous century, abustle with industry from the local iron mines and alum works, now largely neglected and almost forgotten, apart from a few tourists.

When the meal was over, signalled by Mrs. Parminter's rising from the table, she glanced at her watch and said, 'Almost nine o' clock. Time to retire. And time for your first lesson. Early to bed, early to rise.' She turned to her two assistants. 'Joan. You take charge of Kate and Linda. Inger, you take Louise and Anna. Remember, girls. All this is for your own good. Please learn from everything that happens to you here. Good night. I'll see you all at breakfast' She gave her beaming smile. 'Good night.'

CHAPTER ELEVEN

'I'm so glad I got you two!' Joan's smile did nothing to lessen their fear. 'Especially you, my proud beauty.' She gurgled with laughter as she reached forward and playfully tweaked at the dark curls of Kate's pubic hair. Kate jerked, twisted her hips violently away. Though she said nothing, her brown eyes blazed defiance. Linda, meanwhile, was staring about her with undisguised terror.

The room to which the tall chestnut haired girl had brought them was on the floor above their bedroom, its one dormer window jutting from the slope of the roof. There were no curtains or blinds up at the panes, whose inky darkness held reflections of the room, lit by a harsh, overhead strip light, and showed ghostly images of their pale bodies. The floor was carpeted from wall to wall with a durable cord material, of donkey brown. The room contained no furniture, only strange contraptions of a nature which caused the newcomers to blanch with renewed alarm. All along one wall were fixed wall bars, just like those of a school gymnasium, to which were attached at various intervals a series of ropes and shackles, at different heights. There was a piece of equipment that looked like a vaulting horse, except that its thickly padded leather top was broader, its four wooden legs shorter, though, on closer inspection it could be seen that these were adjustable. Another, much taller, looked like a folded metal frame, covered with broad, elasticized webbing which was fixed by metal hooks to the sides of the frame. Like a trampoline, Linda's distracted mind told her. Much more sinister, and drawing the girls' gazes like a magnet, was the variety of instruments which hung from the neat rows of hooks on another wall-coiled whips, broad leather straps, some short and ending in three tails, others, longer, more slender. And standing beneath them, like racked billiard cues, was a selection of canes, again of various lengths and thickness.

Joan allowed them plenty of time to gaze around in mounting horror before she said, 'Don't worry. You'll get a chance to sample everything.'

Don't be greedy. Now, come here. Stand facing each other. Tit to tit. Here, in the middle of the floor."

'What are you going to do?' Kate's voice, striving for firmness, could not disguise its tremor.

'So, you're going to be the feisty one, after all, eh? I think we'll call you Sporty Slag. Your fella reckons you're quite an athlete. Future champion, eh? Well, Katie baby, I'm going to give you your first lesson. I'm going to flog your arses until they look like tomatoes. OK? Now cut the crap and do as you're told! Move!'

With a smothered whimper, Linda did as she was bidden. She was shaking visibly as she stood where Joan was indicating. Kate had not moved. She was staring with a look of fixed intensity at the aggressive figure in costume. 'Oh-ho! Mutiny already, is it?' Joan looked positively delighted. 'Fancy your chances? Tough guy, are we? Maybe you'd like to make a break for it. Go ahead.' She nodded at the door. 'See how far you get.' She spread her long legs, balanced on her toes, her hands held up at the ready. 'Or maybe you'd like to have a go at me? Come on, then, Sporty. Let's be having you. One way or the other, you're going to end up getting your arse whipped, so make your mind up."

Kate still stood there, that blazing look on her face, until Joan strode forward, grabbed her confidently by the neck and waist, and pulled her over to where Linda stood shivering and weeping quietly. Kate's head lowered, she, too, began to cry, much louder, in harsh, jerky sobs. 'That's better,' Joan crowed. 'That handsome black dude of yours would be proud of you. We can tell him what a good little girl you've been. Besides, you're going to love this bit.' She giggled. 'You both are."

While she spoke, she quickly and expertly secured their wrists in metal handcuffs, which were covered on their inner surface with a layer of sponge to ease chafing. By means of the metal ring-clips between the bracelets, she fixed them to two long chains which hung from bars near the ceiling. Bars which could be raised or lowered to the required height, and which Joan now hauled up until both girls' arms were at full stretch above their heads. 'That's nice, isn't it?' Joan teased. 'I like to see the old titties lift like that.' She let her hands play caressingly over the stretched and tautened rounds, whose nipples sprang to erection.

'See what I mean about loving it? I know all about you two. I know you like poking and muffing with your little girlies in the showers, just as much as you like your fella's big black cock.' Kate gave a strangled gasp at these words, but Joan turned to Linda, a further caress accompanying her words. 'And we all know what a hot little lezzy you are, sweetie. You were living with a red-hot mamma before your man got into your cute little knicks. No secrets from us!' Joan chortled at Linda's astonished squeal.

'How ... how...?' Linda's brain was reeling from this disclosure. It helped to distract her, as Joan thrust them brutally together so that the whole of the fronts of their bodies rubbed intimately together, from knees to breasts. This intimacy was enhanced when Joan brought a thick leather band, about six inches in depth, and placed it round both waists so that it encircled them. As she drew the three straps and buckles which held it tighter and tighter, the girls' midriffs were pressed ever more closely in contact, their breasts mashed against each other's chest, their contrasting heads brushing one another in involuntary embrace. A thinner belt was slipped around the tops of their thighs, and similarly tightened. There was a slight difficulty in adjusting it correctly, as Kate was taller than Linda by a couple of inches, but swiftly the leather was manipulated, to cut deeply into the tops of their thighs, just where the curve of their buttocks began. It pinioned them even closer, so that the whole of their bellies and sex mounds, as well as the fronts of their thighs, were plastered together. It also meant, as they soon discovered to their misfortune, that their bottoms

were presented as an even more prominent target for the stinging attention to which they were soon subjected.

'Why not put your mouths together?' Joan suggested wickedly, surveying the tethered, swaying victims with keen pleasure. 'Get your tongues down each other's throats! It'll muffle your screams, as well as giving you all the pervy thrills you dykes love so much.' She moved away towards that dreaded row of implements of punishment. 'Of course, it doesn't matter how much you scream. Nobody minds how much row you make. In fact, the more the merrier, as far as we're concerned. And you will yelp, I promise you,' she added grimly. 'We'll start with the whip, I think. It looks scary and it stings like buggery, but it hardly leaves a mark, you'll be pleased to hear.'

It did indeed do as she had promised, all the more so because the long, snaking, silk bound lashes were more difficult to direct with pinpoint accuracy. Though the flinching bottoms were the principal target, the blows often fell higher, across the hollowed backs, or over the desperately writhing thighs, so that soon the whole area was stained with thin crimson lines of fire. An additional agony was that the girls, tied so closely together, lost balance as they threshed in the initial reaction to the scalding cuts, so that their arms were torn and strained as they hung swaying madly from the chains that bound them.

Joan struck deliberately, first at one pale figure, then moved round to aim at the other, thus each girl had time to savour to the full the whistling blow, the first fierce sting, then the rippling torment of the line of fire playing over the scorched skin. Soon, their bodies slid slickly against one another on the fine film of sweat which enveloped them, their clashing faces larded with each other's saliva from the open mouths which howled, and begged abjectly for the chastisement to cease. 'Ow! Oh, Please! Joan-Miss Joan! Stop! Oh, please! No more!' But it seemed an age before the last swishing blow fell, and Joan stood, her own full bosom heaving against its encasement, enjoying the deep throbbing pleasure stirring her ample

frame. 'Well!' she panted triumphantly. 'You ungrateful lezzy slags! How about a little thank-you, you selfish bitches?' She hefted the whip again; let its thin tail coil gently over those quivering shoulders. 'Thuh ... thank you, Miss Joan!' the girls blubbered.

Linda jerked awake at the rough hand shaking her. She hissed at the soreness that movement, and the light touch of the sheets, brought to her abused flesh. Although the light showed palely at the window, she could tell that it was still very early morning. Songbirds were chorusing, as a counterpoint to the harsh, repetitive cries of the gulls. The foreign girl, Inger, was bending over her, her golden hair brushing Linda's cheek. 'Come on! Get up. Time for another thrashing.'

Joan was rousing the fiery haired Louise, who began at once to snivel and plead, to no avail. Joan unceremoniously plucked the bedclothes from the thin, shivering figure and dragged her upright by that red hair. 'You two stay where you are!' she barked at the terrified features of Anna and Kate, peeping over the blankets. 'Don't move! We'll be back!'

Linda's teeth chattered, she wept softly as she stumbled miserably in the blonde girl's wake, up the narrow steps, back to that upper corridor. And back to the room where she and Kate had been whipped together the previous night. This time, she realized, she was alone with Inger, Louise having been taken off somewhere else by the fearsome Joan. Inger's lovely face was still creased with the marks of sleep, and she was not looking too pleased with life. But her voice was sullen rather than menacing like Joan's. 'Here. Bend over.'

She had dragged out the strange looking leather stool. Linda stretched across it, flinching at the clammy touch of its leather on her bare skin. Her head hung dizzily forward, her back arched in a deep curve, her outspread feet rested lightly on her toes, as Inger quickly shackled her wrists and ankles to the four stout wooden legs. Linda's bottom was thus

thrust up in prominent surrender for the punishment she knew was coming. 'Oh, please, don't beat me!' she cried piteously. 'I'll do anything! Anything at all you want me to, but please don't beat me again! I can't bear it!'

To the sobbing girl's surprise, she felt Inger's hand gently stroke her shoulders, cup her slim neck. 'Of course you can,' she murmured. Her mouth was close to Linda's ear. The prostrate figure felt the breath on her skin. 'It's not that bad. It only hurts for a while. Think of your Mark while I beat you.' She stood, moved away, and Linda sobbed, continuing to beg desperately, her behind clenching in frightened anticipation.

The loud splat terrified her almost as much as the breath stopping brand when the broad leather tawse landed across the centre of that flexing backside. The triple strands at its end bit with a bonus of burning pain into the curve of hip. Linda screamed shrilly, the sound ringing shockingly round the empty room. 'That's it. Yell, if it helps you,' Inger told her, still with a tender concern in her voice. The second blow fell. This nightmare was much more centred, the crimson bars falling one over the other, all directly across the quivering rounds they were aimed at. Soon, Linda's bottom was a scorched mass of intense agony, and her screams had died to a deep, anguished moaning. Tears and spittle coursed down her face, stained her chin, drooled onto the carpet beneath her twisting head. 'No more, no more!' she moaned, even as she realized with a shock, through the waves of torment, that the blows had indeed stopped.

Instead, with a convulsive movement that sent fresh darts of anguish through her, her bottom clenched at the feathery invasion of fingers at its divide, their exploratory caresses moving, searching out the base and the folds of the vulva hidden there, probing through to gently prize at the fleshy sex lips, until Linda's sobs were choked out sighs of a vastly different nature. Two fingers burrowed insistently, feeling the welcoming envelopment of the moist tissue they were parting.

Inger's tongue flickered out, licked at the little swell of spinal cord at the base of her captive's neck, then at the back of the delicate ear. Linda shuddered violently, her weeping softened.

'Your Mark's very dishy,' Inger breathed, kissing the sensitive spot, 'I don't blame you for wanting to go through all this. You be a good girl. Think of him always.' The hands moved, unfastened the shackles about Linda's limbs, and helped the groaning figure to rise. Her arm held her by the waist, helped her to hobble stiffly towards the door, where, to Linda's confusion, she paused and delivered a slow, passionate kiss to Linda's parted lips before ushering her through.

These unexpected actions, as well as Inger's words, helped to distract Linda from the throb of pain in her now darkly striped bottom as she stood under the shower, then crouched at the mirror, fixing her hair and make-up. The contrast between the beating, and the sexual play which followed, made Linda's mind spin. And the lovely girl had spoken with such authority about Mark. A deep blush and pain of an entirely different sort stabbed at Linda. Clearly, Mark knew this place. And its frightening inhabitants knew him, intimately. Had he made love to the beautiful foreigner? Of course! That was why he had looked so tense, so sheepish, from the moment he had brought her here. She felt the tears rising chokingly once more, suffered the fresh tortures of jealousy at the thought of Mark and the beautiful Inger.

The four prisoners shuffled miserably through the breakfast, served in the same elegant room where they had dined. Mrs. Parminter, immaculate as ever, beamed at them. 'Your bums will soon get used to it. You'll be punished each night and morning. And of course, at any time in between, depending on circumstances. Certainly if you displease us in any way. So, be good girls always. Obey at all times, for that is why you've been brought here. It's a lesson you must learn well before you leave. We've promised to

teach you obedience. Your menfolk will expect it of you. Don't let them down."

When they had finished the meal, and the naked Miranda had cleared away the dishes, Mrs. Parminter said, 'You'll be taken for your walk now.' She chuckled. 'Oh yes. You must have exercise, and fresh air. Here. Put these on. They're all one size, I'm afraid, but this isn't a fashion parade. And you won't be on public view.' She paused. 'If by chance you should see anyone, or be approached, you will of course act normally and say nothing. No one outside these walls-apart from your masters, of course-must know anything about us here.'

At the word 'masters', the girls had glanced at one another in shock. They were still recovering as they pulled on the strange garments, like monks' habits, of dark grey heavy wool. They came down almost to their ankles, and they had a wide hood hanging from the shoulders. A simple sash, of the same material, tied tightly at the waist. Their footwear was identical pairs of short rubber boots, reaching to mid calf, and of an incongruously bright yellow. The size was so generous that all the girls slopped about in ungainly fashion, aware of the ridiculousness of their garb, yet relieved that their nakedness was covered, if only for a brief spell.

Although they had been prisoners in this strange house for less than twenty four hours, already the rub of the coarse texture of the woolen gowns on their skin felt strange, and the freedom of the open air a long missed benison. They gazed enviously at Inger and Joan, both now clad in jeans, and short fleeces, and the more conventional trainers. Then as they crossed a paved yard at the side of the house, where stood a collection of outbuildings, a male figure appeared, also dressed in jeans, and a heavy leather jacket. He was young and well built, with an obviously burly strength. His black hair was cut short, with tight waves on top, his face ruggedly good looking, if somewhat marred by the open lechery of his stare and mocking grin.

"This is Mr. Jack,' Joan told them, pointedly ignoring his familiar leer. 'He'll be with us, just in case you fancy doing anything stupid, like trying to make a break for it. Not that Inger and me couldn't handle anything you pathetic slags try.' She looked challengingly at Kate as she spoke, who avoided her gaze. 'Let's go.'"

They moved down the sloping grass to a small gate in the hawthorn hedge. At once, the whole splendid vista of the seascape opened up to them. The narrow track followed the edge of the cliff, and the girls clomped clumsily along, single file, in Joan's wake, with Inger and the male attendant a few yards in the rear. After no more than two hundred meters, they came to some roughly hewn steps cut into the cliff face, reinforced with vertical boards, and a rough wooden handrail at one side. They led in a series of twisting descents down the two hundred feet to the steeply shingled, rocky beach. A young couple were pottering about in the mid-distance at the edge of the breaking waves, but Joan's warning look was eloquent. She led them in the opposite direction. In spite of the frightening novelty of their situation, the four captives felt an easing of the strain of their ordeal out here, with evidence of the normal world from which they had been snatched around them; the visitors down the beach, the small fishing boats scattered about the width of the grey sea in front of them. Huddled together, their hoods pulled up to protect them from the fresh breeze, they chatted, filling in, with varying degrees of shyness or reluctance, the circumstances of their being here.

All four had one thing in common, it seemed. None of them had had any real idea beforehand of the strange imprisonment they had put themselves under. Also, three of the four had come in order to prove their devotion to their lover. Kate had become emotionally involved with the man who coached her in her athletic career, a figure of some prowess and fame in his field, of Afro-Caribbean ethnic background. She stared down at the ridiculous boots, her misery concealed by the hood. T had no idea-I

thought-just one of his weird mind games-he-' her head shook fiercely as she choked back the weakening tears.

The frail looking Louise told her tale in a breathless, unsteady whisper almost, 'I met Peter-this guy-last year. I was still at school. Seventeen. He was-I thought he was wonderful. I got pregnant-he helped me. He wanted me to go to London. I went with him. Just left home. My folks don't know where-he's always gone on about how he needs to be able to trust me. He's put me in a flat. He's away a lot of the time, I don't know anybody down there. Then he said he wanted me to stay at this place he knew. For a few days, he said. I would learn a lot-' she stopped, gave a hiccupping sigh, and a bitter, tearful laugh.

Linda sketched in some details of her relationship with Mark, and her confusion at what had befallen them here. They all three looked at the delicate Asian girl.

T was brought here by the man who is to be my father-in-law.' They stared in astonishment. 'I agreed to an old fashioned marriage. Arranged. My parents wanted it.' Her voice grew thick with bitterness. 'They sold me off, for a very large sum. And Mr. Shah. He is a very big man. The family is very rich. His son is in Canada. They have many businesses there. I have seen pictures of Anil. He is very good looking. I thought I could go along with it. If it didn't work out we could always divorce. After all, I am British. I was born here.' She fought to control her weeping. 'But his father is a very powerful man. He and one of his sisters-they made me go to a clinic, made me have an examination. They found out-I am not a virgin.' The crying increased, and she paused a little. 'I told you-I am British. I've had a boyfriend. I was in love with him. I let him do it to me. Since then, Mr. Shah has treated me like-like shit! He has arranged for me to have an operation. To have my virginity restored.' She laughed bitterly at the others' exclamations of surprise. 'Oh yes. I know other Asian girls who have had it done. They stitch you up, make the hymen. But first, he said, I must go away. To a place where I could learn to be a good wife. And here I am."

'Here we all are,' Kate muttered bleakly into the silence which followed. 'And how long will we be kept here, I wonder?' she added musingly.

"Till we learn to be good, I guess,' Anna said. Her hands moved towards her flanks, where, beneath the gown, the marks of her morning thrashing stood out darkly against the brown skin. 'And when will we-and they-know when that is?'

'All right, slags!' Joan called out. 'Get fell in. Time to get you back in your cages!'

CHAPTER TWELVE

The gaze of the four men was pulled away from the large TV screen momentarily as Mrs. Parminter's cultured voice broke the silence. 'They've been subjected to all kinds of punishment. As you can see, we've used all the various bits of apparatus on them. I think we can say they're well broken in now.' She picked out the lounging figure whose tall, muscled frame revealed his physical fitness, even in his relaxed posture.

'Even your divine Kate, Leon. We thought we'd have a lot more trouble with her. I can see she's been a spirited girl. But we've all been surprised how easily she caved in. She must think a great deal of you,' she added diplomatically, and the coloured man gave a rumbling laugh. The black curls shook.

T seen the way you whip her white ass, Mrs. P. You done a good job there."

They had just spent a long while observing, through the medium of the hidden camera in the punishment room, the lengthy session which the four writhing victims had undergone. Louise and Anna were spread out, one white star, one light brown, on the wall bars, only their backs on view.

Their behinds, still quivering at the blistering thrashing, were scored by the weals which the thin canes had inflicted upon them. Kate was hunched over the punishment stool, limbs shackled to its four legs. The onlookers, reclining in the comfort of the drawing room, could see her lovely profile, the dark head lifting, the veins standing out on the long neck, the jaws wide in her lost, screaming agony at each cracking blow from the broad strap.

Linda was also spreadeagled, but on the metal frame. Her wrists and ankles were secured in stirrup attachments, which allowed her limbs a limited amount of movement, as did the webbing which supported her body. The webbing could be opened, to leave any part of the captive body free for chastisement. The outer frame could be manipulated to any angle, from horizontal to vertical, and the threshing victim was thus suspended clear of the floor. Latterly, Inger had been concentrating on the breasts and the proffered sex, whose lips showed up rawly beneath their little tuft of sandy fleece.

Both Inger and Joan were gleaming with perspiration, and breathing heavily after their exertions, moving from one howling girl to another, then back again. The screams had died to a soft, muffled sobbing, as their captors now released them, and they slid huddled to the rough carpeting, massaging their throbbing flesh. 'Take ten, slags!' Joan puffed, her tone indicating the satisfaction she had taken from her role. 'Down to shower when you're ready. Then stay on your beds for a while. Fool around if you want to, pervs!' she chuckled, before she and Inger went out.

At once, Kate moved, one hand still caressing the throbbing crimson bars across her bottom. She reached for Linda, who uncoiled, her own limbs opening, and they writhed together, bodies locked, bellies thrusting, hands stroking and clutching. Their mouths were glued in a deep, passionate kiss. The men could hear their gasps, and sighs, and the groans which came from their mutual loving. Much slower, far more hesitant, the thin, paper white figure of Louise eased herself across to the Asian girl, and

reached for Anna's hand. Soon, they were comforting each other, too, but in a much more constrained and less blatant embrace.

Again, Mrs. Parminter spoke. 'We forbade any sexual liaison for the first five days.' She nodded towards Linda and Kate, indissolubly entwined on the floor. 'Though those two were soon trying to feel each other up. In fact, Kate was sneaking into Linda's bed for a quick session, even under prohibition.'

Leon Bower's deep, rich laugh rumbled again. 'She still like the old bitch on bitch, eh? Nothin's gonna cure her of that, man, no matter how much ass you whip.'

'Well, Leon. Girls know what girls want, believe me.' Mrs. Parminter let her mind flicker briefly over the pleasures Inger's lovely body afforded in her wide bed. 'The other two are not really into gay sex.' She glanced at Louise and Anna, whose arms were round each other, and whose lips were nuzzling, in kisses which seemed naive, compared with the now advanced sex play which the other couple were indulging in. 'But they're doing their best,' she went on, in her amused drawl. 'They might catch on before they leave here.'

'I wish that little slut had found a little girl to poke around with, instead of putting it about for any dick who came within a mile of her. Not to mention Tom and Harry!' The speaker was a portly, distinguished looking Asian man, whose rich hair, expensively styled in tight waves, was of a snowy whiteness. The heavily framed glasses added to his dignity. He was dressed much more formally than the other three, in a flattering dark grey suit, and an emblemed tie against the background of the dazzling white shirt.

'Come now, Parvinder,' Mrs. Parminter smiled. 'I'm sure after this experience she'll make as dutiful a wife as you could wish for your son.' Parvinder grunted again, in what might have been muted demurrals. 'Now, gentlemen,' their hostess continued, with her beaming smile. 'Shall we have some lunch? We can discuss what you would like for this evening, and your plans for your ladies' future here.'

'Are you absolutely sure this is what you want?' Inger's blue eyes gazed solemnly at Mark. She could feel the cold trickle of come oozing from her sore sex onto the crease of her thigh. The beat of her own excitement had flared, then died quickly, as he ejaculated deep within her. He had been rough with her. The marks of his fingers were coming up in dark bruises on her breasts, and her genital area ached from the brutal thrustings he had inflicted. He should have beaten her instead of fucking her, she thought bitterly. She almost wished that he had. Then her bitterness fled as she felt a genuine compassion for the lean figure lying at her side, and for the pretty little girl he had handed over to their untender mercies.

He was as much a victim of his twisted desires as Linda was. This deeply passionate need for him to possess her-it meant that he in turn was possessed; driven by a passion that was doomed, for he could never own her in the completion that he wanted. The slave syndrome. She had seen plenty of examples of it since she had come to work in this place-and before. Men-and women-who wanted to own someone, to maintain total dominion over them. It was a compulsion that could never be completely satisfied. Like a hopeless addiction, it could only be slaked temporarily. Again she felt a wave of compassion for the man beside her, and for the torment he was about to put himself through.

He pushed aside the blankets and swung himself out of bed. She did the same, reaching for a towel, which she draped over her loins. She gave a dramatic little shudder. 'He's such a-such a-a creep!' she finished inadequately. 'Jack Coulthard! Yuk!'

'I know.' Mark stared at her defiantly. 'That's why it's got to be him. He's an animal. Scum! That's what I want!' He followed her through into the bathroom, watched her squat casually to urinate. She gave an audible little hiss of pain, dabbed gingerly at herself with toilet paper before stepping under the shower. He waited until she had adjusted the temperature, then stepped in close behind her, pressing his loins against her curving bottom. He took the cake of perfumed soap from her, and began to wash her, lathering her breasts, and the slight curve of her stomach, then moving down to the flattened thatch of pubis, where the bubbles clustered thickly. She opened her legs to allow his hand access to her sex.

'Be gentle,' she murmured, leaning back into him, lifting her wet head against his shoulder. 'You were a bit of an animal yourself back there. You really hurt.'

'Sorry, love.' He let his fingers play in the crack of her labia, teasing at the folds, seeking out the sensitive tissue hidden within, and the tiny protuberance of her clitoris. She squealed. He felt her buttocks bang against his hanging prick. His fingers slid in further, the tips circling slowly. The cheeks of her behind clenched, trapping his re-stirring penis in their cleft. Her belly pushed forward, her hips began mirroring those circling motions of his fingers. He bent forward, and bit deeply into her neck, where it met the creamy shoulder. She shuddered, grew rigid, and a spasm shook her body. She clawed at his hand, drove his fingers deep into her clinging sheath.

'I'm coming!' she moaned, writhing madly now, grinding her buttocks and back against him sensually, until the orgasm died away.

He lay back naked, hands crossed behind his head, and watched her fit herself into the mesh tights, and the shiny corselet, then sit to pull on the

polished boots. 'I go to get her ready,' she said. She stared at him gravely. 'You are sure?' she asked. 'About Jack Coulthard, I mean. And you want him to see you? You want to be there, when he ... ' her voice tailed eloquently away.

'Of course! That's the whole point. He has to see me. Know I'm watching him.' She knew that, in spite of his light tone, he was tense. 'Surely you know, Inger, how big a turn-on it is for a guy to watch his girl getting well and truly shagged by somebody else? It's one of our greatest fantasies. Even more of a turn-on than watching her getting screwed by that dike athlete.'

'Give me ten minutes or so.' She went out. He rolled over onto his stomach, and thrust down into the softness of the mattress. His prick stirred, trapped between the bed and his belly. It swelled up, but did not grow hard. His buttocks clenched and opened as he masturbated in brief fury, rocking the bed, knowing that he would not achieve consummation, or even erection, after his very recent coupling.

Linda stood there, balanced on the balls of her feet, her tethered arms stretched high above her head. The velvet eye mask had sealed off her vision in an impenetrable wall of blackness. She could feel the evening air chill on her bare flesh, could picture its paleness bathed in the brilliant overhead light, visualize the thin ribbon of scars over her behind, and thighs, and even her breasts, after the communal beatings of the morning. Her body was tense, awaiting with a dread she could never conquer, the stinging lashes of further punishment. She was even more startled to feel Inger's gently stirring hands moulding her breasts, teasing and playing with her throbbing nipples, the light kisses she planted on her arching neck. 'What's happening?' she whispered, shivering visibly under this novel stimulation. 'Please-do I have to be blindfolded?' Her ears picked up the click, the soft swish as the door opened. Someone else had entered. Her skin goosebumped. She felt all at once deeply aware, and shamed at her

nakedness, her helplessness. 'Who's that?' she whispered thickly, her heart thudding, the words trapped in her throat.

Mark nodded. Inger stepped away from the pale figure, handed him the short handled whip. Linda's trembling voice called out again, fearfully. 'Who's that? Inger?'

She screamed, recognized the soft whistle of the whip a microsecond before its slender tail wrapped around her spine, just above her bottom, then curled around, biting its exquisite fire into her belly, exactly at the top of her pubic triangle. She twisted violently, her arms jerking in their sockets, the world spinning crazily as she staggered. Another vicious cut, this time over the backs of her thighs, then snaking round to bite with a scorpion sting at the curving pout of her mound, and she danced, her legs lifting high, in that ungainly marionette whirl of torment. She howled, felt the tears soaking the mask, streaming down beneath its tight confines, the saliva running from her. The hissing blows fell fast. The wires of agony flared across her belly and back, her thighs, her behind, until from waist almost to knees she burnt in a myriad beestings of pain. In the mist that the ordeal brought to her brain, she knew somehow that this was not Inger's skilful meting out of chastisement. This frenzied attack was from someone else.

Some stranger, reducing her to this babbling, begging subcreature.

It was almost as if her nostrils could sense a presence-a male essence she could detect even through the red nightmare of physical torture. When the whipping ceased, she hung, toes trailing, almost glad for the tearing pain at her arm sockets, the bite of the padded shackles on her wrists. But then she stiffened, she cried out again, a cry of a different horror, as she felt her body seized in a strong grip, while a hot, searching face crushed her right breast, and a savage mouth sought the nipple, sucked hard, sending a

jolt of violent sensation right through her. 'No! Please!' she sobbed. 'Don't! Inger-please! Help me!'

Against the wall bars, Mark stood, his features as pale as the shirt he wore, his arms held out horizontally, his knuckles showing as he gripped the bars, crucified as he gazed intently at the spectacle unfolding. The prominent muscles, the dark swirls of hair about the strong forearms, the swelling thighs, the matted chest and the thick, potent cluster of hair above the jutting penis, all contributed to the animal power of the naked figure. Jack mauled at Linda's soft breasts, his face buried first in one then the other, before he raised his face and pressed his mouth possessively over her own pleading lips, effectively cutting off her sobs.

The thigh muscles stood out even more clearly, as the mechanic bent slightly, in a wrestler's stance, and captured Linda's legs, lifting them clear of the floor and clamping them about his hips. One massive hand clutched at her buttocks, hefted and balanced them on his spade-like palm, while his right hand fumbled swiftly between their bellies, and steered the massive dome of his prick into the gash of Linda's sexual opening, then drove it home. She gave a single sharp cry at the feel of him ramming deeply home, filling and stretching her with that impressive length and girth.

The tight cheeks of his behind hollowed deeply as he pistoned back and forth. Linda's thin arms strained with her efforts to try and lock them behind his neck, and her cries turned to long, shuddering groans of pain and of fierce fulfilment. Her ankles crossed over those plunging buttocks, her toes curled and her feet beat a tattoo that signalled the mounting excitement she could not control or contain. On a conscious level she was scarcely aware of it, except for every nerve centre as she rose and flowed to an unstoppable excess of sensation, her whole body arched and shuddered in homage to that mighty phallus utterly claiming her while she flung back her blind face and screamed echoingly at the explosion of release ripping through her.

She drifted slowly back to pain filled awareness, hanging there, feeling his juice, and hers, dribble from her onto her thighs. Shame, deep and withering, consumed her now. It wasn't my fault, I couldn't do anything, she pleaded pitifully with herself, while she heard the clear condemnation from her inner self. Some totally anonymous stranger had fucked her, and she had come like an animal. And thus she had betrayed every vestige of the love that had brought her here, made her endure all these tortures for her lover's sake. How could she ever bear to face Mark again, knowing what her treacherous body had done to her-to their love? Oh God! He must never know, she would devote her entire life to serving him, in any way he wanted, even if it meant suffering this cruel regime forever.

She listened, straining to pick up any sound through the sealing darkness. Was she alone? Were there others standing there, watching? Her body burned with shame. Had they seen her...? No! She recalled the clicking of the door, her sensing of that entrance. Only her unknown assailant, and Inger. Were they still here?

Someone approached. She caught the scent of Inger's perfume, and wept with relief as she felt the girl's gentle arm supporting her, releasing her from the agonizing chains. She slumped, exhausted, but Inger was holding her, lifting her, her voice crooning in her ear. Then alarm sent her nerves quivering like taut wires, at the feel of the leather on her belly. She was being bent over that obscene stool, and she sobbed piteously. No more beating, not now, please. No more.

Her wrists were fixed, she was bent over, her head hanging down. But her ankles had been left free. Oh God, no! This wasn't Inger. She felt a man's rough hands pulling at her thighs, opening, pushing her feet apart, hauling her by the hips, raising her behind. That stranger again! He was going to take her once more, this time like an animal, from behind. Like the bitch on heat that she was!

But then she felt the scrape of clothing at her back, and brushing against her legs. Had he dressed first? Her senses reeling, she felt an invasive thumb and finger opening the divide of her buttocks, felt a penis slimily nuzzle at the cleft. Not his? Slimmer, smaller? The fingers were probing, shockingly, at the tiny tight bud of her anus, and all at once in a great terror that engulfed her, she fought and screamed, her cries ripping at the air like that thrusting penis that stabbed and ripped at the virginal tightness, plunging and battering until, finally, it gained its searing access to the hard little ring of muscle and she experienced for the first time the engulfing pain and shame, and sick spark of excitement, at the penetration of her reluctant orifice.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

At long last, the sun held some real summer warmth, even in this northern coastal climate. As a rare treat, the girls were allowed to stay out on the lawn, where four brightly patterned sun-loungers had been set out, together with a white plastic table and a large, tasseled sunshade. The hedge and the house itself protected them from the breeze, which, in any case, was positively balmy for that part of the world. Miranda's flesh was already showing pink, over the inlaid pattern of weals and bruises. She brought out a small basket full of creams and liquids to protect them from the sun's rays. 'And don't use that as an excuse to spend all morning touching each other up!' Joan warned them mockingly. She stared at Linda and put on an exaggeratedly breathless girlie voice. ' "Ooh, just rub my back for me, Kate, darling. And maybe my little tits. And between my legs!" It's enough you spend all night with your tongues up each other's twats. Don't forget. One of us will be watching. We can see everything from the window there.' She gave another lecherous laugh. 'So don't get too hot, eh, slags?'

The girls were well used to her insults, after more than four weeks of this strange regime, and so they remained silent until she had left them. No sooner had they settled themselves, and helped one another to lather sun lotion on their gleaming frames, than the hulking figure of Jack Coulthard appeared from the courtyard at the rear. He was stripped to the waist, his muscled body showing to advantage, his tight little buttocks hugged by the dirty jeans. 'Morning, ladies!' he grinned. 'Mind you don't let your naughty bits get burnt. Reckon you're sore enough, without having sunburn to contend with!'

Again, they had learned enough to keep quiet. Their dark eyes watched him out of sight, through the small gate in the hedge. When Linda found herself talking confessionally of the strangely disturbing experience she had undergone the day she had been blindfolded in the punishment room, she discovered that the others had all been subjected to something alarmingly similar at some point over that weekend. They had come to the loathsome conclusion that their sexual aggressor, the one who had had sex with them as they hung or lay blindfolded and freshly beaten, must have been Jack. It could not have been anyone else, they reasoned. The cock-crowing attitude he had adopted towards them ever since, the possessive way his eyes slid over their bodies, practically proclaimed it, much to their chagrin.

They all expressed the same shuddering horror at the very idea, though Linda's blushes were even more painful as she remembered all too vividly her physical reaction to it, the shattering climax towards which her traitorous flesh had soared. There was something else she kept secret. The frightening, yet equally thrilling, experience she had undergone almost immediately afterwards. She was sure that the unknown assailant who had had anal sex with her was not the odious Jack. But then, she wondered painfully, who else could it have been? They had seen no other males during their entire stay here, though they were aware that, at weekends, there were male visitors-clients?-from whom they had been kept strictly segregated. It was puzzling as well as deeply disturbing. The thought of a

total stranger using her in that brutal fashion could not be more humiliating. And also, there was the mystery of who had wielded the whip on her prior to Jack's fucking of her. Certainly, it was not Inger, or Joan, but someone far less skilful at chastisement than either of their guards.

She had been on the point of asking Inger for clarification on several occasions, but she had been too embarrassed, and the moment had passed. Perhaps the blonde foreigner had not even been present. That was what was so galling about the memory-the sealing blindfold, which had added cruelty to her degradation. She wondered if the other three victims had been subjected to more than they had disclosed. All she prayed was that Mark would never get to know about that weird episode. But then Kate had really alarmed her by putting forward the theory that all their activities could be observed, that they might well be spied upon throughout the entire time they spent here. By means of hidden cameras or one-way mirrors, and so on. 'It stands to reason,' Kate offered bleakly. 'This is just the sort of place for it, isn't it?'

Still, why worry about that at the moment? It felt as though they had been held prisoners here forever. Sometimes, Linda would feel a heart racing panic at the thought that she might never see Mark again. That they might never be allowed to go free again. Louise, the ginger haired, freckled girl, was particularly scary about such things. Her man, Peter Corder, sounded really sinister. Mixed up in all kinds of rackets involving girls and vice. From what Louise had let slip, she had already been kept more or less in captivity ever since he had established her in the London flat. She muttered frighteningly of drugs and sex slavery until Linda had wanted to scream at her to keep her sick thoughts to herself. 'It's almost like she gets some kind of kick out of it,' Linda had whispered in Kate's receptive ear, in the sanctuary of their shared bed one night. 'As though she wants to be a slave to that bastard Peter!'

And that in turn led to some very painful self examination during the days that followed, for wasn't that just what she had fantasized about her

relationship with Mark during all those solitary nights when she had lain in bed with her trusty vibrator purring away under the bedclothes? After all, wasn't that just what she herself had been reduced to? She had only to glance down at her slim, naked body, the fading marks of the last beating still evident enough on her bottom. She had no rights at all, they had all been surrendered, from the moment she had let Mark bring her to this terrible place, from that apocalyptic moment when she had taken over her own disrobing, and her shaking fingers had undone that first button of her blouse.

And what would she do when-if-she saw Mark again? After all the physical abuse, the torment and humiliation she had endured, which he had inflicted upon her through delivering her here, would she go to him, place herself in his arms, and say, 'I love you'? If she did, then a slave was what she would be, every ounce of her, body and spirit, would belong to him, for this was clearly what he wanted, was demanding of her? Was that what she wanted? Was she that sick? Did she love him that much?

At least the beatings had been greatly reduced over the past few days. No longer was punishment carried out morning and evening, by rote. Now, the girls were picked up on specific things; faults, sometimes silly little omissions, excuses thought up by Inger or Joan, to inflict chastisement. But though some implement would still be used, whip or strap or cane, it was wielded with far less severity, producing only temporary pain, whose marks, though still enough to sting and make them yelp, soon faded. Of course, it was made clear to them by Mrs. Parminter that this was only because they were becoming 'good girls', were learning the lessons and the advantages of obedience, just as it was made clear that this was what they had been brought here for in the first place.

Soon, Mrs. Parminter, looking every inch the lady of the manor in a flowing, misty blue sun dress whose bootlace thin straps revealed her flawless shoulders and graceful neck, came out to join them, followed by Miranda, bearing a tray filled with tall glasses and a large jug of fruity

mixture in which copious ice cubes tinkled. She stood and smiled down pleasantly at Linda for a second, who squinted up at her, then flushed deeply as she scrambled up. 'I'm sorry, madam!' Linda whispered penitently.

Mrs. Parminter's beam widened. 'Oh, thank you, my dear. How very kind!' She managed the awkward movement of lowering herself and reclining on the sun bed with consummate grace, and smoothed the filmy material about her pale limbs. 'I'm positively ashamed to show my raddled old flesh in front of you gorgeous nymphs!' On cue, the girls all murmured their protests at this statement 'Now then,' she resumed, gazing around at them. 'I have some news for you.' Her hands lightly touched the jutting knees of Linda and Kate, who were sitting up, sharing the lounge. 'You two will be leaving us very soon. On Saturday, I think.' She affected not to notice the quick little gasp of dismay from Anna, or the quivering lower lip of Louise, and the grey eyes filled with tears. 'So, a little treat has been arranged for you tomorrow. You're going on a little outing. How do you fancy a sea voyage?' She chuckled at their mutual glance of both excitement and incomprehension. But already they were schooled enough to know better than to press for more details. Conversation was never initiated with any of the keepers of this strange place, only prompt answers when they were required to give them.

But, in the whispering dark, in each other's arms, Kate and Linda speculated thrillingly both on their imminent release and on the release from their strict regime which the morrow promised.

If they had been expecting some sleek hulled sailing yacht, the two girls would have been disappointed. The boat that rocked gently at its mooring below the stone harbor wall was a sturdily unglamorous adaptation of the small inshore fishing vessels which sailed back and forth from the nearby village. Broad in the beam, tub-like, with a high wheel house amidships, which led down via three steep steps to a cramped cabin space below, just forward of the tinier engine compartment. Up on deck,

right at the stern, stood a solid, right-angled iron frame, like a goal, from which could be fixed the ropes and cables to support the long net trawled behind, or the long lines of flag-marked crab or lobster pots.

However, both Kate and Linda were still reeling from the events which had already taken place that morning. They had been roused so early that at first their hearts thudded at the expectation of a return to those grim dawn beatings which had been a daily feature of their stay. Both felt as though they had only just drifted off to sleep after their reluctant separation in the early hours, when Kate had crawled wearily back to her own cold bed. But there had been no beating, only bad tempered grumbling from Joan, while they carried out their ablutions hurriedly and ran down to the comforting warmth of the kitchen for an early breakfast.

Then an interval of waiting, during which, stomachs churning, they once more speculated on what lay ahead in the next few hours. A summons to the drawing room, and there, sitting at ease and awaiting them with wide grins, were two figures-Linda cried out at the sight of her beloved Mark, and ran into his arms, scarcely noticing the tall, black figure who crushed a sobbing Kate to his sturdy frame.

Now, everything seemed so strange. The feel of the loose sweatshirt and jeans, and the trainers which they had been given to wear, after what seemed like years of nakedness. The purring luxury of Mark's Honda into which all four crammed, the almost painful brightness of the outside world, the trees and fields and houses; people going about their daily business and taking absolutely no notice of them. All the workaday normality of the world, which they felt they had been cut off from for years and years.

'I didn't think you'd ever come back for me!' Linda murmured, the tears appearing in her eyes, her hand touching Mark's knee, as though even now she was afraid he might disappear at any second.

'Good God! It's only been a month,' he laughed.

Linda's state of euphoria died magically as they moved to the quayside, and the broad rungs of the wooden ladder which led down to the deck of the boat. Jack Coulthard stood beaming up at them from below, those hairy, muscled arms, revealed to the full in the sleeveless singlet, held out to receive them as they negotiated the awkward descent onto the deck. She shivered at his ham-like hands on her hips, despite the protection of the clothing she now wore. 'Didn't recognize you with your gear on!' he chuckled, and she blushed deeply, like any schoolgirl. But she could feel, and see, the tension which came over Mark, in spite of his hearty, outgoing manner, and for an instant she felt faint and hollow, at the thought that he knew in all its sordid detail what had taken place between her and 'Mr. Jack'. She wanted to cling onto Mark, to urge him to take her away right now, to get as far as they could from this loathsome, grinning cockster, this whole sick set-up. But of course, she hung her head and said nothing.

Jack was evidently their skipper on this 'voyage', and Linda hated him even more for this evidence of his skill at handling the boat. They soon chugged their way slowly past the small harbor walls, and began their sedately rolling journey over a sea which, though not quite a millpond, offered no threats on this splendid early summer morning. They sailed close enough to the coastline to be able to make out the tall chimneyed house and the slope of garden. Linda thought of Anna and Louise, pictured them naked, even tried to make out tiny figures on the grass but failed to do so.

'No need to be formal now.' Jack's ringing words jarred her from her thoughts. 'What about your bits of totty then? They must feel a mite overdressed. How about it?'

Leon Bower gave his rumbling peal of a laugh. 'Yeah. Why not? Come on then, girls. Let's be having you!'

Linda stared at Mark. His eyes met hers squarely, held her appealing gaze. They told her nothing, and he said nothing. Stifling a sob, Linda seized the hem of the sweatshirt, and pulled it over her head. Kate was already out of hers. They slid the jeans down over their hips, shuffled out of them, and the trainers. They had not been given any underclothes. They stood there, aware of three pairs of male eyes on them. They kept their arms at their sides, not attempting to hide anything of themselves, though their toes showed white knuckles as they pressed into the damp planks of the deck, indicative of the chagrin they felt inside.

"These are your last few days as guests of Mrs. P,' Leon said. 'I reckon you're gonna miss your life here. Maybe we'd better make you feel at home. Break you in gently, huh?'

The girls exchanged one frightened glance before they were ordered to stand in the stern, under the angled iron post. Leon bound their wrists to the cross bar above their heads with surprising efficiency. He used short lengths of rope, whose tightness burned their skin, in great contrast to the sponge covered restraints used at the house. Their breasts, uplifted and stirred by the light breeze, stood out proudly, both sets of nipples peaked. 'Both a pair of sparrer's tits, aren't they?' Jack observed mockingly. 'Here. I brought these along. Just toys really. Party games, that's all. Still, might make them dance a bit, eh?'

He produced two black whips, with short handles and two thin plaited tails, all in plastic. Mark and Leon each took one. 'Tell you what,' Leon smiled. 'Why don't I have a go at yours, and you do mine? Just to make it friendly, like. And to remind them just what the score is.'

Mark nodded easily. 'Suits me.' He stared at Linda. She saw his image shimmer and dissolve through the tears that she could not hold back, which trembled on her lashes, then fell, rolling down her cheeks.

'What about the noise? Sound carries a long way out here. You want them gagged?'

'Naw!' rumbled Leon, stepping back and measuring his distance, hefting the whip lightly in his right hand. 'They're good girls. They won't make a sound, will you, dolls?' Mark nodded his agreement.

Linda felt her breasts jiggle as a huge sigh escaped. She shook her head fiercely. 'We'll keep quiet.'

She was almost as good as her word. Leon's dark arm rose and fell. She had a sudden desperate wish that it could be Mark whipping her, then she drew in a sharp, hissing breath at the thin fire burning along her right buttock and hip. Another came, curling in from the other side, scorching her left cheek, and flicking round, embracing the top of her thigh, and her lower belly. She wriggled violently, the rope tugging and burning at her wrists, her thighs jinking at her involuntary skips of agony. She let her breath out in shallow gasps at the next stinging swishes. They came rapidly now, tearing at her, until her bottom and her thighs and belly were all throbbing in a general blaze of torment, and she knew that this was no game. This tall figure was not playing, he was hurting her, trying to make her scream, and she bit hard against her lip, flinging herself about, tossing her head back until she could feel the sun and wind on her tear soaked face. She couldn't keep her promise to herself. The gasps turned to groans, then small, half smothered cries, then shriller but still muted yelps, until at last she began to babble, against the stinging ordeal. 'Oh, no! Please stop! Oh-I can't-please stop! I beg you.'

Both girls were sobbing, their flanks a fiery mass of thin lines, when they were untied. Hobbled like crones, they were led down the three steps to the narrow, oil-smelling cabin, and the two narrow bunks that stretched either side of the boat's curving sides. Groaning, they lay down gingerly on their stomachs, tending one another's wounds with cloths soaked in tepid water, then, after they had delicately patted their rumps dry, smeared cold cream over the hot, smarting stripes.

Up on deck, Leon Bower, his white teeth flashing, massaged the swelling lump that thrust out his jogging pants. 'Man, I need my hole.' He paused, his long face screwed up against the bright sunlight, his smoky eyes piercing Mark's stare. 'What say we carry on the swap, huh? Give our chicks a taste of the way it's gonna be, in case they haven't tumbled. I screw yours and you screw mine, right?'

Mark shrugged. 'Sounds good to me. Go ahead. Be my guest.'

'You wanna join me? I don't mind.' Mark shook his head. 'It's OK. I'll wait a while. Enjoy.' Linda eased herself up carefully when she saw the hulking figure blocking the doorway. 'I'll go up on deck,' she muttered, and let out a startled cry when Leon grabbed her and flung her roughly back on the narrow bunk.

'No way, babe. I ain't finished with you yet. I whupped you. Now comes the best bit.'

'No, Leon! Please!' The cry was torn from Kate's throat before she could suppress it. It was followed by a gasp, as though she realized she had done wrong.

'You can join in, too, Katie,' he purred. 'From what I heard you two are a hot number these days. Let's have a cozy threesome. Your man don't

have the urge for it right now,' he said to Linda. 'But I told him he can help himself any time.' He jerked his head back to where Kate was standing. 'Me, I can't wait another minute. Let's see just what it is that's got my Kate dripping over you, sweetheart.' He slowly eased down the elasticized waist of the loose pants, revealing a brown penis of impressive length and girth, whose slitted dome was already raising itself in the sprawling girl's direction. 'Move yourself, darling.'

Linda felt all the resistance and tension drain from her like flowing water. Her knees came up as the dark hands parted them, and her belly lifted, to accommodate his searching prick as it nuzzled then thrust mightily into her pulsing moistness.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Linda came nervously down the wide staircase. She still could not get used to the feel of the clothing. The soft, hugging caress of the silk underwear, the rub of the suspender straps on her thighs, the whisper of nylon beneath the swish of her skirt as she moved. Her bottom was still sore from the drubbing-her final beating-which Mrs. Parminter herself had administered last night, under the assembled gaze of Mark and the other three men, Leon, Peter Corder, and the distinguished looking Asian, Mr. Shah, who was to be Anna's father-in-law. And, of course, the other three girls had been there, as naked as she was. In fact, Kate had soon followed suit, spread over the low, embroidered stool while her fellow victims held her lightly by ankles and wrists, and Mrs. Parminter had thrashed her with the wooden paddle. All this had taken place in the unaccustomed elegance of the drawing room, where there had been a festive atmosphere during the elaborate meal, and the drinks which had been served later. 'Your graduation party,' Mrs. Parminter had smilingly told Linda and Kate. And everyone had attended, including the odious Jack Coulthard, and Miranda, though she of course had played her part as waitress throughout the evening.

When it grew late, and Mark and the others were still there, Linda had fond hopes that she might at last be allowed to spend the night with him. But she had been swiftly disabused when Mrs. Parminter had clapped her hands with authority and declared that the girls must be off to bed. Linda had blushed like a little girl when she stood to bid them good night, and lifted her lips to accept her lover's almost chaste embrace. 'Don't I get a kiss as well?' Jack had called, his face flushed with drink. Her eyes had been fixed at once on Mark's, who, with that strange intensity which seemed somehow like a secret signal between the two of them, had given a barely perceptible nod. She stepped into Jack's enveloping arms. He plastered her body to him, his mouth wide, blatant in its thrusting sexuality, his tongue plunging deeply home inside her, so that she felt as shamed as if he had fucked her there and then, in front of all of them. It was little comfort that he treated Kate to an equally unrestrained exhibition a few seconds later.

To their surprise, Linda and Kate were led to a different bedroom, where there stood an invitingly wide double bed, with crisp white sheets turned back to receive them. 'Your last night together!' Inger gave a dimpled smile. When she kissed Linda before leaving them alone, her touch was gentle, with genuine tenderness.

Some time later, when the bedclothes were tumbled, and their bodies ached with repletion from their lovemaking, they lay in each other's arms. Linda asked tentatively, 'Did you mind? When your ... Leon made love ... ' blushing, she forced herself to change the phrase, ' ... when he fucked me on the boat?'

There was a considerable pause. 'No.' Kate's admission sounded reluctant too. 'It turned me on. I wanted to share-be part of it. I guess you know.' Linda nodded, recalling the hectic stroking and kissing which her friend had delivered, even while the coloured man was still screwing her. 'You know,' Kate went on, with a hint of defensiveness, 'Mark came

upstairs, afterwards, back at the house. He made me bend over the stool in the punishment room, and strapped me. Then he fucked me from behind. But very rough. And very quick. Like he didn't really want to do it to me at all. Like it was still part of my punishment.' Her hands slipped between Linda's wet thighs. 'Be careful, eh? I guess we both have to be from now on. It's all going to be different.' Linda nodded, feeling that odd mixture of both thrill and apprehension at the thought. She turned into her friend's warm, willing arms and body with a little, lost cry.

And now, here they were, next morning, about to take their leave of this strange house where their lives had been altered forever. The clothes had been brought after her bath—a complete outfit this time. Bra and knickers, suspender belt, stockings, heeled shoes, skirt and blouse—the rather prim, daintily feminine costume Mark had taught her to wear before he had brought her here.

At the bottom of the stairs, Mrs. Parminster was waiting to bid them goodbye with a final, fond kiss on the lips. 'Remember,' she said, turning to Mark. 'You can bring her back any time. I'd love to have her again. Under any circumstances.'

As the gates clicked open and shut behind them, Linda all at once felt a weird sense almost of nostalgia, as though she were now moving into an outside world that could be alarming in its unknown quality. She glanced back through the rear window at the tall chimneys. In there, everything had been simple. Clear-cut. She had had to take absolutely no responsibility for herself or her actions. Not even what to wear or what to eat. Or who to love. There was a bizarre kind of comfort in such total surrender. That was how it must be from now on in the world she was returning to. She glanced shyly at Mark. She must surrender herself to him now. He would rule her. She belonged to him. Uncomfortably, she wondered why he did not look happy. Why he had that preoccupied air, why that tension that gripped him whenever they were anywhere near that strange place.

She was deeply comforted by the fact that his mood lightened with every mile they put between them and that house on the cliff. They pulled into a smart hotel well on their way south, still close to the sea, and they had a long, celebratory lunch. He talked animatedly about how busy he had been, and how promising the business was looking. And how much he had missed her as his assistant. 'We're going to be worked off our feet for the next few months,' he promised, and her eyes shone with love.

He treated her with all his former, tender politeness, and she wallowed in the soothing balm of his gentleness. Oh God, yes! She vowed inwardly. I really am yours, my darling. I'll do whatever you want me to. The fears, the humiliations, the physical pain, of the past five weeks, were all forgotten. Even the cruelest blow of all, when he had knowingly given her to that coloured man of Kate's, when Leon had fucked her while Mark sat, a few feet above her head, on the deck of the boat, was pushed determinedly to the edge of her consciousness. Time enough to struggle with that in the days that lay ahead. Sufficient for now that he was with her again, that he clearly loved her, and appreciated how much she had sacrificed for him.

Thus, it was doubly cruel, worse than any physical torment he could have inflicted on her, when she walked back into their flat, and saw the huge, grainy, nightmare images which filled her vision. On every wall, vastly magnified, the pictures hammered into her stunned senses. One showed a distortedly blown up vulva, with her fingernails like dark, predatory creatures peeling open the inner cleft, and the fuzzy haze of pubis filling the background. Others showed her, with that clear eyed gaze so fixed in front, posing in a lewd parody of coyness, or, blatant again, displaying her spread limbs, the dark gash of her genitalia, the deep curving cleft of her behind thrust poutingly at the camera lens.

Every spare space on the living room walls had been covered, with every blown up photograph that Al Harding had taken of her, in those far off school days. She stood there, breathless, winded, her jaw hanging open, gazing at these naked selves which surrounded her. She felt as though her flesh had been flayed from her bones, the shock and horror were too great for sound or for tears. After an endless pause, she looked down at the low coffee table, where the glossy originals were spread out, covering the entire tabletop. 'Why? Where-did you get these?' she managed at last, in a croaky whisper.

'Get undressed,' he said, in a flat, dead voice. Almost absently, she began to take off her clothes, still gazing around her, not hurrying or pretending to be coy. She folded her garments as she removed them, stacked them neatly on the arm of the sofa, one over the other, sitting down to peel off her stockings, then standing again to slip off bra, and then the suspender belt and the tiny briefs. Only when she was naked, did he answer her question. 'I've had these years,' he told her, in that strange, unemotional tone. 'I'd seen them loads of times. Probably from the week they were taken. Big Al showed me them. He showed loads of lads. Probably the whole of the senior school has stared up your cunt, fantasized about those long legs wrapped round them as they stuffed you, grabbed your skinny little bum. I know I did. I couldn't look at you in that uniform without picturing your snatch, that little blonde triangle, and what's beneath it. Those little tits, that arse. Even those bare toes were enough to give me a hard-on.'

"Then Big Al dumped you and cleared off. Before he left, he gave me the photos. I still did nothing-nothing that you knew about, anyway. Every night, I'd spread them out in my bedroom, stare at them for hours, you gazing back at me with that sexy look of yours.' He gave a tight little laugh. 'That's what started all this.' Now he nodded at her body, the real flesh on show before him, with the distinct rosy blush on each buttock which he had watched Mrs. Parminter stamp on her under his gaze-and the stares of all the others.

'I used to dream of having you. Of making you look like that for me, of owning you the way Big Al had. He used to brag about what he did to you. What he could make you do. "She'll do absolutely anything I ask her to," he'd say, and I'd be wild with envy. I ended up hating you for being so completely possessed by him.'

He threw himself into an armchair, sprawling, staring up at her. She had not moved. 'Those photos have gone everywhere with me. Every girl I've ever seen, I've compared with them, dreamed of making her look like that. Needless to say, I never succeeded. Then I came home, and suddenly-you were back. Not that you'd ever been away-not in my mind, anyway. That's what our relationship's been about, from the beginning. I stalked you. For this. I courted you, made love to you, took you to Mrs. Parminter's-for this!' He flung his hand out towards the covered walls, in a wild gesture.

'And you let Kate's Leon fuck me,' she said slowly, staring intensely at him.

'Don't say Kate's Leon!' he shouted, so harshly that she flinched. 'You can say Leon's Kate, but not the other way around! All right?'

She recognized the pain rather than the anger in his cry. She felt her brain almost swallowed up by the concept of just how completely he desired to own her. And intuitively she understood at once why he had given her to the coloured man. Probably why he-for it was surely him-had arranged to have her fucked by Jack. Had he been there, watching? Could it have been him who had whipped her so inexpertly? Could he have been the one who had sodomized her?

With a heartfelt cry, she moved, dropped to her knees in front of him, reached out for him, the tears flowing. 'Oh God, Mark! There's only you! I've never loved anyone ... with Al ... that was ... I knew nothing. It was sex ... I was a virgin, never done it I ... ' she reached again, this time her fingers plucking at his bulging flies, searching feverishly to unzip him, to fight out his throbbing prick from the tight confines of his clothing. Her mouth was already open, her tongue licked at her lips, she could already taste the tangy flavour of his manhood, longed only to encircle it in her worshipping lips. 'Let me show how much I love you. How I ... '

For several seconds, he had frozen. She had released his prick, its glistening dome shone with his emission, the column sprang forth, potent, stiff and hot under her touch, then she screamed at the convulsive grip of his hand on her hair. He plucked her furiously away, her scalp seared, and dragged her upright. He flung her away so that she staggered, banged her leg painfully against the table, almost fell. 'Don't ever do anything like that again! Don't ever touch me without permission! Understand?' he bellowed. She gazed like a terrified animal, afraid he would strike her. 'Get into the kitchen. Make some coffee.' Sobbing desolately, like a child, she hastened to obey him. Her hands trembled violently throughout the task.

'Bring a cup for yourself,' he told her. His voice was transformed, gentle, weary. He patted the front of the chair, and she curled up at once, on the rug, beside his feet. As they sipped at the coffee, he said, in the same quiet tones, 'You just have to do what I tell you, Linda. Don't think for yourself, don't initiate anything. Can you do that?'

She nodded eagerly. 'Yes. I promise. Please be patient with me. I just want to please you. Do what you want.'

'Good. Now, go into the bedroom. On top of the wardrobe you'll find a cane. Bring it here.'

She got up immediately. She stretched up, groping with her hand where he had indicated, but felt nothing. She brought a chair, stood on it, and found the bamboo cane at the back, near the wall. Hastily, she brought it through, handed it to him. He smiled at her. 'Right,' he said pleasantly. 'Bend over the back of the sofa. Put your head right down, on the cushions.'

She was shaking again; her muscles tensed in anticipation of the caning she knew would be severe. Yet all she wanted was to show him how much she would endure, how much she wanted to suffer, for him. Nevertheless, her heart raced, her bottom dimpled deeply as she waited in dread for the first blow to fall. He passed her her own discarded knickers. 'Better put these in your mouth. We don't want any nosy sods causing us grief. And you might not be able to stop yourself screaming, even if you want to. OK?' She nodded, stuffed the tiny scrap of lace edged satin in a ball, and bit down hard on it.

Mark stood, gazed down at the uplifted buttocks, where the patches of redness stood out against the paler skin. The twin haunches showed deep hollows as Linda's muscles clenched, anticipating the chastisement. Otherwise, she hung there without motion. He stared at the tight divide, felt his penis swell and strain, throbbing against his clothing at his recall of that fierce penetration. His sense of excitement, his power over the naked form waiting so passively, was a sweet pain in itself. He drew back his right hand and swung the cane horizontally. It struck, bounced off the tautened rounds with a sharp crack.

The thin red line neatly bisected the vertical cleft of her behind. It darkened as he watched, the blood bringing up the bar of scorching flesh. Linda's body had jerked as though electrified, her back coming up, the tousled head lifting from the cushions. She let out an explosion of breath, her cheeks puffing out as the air hissed through her flaring nostrils. She fought to swallow the scream she could feel trapped behind the ball of silk blocking her mouth. She bent again, the muscles on her bottom and the

backs of her thighs rigid, quivering with the effort to keep still against the burning agony.

He struck again, the cane falling at an angle across her proffered flesh this time, striping her behind diagonally, leaving its glowing mark. She emitted a slightly louder sound, a choking noise like a muffled cough, her throat straining, the cords standing out on her lifting neck. Again, she prostrated herself. Mark saw her fingers curling into talons as they dug into the top of the sofa back in her effort not to bring her hands to the fiery intensity of the pain throbbing through her hindquarters.

Splat! This time, she gave a coarse, animal grunt, deep and trapped. Her body jerked again, her narrow hips writhed and her head came up, while the pain flowed through her, then she bent and clung to the sofa back once more. He drew his arm back further, struck harder, sweating, and heard the thin whistle as the cane displaced the air before biting into Linda's body. Even through the muffling gag, her cry of torment was plain, her twisting agony even more violent. She could no longer keep her hands clear. They flew to her scorched bottom, the fingers hovered, traced the flaming burn of the livid weals, which were already rising in places in hard lumps. She was sobbing, and blowing, like a swimmer, cheeks pouched, the air snorting through her flared nostrils, mucus streaming and mingling with her tears. Her blue eyes, pale with their wateriness, fixed pleadingly on his, before, with a convulsive sob which shook her slim frame, she folded herself again over the sofa.

He could feel the thin cane sweat slippery in his grasp. No matter how fiercely he willed himself, he could not strike with anything like the force of the previous blow. He gave her two more rapid cuts; the last following so quickly that he caught the side of her hip and thigh rather than the scarred rounds, then he let the cane fall. 'Six of the best!' he gasped, watching almost in horror while she choked, and plucked the soaking little ball of silk from her mouth. She wept, the sound raw and gut wrenching in the stillness of the room.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

She was kneeling on the low bench seat which followed the contours of the bow window. Its narrow surface was padded with a thin cushion, in a bright chintz pattern identical to the material covering the deep armchairs and the two-seater settee of the cottage's comfortably old-fashioned living room, behind her. The base of the window seat was also curtained with ruffled frills of the same stuff. The whole of the area where she knelt was brilliantly bathed and warmed by the sunshine pouring through the leaded panes. It turned the expanse of calm sea, which filled the view, from the edge of the white stretch of sand that led to it, into a burnished reflection of dazzling brilliance.

As soon as Mark had declared that they were going to the coast for a few days, Linda's heart had fluttered. She had gazed at him with such open dread that he had chuckled. 'No, don't worry. I'm not taking you back for another dose of Mrs. P's hospitality. It's a cottage someone's lent me. Right up north. Practically in Scotland. I reckon we've earned a bit of R and R, don't you? The amount of work we've put in.'

They had been very busy, flying over to Amsterdam for two hectic days, then back to another grueling session of meetings and inspections in Manchester. Linda was ecstatic to be so much a part of it. She had begun to think that she was henceforth to serve only for his private sexual pleasure. For almost two weeks after he had brought her back from Mrs. Parminter's, he had kept her confined to the flat, except for the long evening walks, which were part of the strict regime of exercise he insisted on. Most of that time, she had been naked, so that it had even felt like an extension of her stay at that strange house. And there had been frequent punishments too; of a severity to equal any of those she had received at the hands of Inger or Joan. Except-and this was the blessed, the almighty, difference-it was at the hands of her beloved, and she had become

convinced, with all the fervor of a religious convert, that she would endure, and welcome, any physical torment he was prepared to inflict upon her, for it was as much an expression of his love as it was hers to suffer it.

And there had been plenty of both physical and mental discipline. That first night, the caning had been so severe that she could barely move afterwards. He had tenderly bathed the throbbing weals, which were standing up in hard, swollen bars across her buttocks, so painful that she could not bear the slightest pressure without wincing in pain. She lay face down on top of the covers of the bed. But her tears were nowhere near as bitter as those she shed when he told her gently, 'I'm sleeping in the other room. It'll give you a chance to get more rest.' She saw his denial of sex to her as the cruelest deprivation of all, and she cried desolately for hours before exhaustion took its toll and she drifted to sleep.

But next day, in spite of her nakedness, he still made no move to touch her, and when he got ready to depart, telling her to 'take it easy today. Enjoy yourself,' she could not help bursting into noisy tears once more. 'D ... don't you want me any more?' she pleaded forlornly.

He came and took hold of her by the upper arms, kept her still, in front of him. 'Look at me,' he ordered, and her tragic face stared up at him. 'What on earth do you mean?' he asked her softly. 'You're mine, aren't you? Completely mine.' He gestured at her nude body, and she nodded. 'Do I have to fuck you to prove it?' He shook her gently. His quiet voice was relentless. 'You belong to me. Don't you?'

She nodded again. 'Yes,' she wept. 'I belong to you.'

It was a cruel deprivation, though, and hurt her far more than the canings he administered each evening. She struggled to keep quiet, not to remonstrate any more with him spending the long, solitary hours of those

first days going over everything-after she had been forced to quell the rebellious hunger of her body by her own well tried means. She could see the inverted logic in his abstinence. It did prove his ownership of her, perhaps far more effectively than any amount of sex with her would have done, but knowing it did not make it any easier for her to bear the denial of his body to her. Yet she knew she must endure it. She had no choice. She must look on it as the proof she so desperately needed of his possessive love-as much as the stinging cuts he delivered to her subservient flesh every day, whose bruises she learned to bear proudly as the visible evidences of that love.

After the first week, the canings stopped. He began to kiss and fondle her, allowed her to respond, though she knew she must never initiate any such physical play. Then, one night, he ordered her to use her mouth on him, lay back in the armchair, while she tremblingly helped him out of his lower clothing, and took his already rearing prick in her worshipful fingers and kissed its potent erection. She stroked, and nibbled, and teased, until the helm swelled mightily, its mouth glistening with his fecund discharge. She could feel her own sex pulsing madly, longing only for that straining column to plunge to the hilt inside her. 'Finish it!' he groaned, his belly lifting, his hand remorselessly bearing her head down to his penis, and shudderingly thrusting aside her own urgent hunger, she stretched her mouth wide, took him in, and her throat worked convulsively at the hot jetting of his fluid, swallowing and gagging and swallowing frantically again, taking in the thick, ropy sliminess of his ejaculation, feeling it spill from the corners of her mouth, to grease her chin liberally and to trickle down between her heaving breasts as they brushed against his sprawled, relaxing thighs.

It became the nightly pattern of their loving, and, desperately, she forced herself to accept it, to be adoringly thankful for his allowing her to serve him thus, and to lie beside his resting form and surreptitiously ease the fires that consumed her own body with her own hands. It's all part of

the testing, she told herself. He'll fuck me again when he's absolutely sure of me.

She was greatly relieved when, finally, he picked out the clothing he liked her to wear for work, and told her that she was reinstated as his assistant. Yet again, she flung herself into this role with all the devotion and concentration she could muster, and though she had to admit to herself that it was a very subordinate role he was calling on her to play, she performed it with all her heart. Pretty, neat, silent and attentive at his side, until she could see the glances of plain and envious lust others cast at them, she carried out her duties devotedly, from dogs-bodying with drinks or coffee, to ordering transport and having vital papers to hand when summoned.

'A really important client this weekend,' he announced, once they had set out in the early morning for this cottage by the beach, belying his earlier remark about rest and recuperation. 'It could make or break us, as far as moving into the big time is concerned. I need this chap's support. Essential. You've got to help me get it. OK?'

She had felt her stomach hollow as she reassured him. What was it he was asking of her? But then, what did it matter? Her answer was 'yes'. It could never be anything else.

'Keep still.' She continued to kneel in the awkward space, staring ahead through the small diamond shapes of the glass, in spite of the painful glare. She felt his trousers brush against her dainty shoes, he stood so close behind her. Carefully, he took the hem of her thin summer dress and folded it carefully up, over her behind. She was wearing a pale blue satin undergarment which he had only just bought her. It was like a body shaper, except that the lower part, which covered her loins, was generously wide, like French knickers, and edged with broad bands of decorative lace. They were, in fact, old style cami-knickers, fastened at the

crotch with three tiny press-studs. His hand now reached between her thighs, and struggled with them, popping them open with some difficulty. She felt the warm sunlight on her flesh as the front fell away, to hang clear of her belly, while he delicately rolled the back up, arranged the lace edging across her spine where the hem of her dress lay. Thus, her bottom stood pale and bare, with the ribbons of the suspender belt trailing down, over the back of the thighs to the darkness of the sheer stocking tops. She shivered, tried to keep still, keep her knees together, as his fingers lightly explored the deep cleft of her bottom, and sought the fragrant hidden moistness of her labia.

She wondered if he was going to beat her. He continued to play with her until she could feel her vagina pulsing with rising need, then she stiffened in shock at his falsely casual tone. 'Tell me, Linda love, have you ever had it up the back? You know. Has anyone ever buggered you?'

Alarm bells clanged in her panicking head. Was this yet another test? Was he waiting for her to say, 'Of course! You did it the night after you whipped me. The night after you watched Mr. Jack fuck me!' She felt as though she were standing on the brim of a vast precipice, for all at once doubt flooded her mind. What if it had not been him after all? What if he had not been there at all, had not silently witnessed Jack Coulthard fucking her, someone whipping her mercilessly?

She jerked, her buttocks clenched against his invasive touch as she felt a finger press against the tight little pucker of her anus, nestled deep within the divide. 'Come on! It's not that difficult a question, is it? Surely you'd know if someone had arse shafted you? Big Al, maybe?'

The hearty jokiness of his voice tore at her sensibility. She started to cry, then great, gulping sobs overwhelmed her. Her head shook. 'No, not him,' she wept. 'One night ... at the house. Mrs. Parminter's. Someone ... they blindfolded me. Whipped me. I don't know who it was. Still don't.

Jack, I think it was-came in afterwards and-and fucked me. Then ... I don't think it was him. Somebody else. They came and ... and did it. Bugged me."

She sagged, would have collapsed, but his hard voice snapped, 'Keep still! Don't move!' and she knelt again, her head down on her folded arms, her bottom thrust up in the air.

She was crying more quietly now. T thought it might have been you,' she croaked desolately.

He laughed harshly. 'Jesus! You mean you could be shagged and not know if it was me? That's charming!'

His finger sought out the hidden bud, thrust more rudely and she tensed. His other arm held her by the hips, compelling her to remain still. She felt the finger pad pressing, forcing against the tight resistance of the little ring of muscle, then a burning sensation as it gained entrance and her sphincter yielded to the penetration. 'Sod me!' he growled, still with that undertone of bitter jocularly. T was hoping there was at least one bit of you I could claim to be the first through! Never mind, eh?' There was a loud slap as he struck her with stinging playfulness across the rump, then pushed her away, so that her clothing fell concealing her nakedness. 'Now stop snivelling and do your knickers up! Perhaps it's just as well. I want you to be fresh for tonight. And remember the old adage. The customer's always right. And in this case, we make sure he gets anything he wants, OK?'

* * *

'Well well! If it isn't the luscious Linda! You look a bit different from the last time I saw you, darling.' Peter Corder turned to his female companion

with a broad grin. 'She hadn't a stitch on, and the cheeks of her pretty little arse were redder than those cheeks you can see now!'

The full import of his words did not immediately register with Linda, who was still bemused at the sight of the denim suited individual leering at her. Then she remembered her last night at Mrs. Parminter's, the festive dinner, with the four naked girls, and the men who owned them. The almost playful spanking with the paddle she and the other girls had received at the hands of their hostess.

"This is Delia. Bit of all right, eh? And not just a pretty face either! Her snatch is a sight for sore eyes an' all.' The tall, dark haired girl firmly secured by his left arm gave a practiced, simpering gesture of coy outrage and demurrals.

'I hope I don't have to take your word for it,' Mark said smoothly, holding onto her proffered hand, while she went through another routine of an 'ooh-you-are-awful nature.

'Well, play your cards right and who knows, Mark!' Peter brayed. 'As long as I have reciprocal rights, as they say at the golf club,' he added, staring at Linda.

'I think Linda might be disappointed you haven't brought Louise with you,' Mark went on, leading them into the cottage. 'They could have had a bit of a reunion.'

'Nah! I've-er, lent her out for the weekend, you might say. I'm not a one-woman guy like you. Keep her with you all the time, do you?'

'Day and night! Couldn't manage without her, could I, Linda, love? Now then. Let's crack open a bottle or two. Do the honors, Linda.'

As she busied herself with the drinks, Linda tried to subdue the feeling of hurt and resentment at the transformation in Mark, the air of callous degeneracy he adopted, to suit the swarthy figure of his guest and client. Pete Corder looked exactly what he was, Linda thought. A greasy pimp who made a profitable living out of using girls as sexual assets. Which was just what she felt herself to be whenever he laid those black, lecherous eyes on her. And her demeaned status was painfully highlighted by Marks's casually dismissive attitude. She tried to conjure up sympathy for the flashily attractive brunette whom Corder had brought with him. She was certainly different from the freckled, skinny naivety of Louise, and her air of beaten helplessness. Linda shuddered at the thought of what being 'lent out' meant in the world of Pete Corder and his associates. But then, to her chagrin, she reflected that she and Mark evidently came into that category now, for the pockmarked, slickly gelled pimp was clearly the important client Mark had referred to.

This was made abundantly clear over the course of the next few hours. Peter Corder ran, or had connections with, numerous establishments both in the UK and abroad-clubs, and other more discreet places where all kinds of accommodations could be catered for in the strictest privacy and security. Some very lucrative contracts for the refurbishment of these concerns were on offer, and that was the purpose of this present liaison. Before the second bottle of champagne had been emptied, it was also clear that Linda's role in this deal would be far more personal and unconventional than the duties a PA was normally called upon to perform.

The expensive items which made up the dinner had all been pre-cooked, so that all Linda had to do was unwrap them, warm them in the microwave oven, or present them to be served from the fashionable dining ware. As she was preparing to bring in the dessert dishes, Mark came out to the kitchen. His face was flushed from the wine and spirits, his eyes

shone animatedly. 'I think it's time we cracked the ice a little.' His gaze had that look of intense challenge she had observed before. 'Let's be a bit less formal.' He caught her by the waist, spun her round, and fumbled down the zip at the back of her dress.

'Mark!' she hissed instinctively, but made no struggle as he clawed it rather clumsily down off her narrow hips, so that it fell about her feet. She was wearing a bra and tiny briefs of black lace, with the now customary garter belt and sheer stockings.

"That'll do for now!" he said, and thrust the large tray into her hands. He went ahead of her back into the living room. 'A custom of the household!' he announced, gesturing towards Linda's scantily clad frame. She tried to look poised as she carefully deposited the tray on the dining table. 'We like to relax when we get down to the pudding!' Mark laughed. Peter roared with appreciation. 'Just wait till we come to the brandy and cigars!' Mark added.

Peter reached out and pulled at his companion's slender wrist. 'Hear that? Time you got a bit more relaxed an' all."

'Well. Anything she can do ... ' Delia drawled. She eased back her chair and came round. She went up to Mark, turned her back. 'Could you help me, kind sir?' The zipper on her clinging black gown came down to the curve of her bottom. She shrugged it forward off her upper body, and gave a little wiggle to allow it to fall at her feet. Underneath, she wore only a black thong, a mere cache-sex whose satin triangle snugly fitted her mound. No bra, no stockings, and, as Mark could see from his splendidly close perspective, the fulsome curves of her behind were cheekily unconcealed, and rolled temptingly as she swayed away back to her seat. The generous nipples of her full breasts were peaked. They and the areolae were subtly tinted with cosmetic. The dramatically made up dark eyes held

Linda's pinking gaze. 'Like I said,' she breathed sexily, 'anything you can do ...'

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Linda dipped her face once more to the musky treasure of Delia's proffered sex. Her tongue lapped at the tangy folds about the tight fissure, her nose rubbed against the baby smooth bareness of the swelling mound. She was still startled at the complete hairlessness, the lack of even the minutest bristle to mar the satin softness of the skin. 'Ah-ha! It's bloody painful, and takes a hell of a long time,' Delia had declared when she first revealed her bald mons. 'You have to pluck it first, not shave. Then you slap on a mixture of honey and water, leave it to dry, then you scrape it off. Then cream, then do the whole thing over again, twice! By the time you're finished, your pussy looks more like a baboon's arse. But in a day the soreness has gone, you keep using the cream, and bingo! Lasts for months! And it's sexy as hell! Don't you reckon?' And she pointed the long furrow of her sex at Mark, rotating it lewdly in demonstration of her claim.

That had been several hours ago. Now the candles were guttering, the aromatic oil in the burners was pattering and adding to the pungent odors of perfume and sweat and body fluids. Part of Linda's compartmentalized mind was shocked at the communal orgy she was taking part in. Her sensibility had been badly bruised by Mark's brutal consignment of her to the role of deviant hooker, rather like the svelte frame of the girl she was so busily arousing now. 'Linda's a tongue and finger artist,' Mark told Peter lightly, when both girls had finally shed their scraps of underwear, which were festooned about the low tables and lampshades. 'She was settled in with some butch lass in London before I met her. Isn't that right, love?'

'No, it isn't!' Linda protested, her cheeks burning. 'Not ... I mean ... I didn't know. Not at first. Then she ... well, she started bullying me. Knocking me around. That's why I left.'

Peter was sprawled on one of the settees. Delia was sitting on the floor beside him, her long legs drawn up to her chest. 'You seemed to get on all right with that athlete bird. Kate, was it?' He guffawed. 'She practically had her head and shoulders up your twat, I seem to remember.'

Linda felt the hot tide of shame sweep over her, then the ice-cold sense of humiliation. She remembered Kate's words about their being spied upon, and felt sick at this late confirmation of her fears, for, never, as far as she knew, had she and Kate indulged in any public love play. Unless this obnoxious turd was just saying that to upset her, basing his assumption on what Mark, or maybe someone else at Mrs. Parminter's, had let slip.

Then Delia had uncoiled herself from her partner's side, and reached playfully for Linda's slim ankle, I'm not lez myself, but I can do a bit of bi. Specially if she's as sexy as you. I reckon you're more the fern, yeah? That suits me."

The embarrassed, giggling wrestling had progressed to more meaningful, open displays of arousal. The men had watched avidly, clearly becoming more and more excited, until they, too, crouched naked. It was Peter who insisted on a reversal of roles, and bodily dragged Delia away from Linda's sprawled, supine body. 'Don't be selfish,' he chided, spreading the brunette's long legs, and vigorously pushing Linda on top of her. 'Time you did a bit of muff diving yourself, blondie. A bloke likes to see his bird getting eaten, as well as nibbling herself. Get stuck in, girl!'

Linda's innate modesty had ceased to function. The dizzy rapture and the surge of power she experienced when she began to play the active role in this sex scene took over. She savored the taste and smell, and the texture of Delia's sex, as well as the trembling groans, the lifting of the belly and thighs, the scissorings and writhings of the long legs, that told her the girl was close to a climax. So she gave a plaintive cry of genuine dismay

when she felt herself plucked up by the hips and hauled away from the stretched out frame on the carpet beneath her. She squirmed and struggled until the painfulness of Peter's tight grip kicked in, and brought her to her senses.

'Go on, Mark! Do the honors. Be my guest. I know what she really wants now is just what this little girl of yours can't supply. A good rampant dick, so get stuck in. With my blessing!'

All at once, the old emotions of shock, outrage, and a searing jealousy, flooded back into Linda's consciousness, and once more she fought in earnest, twisting, threshing, kicking out her legs in revulsion, at the awful spectacle unfolding literally under her nose. She saw Mark, his prick rigid and quivering with intent, launch himself upon Delia, whose wildly tousled head tossed back and forth on the floor. Eyes unfocused, she reached down, spreading herself open, bending her knees, searching for Mark's cock, which she seized and brought to that long gash still wet from Linda's ministrations. In an instant they were joined, Delia's loins covered and hidden. Linda saw Mark's exquisite buttocks clench and hollow, his hips thrust and Delia's arched feet pound on that pumping backside as he hammered home and screwed her.

'No!' Linda sobbed wildly. She could feel the slimy penis under her bottom as she squirmed, while the imprisoning arms held her on his lap.

'Watch, you fucking little perv!' Peter growled, his lips pressed against her ear. 'Watch your boyfriend fuck my girl. Look at 'em go! Christ, isn't that a fine sight, eh? Doesn't it make you hot for it?'

'Yes, yes!' Linda sobbed hysterically. Somehow she fought round so that she was hanging half off Peter's knee, her feet slumped on the floor near the shagging couple. Pete's thick, slimy prick prodded at the softness

of her breasts. 'He won't do it to me! He's never done it since he brought me back!' The anguished sobs still tearing her, she scrabbled wildly for that brown, rearing penis, seized the hot shaft, and began to lick and slobber at the gleaming helm. His thick fingers pressed like a clamp about her temples, restraining her frantic movements, exerting control.

'All right, all right, you greedy bitch! Take it easy. You want to suck me, do it properly. And be a good girl. I'll fuck you, don't you worry.'

She did as she was bidden, gulping back her sighs. She stretched her jaws and took him inside, feeling the mighty swell of his dome fill the roof of her mouth, fill her to the back of her throat with his surging manhood. The salty emission flowed thickly over her tongue, her cheeks hollowed deeply as she sucked at him. After a few more minutes, with a savage grunt, he dragged her straining face away from his belly, and she let out a sharp cry of longing. He flung her on her back on the disheveled cushions of the sofa, seized her ankles and bent them right back, trapping her feet over her shoulders, cruelly exposing the whole cleft of her behind and her sex. He knelt, steered his penis to her, held it, and carefully eased his tip into her melting wetness. She shuddered at the slow, inexorable slide of his column deep into her waiting sheath. 'Yes!' she breathed, feeling her grip of him, the convulsive tremor deep within her, as though from far away, heralding the conquering rush of orgasm that mounted, roared right through her, so that she was unaware of her rearing body, her thrashing limbs, or the cry of ultimate sensation that erupted from her arched throat.

She had no idea how long it was before she returned to awareness, felt the agonizing muscle cramps of her folded frame, the long, shuddering, cold withdrawal of him from her, the clammy seepage, and, most scourging of all, the enraptured gaze of the naked couple still enfolded in each other's arms as they sat less than three feet away from her.

'You're sure you don't mind?' Pete asked. 'Only I reckon they need keeping in line. That's what Mrs. P said.'

Mark nodded. 'Go ahead. Save me a job. Anyway, she loves it, really. Don't you, Linda?'

Linda, head down, stared at her feet, watching them blur through the film of tears that came into her eyes. She was standing with her legs apart. Her hands, tightly bound with the thin strip of cloth, rested at her crinkled pubis. 'T said you love it, don't you, Linda?' Mark snapped. Reaching forward, he flicked her left buttock with his stiffened fingertips. She quivered at the brief sting.

'If you say so,' she muttered, like a sulky schoolgirl, keeping her head lowered.

'Mark can have a go at you next,' Peter said to Delia, who was gazing half apprehensively half with excitement at Linda's docile, tethered figure. 'T told her, a spell at Mrs. P's would do her good. What you reckon, Mark? We should give her a taste of it, eh?' He took the free end of the long piece of cloth, flung it over the top of the open door, and wound it tightly round the door handle on the other side before tying it in a knot. Linda's arms were thus stretched above her head. She was facing the wooden panels, her brow and her knees touching them. She felt her nipples harden as they brushed against the wood's coldness. Peter was holding an abbreviated whip. With a short black handle, and three tails, also black, and thin. They were no more than two feet long. 'Just the job,' he pronounced admiringly, after a few trial swishes in the air. He was struck by a sudden thought. 'Hey. No neighbours or anybody about is there? It's a bit late. After midnight.'

'You might get the odd fisherman passing, going down the beach for bait,' Mark answered, unperturbed. 'She won't make a row, though. You

can gag her if you want."

Peter's eyes lit up. 'Just to be on the safe side.' He nodded at Delia. 'Pass me those knicks. And a stocking.'

'No!' Linda's startled protest was out before she could stop it.

Peter chuckled. His thick thumb and forefinger pressed either side of her mouth, holding her in a powerful pincer. Her eyes widened in pain and fear. 'That's a few extra ones you've earned. You'll need the fucking gag, believe me.' He turned to look over his shoulder. 'She's a stropky little cow, this slag of yours, isn't she? You didn't see her. Went mad when she saw you fucking Delia.' He guffawed coarsely. 'Till I stuck a length into her. Then she went mad for a different reason!' As he spoke, he wadded the pair of briefs into Linda's mouth. She knew better than to try to resist, though she gagged at the rough way his fingers forced the soft ball deep to the back of her throat. He bound them in place with the stocking, slipping its thinness between her teeth, knotting it tightly at the back of her head, so that her lips were stretched, pulled back in an undignified grimace. He disappeared from her vision, and she tensed, muscles clenched, in anticipation.

The fire rippled across her bottom, the door banged shut, and she bumped her forehead and knees against the hard wood, though she did not feel the pain against the burning agony throbbing in her behind. The lines of the stroke flared deeply on her pale skin. She swallowed the choking mucus, felt the disgusting cling of the soaked silk in her mouth. The tears and saliva ran in rivulets down her face. Crack! The second stroke bit in at the top of her curving haunches, searing the coccyx, and she jumped spasmodically, rubbing the whole of her front against the unyielding wood. The weird sensation of its hardness on her skin was almost a welcome distraction from the flaring torment. The strangled sobs were trapped in her working throat. 'Mmmff!' she wept powerlessly. She

twisted her head, trying through the blindness of her tears, to catch Mark's eye, to beg him to rescue her. To show mercy.

Crack! She jerked, bumped, twisted and writhed, her knees splaying out alternately, her belly thrusting in a parody of lust against the door's surface. 'Please!' she screamed, in her mind, hearing the gurgled snorts. He was whipping her far too hard. She could not bear any more. Crack! The pain was all redness now, all running wetness and burning, throbbing torment, her skin flayed, blistered. She could no longer move, she felt the cruel bite of the cloth at her wrists, the pull on the sockets of her arms as she hung there, a dead weight now, only juddering when the lashes swirled around her frame, bit deep into her tender flesh, her head going back, her forehead slamming against the wood, at each fire of chastisement. Crack! Crack! Crack!

She was down, crumpled, the burning a steady scorch now, the bonds unfastened. She choked, retching, at the release of the gag, the air wheezing into her heaving chest as fingers plucked with difficulty the soaking wad from her mouth, and the saliva poured from her, and the revolting splutter of snot and tears that coated her face. Hands carried her, gently, laid her face down on the still damp, rumpled cushions where Peter had fucked her. She belonged to him now, her reeling brain told her, and the knowledge was worse than the brand of the whipping that seared her skin. Fucked and flogged. She must belong to him now.

Why was she thinking like this? The thought jarred her back into consciousness. She realized she had been lying there, face down, in a kind of torpor, the voices of the other three unintelligible rumbles. Someone-probably Delia-had put an ice pack on her behind, folding it to fit over the stinging curves. Its coldness had certainly eased and numbed the pain. Again, came the sense of shock at her own mental state, that she could even formulate the idea that the revolting Peter could be her possessor. Of course it was nonsense. All this, the beating and the sex, only proved how completely she belonged to Mark. She was his; it was for him to do as he

pleased with her, to give her casually to someone else, for punishment or for pleasure. She had no right to feel resentment, or shed tears. Not even if he meanwhile wished to avail himself of someone else's body, somebody as lovely as the delicious Delia.

All at once another thought struck her, as she became aware of the lethargy which had overcome her. It took a tremendous effort of will to move even a limb. It felt like she was trapped under water, its weight pressing down on all sides. She recalled how she had felt exactly this way, at the house on the cliff. The physical exhaustion, the foggy mind, the weary, helpless compliance with all that happened to her. She was sure that, yet again, she had been drugged; Mark must have slipped some substance into her drink. After all, they had been imbibing all night long. Probably that poor cow, Delia, too. Not that she would have raised any objection to anything the men might have dreamed up.

Linda felt the tears blinding her vision at the memory of what she had been like only months previously. She had thought of herself as wicked then, with the schoolgirl infatuation with Al Harding, and then her lesbian affair with the domineering Margot. How tame her so called decadence appeared now. Caught in a regime of sadomasochism, surrendering herself, literally body and soul, to a man who held absolute power over her. For an instant, she experienced a breathless sensation of pure terror at what she had allowed to happen. Then her mind seemed to glide over the edge of her fear into a drifting, free-fall state once more, and she watched almost without emotion the scene unfolding before her.

The tall brunette's cries of protest had been muted, scarcely serious, but now she was pleading in genuine alarm, as Mark and Peter held her down easily. Like her verbal protestations, her physical resistance lacked conviction, her long legs kicking almost decorously, her arms moving unconvincingly. She was pinned down, her limbs captured and bound at wrists and ankles, again with strips of cloth, one of which had been that used to tether Linda's wrists. 'Hey! Not so rough! I don't want you to hurt

me.' Her arms had been tied behind her, her ankles strapped tightly together, and she lay on her back, her knees bent, staring up apprehensively.

As she gazed at the trio, Linda was amazed at Mark's apparently total lack of inhibition. Although all four of them were naked, she had not believed he would have permitted himself such unlicensed freedom. He was such an intensely private person. Or so she had thought. She saw his hanging penis, looking vulnerably small and thin, its helm hidden in the collar of foreskin, the neat little bag of his testicles. She felt a sudden stirring of desire deep in her belly, and a keen sense of deprivation that he had not fucked her for weeks now. She was ashamed of the fierce stab of pleasure she took at the thought that Delia would soon suffer a similarly painful punishment to the flogging she had had to endure. It wasn't the girl's fault that Mark had chosen to couple with her, while the odious Peter had so brutally fucked Linda. Not brutal enough to stop you coming out of your mind, you little slut! Her conscience stung her.

Delia was pleading vehemently with them now. Although she was bound hand and foot, her struggles still seemed half hearted somehow, and again Linda wondered if both girls had been given something to induce that insidious, compliant lassitude. Again, half resentfully, she wondered why. It wasn't necessary. Not with her anyhow! Surely Mark must know that by now?

The two men were piling the deep cushions from the armchairs in the middle of the rug, and they bent the weeping figure over them. It was clear from the posture, that splendid bottom raised so temptingly in the air, what was to happen. Linda felt a mean but keen sense of disappointment that the chosen instrument was not to be the wicked lashes of the whip Peter had used on her. Instead, there was an air of homely jokiness about the implements Mark brought from the kitchen-two large spatulas of flexible black plastic.

The two men wielded one each, kneeling either side of their victim and taking one quivering buttock cheek each as target. They struck in turn, each blow made a sharply satisfying splat as it connected, and left its crimson oblong indentation on the clenching rounds beneath. The pink heels jerked up at each rapid slap, the feet, held together by the bonds, writhing and twisting. 'You fucking bastards!' Delia sobbed, her face, down on the rug, as red as the hindquarters that throbbed with the fiery attention they were receiving. 'I'll scream, you ... oww! Oh, oh! No! Please duh ... umph-mmmf!' Her screams were cut off, died to a muffled spluttering, as Peter firmly wedged another piece of discarded underwear into the straining mouth.

Though the marks were not the thin lines of red agony that the whip had produced, Delia's more ample curves were soon glowing hotly over most of their area. Her movements had subsided to an instinctive little jerk at each cracking blow. The muffled sounds descended to a low moaning, the tears streaming forlornly. Both men were visibly aroused when, panting, they stopped the beating.

Peter untied the ankles, left the wrists pinioned at her back. She hung there, not moving, except for the heaving shoulders as the sobs erupted. She coughed and choked when Peter plucked the balled up material from her mouth. He nodded at the proffered backside. 'I think she's ready for another seeing to, Mark. She likes it from behind, don't you, my randy bitch?'

'Fuck off!' Her weeping rejoinder produced only good-natured laughter. 'Go on, Mark. She enjoyed it so much last time.' He turned, took hold of his rearing penis and slowly massaged the impressive column. He pointed it like a weapon at Linda. 'Meanwhile, I think I'll let your tart finish what she started earlier on. She's got a wicked little mouth. And I don't

mean for cursing with, like this one!' As he spoke, he delivered a resounding smack on Delia's hot, raised behind with his open palm.

Mark parted the trailing legs, knelt between the splayed feet, and thrust himself against that throbbing crimson haunch. He felt his prick delightfully enclosed by the deep cleft, then his fingers searched, he guided his helm to the base of that sweet divide, and found the entrance to the well lubricated vagina, into which he drove ecstatically. In spite of the pain she was still suffering, Delia lifted herself in welcome, and soon they were rocking in the rhythm of frantic copulation.

Linda had thought herself unable to move. Peter proved her wrong, and seconds later she knelt submissively, her straining mouth filled with his potent manhood. Transformed, she forgot entirely the stinging of her abused behind, raised prominently now as she bowed between the sprawled, darkly hairy legs, her head bobbing vigorously, her nostrils flaring to take in precious air as she took his rampant prick to the very back of her throat. This time, he did not pull her away. In fact, those powerful hands remained clamped to her tangled hair, holding her inescapably, and the world swam dizzily as she felt the thick surging of his come. Her throat worked desperately, swallowing, gagging, swallowing, until, at last, he released her, and she felt the residue of his discharge spilling down over her tongue and lips, and her chin. He fell back, groaning in weak satiety. Her forehead rested exhaustedly on the floor between his thighs, in a folded stance of obeisance. The tears came, mingled with the sweat and the fluid staining her face, and she felt the burning scourge of shame like the thick vomit that rose in her throat, and which she fought desperately to prevent from spewing forth.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

In spite of the beautifully sunny weather, and the fact that it was Sunday, the stretch of white sand, flanked on the landward side by the long

lines of dunes crested with tall clumps of rustling, dry grass, was practically deserted. Only the odd solitary dog walker, or couple, was to be seen in the distance. Linda was astonished that such a fine stretch of unspoilt beach could be so unpopulated, but then she reflected that this was a splendidly remote region of coastline, far from any tourist fleshpots. There was quite a stiff breeze blowing, but it was warm, and Linda was glad of its cleansing effect, both on her aching body and her cobwebbed mind.

She had woken to find herself sprawled face down across the foot of the bed; a bed screamingly empty of its other usual occupant. She lay for a long time, trying to pull the events of the long evening and night together, to get them into some semblance of order through the throbbing, wine induced headache, and the stinging painfulness of other, lower parts of her anatomy. The marks of the whipping, when she eventually summoned the courage and energy to drag herself up from the tumbled bed, stood out vividly on the white curve of her behind. Her genital area, swollen and scoured by the vigorous attentions of the pockmarked Peter, was scarcely less painful.

She moved like a crone down the stairs, to the wreck of the kitchen, and put on the coffee pot. The sun streamed through the windows onto the scene of debauch-the scattered articles of clothing, the glasses and bottles, the cushions still heaped on the floor, with the scraps of cloth that had been used to tie the girls, and the sinister snake of the whip Peter had used so devastatingly on her. She tried to rekindle a sense of the hurt and betrayal she had felt towards Mark for so carelessly handing her over, but once again that strange, apathetic weariness consumed her as she dragged herself about dully, restoring some order to the chaos. It took a long time. The coffee pot was gurgling, and exuding its fragrance long before she had finished. Only then did she think about setting out to discover the whereabouts of the other three.

She was not surprised to find them in an untidily entwined bundle, naked limbs and bodies sandwiched intimately, in the other bedroom. Like

the faithful slave she had become, she obediently brought them a tray of coffee and toast. She even ran the bath at the behest of the decidedly unglamorous figure of Delia, who crawled from the restraining arms of her two companions to share the perfumed suds with Linda. They sat gingerly and platonically at either end of the modern tub, and savored the caress of the warm water on their tired flesh.

It was afternoon before they had bestirred themselves sufficiently to dress and to head outdoors to sample the magnificent location. Linda wore one of her thinnest summer dresses, with nothing underneath. Its hem hardly covered her thighs, and she rejoiced at the coolness of the air stirring round her sore bottom, and her sex. The taller, fuller figure of Delia was covered by a cotton crop top and a denim skirt even briefer than Linda's mini-dress. It scarcely hid the reddened patches on her buttocks, which were, like Linda's, devoid of any other concealment.

The men were deep in business, heads together. Linda reflected with a private shudder of distaste how incongruous Peter Corder looked in this natural setting. His hair glittered with the gel he plastered on it, rising in a series of tight black waves to a peak which reminded her, appropriately enough, of a coxcomb. The swarthy, pitted features were highlighted unpleasantly by the bright sun, while his slim frame looked out of place in the designer sports shirt and stylishly casual slacks. Proudly, she thought how contrastingly handsome Mark was, how much at home in this wonderful setting.

The girls, arms linked, dropped behind a little. Delia's dark head bent confidently towards Linda, her voice lowered. All at once, Linda forgot the twinge of resentment she had felt at being excluded from the men's earnest conversation. 'Listen,' the tall girl murmured. 'How come you got mixed up in all this?' She gave a little nod towards the men. 'It's a bloody weird set-up, isn't it?'

Linda flushed. 'Mark and me.' She paused. She wanted to say simply, I belong to him, but she didn't. 'We're an item. We've been together quite a while now.'

'Oh yeah?' The scornful disbelief was evident in Delia's tone. 'That's why he let Pete whip you, and shag the arse off you? Why he took great delight in watching you gobble him?'

'Yes!' Linda fired back before she could prevent herself. 'It's different. We ...' she floundered, coloring up again. 'Anyway,' she resumed spitefully, 'that's more or less what he did with you. I mean-let Mark do.'

'Yeah,' Delia answered slowly, with no sign of resentment at Linda's tone. 'But I mean. I'm in it for the money, aren't I? That's what I get paid for, for all the kinky extras. And I make plenty, believe me,' she added defensively. 'But you're not on the game, are you? It looks different to me. You and him.' She nodded again towards Mark.

Linda stopped dead, staring at her. 'You mean-you're getting paid for all this?'

'You're damned right I am!' Delia tugged at Linda's arm, pulling her along with her. She glanced up ahead at the two men. 'And I earn every penny!' she muttered darkly. She lowered her voice still further. 'But what's the score with you and Mark then? You're just doing it for kicks?'

Linda sensed the incredulity, and disbelief, in her voice. 'Well, I get paid, too. We live together. I'm his partner. In everything. Business as well as everything else. I'm his personal assistant, I suppose you'd call it. His Girl Friday.'

'His bloody slave more like!' Delia answered roundly. 'Listen, sweetie, if you take my advice you want to get out of this sick set-up. The sooner the better.' She patted her buttocks meaningfully. 'Before you get really hurt. I tell you-Pete can be real scary. I've known him quite a while. I know girls who've been totally fucked up once he's got hold of them. Some just disappear. Nobody hears any more about them.'

Probably end up tied to a bed in some whore house in the Far East or somewhere!' 'But you 're here with him!'

Delia gave a hard laugh. 'Sure thing. But my boss-the agency I work for-knows all about it. She knows where I am, and just when I'm due back. And it's in her interest to make sure I'm returned safe and sound. After all, she gets a bloody fortune out of me-and the other girls.' She paused, squeezed Linda's arm encouragingly. 'You should give it a whirl. I could introduce you to Karen-our boss. Good-looking girl like you, and into the SM stuff! That's where you make the real dosh. It's better than being on the game. A lot safer, believe it or not. You don't have to screw your arse off to earn a decent living.'

Linda said nothing. She was still shocked at the revelation that the dark haired girl was nothing more than a prostitute.

'What's this place they're on about? This house. Mrs. P's, is it? What goes on there? Pete keeps saying it'd do me good. Not!'

She was staring curiously at Linda, who could feel herself reddening. 'I was warned not to talk about it.' She went on quickly, over Delia's rising protest. 'A lot of what we got last night. You know. CP. Pretty heavy stuff. They take your clothes away as soon as you get there. They're very strict. There's girls there who run it. They do the beatings. Every day, at first. Morning and night.'

Now it was the taller girl who stopped in her tracks. 'And you let them do all that, for fuck's sake? You really are kinky, aren't you?'

Linda blushed fiercely. 'I didn't know-Mark just took me. He didn't tell me anything. I thought it was like ... you know. Something to do with the business. It was ... to teach me discipline. A kind of test. Of loyalty.' She was hot with embarrassment, felt the other girl's scorn for her perversity.

It was present in Delia's tone as she continued her probing. 'And is it right that he doesn't even fuck you, your lord and master? I gather from last night, he hasn't shagged you for weeks. So just what the hell are you getting out of it, Linda?'

'It doesn't matter. I mean ... of course he's ... we've done it. Loads of times. Only not since he brought me back from Mrs. P's. It's all right. It's not that important ... '

Delia's mocking laugh was a stinging reproof to her lie. 'Oh yeah! You don't fool me, sweetheart! You don't fool anyone, with those great big baby blues filling up every time you look at him.' Linda felt Delia's fingers dig with mean pressure into the softness of her upper arm. 'But I guess you even get some sort of thrill from that as well, don't you? Being deprived of your master's cock, or seeing him stuffing some other bitch while you stand there hot as hell and dripping all over the carpet! You really are one sick little psycho, aren't you?'

Linda was deeply hurt by the vehemence of Delia's attack, all the more so because it touched so close to the dark and painful truth. She smouldered with secret resentment. When their guests had retired in the late afternoon, to catch up on some much needed sleep after the exertions of the previous night, under Mark's seemingly casual but searching

interrogation Linda was soon tearfully confessing the shameful details of her conversation with Delia. 'And does it?' he asked keenly.

'What?'

'Does it thrill you? To watch me stuffing some other bird, as our professional friend so charmingly puts it?'

'I ... I ... ' she opened and closed her mouth helplessly, her face burning. Finally, she shook her head, lowered her gaze miserably. 'No,' she whispered abjectly. 'It doesn't thrill me at all.'

'It does me. Not so much me shagging someone else,' he elaborated, savouring the naked expression of pain that appeared on her tear stained face, 'as seeing you being well and truly shafted by some stud. But never mind, my love,' he went on, with a beatific smile so at odds with the cruelty he had just delivered. 'Tonight you shall have your revenge on whorish Delia, I promise. Just make sure you steer clear of the champagne, and see that she ladles it down her throat. We'll make her swallow a lot more than that before the dawn comes up!'

Far from savouring the sweetness of revenge, by ten o' clock Linda was writhing under the scourge of even greater degradation. Mark had brutally insisted that she wear only a pair of her darkest sheer stockings, stiletto heels, and the flimsiest of her lace suspender belts, while she prepared and served the meal in the lamp lit living room. Worse still, Delia was 'fully dressed', in a gown of clinging silk that moulded flowingly with her figure. Though fully dressed seemed highly inappropriate, for Linda and the two men were aware that beneath the ankle length dress, Delia wore nothing. Her unfettered breasts moved enticingly beneath the low neckline, while the generous nipples thrust revealingly against the thin sheen of the material. The luscious curves and cleft of her bottom were equally

highlighted, until she temporarily hid them by taking her seat at the eloquently set table. 'My word. You make a great little housemaid, Linda,' she purred malevolently. 'And so cute in that outfit. I swear! If I was gay, I'd have you over this table cloth before we'd finished the soup course.'

'Come on, Delia. Sup up!' Mark urged. He nodded towards her glass. 'Linda. Fill our guest's glass up. It's a very special vintage.' Linda remembered Mark's words earlier, and replenished the empty goblet.

'Ooh, you wicked man! You're trying to get me pissed! And you're succeeding, too. Why am I the only one drinking champagne?'

'We men need something a bit more full bodied. Keep our red blood flowing, eh?' He indicated his own and Peter's glass, which Linda dutifully topped up from the dark bottle of red wine. 'And we can't have the housemaids drinking with the guests, can we?' he added with a laugh. He reached over and gave a little tug on the neat tuft of Linda's pubis, prominently on display. Instinctively, she twitched her hips away, and was half blinded by the sudden tears which sprang to her eyes.

She saw that she was increasingly becoming the butt of the others' malicious humour as the leisurely meal progressed. She felt a keen sense of betrayal at Delia's eagerness to join in with the other two, and clung grimly to the promise Mark had made earlier in the day concerning the dark haired girl. It was a painfully long time in coming, but gradually Linda began to see the wisdom in Mark's warning about keeping off the champagne. By the time the dinner was over, Delia had grown much quieter. Her cheeks were flushed, and her manner seemed almost somnolent. When they moved through to the sprawling comfort of the sofa and the deep armchairs, she swayed, and almost fell into the embracing softness of the cushions. She swung her bare feet up over one of the upholstered arms, allowing the gown to slide back from her long,

shapely legs. 'Jesus! I feel bloody queer. I don't know ... ' The black hair swung back and forth as she shook her head.

'Reckon your bird needs something to wake her up. Make her sit up and take notice.' Mark grinned at Peter Corder. 'She's been having a go at mine all night. What say we let Linda loose? I know she's been dying to get her hands on that sexy body of hers. But first, my love ... ' he turned his gaze on Linda, ' ... I think you ought to teach her a little discipline, eh? The kind you learned at Mrs. P's.' He winked at Peter, who was sprawling back in a deep armchair, and waved in acquiescence.

Delia's tousled head lifted from its resting place. 'What? That dormouse? Sorry, I mean doormat! That sick little cow couldn't fight her way out of a wet paper bag!'

Her brave words, she found, could not be substantiated by action. The lethargy which she had felt stealing over her throughout the evening now robbed her of the last of her draining willpower. Encouraged by the eager men, Linda, on the other hand, felt herself stirred with an altogether unaccustomed thrill of aggression and power. Delia could not even keep back the weakening fit of weeping as Linda advanced on her, grabbed her by that long mane and hauled her slithering onto the carpet from the depths of the sofa. The pale feet sawed helplessly at the air as, with a grunting effort, Linda knelt and tore the deep blue silk up from the waving limbs.

Mark came forward with the strips of cloth they had used the previous evening. 'Keep still!' he barked, and nodded to Linda, who, without any help, bound Delia's wrists tightly, then captured and tied her ankles. 'Put her over the back of the settee,' Mark ordered. He did not offer to help, but sat back with Peter, enjoying the exotic spectacle of the slighter figure, in her brief costume of stockings and garter belt, struggling to drag the trussed, naked girl along by the ankles round the sofa, then haul her up,

grunting and straining with the effort, until she was doubled over the high back. Mark tossed her a table napkin. 'You'd better make sure she keeps quiet.' Linda reached down, seized the black hair, which was spilling down over the cushions below, and dragged the head back up. The cords stood out on the long throat as Delia opened her mouth in a cry of pain, and Linda stuffed in the linen square, forcing it until it blocked her victim's mouth entirely, pouching out the red and glistening cheeks and effectively cutting the scream of protest to a muffled gurgle.

The instrument Linda used was the abbreviated whip Peter had used on her the previous night. She was herself startled at the strength of the physical excitement pulsing through her when she swung back her arm and delivered the first swishing blow. The tethered heels came up from the floor, the full buttocks clenched and hollowed, the dark head lifted and the shoulders writhed in a quiver of agony. The thin dark lines appeared on the already bruised curves, standing out lividly.

'What you trying to do? Tickle her to death?' Peter Corder taunted. Linda drew back her arm and struck again, harder, and heard the choking grunt of pain. The pink rounds of the heels jerked again, a huge sob shook the lithe frame, which relaxed in sagging defeat. Linda experienced a savage delight, had an almost irresistible craving to caress herself between the legs with the plaited handle. Instead, she gripped it tightly and struck again, already more expertly. Delia's bottom was crisscrossed now with those snaking trails of thin fire, the black hair was tossing tormentedly on the cushions, the twin shoulder blades prominent beneath the creamy skin as she twisted and sobbed.

Linda stopped after a few more cutting slashes. Her excitement was still flaring, but she had no more wish to inflict that kind of cruel punishment. And as though reading her mind, Mark appeared again, this time carrying a long plastic box. Her eyes widened in amazement when she saw its contents. He took out a fearsomely realistic replica of an enormous, engorged penis, with great dome, and long, thick, veined shaft. It was flesh

coloured, and made of stiffened but flexible latex. It was affixed to a curved, concave shield designed to fit over the pudenda of its female wearer. How cleverly designed it was Linda soon discovered, when, at Mark's order, she slipped it on. She fastened the thin leather belt at her belly, and the thinner straps which passed around the tops of her thighs, and through the divide of her bottom to fit onto the belt at the back, thus holding it securely in place against the most vigorous of action. Only then did she realize how cunningly it had been made to give dual pleasure, to the recipient of the rampant phallus, and the operator. A carefully shaped narrow lip slotted snugly into the crevice of the wearer's labia, at the top end of which was a raised knob, small enough to wedge tightly into the upper folds, and to exert arousing pressure around the vicinity of the clitoris, its frothing caresses growing increasingly stimulating the more the wearer imitated the thrustings of intercourse.

Delia's limbs were untied. Red indentations showed at wrists and ankles. She was crying softly now, she hardly seemed aware of what was happening or of what was about to, as Mark half carried her to the cleared dining table and laid her roughly on her back, so that her scorching backside hung on its very edge and her sprawling legs hung down to the floor. She probably thought that he was the one who was going to mount her when he spread her thighs wide and held up her legs by the backs of her knees, so that it was a scream of genuine shock, as well as fresh agony, when she felt herself brutally speared by the invasive plunge of the dildo which parted the soft tissue and filled her moist fissure to the brim.

Linda, roused also by the movement in her own sex at each thrust, jerked urgently. The sodden wedge of cloth had been removed from Delia's mouth, and she cried at each burning lunge, but it was a low, keening groan, in which the pain and pleasure were indissolubly mixed. Her knees were raised higher, she gripped the slim, driving hips, offering deeper access to her vagina, and Linda strained forward, until their breasts brushed together, and the pubic bones clashed at their intimate union.

'Fuck me! I want some of this!' Peter murmured, entranced. He stumbled, shedding his trousers and underpants as he moved, and settled between Delia's upturned feet. His prick was iron hard. He guided its wet tip through the deep cleft of Linda's pumping bottom. His fingers clawed the damp, slender strap of leather aside sufficiently for him to gain access, not to the wetly pulsating vagina which was protected by the curve of the shield, but to the tight, tiny pucker of her other, tighter orifice. Too late, Linda realized what was happening behind her, to her anus. The resistant ring of muscle was penetrated, she felt its convulsive grip, then its yielding to the driving force of the human appendage which blocked it. Carried over the threshold of sensation by the plastic nub gnawing at her enflamed core, and the feel of the long phallus burrowed into the receptive Delia, she yelped at the power of the climax stirring through her. Her cry was echoed by the frenzied figure beneath her, whose belly lifted in climactic surrender to its own crescendo, while the deeper tone of the ringing exclamation from over her shoulder was a counterpoint to the surging flood of the release she felt deep within.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The torrid heat enveloped Linda as soon as she stepped out of the air-conditioned comfort of the small plane. It beat down with exotic ferocity, striking through the thin stuff of her clothing. She felt its power stirring her northern blood. She was grateful for the dark glasses. She stepped carefully down the short flight of steps, felt the heat of the pitted tarmac burn up through the thin soles of her open sandals. At the far side of the runway, the pale desert scrub shimmered in the dancing air, while beyond the airport buildings, she could see the thin line of peacock-blue sea merging with the hazy sky. In the near distance was the thrusting silhouette of the ugly, utilitarian hotels and apartment blocks which had gone soaring up in the past few years. Al-Araf was still a new resort on this northern arm of the Red Sea, just across the border from Israel, and only a few miles from Eilat. It was not a scene which Linda found easy to associate

with business, but that was what they were here for. And important business, too.

"This is a vital contract,' Mark had confided the day before, as he lolled back in the armchair, and she crouched between his spread knees, servicing him with her mouth in the slow and skilful manner which he liked. And which she liked, too, her bobbing head working away, extending the tingling sensation of stretched out pleasure, her face gleaming with their fluids until the unmistakable grip of fingers would indicate the surging moment of his release and her mouth would stretch wide in worshipful acceptance of his blessing. 'We get into this deal and we'll be really in. All over the Middle East."

When they had both cleaned up, and she sat in her accustomed position at his feet, her head resting on his thigh, his hand toying with her hair, he resumed speculatively. 'Nasser Al-Dawi is one of the most influential men around. If we get the contract for the Paradise, we'll get every new club that opens. Egypt, Jordan, the Gulf. Who knows? I might even have to leave you out there to manage our eastern operations."

He laughed at the look of alarm which had spread over her face. Then he gazed down at her seriously, and, to her trembling joy, he pulled her up onto his knee. Their naked bodies entwined, she laid her head on his thin chest, and quivered with happiness at the feel of his hand toying with her breasts, pulling and teasing at her nipples. 'We have to be ready to do anything to fix this deal. Anything. You understand?'

She felt her insides hollow, and she shivered now with a different sensation as the import of his words sank in. But she whispered submissively, 'Yes, Mark. I understand."

His words, and the unpleasant sensations they had aroused, were determinedly pushed aside as she savored the novelty of their arrival in this exotic corner of the globe. Their hotel room, on the tenth floor, was luxurious, opulent even, complete with adjoining sunken bath, and gold plated taps. The bed, with its voluminous drapes, was like something from the Arabian Nights. Gratefully, she stepped under the tepid shower, with its scrolled designs on the glass screens. She was hoping he would join her, but he remained sprawling, still dressed except for his shoes, on the wide bed. Drying herself, she came running through back into the bedroom, anxious to share her excitement at the luxury of their surroundings. She squealed, came to a full stop, at the wide eyed, appreciative stare of the slim, olive skinned boy in white drill uniform of shorts and jacket, who had just placed a tray of drinks on the table.

Linda crossed her arms over her breasts, squeezed her thighs together, frozen on the cool tiles, on which her feet left damp imprints. 'Oh! I'm sorry ... '

'Don't go!' Mark's command stopped her dead, even as she was turning.

'I'm sorry!' she babbled, crimson faced. 'I didn't know ... didn't hear ...'
'She gazed pleadingly at Mark, who smiled brightly.

'Don't worry. I'm sure Ali's seen plenty of European ladies, eh? This is our room boy. Ali, this is my partner. Miss Linda. What do you think? She's pretty, yes?'

'Oh no, sir. She is mumtaz. Beautiful. Beautiful lady.' His dazzling white teeth flashed in a grin. Linda's head spun at the surreal quality of this scene. The smiling, boyishly handsome servant in his immaculate white

uniform. Mark sprawled at ease on the silk coverlet. She crouched like some classically posing nymph, naked in the centre of the large room.

'Ali's brought us some cold drinks. Here you are, my dear. This will cool you off a little.' He held up a beaded glass, filled with a sparkling liquid and bedecked with pieces of fruit.

'But ... but ... ' she glanced helplessly at him, while he smiled mercilessly and lifted the glass higher. With a little gasp, she moved awkwardly to the bed, close to the pop-eyed servant, her shoulders hunched, and took the proffered glass. Hastily, she sat on the edge of the bed and crossed one leg over the other, squeezing her thighs tightly together and leaning forward to hide as much as she could of the brown patch of pubic hair. She failed conspicuously to appear at ease as she sipped at the ice cold drink.

'Right. Thanks, Ali. I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of you.' Mark dropped a handful of coins on the tray. He chuckled. 'I don't think you could see much more of Linda, eh?'

After a dip in the pool, they ate lunch on the terrace. Clad in the minimal cover of her dark brown bikini, and aware of the waiters' discreetly admiring looks, Linda accepted the foolishness of her oversensitivity at being observed naked. It was something she would rapidly have to get used to, she acknowledged, not without some private feelings of grief. She would be glad to spend the rest of her days unclothed, willing to be as lewd as Mark wished her to be, if only it could all be for his eyes only, for his private delectation. But she had already had the lesson brought painfully home to her, at Mrs. Parminter's and at that cottage up on the northern coast, that Mark regarded her body as his possession, to do with as he chose. And not only for pleasure, but as a valuable tool for business.

It was useless and foolish of her to be shocked or hurt by his careless and public use of her. The odious Delia had been right. She was his slave, to be disposed of as he wished. That was what she herself had opted for, so why should she be shocked when he decided to use her as he pleased? But she could not help her inner feelings, any more than she could help the deep hurt she suffered at his continued denial of sex to her, allowing her only the benison of using her hands and mouth on him to bring him the sexual relief he needed daily.

Now, after their post-lunch nap, she found that he had devised yet another way of entertaining himself with her. Blushing with embarrassment, she did as he bade her, and pulled on a short, simple wraparound of semi-transparent material over her nakedness and ran the public gauntlet of a trip along the corridor, and down in the lift to the hotel's beauty salon on the ground floor. Her embarrassment increased as she realized he was going to stay with her throughout the lengthy treatment he had booked. She was relieved to find that the attendant was a strikingly beautiful girl with a cafe-au-lait complexion, a cloudy mass of black hair and perfectly even white teeth. 'We start with oil massage.' She seemed totally unfazed by Mark's presence. He had seated himself in a plastic chair against one wall. 'You keep knickers on if you wish,' the girl advised, reaching for the ties at Linda's waist. 'Oh well. That's OK,' she giggled, when she saw that Linda wore nothing beneath. 'Up on bench, please. My name is Leila. We start with back and shoulder, and bum. Is good.'

Soon, Linda's body felt both incredibly relaxed and tinglingly alive. The girl's soothing fingers and knuckles worked firmly from the base of her neck, downward, smoothing in the fragrant oil, over the sloping shoulders, into the hollow of the back, the strokes fanning outward, taking away the tensions, yet stirring the fluttering excitement deep in the base of Linda's belly. The hands did not touch the buttocks, but moved to the backs of her thighs, then the curves of calf muscles, the rounds of heels, finally the pads of the soles of the feet, and the toes, thumbs and fingers rolling each one,

pulling and pressing, while Linda lay there, shivering with this entrancing stimulation. A long ago remembered game, from infancy, drifted into her mind. 'This little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed at home ... '

Finally, the hands moved up to the tight little rounds of her behind, dug in deeply. She felt the central divide being pulled apart, the cheeks flattened as Leila bore down on them, the heels of her palms moving the resilient flesh. Linda felt the hardness of the bench surface through the thin padding pressing against her pelvis, felt the sudden acceleration of desire pulsing away, was briefly alarmed by the thought that the girl would be aware of her dampening arousal. She was aware, too, of Mark's silent presence and visualized his gaze fixed remorselessly on her gleaming, pale nudity, so pliant under this lovely girl's hands, and the thought made her excitement beat even more stridently.

There was a sharp, audible slap on her left buttock. 'Turn over, please. I do you front now.'

Linda obeyed, felt the hot glow of colour mounting, turned her head in the opposite direction from where Mark sat, closed her eyes. Her heart was racing. Surely the girl would feel it, hear it even. It was pounding in her ears. She felt the slippery fingers glide over her shoulders, and down her arms, the pressure of thumbs on the pulse points of her wrists, the strong fingers fanning out, mirroring hers, holding her down, arms pinioned. Then they left her, the girl cradled her waist in a thrilling intimacy, moved up, holding her rib cage. Linda sighed, shivered, drew in a deep breath, and felt her breasts quiver. The hands cupped them, enfolded them lightly, stroked them with firm tenderness, and Linda's thighs stirred, she squirmed slightly, forced herself to stillness. The pressure tightened, squeezed the soft rounds against the hardness of the ribs beneath. Linda grunted, Leila leaned in close, so that Linda could feel her body touching. 'Ts good,' the girl breathed, in a slow, caressing whisper. Linda could smell her perfume, and the musk of their combined body odors, the sweet, femininity exuding from them, intimately linking them.

The hands left her breasts, whose nipples ached with tingling erection, and moved to the hollow of the stomach, fingers pressing, fanning out towards the prominent hip bones, and down towards the crinkled tuft of brown body hair, and the swelling, throbbing mound beneath. The fingers spread, stopped just at the line of curls, then descended to the rounding of the thighs, and so, slowly, down the legs, to the knobs of the knees, the shins, the delicate jut of ankles, the narrow arches of the feet to the toes again.

Linda was struggling to control her breathing, and her trembling, which she guessed must be visible. The throb in her sex was sweetly agonizing. She felt the nearness of the girl once more bending close. 'I can give relieving massage,' she murmured heavily.

It was Mark's voice who answered. 'I think you'd better,' he said dryly.

Leila moved away, and Linda waited, tensed with shame and with longing. She heard a faint buzzing noise. 'I use small vibrator,' Leila said. Linda felt a sudden rush of disappointment, like sitting in a vehicle which hits a sudden decline. The relief was swift, and clinical, but it did the trick. Linda felt the spread palm land on the softness of her belly, and the tingling sensation of the small disc vibrator Leila held in her hand. It spread its titillating tremors throughout Linda's loins, increasingly so as Leila moved it in small circles on her palpitating flesh, widening her movements until Linda could not help but follow them, her hips twisting slightly. The palm moved down, the vibrator pressed on the pubic bone, the tone of its purring deepening, hardening, and Linda shivered, her limbs stretched, the muscles tensing until they could be seen under the skin. Her toes curled and flexed, and she let out a smothered sigh. For just a fraction of a second, Leila's other hand lay on the top of Linda's inner thigh, and the short nails grazed against the fold of Linda's outer labia. She felt the sudden surge of orgasm, the spasming of her vagina, and her thighs

scissored fractionally, her belly lifted a little. Leila pressed again, harder, causing Linda to grunt, and the orgasm surged again briefly, soared to its peak and died. Linda was panting, her breasts heaving, and her body relaxed; she felt the strain and the tension die away. She closed her eyes against the tears she felt prick behind the lids.

"There!" said Leila, with brisk professionalism. She smiled at Mark, moved away. She went to the basin in the corner and began to wash her hands. 'When you ready you get up. Shower. Next door. Then we do the mud. Mud is good. Is better than the mud the Yehudi use from the Dead Sea.'

Linda took her time in the warm shower, savouring its caressing flow in the relaxed aftermath of the climax the beautiful masseuse had induced. Wrapped in the white bath wrap, Linda returned next door to find Leila waiting for her, with a smile that held more than a hint of mischief. She had removed the crisp white overall, to reveal a plain white bikini, which showed off her exquisite figure and her tan complexion to perfection. A large plastic basin, half filled with a grey paste, stood on a white sheet, which had been spread on the floor.

'OK, Linda. Step in, please. This very good for you.' She indicated the basin. Feeling particularly foolish under Mark's amused gaze, Linda let the towel fall, and did as Leila had bidden. She felt the cool, jelly-like mixture envelop her feet and ankles. It had a strong, chemical smell about it which was close to being unpleasant. At once, the black haired girl knelt, and began firmly plastering the mud up over Linda's calves and knees. She worked steadily, making sure that the skin was thickly and evenly covered with the gooey fluid, which adhered easily, until Linda's limbs, to the tops of her thighs were uniformly covered in the grey mud.

Linda tried to stifle the gasp as Leila's hands slid between her thighs, and the fingers pressed upon her labia, coating her sex, spreading the stuff

firmly in every crevice, and over the pad of her mons, until the tuft of her pubis was stickily covered. Then the hands moved to her buttocks, the fingers thrusting invasively into the cleft, making sure that no trace of white skin was left showing, the resilient globes rotating under the firm strokes. By now, Leila's forearms were thickly stained, while the white cups of her bikini top and the tiny briefs were spattered with dark spots. Linda was forced to acknowledge, despite her embarrassment, the rekindling of excitement at this ritual daubing, the firm strokes of Leila's hands on her body. The girl lathered the belly and narrow waist, then slowly worked over the soft breasts, and up to the delicate hollowing of shoulders, and the base of the neck.

Leila was standing now. She paused, her dark eyes shining, her teeth flashing at her grin. Linda stood there, her frame up to that slim white neck transformed by the gleaming grey mud. 'I go all the way, yes?' Leila asked eagerly, and Linda knew she was addressing Mark.

'Of course!' he grinned. 'From top to toe.'

The mortified Linda struggled to hold back the tears, scuffling and spluttering for breath, as those wicked, nimble fingers quickly smothered her pale face with the glutinous muck, until even vision was denied by the sealing layers which gummed her eyelids. Not content with this, the last handfuls were scooped up, and plastered onto her hair, until it stood in thick, slimy ropes of unbecoming grey, to match the rest of her. Only then, very carefully, did Leila take a moist cleansing pad and scrape away the mud from Linda's eyes, so that they stood out palely, along with the pale pinkness of her lips, to add to the comically grotesque appearance.

She did not share in the evident amusement of both Leila and Mark, when she squelchingly lifted her feet clear of the bowl and stood on the stained sheet. Already, she could feel the mud beginning to set stiffly, pressing like a mask about her. As a final humiliating touch, Leila quickly

enfolded her in several huge sheets of transparent material, so that she felt like a cling-wrapped turkey bound for the oven. These were bound in place by broad swathes of parcel tape, wound round her neck and waist, and thighs and ankles, enhancing the effect of imprisoning bonds.

'We leave maybe twenty minutes,' Leila said. She moved to a washbasin by the wall and scrubbed the mud from her arms and hands.

'Well, we don't want to waste all that time, do we?' Mark moved towards her, in what Linda was sure was a well rehearsed conversation. He was already reaching for the fastener at the back of the girl's bra top while her hands were still busy with the towel.

'It cost you two hundred dollar more,' she answered. She turned and the top fell away, to reveal her splendidly proportioned breasts. The nipples were large, and erect, thrusting from the exotically dark areolae.

'We've got to do something to keep my poor partner amused,' he murmured thickly. He grabbed Leila's hands and pulled her roughly to the high massage bench. He pushed her backwards and she moved accommodatingly. Mark hastily shrugged off his slacks and under briefs. His penis thrust out rampantly from beneath the short casual shirt. Leila's hips lifted to assist him as he quickly tugged down the white briefs. Linda saw the paleness of the triangle, the hairlessness of the mound which raised itself invitingly towards the advancing helm of Mark's prick. Linda watched those competent fingers scrabble briefly, guide him into her, saw the jutting knees, the upthrust to meet his downward plunge as he sank deeply into her. Saw the arched, pale feet come up, to meet over Mark's dimpled, pumping behind, and heard the grunt and sigh of fulfilment from each of them as they took up the rhythm of copulation. Linda felt her vaginal muscles spasm sharply with desire, and pure envy. The tears gathered, spilled, and were held at the crusted, coated base of her eyelids, while the

weirdly wrapped and plastered figure stood dumbly and watched the threshing couple fuck to the passionate frenzy of mutual climax.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Linda watched as the voluptuous figure of the dancer shimmied up to Mark. The tiny metal discs sewn onto her brief costume shimmered and sparkled in the dim lighting, the ripe brown breasts quivered close to Mark's smiling face as she bent forward, presenting them for his inspection. The rounds were bare almost to the nipple. A bead sparkled in the deep eye of the navel, at the centre of the curve of the belly, exposed to where Linda supposed the line of pubis would lie. The tiny triangle, overlaid with those glinting discs, hugged the outline of the mound, which was proffered blatantly to Mark. The muscles stood out on the statuesque brown thighs, parted provocatively as she posed, knees slightly bent, and rotated her charms almost literally under Mark's nose. He reached forward, and stuffed the tightly rolled bank notes into the upper edge of the cache-sex, where others already nestled, and the dancer backed away, the bells rattling at her ankles, her bare feet stamping, the strong toes curling on the richly woven rugs spread over the uneven surface inside the tent.

The whole setting was romantically foreign, the stuff of Hollywood-inspired dreams, but Linda was too tightly wound up, her stomach shredded by nerves, to appreciate the exotic scene. She had to admit to her surprise at the conventionality of the entertainment thus far. The richly varied meal, spread before them on the floor, while they reclined on piles of cushions, trying to appear at ease, though privately she thought it was an uncomfortable way to eat. The thick black, syrupy coffee, with its powerful scent of cardamom, served from the traditional pots, with their long, swan curved spouts. Even the dancers, in their brief costumes, twirling and shaking to the shrill, soaring eastern music, discordant to their western ears, yet throbbing with its sensual message.

Their chief host, Nasser al-Dawi, looked sinisterly attractive in his Arab dress; so different from the suave, powerful businessman he had seemed earlier, when she had first met him, in his light cotton suit, impeccably styled. Even then, she had repressed a frisson of fear at the way his dark eyes had passed slowly over her, appraising, seeing beneath the clothing, beneath even the flesh and bones to her very spirit, she had felt. That's what had made her so afraid; a fear that had never left her entirely since, for she knew what part she would be called upon to play in this strange association into which Mark had entered.

It was not until many of the guests had departed, and the whisky bottles appeared, to circulate, disappear, then be replaced, that the nature of the diversions changed dramatically. A girl of stunning Nordic beauty appeared, and began a writhing, explicit dance routine, to taped music much more familiar to those few westerners still present-Linda and Mark, and two or three other males, who were clearly favoured members of a tight inner circle of influence. But there was no doubt who led in this territory. The blonde girl's eyes were on Nasser as she kicked her long legs and twisted, and gradually divested herself of every item of alluring clothing, until she stood, and bent, and displayed every intimate inch of her lovely body to her vociferously admiring audience.

The naked figure was then joined by another, an ebony black girl of fine-featured beauty and an extreme slenderness which would have done justice to the fashion catwalks. This girl was also dressed in western style evening gown, and dainty lingerie. This was peeled slowly from her by her blonde counterpart, while she feigned coy reluctance, and even a feeble kind of resistance, until the last garment, a satin thong, was dragged from her and her lithe frame was bent over a camel stool. Wrists and ankles were secured, and the girl with the white-gold hair then proceeded to lash the tight little haunches of her captive, with a short strap. This was the most realistic part of the whole performance, for it soon became clear, by both sound and vision, that the vigour of these blows was by no means

pantomimed. The black girl's struggles became more animated, her cries thoroughly genuine, while the cute little breasts of her aggressor were heaving with effort when she finally ceased the beating. The black girl forced a smile, and bowed low to the audience, but her hands could not refrain from massaging her stinging rump as both girls left the centre of the tent to strong applause.

Linda noticed that the male attendants had all been replaced by females, in scanty, wispy versions of what might pass for eastern costume, though none of the girls appeared to be of Arabic origin. Most were fair skinned Europeans like herself. 'The girls all work for me, in my clubs,' Nasser told Mark affably. 'Any you fancy, just say the word. You have your pick.' Linda had felt both ashamed and piqued during the latter part of the long evening at being virtually ignored. Now, with dread, she realized that she was to be ignored no longer. Nasser's gaze fixed on her for an inordinate time before he turned easily to the grinning Mark. 'And now, in the true hospitality of friendship, I ask in return a favour from you. I wish to borrow your beautiful Linda.' He waved his hand expansively around him. 'And leave you to enjoy my hospitality also. Please?' He raised his eyebrows interrogatively, reached out and took Linda's sweating palm in his.

'Of course,' Mark slurred, deliberately lying back on his cushions. 'Be my guest.'

Linda wanted to scream, to cry out in protest, but her tongue felt stuck to the roof of her dry mouth. Instead, she awkwardly unfolded herself, feeling how cramped her limbs had been, and stood, head down. She managed to slip her feet into the light sandals as Nasser led her across the lumpy carpets to the door of the tent. Outside, the summer desert night enfolded them in its warm blanket of darkness. He led her over the soft sand. It was still warm, too. She felt its fineness filter through her toes, invading her flimsy footwear. Hastily, she bent and pulled the sandals off, carrying them in her free hand.

Nasser laughed. 'You must be comfortable for the desert, my dear.' He reached for the hem of her thin dress, dragged it up over her thighs and midriff, baring the tiny white briefs she wore underneath. He pulled it over her head, where it tangled briefly, and she felt the tug and rip of the fastening at the back before he tugged it clear. She had not worn a bra. She could not help folding her arms protectively across her breasts. She still clung to the sandals in her right hand. She blushed fiercely at Nasser's taunting chuckle. She climbed up into the passenger seat of the small Suzuki jeep, which started up with a roar, the grit spurting as it hurtled away from a standing start.

She had to let go the sandals, to cease trying to shield her breasts, and cling onto the metal bar in front of her, as they bounced over the long dunes, or thumped along the rockier gullies between the pale sand hills. In fact, she found it easier to lift herself clear of the seat, and crouch like a surf rider, knees bent to take the shocks of their jolting career. 'We should have been riding a swift horse,' Nasser cried out, exhilarated by the thrill of the ride, and she caught something of his excitement, despite her very real fear that they might be flipped over at any second. In the midst of her alarm, she found time to wonder if he had any idea of where they were, for the rugged desert landscape revealed in the stabbing headlights seemed, not featureless, but a haphazard repetition of dramatic features. But after they had been driving for twenty minutes or so, he steered the jeep onto a much more discernible track, whose corrugations indicated that it was well used by a number of vehicles. Presently, they rounded a long bend, and saw a grove of sturdy palms, and walled enclosures. There were several low buildings, of the same pale earth colour as the surrounding terrain, and a cluster of small tents, with trucks and pick-ups parked beside them.

'Here we are,' Nasser said. Linda's heart thudded with renewed fright. A group of robed men appeared as they ground to a halt, and, in the background Linda made out children and the black robed figures of women. Once again, Linda felt mortified at her nudity before these desert

strangers, for the small briefs she wore were almost invisible as she sat crouched in the open jeep. There were raucous shouts of greeting, and shrill ululations from the black-gowned women when they recognized Nasser, which changed to excited shrieks of outraged mirth at the spectacle of the naked white girl cowering in the passenger seat. Linda stared miserably at her feet, struggling not to cry, and her heart ached at Mark's cruelty in giving her to the terrifying figure who now spoke authoritatively to the small crowd.

They parted. The jeers continued as he held his hand mockingly high, escorting her from the jeep. She clambered down, aware of all those eyes staring at her unclothed body, wishing that the earth could open and swallow her. 'Those silly pants of yours are ridiculous, my dear,' he observed. He said something in Arabic, and a large, wickedly sharp knife appeared, and was handed to him. Before she had time to scream, he had dug one hand into the elastic at her hip, pulled it free and cut through the satin material with one saw of the blade. The tiny strip of cloth fell away from her loins, and he bent to gather it from her feet and cast it aside. She heard the gasps and sniggers from the women at the sight of her pubic hair.

'You shock them,' Nasser told her, nodding towards her lower belly. 'We prefer the women we take pleasure from to be decently shaven.' She could find nothing to say. She hung her head, the tears stinging her eyes as he took her again by the hand and pulled her forward. She had expected to be led to the privacy of one of the tents, so she was startled to find herself brought to a patch of sandy earth which was comparatively brightly lit by a number of kerosene lamps and the more modern white brilliance of several large, standing gas lamps. To her even greater consternation, she was then roughly pulled over to two conveniently spaced, stubby date palms. Her wrists were tied tightly with strips of thin leather, each about a meter long, the other ends of which were bound around the boles of the respective palms, so that she found herself standing there between the trees, her arms outstretched at either side, on a level with her shoulders.

Her movement was thus limited to the slight amount of slack the leather restraints allowed.

She made no effort to conceal her terror now. The tears streamed down her face as she glanced about her at the grinning crowd that pressed close. 'Please! What are you going to do?' she blubbered. She no longer cared about the sorry spectacle she presented.

'It's what we traditionally do when we get a new slave, either by conquest or purchase. Especially a concubine, or a young boy we take for pleasure. A little discipline, just to remind them who their master is.' He laughed deeply. 'Mark assures me that you are quite used to it, my dear. You are his property, aren't you?'

'Please,' she begged. 'Let me go.'

'Don't be foolish, my dear. A little pain for such a vast amount of pleasure. And remember, the more noise you make, the more you shame your master. I'm sure you wouldn't want to do that, would you?' When she didn't answer, his hand shot out, seized her by her hair and forced her head painfully back until she was staring up at the night sky through tear filled eyes. 'Would you?' he whispered softly, his lips moving against her ear.

'No,' she breathed faintly.

She hung there, arms outstretched, striving to keep her thighs pressed together. Nasser forced her to look up, to stare at the long, single strand of the whip he held up for her inspection. It was a curious pale colour. He let the material rub softly against her cheek, let the tail, quite thick at the top near the handle, slimming to extreme thinness at its tip, nestle between her breasts, hang down over her belly, and between her thighs. Its touch

was soft, silky. 'Specially bound, my dear. The marks will fade within a few days. And it will not cut the skin.' He laughed. 'Unless I am clumsy. But don't worry. I have had lots of practice.'

He motioned the crowd to fall back, and he withdrew from her, hefting the whip, letting its strand sweep, hissing across the sandy ground. She felt suddenly isolated, all alone in that circle of bright light. Every muscle tightened, she could feel herself shaking, and shut her eyes tight, briefly disgusted with herself at her cravenness. But then there was a fearful hiss, and the long snake of the whip slammed into her buttocks and curled right round her hips and loins, the tip biting into her mound, and encircling her in a thin line of fire. She gasped, felt her breasts lift as a huge sob erupted, her scream choked off. Her hips twisted violently, she flung out her legs to ease the torment, shamelessly revealing her sex, the tight furrow under the cap of her pubis. The audience hooted with delighted scorn, but she was unmindful of their contempt.

The second blow fell, expertly placed just an inch lower than the first, and the fire blazed forth again, and she danced, and howled, tearing at her shoulder joints, and the biting bonds at her wrists. He paused between each stroke, giving the onlookers time to enjoy her writhings of blind agony, and the shrill squeals of pain, and, all too soon, the blubbing appeals for mercy. 'Oh no! No! Oh, please don't! Stop! No more! Please! I can't stand-stop, please!'

He was, as he had claimed, skilled at such punishment, for the agony was confined to her buttocks and hips and the conflux of her thighs; a narrow belt of sheer torment whose scorching throbbing drove her wild. She flung herself about in demented frenzy, legs kicking high, belly and hips gyrating frantically in a vain attempt to evade the lash. Her feet scuffed up the sand in miniature clouds around her. Soon, she looked as though she wore dark knee socks, as the dirt clung to her. It did not last long. He gave her no more than ten lashes, but to Linda it was timeless. Only the steadiness of the burning flesh finally brought the realization that the

punishment was over, and her wild movements ceased. She stood, this time legs splayed wide apart, head down. Her body gleamed with sweat, and tears, and the spittle that had flown from her.

He cut the leather bonds from the trees, left the strips bound to her wrists as he scooped her up, and carried her through the crowd, who were chattering and laughing as they dispersed, well pleased with the late night entertainment. She moaned as he laid her down on her front on a wide mattress inside one of the tents. Two young girls came in. Their black, enveloping outer gowns had been removed, but they were still modestly covered in long plain dresses, of ankle length and with full sleeves. They brought bowls of perfumed tepid water, and small bags packed with ice. With gentle firmness they got Linda to her feet, and bathed her from head to toe, dabbing her dry, then held the ice packs to the enflamed weals which scored her behind and the tops of her thighs. Finally, they lathered them thickly with an ointment, which immediately began to have a soothing effect, taking the viciousness from the throbbing burns.

Her mind drifted, unfocused, filled only with relief that the fierce chastisement was over, and at the easing of the pain, until, all at once, she was brought back to fear-stricken reality at the rough grip of a hand in her hair. A hand she recognized as it hauled her onto her knees. She whimpered. Nasser alDawi was standing, legs astride, in front of her. He was holding his white gown above his belly. She could see the dark brown flesh, the lower thighs and legs well covered with fine black hair, the pubes a rich cluster of black curls. A thin line of hair led from the top of it, over the substantial curve of the abdomen, to where other strands of dark body hair showed, disappearing beneath the white bunched cloth of the lifted robe.

But what chiefly drew her gaze was the thick, distended column of his penis. The helm already showed, rearing towards her and glinting with emission, as the shaft stiffened in semi-erection. 'Mark tells me you have

many talents, my dear,' Nasser rumbled meaningfully. 'You know how to please a man. Show me.'

It was clear what he meant. She swallowed hard, and leaned submissively forward. Reverently, she reached up, and let her hands cup around the potent sac of his testicles, and the impressively long prick, which leapt at her gossamer touch. She stifled the thrill of fear which made her flinch. Instead, she bent closer, her nostrils filled with the pungent male odor, and kissed the top of the helm, with a touch as delicate as that of her hands. She felt the folds of the robe fall and rest on her bowed head. For a second a vividly erotic visual image stirred her, of her kneeling, her scarred backside raised, her head and face concealed beneath the robe which hung over them, the strong, dominant shape of the man standing over her. Her fingers stroked more firmly, she felt his massive erection gain full hardness. She stretched her jaws as wide as she could, and took in his satiny, throbbing dome until her mouth and throat were totally surrendered to its potent thrust. Only when her lungs were bursting, did she slide her lips down that rigid column, and suck in the much needed air while somehow keeping her lips in contact with him.

She worked with fervor, controlling her kisses and caresses, withdrawing her mouth now and then from that rampant staff of flesh, to bite and suck at the soft moistness of his balls, only to return eagerly to his prick and that beating dome, whose slippery fluids she tasted. Her mind and body were fused now, to a brilliant point of desire, a need to serve, to feel the mighty surge of his seed, which would betoken her success. She cried out with instinctive frustration when he pushed her head back, away from him. She hung there, her palms resting on the rug, through which she could feel the desert sand, her head hanging down between her trembling arms, her mouth open. She could taste him still, feel his juice, and her own saliva, on her raw lips, staining her chin. She felt the sweat running down from her brow, trickling at her hanging breasts.

Then he was behind her, pushing her down by the back of her neck until her brow was pressed to the floor. His hands pulled at her hips, raising her haunches high. Now she felt the folds of his robe falling across her lower back as he knelt between her spread thighs. His powerful helm drove deep into the cleft of her buttocks, searching, stabbing, and for a fearfully thrilling second she thought she was once more to be sodomized, but then his prick slid forward along the groove. Assisted by his fingers it nuzzled at the already wet entrance to her vagina, sank easily into the narrow sheath, stretching it, filling it, and she responded with the clamorous excitement which sparked every nerve centre in her body. She cried out, lost, ecstatic, and, as he came deep within her, she cried out again at the savage splendor of the release he brought her.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Linda reached out to touch Mark, jerking to painful consciousness as she realized he was not there. The quality of the light was strange. As she came fully awake, she saw that it was filtered through the sloping canvas of the tent. Her first movements brought the bite of pain from her hindquarters and memory, and shame, returned in full measure. She found that she was covered with soft sheet and blankets, and someone had placed firm pillows at her head and all around her. She was alone. Soreness of another kind brought a different pain, and bitterer tears as she recalled the overwhelming force of the coupling she had indulged in with Nasser. The tears ran silently, and she lay listlessly, wondering which beautiful girl Mark had chosen to be his bed partner. He was probably lying wrapped in her arms right now, or about to fuck her again as they woke together. Envy and bitterness choked her at the thought that Nasser had not even bothered to stay with her once he had sampled her body.

Her gloomy musings were interrupted by soft, giggling voices outside, then the two girls who had attended her after the whipping last night entered. They were accompanied by a boy. All three were laden with plastic dishes, and towels, and heavy jerry cans, which proved to be full of

water. Linda blushed when the girls pulled back the bed sheets, exposing her nudity to the entranced gaze of the boy. He was dressed in a simple white shift, with short, wide sleeves and a deeply plunging V at its front. It came to his knees. The girls were wearing the plain brown, modestly styled gowns they had worn previously.

When they saw Linda's embarrassment, they laughed. One of the girls surprised her by speaking English. 'Oh, no problem, him! Heer-like girl. Here.' Linda stared round-eyed as she pointed to her own loins with a wide grin. She made a swishing sound, and her hand moved expressively across the genital area.

'Shut fucking mouth!' the boy cried, his dark head tossing. He pursed his lips in an exaggerated pout of annoyance, which was largely feigned. Linda's mind spun with the import of the girl's words and gesture. She stared at the boy's countenance, realizing with a shock how beautiful his flawless features were. Then she saw that his wonderful dark eyes were enhanced by dramatically obvious make-up, just as the girls' were. In the next few minutes, she was able to note how daintily feminine were his movements and facial gestures. She also observed that his carefully groomed nails were painted, both finger and toe, the only difference from the girls' being that his were tinted a pale pearly shade, theirs a deep, almost black.

Linda felt only slightly less uncomfortable at his candidly admiring gaze. 'I am called Ali,' he told her. 'These two harlots are Ranya and Nahila.'

Ranya, the girl who had already spoken to her, protested vigorously, first in Arabic, then switching to her imperfect English. 'You shut fucking mouth, no-man! He no like because he have not-here.' Once more, she pointed to her own sex. 'He no man, no woman.'

It was soon evident that the insults were familiar, and treated with little seriousness. Meanwhile, they were going swiftly about the business of the morning bathing. Water was poured into the bowls, to which were added various powerful aromatic liquids. The compliant Linda was led gently from one to another, invited to step in. She was then sponged down gently, from neck to toes. She stood obediently, trying not to move or show her embarrassment at the way the two crouching females used the cakes of perfumed soap to wash her thoroughly, their fingers probing with gentle insistence into the most intimate folds of her body, making sure she was completely cleansed. The boy, Ali, stood by with the huge white towels, of impeccable fleeciness, in which he enveloped her and patted her dry, his hands as softly impersonal as those of the other two assistants. Then, she knelt while they lathered, and creamed, and rinsed her face. Finally, she lay back, outstretched on a towel, her neck resting on Ali's supporting arms, while the girls washed her hair, and toweled it to a tingling, damp dryness before anointing it with a musky oil and combing it into order.

She thought that her lengthy ablutions were complete, but once more she was laid out on the spread towels, and now the girls began to rub in an assortment of headily fragrant oils, starting at her feet and working their slow way up her limbs and body until she was trembling with desire. There seemed to be a different perfume for each part of her frame. The heavy scents combined to create an atmosphere of deep sensuality. Linda gasped as Ranya produced a small round metal container, like a pillbox. Spitting into its contents, she took a fine pointed brush whose soft bristles she coated thickly. 'No move,' she counseled, advice Linda found hard to take when the girl's left hand seized one bare breast firmly and held it, squeezing the nipple and areola into prominence, while she painted it with the deep, rich carmine. She did the same to Linda's other breast. Then they worked on her face, painting her lips with a slightly lighter though equally vivid red, and outlining her eyes with the fine black pencil, before coating the curling lashes with the gummy blackness of kohl.

Linda, who normally used only the lightest of make-up, felt as though she were sealed in some exotic mask. Her whole body, aswirl with the oiled fragrances which had been rubbed into her skin, thrummed with sensuality. She was tense with expectancy when her two attendants withdrew and left her alone with Ali. 'What's going to happen?' she asked nervously. 'When will I be taken back to Mark? My boss,' she added, blushing deeply, and wondering wretchedly why she could never find the right word to describe her relationship with him. Why could she not say 'my lover', or 'my partner'? Or why-the word smote heavily on her senses as she recalled its use the previous evening by Nasser-did she shy away from 'my master'?

Unmindful of her discomfort, Ali grinned, shrugged his slim shoulders. 'Not knowing. Miss. I think you stay here long time. Sayid Nasser-he like very much jig-a-jig you.'

'Oh no. There's lots of girls prettier than me, especially here. What about Ranya and-Nahila, is it?'

Ali gave a hoot of derision, and clicked his tongue in disagreement. 'No way! You girls-from west-your skin. Hmm!' Now his lips made a kissing sound and he snapped his thumb and forefinger together, rolling his slim frame in an ecstasy of admiration. 'And the gold hair!' His huge eyes gazed in such frank envy that she felt herself coloring, and giggled inadequately. It struck her how bizarre it was to be lying back naked on these cushions, chatting to a boy who ... who ... she drove her thoughts away from conjectures as to what exactly Ali had suffered to be landed here. She sighed and wished she had something to cover herself with, for even the bed linen had been removed.

A strange breakfast, of wonderfully cool fruit juice, and bowls of fruit, and figs, and a large pot of the aromatic coffee, was brought, which Ali shared with her. She could feel the enervating heat of the day even

through the flapping canvas, and moved uncomfortably about the cushions, and longed for something-anything-to end this endless waiting. And, of course, when it did, with the abrupt entrance of Nasser some hours later, dressed still in his Arab robes, her heart raced and her innards melted with alarm.

Ranya and Nahila came soon after, and dressed her in a heavily brocaded gown, its beaded patterns rubbing uncomfortably on her skin, for they brought no underwear, or even footwear. Her only other garment was the billowing, black abaya, the hooded cloak, which hid her from crown to toe.

'I am taking you to Prince Abdul,' Nasser said curtly. 'He is one of our old desert sheikhs. And very influential. He is essential to our plans-for developing around the coast. Unfortunately, he is an old man, and old fashioned in his ways.

However, I'm sure he can be persuaded. And you must play your part, Linda, my dear. I don't need to remind you how much Mark is relying on you."

'Surely he can buy all the beautiful girls he wants?' Linda answered before she could stop herself. Her hurt and dismay overrode all her natural caution. 'You can buy them for him. All the prostitutes he needs!'

'Is that what you think you are?' Nasser asked. His gaze levelled on her, and she was forced to glance away, blink the tears from her eyes. His tone showed no anger. His voice was calm, devoid of emotion, as though stating obvious fact. 'You are far more than that, my dear. And less.'

The last words struck home. She raised her head. T want to see Mark. Go back to him. Now."

'It doesn't matter what you want. In fact, you have no right to be wanting anything. You do as you're told. Mark has given you to me. If you want to see him again, you'd better behave yourself.' He laughed, and Linda stared at him, terror making her flesh crawl. 'Or I might present you as a gift to Prince Abdul. To sweeten him. Remember that, my dear. You might end your days in his palace.' He moved towards the tent's opening, and beckoned for her to follow. 'I think being clothed has given you false courage. Have you forgotten the marks that are still on your backside? If we weren't going to see His Highness, I'd add a few more. And they wouldn't be the love taps that made you wet for fucking last night!'

* * *

Linda cried out in revulsion, and tried to squirm away from the slobbering features pressing into her thighs. But the cruel hands of the girls who held her upper arms were clamped remorselessly to her, the painted nails biting deeply into her bruised skin. She stared down through her tears. She could see between her breasts the pink, bald scalp, the beads of sweat between the sparse, thin, silver threads of hair, and the drops trickling down into the folds of fat about the red neck. Now, at his urgent order, other imprisoning hands pulled at her ankles, spreading her legs even wider, accessing her sexual area to his hot faced rootling. His stubby nose pressed into the upper folds of her labia, the tongue lapped greedily at the wet furrow of her vulva, then she jerked and yelped at the sudden vicious bite of those few disgustingly stained teeth into the softness of her mound.

Was this why she had been so laved and perfumed this morning, her spinning mind protested? To be devoured by this lecherous ball of blubber, this rotund and ancient wreck of a man, who, bestial himself, saw her as no more than an animal to be used purely for his sexual pleasure, and diversion? Nothing she had experienced so far, not even the severest

floggings or the most brutal physical usage, had prepared her for this. The sheer animality of all that had taken place, of all she had been forced to witness, as well as take part in, appalled and revolted her beyond anything she could imagine. It was only hours, yet already it seemed a lifetime, of horrendous abuse.

She had seen girls, of all shades and nationalities, compelled to degrade themselves and one another, in a kaleidoscope of sexual acts and inflictions which had made her literally sick. And that in itself had caused great amusement to the decrepit tyrant who ruled with absolute authority over this sick, enclosed desert world. The outside world, of luxury hotels and jet airliners and twenty-first century civilization, was merely a dream within the brown walls and neatly laid out, luxuriant gardens of this sprawling edifice in this featureless and remote corner. It was only the sheer horror of being entombed here for ever that kept her from going completely over the edge—a fear that even now, almost subconsciously, made her ease her struggles to escape the monster literally devouring her, so that her helpless writhing became part of the added delight of her subjugation. Soon, those efforts ceased altogether, and the girls relaxed their hold, and she lay back on the broad table, knees drawn up, spread wide to his noisy, snuffling attentions. There was no greater shame or bitterness than her acknowledgement of the perfidy of her own senses as, having surrendered to her powerlessness, she felt the inescapable rise of her own heat to its shuddering, orgasmic conclusion.

The soaking, crimsoned features rose from between Linda's slack thighs, ceased their guzzling in a bellow of triumph, and a hoarse, wheezing cry of determination. But more than determination was needed for the prince to have his way. His penis, which, despite many and varied attentions, had remained throughout most of the long afternoon and evening flaccid and constantly oozing a clear fluid, was hidden, certainly from his own point of view, by the vastly overhanging belly and the rolling flabbiness of the thighs. But now it stood, in unimpressive but undoubted rigidity, and hastily his handmaidens dragged Linda upright. Her place was

taken by Prince Abdul himself, with the frantic assistance of other helpmeets, and he lay, swollen like a beached whale, on his back, his short and incongruously delicate legs dangling over the table's edge, clear of the floor. The hands which had restrained Linda now encircled her cruelly yet again, lifting her up, spreading her wide, this time face downward, positioning her so that she sat astride the fat figure.

This particular element of grotesque nightmare was, mercifully, short lived. Delicate but urgent fingers sought out that stubby prick, sought to fit it to Linda, with success. She, in her general revulsion at contact with all that slippery, pillowy flesh, scarcely felt the penetration, which was fractional and momentary before the thin spoutings of his come larded both of them and he howled and groaned with the triumph of consummation.

Linda was whisked off him, and carried by her female captors out through the high double doors, along a bare corridor. She was too distressed to take much notice of her surroundings, until she found herself in a tiled room, whose most striking feature was the central circular pool, with its stepped and raised fountain-like structure in the middle, from which the tepid water cascaded with a soothing, muted murmur. Linda's soft keening changed to a scream of fright as the girls swung her by arms and legs and pitched her unceremoniously into the pool.

She surfaced, spluttering, water streaming from her, and faced her grinning persecutors. 'Clean yourself, whore!' a black girl ordered. 'Unless you want us to do it for you!' Linda thought of the gently rousing attentions of Ranya and Nahila, not to mention Ali, when they had bathed her. Had it really been that same morning? Somehow, she had the impression that it would not be a similar experience at the hands of these malevolent attendants, and she quickly waded to the edge of the shallow pool, and the tablets of soap which the black figure pointed out. As she washed herself, she realized that this was more a giant bathtub. She glanced up at the benches, and the small, arched alcoves in the walls. She saw long mirrors

and beneath them narrow shelves, all laden with various items of cosmetics. Low stools were placed in front of the benches, coloured gowns of ornate design hung from hangers, piles of towels stood about. Several of the girls who had taken part in the orgiastic session with His Highness and his guests were already divesting themselves of their brief scraps of clothing, evidently about to join her in the communal tub. Linda felt a new, cold panic seize her. Could this be an example of the fabled harem, which, until a few days ago, she had thought belonged only to the realms of erotic fancy? And did that mean that, having been brought here, she would remain?

She began to shiver violently, her teeth actually chattering. She was too numbed with terror to notice the spiteful remarks and cruel mockery directed towards her, though most of it was in a language incomprehensible to her, anyway. Her fearful speculations were interrupted by the entrance of a tall figure whose appearance instantly silenced the raucous voices. Linda stared up in fresh alarm. The newcomer was a woman of striking appearance. She was dressed in a full-length gown, with the typical, heavy embroidered designs favoured in this part of the world. But her hair, hanging in thick, rich folds about her shoulders, was fair, of a ripe corn colour lighter than Linda's wet locks. The face was handsome still, though its maturity showed through the flawless make-up. The dramatic, brown eyes glittered as they stared down at Linda, whose arms came up automatically to cover her breasts.

The stranger spoke sharply in the guttural Arab tongue, and the girls who were sharing the bath scrambled out, grabbed towels, and made swiftly for the door. Soon, Linda was left alone with the woman. Gazing up at her, Linda saw a heavy gold necklace, with a rich, dark jewel hanging between the full breasts, and a host of thin gold bangles around the left wrist. Rings, the gold mounted jewels standing high from the circles, adorned the fingers of both hands. The feet, just slightly below Linda's eye level, were dressed in scanty but expensively elegant sandals. The toenails

were painted a deep magenta, and round one pale ankle Linda could see a looped, gossamer-thin gold chain.

When she spoke, her voice was deep, thick with some mid-European accent, though the structure of her language was perfect. 'So! You are the little whore that Prince Abdul has actually penetrated, eh? Yes, your fame has already spread through the palace, my dear, even as the royal cock is still twitching from its unaccustomed exertions. And how about you? Is your sex still twitching, too? Or does it take a great deal more ploughing before it attains satisfaction? You look so cow-eyed and innocent crouching there you could be celebrating the loss of your virginity. But somehow, I think not, eh? Get out!'

This last command was barked in such contrasting tones that Linda flinched. She made haste to scramble from the pool. She could sense the authority of this woman, as well as the danger she presented, like a snake about to strike. Linda stood before her, arms at her sides, the water dripping from her gleaming body. 'What's your name? Where are you from?' Linda answered the rapid-fire questions, clearing her throat with nervousness. 'Hah! One of Nasser al-Dawi's crew, are you? My God! You're certainly no virgin then! Unless ... ' she gazed at the embarrassed Linda with a vindictive smile. 'His Highness hasn't purchased you from Nasser, has he? For defloration?' She laughed harshly. 'But you said you're British. Surely there can't be any virgins above the age of thirteen left in Britain these days?'

She walked over to one of the recesses, picked up a towel and flung it at Linda. 'Dry yourself. We can't have you catching cold after your recent triumph!' Linda did as she was bidden, eyeing the imposing figure apprehensively. 'You're probably wondering who I am.' Linda blushed, and nodded. The woman chuckled again, but not so formidably. 'I'm a princess, my sweet. Princess! Sultana! Princess Masha. That's my title. Official. Wife to His Highness Prince Abdul Ghazi.' Her tone resonated with her bitterness. 'His golden bird, sign of his potency and might. Brought all the

way from Europe to adorn his palace. His golden bird, brought to sing in this golden cage. Until cheap little upstarts like you began to come along to replace me. Except that none of you sluts ever can, no matter how many miracles you can perform with stiff pricks!

Linda gasped softly at the vehement words. She clutched the vast white towel about her protectively, staring in wide-eyed fear. T thought I'd better introduce myself, just in case His Highness decides to keep you here for his amusement. And let you see that it's not only the prince you have to please. Ahmed!

Linda jumped at the raised voice. The door opened, and she saw the shape of a man appear almost instantly. He was tall, with an athletically muscled frame, clearly evident from the brief clothing, of white singlet and loincloth. His skin was a dark brown, much darker than the normal Arabian hue. He had a black beard, and his arms and chest were hirsute, too. He bowed his head respectfully. Masha spoke in Arabic, and he answered. Clearly, he was some sort of servant, but one who held a position of some importance and trust. He turned towards Linda. His teeth showed vividly white as he smiled broadly. It did not reassure her.

Nervelessly, she let the towel fall at her feet, as he reached out unhurriedly, but with perfect assurance, and took her wrist. He drew her forward, and she felt her muscles melting. Power drained from her, she had no thought or will to resist. She was stunned by the way he grasped her, leaning over her and wrapping his powerful arms around her waist, a grotesque element of farce taking over as he swung her easily off her feet, turning her almost upside down. Her hair brushed against the floor, then she found her head trapped between his hard thighs, blinded, her head pinned under the white loincloth, the thighs clamped in a vice-like grip about her neck, on the back of which she could feel the moist, heavy warmth of his balls, his stirring penis. A clean, scented yet wholly masculine perfume filled her nostrils.

Still holding her effortlessly he seated himself on the ground, his legs reached over her bent form and slipped between hers, forcing them wide apart, his hands seizing her by the tops of her inner thighs, his calves resting on hers. She felt him bend his knees, thus raising her hindquarters, proffering them, and she knew what was to happen. A flame of white hot, fine agony burned across her uplifted buttocks, and she screamed, her cry muffled by his smothering loins. Her feet were clear of the floor, and she kicked instinctively. He held her pinned in this strange hold, from which it was impossible to escape. Another flaring cut fell upon her bottom; its torment burning through her and taking her mind away from everything except the sensation of pure pain. Again, she felt her behind lifted up to take the third swinging stroke, felt the thin belt, or whatever the instrument was, bite deep into her quivering rounds, and she howled, in her sealing darkness. The sweat and tears mingled, she felt the weird caress of his testicles on her neck and shoulder, the stirring of his aroused prick against her skin.

Princess Masha beat her until her bottom was a throbbing mass of scorched flesh, the crimson weals superimposed over one another. When the punishment ended, she was released, to lie half on her stomach, squirming on the cool tiles, sobbing desolately. The princess spoke again. Her voice was low, slightly breathless, and thick with excitement. Linda came to awareness once more as she felt her hips seized, and she was pulled into a kneeling position. Her head bowed, prostrated before the standing figure of the princess, Linda felt the jabbing penis thrusting into the cleft, seeking out the soft wet folds of her vulva, lunging potently into her from behind, the scorched flesh of her backside buffeted by the hard columns of his thighs.

He ploughed deeply home, slowly, only gradually increasing the rhythm of his strokes. Linda's chin rested on the hard tiles, her mouth hung open, grunting now with the rising surge of passion in which pain and pleasure were inseparable. Only inches away, filling her vision, she saw the

carefully pedicured, deep red toenails, the slender gold straps covering the high instep, and above them, the hanging loop of that exquisitely fine golden bracelet draped about the slender, palely sculpted ankle.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

'Please. You have to get me out of here,' Linda begged, the tears once again rolling down her cheeks. 'Please tell Mark.' She dropped to her knees, bent forward and clutched at the white robed figure of Nasser al-Dawi, who sat opposite her. He appeared amused by her frantic plea, and her abasement.

"The trouble is, you've been too good, my dear.' His tone was falsely, mockingly sympathetic. 'The prince is delighted with you. I've heard all about your achievements. He wants to keep you here a little longer."

Linda broke down altogether. She bent even lower, groveling now, her face pressed to the brown feet in the plain leather sandals. He felt the wetness of her tears, the brush of her eyelashes, on his skin. 'Oh, please,' she moaned, her hands clasping his calves. 'Don't leave me here. You don't know what it's like. The things they do ... make me do ... '

He reached down, and plucked her up by her hair, staring into her streaming face. 'Believe me, I do, Linda. I'm no grubbing westerner, seeking to get rich quick."

She gazed up at him piteously, felt the vain wash of her servility against the wall of his indifference. She thought with despair of her utter powerlessness, the mind numbing prospect of a lifetime spent here, where her only worth lay in her body; its desirability and complete availability to anyone who wanted it.

Princess Masha had said just that last night, the second Linda had spent in the harem. The princess had come to flog her again, but this time before an audience of delighted girls. She had been strapped to a wooden contraption, semicircular in shape, whose flat edge rested on the floor. Placed on her back, with arms stretched above her head, and tied by wrists and ankles, her body fitted round the deep arch. It pulled her rib cage and breasts so taut she could scarcely breathe, let alone scream, while the muscles on her slim thighs stood out quiveringly at the strain they were put under. She wondered what torment the princess had in mind. The thought of being beaten on the racked and exposed front of her body terrified Linda. She was astonished when she felt, instead of the savage pain she was anticipating, a firm but gentle touch on her belly. A powerfully sweet aroma filled her nostrils, then she felt someone spreading a thick, sticky paste over her mound, covering her pubic hair in the glutinous mixture, and even the sides of her vulva.

'It's time we removed that disgusting body hair if you are to be one of the harem.' Princess Masha towered over her, a distortedly giant figure from Linda's lowered perspective. Linda could feel the mixture setting already. Then she cried out at the sudden knifing pain. It felt like sticking plaster being torn from her, she could feel the skin over her mons being lifted excruciatingly, as fingers scraped at the adhesive paste. She could also feel the myriad needles of agony, as each tight hair was plucked by its root. There was the blessed, icy relief of cold water soothing the burning patch, then the whole cruel business was repeated as another layer of the sticky substance was plastered over her. Finally, the cold water eased the torment again, and a soothing cream was spread over the denuded area.

'Now you're at least civilized,' Princess Masha declared, over the raucous mirth of the spectators.

Linda did not escape the beating she had dreaded. Her cries were short, panting grunts of agony, for she had to fight for breath on that cruel arch. Later, Linda realized, and had to acknowledge, that the princess had not beaten her with anything like the strength she had used the previous day. Which was as well, for the ordeal was painful enough. Masha used an implement made up of many short, thin strands of leather, no more than a foot long, bound into a handle, also of leather. The princess bent over her, and began by lashing at the raised breasts. Their sensitivity made each blow a nightmare, and Linda writhed against the bonds, blubbering and begging for mercy. Her breasts were a mass of small angry red stripes, which tingled abominably, when the beating ceased. Or, rather, switched target. For now, with equally painful results, Masha concentrated on that prominently presented mound, still pink from exfoliation. The biting lashes cut into the soft pad, fell across the cleft of the vulva, until the labia were puffed, swollen with florid redness, stinging wickedly. Linda thought she might faint, and prayed that she would.

The steadiness of the throbbing finally indicated to the distraught victim that the beating was over. She gasped at the sudden renewal of sensation there, the blessed flow of cold water, the gentle sponging of her swollen membrane that did indeed ease the torment considerably. Masha's painted nails were even gender, though they still caused Linda to hiss with pain as they parted the pink lips, exposing the raw, shining inner surfaces. 'No,' Linda whimpered, yet, from that first feathery invasion she could feel the throbbing rise of desire to complement the discomfort.

A finger pad probed softly, insinuated itself in the slippery folds of tissue, with wicked knowledge, sought out the tiny core of excitement, stirred and caressed until the jutting hips, the pale belly, were lifting, Linda's buttocks clenching against the hard curve of the wood beneath her. Masha stroked and roused her to flowing urgency. 'Please,' Linda wept now, the tears still streaming. But she didn't know what she was pleading for. Until the finger moved, once more Linda felt herself opened, felt the warm breath, the nibbling teeth, the lapping tongue, and she found the

breath to give one hoarse cry at the fierce surge, the ejaculation of the sharp, acrid flow, the nectar of loving which Masha took eagerly on her own searching lips.

* * *

After her brief reunion with Nasser al-Dawi, from which Linda took no comfort at all, she was led back behind the carved doors to the harem quarters. The girls sprawled naked on the cushions to take their light lunch, virtually ignoring the silent males, all of slight build and dark complexioned, who served the meal. Linda realized that, away from the imperious presence of Princess Masha, the girls were far less antagonistic towards her, and not jealous of the fact of her instant rise to fame, or notoriety. 'Make the most of it,' a coloured girl advised. 'It won't last, and you'll be here a long time.' Her words added to the despairing sickness Linda suffered.

She lay listlessly on her mattress, dozing like her fellow inmates, and waking to bouts of tearfulness, but, as the afternoon sun was just beginning to lose some of its ferocity, she was summoned, along with several others, to follow the Indian guard. He led them through the long corridors until they emerged suddenly from a side entrance into the full glare of the sun. They were in a secluded garden, of regimented palm trees, and rows of symmetrical flowerbeds, ablaze with the vivid colours of the tall Canna lilies. A brilliant greensward of incredible smoothness stretched before them, leading to a series of brightly striped, open awnings, where His Highness and other male guests, all in traditional dress, lay on sun loungers. As she stepped onto the grass, Linda felt its rubbery prickles on the soles of her bare feet, and its dry heat. It was artificial turf.

There were cries of pleasure at the approach of the girls. Linda saw that not all the men were of advanced age like the prince, but, young and old alike, their dark eyes shone with the predatory joy which indicated

their attitude. For them, the girls existed only as desirable sexual objects with no purpose other than to serve their appetite. This was brutally highlighted when a number of the men selected a girl each. A slim figure of almost effete daintiness, except for the carefully groomed black beard that covered most of his face, grabbed Linda's wrist. A strong wave of perfume wafted from him. She noted the immaculate shape of his fingernails, the softness of his manicured hands. His dark eyes could have been the soulful stuff of desert romance, except that they scarcely met Linda's timid gaze, and rested on her pale body with the approval they would give to a fine animal.

She was shocked to find that those delicate fingers were fastening a thick, studded collar about her neck, pulling the buckle tight. It was a dog collar, to which was attached a leather lead. She gaped disbelievingly, until a sudden vicious tug dragged her down onto her knees, and another choking pull lurched her forward. She was kneeling on all fours, just like the beast for which this restraint had been intended. It was little consolation that the other girls were being similarly demeaned. Their 'owners' pulled them along, and the girls scrambled in their wake, the sharp prickles of the Astroturf jabbing at their palms and their knees. The men called out to each other, parading their 'animals' around the lawn, even ruffling their bent heads, tickling playfully the slim necks and ears, then, more and more frequently, using the thin leather leads to deliver resounding slaps across the rounded haunches.

The alluring sight of the proffered hindquarters, their temptingness enhanced rather than marred for the lecherous masters by the glowing red marks of the strap, soon led to other more exciting diversions. Unperturbed by the public nature of the entertainment, the male figures crouched behind their docile 'pets', lifted their robes above their bellies, and penetrated them from behind. The individual who had claimed Linda, however, seemed content to sting her with the lash, until, suddenly, the barrel-like figure of Prince Abdul scurried over, and abruptly dismissed him.

The lead trailing on the ground between her hands, Linda knelt there, head down, and felt the rotund belly and the plump thighs buffet into her from behind, and the front of his robe fall across her spine. She dipped her shoulders, digging her elbows into the prickly turf, her brow brushing against the stiff little spikes, and thrust her bottom up, into that pressing mass of flesh. She felt a soft wetness insinuated into the cleft of her buttocks, knew that it was his flaccid prick vainly seeking entrance to her. Her vagina throbbed, well lubricated to receive him, but there was no sign of an erection, no matter how hard he thrust against her. She wondered desperately if she should move, reach back between her outspread thighs and try to effect a coupling, but then his little hands came round her, and seized her breasts. The plump fingers dug in like talons. She gave a smothered cry at the flaring pain, all else forgotten, and his penis, swollen and elongated now but still as flexible as ever, slid upward, nestling in the groove of her bottom, its helm riding over onto the bump of her coccyx. He came, the gruel of his semen spattering over her spine and lower back, and she shuddered with a weird mixture of revulsion and excitement.

He let out a loud roar, and released her savaged breasts, his hands coming to clutch at her hips, his weight folding, bearing down so that she collapsed with the dead burden on her back. From some dark corner of her mind, which took her by surprise a spark of self-preservation made her cry out as she collapsed under him, her own shrill cry signifying the climactic peak she was far from feeling.

There were resounding cheers, she sensed the rushing forward of eager hands, felt the slippery sweatiness of his bulk levered from her. Hastily, as she raised herself, she swept her hands over her spine, above the curve of her haunches, felt the slimy issue on her palm as she brushed away the meager evidence of his discharge. She clambered wearily to her feet, then gave a soft cry of dismay, frozen in a half crouch, wondering if she had incurred the wrath of her captors by not remaining on all fours. The thin leather lead dangled between her breasts and down between her thighs.

But the red features of His Highness were wreathed in a beaming smile. He pointed to her breast, reached out and gave the nipple a playful pull, saying something in Arabic, and everyone roared with sycophantic laughter. She glanced quickly down, saw the deep red imprints of his clutching fingers on the white skin. Now, his glance was directed even lower, and again he spoke. The explosion of laughter was even louder, and Linda realized he was referring to her newly hairless mound. The good looking fellow who had been her handler, and who had so promptly surrendered her to the prince, now let his hand fall on her behind, and stroke her as though she were indeed a favoured pet. She smelt again the sweet perfume as he leaned in close. 'My father says he could scarcely find his way into your hole with no beard to guide him.'

He didn't find it! she thought immediately, but hung her head in silence, the word 'father' echoing in her mind. The son of the prince himself. She must remember him, she urged herself, though later one of the harem girls told her there were more than twenty individuals who could claim that relationship. 'And that's only from his wives and his official concubines!' her informant said. Linda thought of the feel of that slimy, flaccid penis slithering against her, and the unimpressive stubbornness when he had succeeded in making his fleeting penetration. I'm surprised he's actually managed to do it twenty times, she reflected. But, wisely, she kept this thought to herself. Beatings in the enclosed harem were far too frequent, and she could afford to trust no one. She began to wonder if her instinct for self-preservation in faking orgasm at the doggy frolics on the lawn had been such a good one. It had doubtless pleased Prince Abdul, but mightn't that make him even more eager to keep her? It was a prospect that was too terrifying to contemplate. Except that she could do little else in her new captivity. Her heart ached as she thought of Mark. Surely he wouldn't abandon her to rot away here? No matter how profitable it might be.

* * *

Linda's insides hollowed as she entered the sumptuous room. She was surprised to see some figures in western dress among the small band gathered there, even the tall, willowy frame of Princess Masha in a beautifully cut full length evening gown.

There was another woman at her side, older, with striking silvery flashes at the sides of her piled up coiffure. She too wore a gown of elegant simplicity. A broad, close fitting jeweled collar glinted at her throat. The dark eyes moved appreciatively over every detail of Linda's nudity, and she felt herself blushing hotly. Her toes curled, dug into the luxurious pile of the rug as she moved obediently forward, into the brilliant circle of light.

She had glanced up swiftly, her heart racing with faint hope at the sight of the westerners among the audience, only to be cruelly disappointed at the absence of the beloved features she sought. It was now the tenth day of her incarceration here, the nightmare prospect of permanent slavery within these walls ever more horrifying. She stood in the centre of the room with head bowed, in the submissive stance which already was becoming so natural to her, until the guttural tone of His Highness addressed her, and forced her to look up at him. His rasping voice was warm with affection. 'Linda. You have been chosen for a great honour. This is Mr. Asura. He is from Japan. We are very privileged to have him with us. He is expert in the ancient art of bondage.' The rotund figure held out his hand, palm upward, offering the naked girl to the frail individual who came to join him.

Linda saw a man thin almost to the point of emaciation. He was wearing a long, black robe, with intricate woven designs all over it, and which was tightly bound with a broad white sash about the waist. His oriental features were seamed with many wrinkles. His head was hidden by a close fitting black skullcap. His eyes, too, looked black, and shone with a curious impartiality as he gazed compellingly at her. She shivered, unable

to look away. He had a white beard, which hung straight and narrow for about three inches from the centre of his chin. A thin moustache drooped either side of his smiling mouth, its ends almost level with the tip of the beard.

'Welcome, Linda,' he said softly. His voice was clipped, his accent strongly eastern. He almost pronounced her name as

'Rinda'. He put his hands lightly on her upper arms, drawing her forward, and she felt the long curve of his nails lightly grazing her skin. He made a small gesture, and one of the servants stepped forward. He held a heavy bundle of cords over one arm. They were of varied lengths. Mr. Asura chose one, and slipped it round Linda's waist, moving her arms to allow it to pass round her. He pulled it tight, and Linda realized that this rope was bound with what felt like silk. His nails scratched softly at her skin as he tied a complicated knot at the small of her back, manipulating it, easing the pressure of the cord until the knot, despite its bulkiness, caused her no discomfort at all.

'Ts very important,' he said, in his quiet lisping manner, as though delivering a scientific lecture. 'Victim must be comfortable at all times.' He bent her hands behind her back, adjusting them until they rested just over the swell of her buttocks, then secured her wrists with another short rope, which he attached to the cord about her waist. Bending, he slipped yet another length round her thighs, taking time to place it just as he wanted, around her upper thighs a few inches below her bottom. This too was tied in an elaborate knot at the back. She felt his thin hands pushing at the insides of her thighs, checking that there was enough give for her to part her legs about four inches or so. She stiffened, gasped at the light touch of his knuckles on the spongy pad of her sex. 'Is important that access to all orifice is possible.' There were a few quickly muted sniggers from the onlookers. The final restraint was bound around her ankles, and she stood there, neatly trussed like a parcel, afraid that if she moved she would lose her balance.

Mr. Asura permitted himself a quick smile, which transformed his seamed face. T say access to all orifice. But if bondage is for beating, we must have absolute silence. The screaming is not respectful. Honto, neh? This is very effective."

The gag looked simple enough. A thick sponge pad covered with silk as mouth piece, and three ties, the central one about an inch thick, the upper and lower much thinner, all with buckles so that it could be adjusted to fit any circumference. He held it to Linda's mouth, smiling like a benevolent uncle, and she opened wide at once. He fitted the pad inside, his fingers probing at her jaw, to ensure that it was inserted fully. Linda swallowed, felt a second's panic, then revulsion at the way it filled her mouth, trapping her tongue under its bulk. Then the wide centre strap was buckled, the long fingers again checking to see that the tightness was not excessive. The upper strap passed just above her ears, the lower was crossed under her chin before being buckled at the base of her neck.

'Scream, please, Linda.' To encourage her, he picked at her right nipple, rolled it in his thumb and finger. She flinched at the feel of those long nails, then they dug in as he increased the pressure, pinching the sensitive flesh until it throbbed. Linda did as he commanded, the cords in her throat standing out. It was a relief to abandon restraint, yet the cry was trapped inside her, sealed by the disgusting pad, so that only the faintest of sounds emerged. The nimble fingers moved once more to the back of her head, pulling, adjusting, and Linda felt the pressure tightened more. Her right nipple was still throbbing, swollen and distended. Mr. Asura now seized on its partner, twisted until Linda writhed, and would have fallen had he not held her intimately with his left arm, cradling her waist. Tears filled her vision, she screamed again. This time the only sound was the hissing breath through her flared nostrils. 'Is better,' he nodded happily.

For the first time, the terrified Linda noticed the long, stout ropes hanging from a kind of frame and pulley fixed to the high ceiling. These ropes had metal spring clips at their lower ends, and Mr. Asura drew them down further, attaching them to the knotted ropes he had passed around Linda, at her back and thighs and ankles. Suddenly, the world spun violently as she felt herself upended and swung off her feet. Linda screamed soundlessly again as she hung horizontally, face down, felt the rope pressing, not unbearably, at her midriff and her lower limbs. Mr. Asura hauled on another rope and she was raised high above the spectators, stared down in dumb terror at their grinning upturned faces, then plunged frighteningly down again to swing, cradled securely, about four feet from the floor.

'Want no movement at all, is something more.' Linda felt the caress of satin at her neck, just below the criss-crossed leather strap of the gag, as a long strip of silk was then threaded through each armpit, tied between her shoulder blades, and bound to the vertical rope holding the cord at her waist. Mr. Asura made some small adjustments to the silk, like a musician tautening his instrument's bow. Linda was suspended, unable to move head or shoulders, yet discomforted only if she attempted to struggle. He disappeared from her vision, then, to her amazement, she felt him seize hold of both her big toes, pressing them together. They were tightly bound with thin strands of silk. Now Linda could not even waggle her feet, as she found when Mr. Asura lightly dragged his nail the length of her sensitive soles.

'You can adjust if you wish beating on buttocks.' Linda felt the ropes at waist and thighs being moved, and all at once her body folded, her bottom was lifted prominently, her head and tethered feet lowered. 'You strike from side, here.' There was a soft whistle and fiery pain scorched across her behind as a thin bamboo cane delivered a vicious cut. She screamed, spittle choking her, soaking into the spongy mass, running from the corners of her stretched mouth. She tried to move, her muscles locked, held helplessly by the bonds. Even her sobs were muffled, only the tears flowing

freely, to roll down her cheeks and dissolve into the thickness of the carpet. She tensed, dreading the second blow. She could feel the thin line of the first, still burning her flesh. Nothing happened.

'And for front side, gentlemen.' His touch was magical as, one by one, he slipped the large knots with a conjurer's dexterity, and Linda felt the bonds at waist, thighs and ankles rotate. With surprising strength for one who seemed so frail, his arms held her, took her weight easily as he flipped her over, and now she hung as before, only this time on her back, staring up at the framework and rigging which supported her. 'For lady's pleasure, is better she see nothing. Take away all. Movement, sound, and sight.' He came close, slipped a folded piece of black silk over her eyes, fastened it quickly, plunging her into darkness. 'And last, gentlemen, if you wish respectable for lady, our ichi-ban custom in Japan.'

Linda tensed once more as his hands fell on her upper thighs. He moved them, and now she felt the line of her vulva covered by a narrow piece of cloth, which hung down concealingly. She heard the sounds of laughter and appreciative applause.

'We go now to dinner,' the prince's voice called out. 'We leave you here, Linda. Do not go away, yes?'

The laughter burst out again. She heard the footsteps moving away, felt a suggestion of a draught as the doors swung open, then clicked softly closed. Faint, distant sounds merely emphasized the stillness. She realized that, as long as she made no effort to move, she was not uncomfortable, despite the many restraints. She felt the softly insistent rub of the narrow silk over her crotch, between her thighs. Under its cover, she experienced the twitch and spasm of the muscle she could not control, while the tight fissure of her vagina grew more and more moist as she hung there, trussed and blinded in the pool of light at the centre of the silent room.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Linda had no idea how long she remained hanging there, alone. Later, she had to admit that she did not know if she was indeed alone. For all she knew, there might have been a guard present, watching her pale, bound, suspended body, or maybe even a whole gaggle of silent spectators. It amazed her how anyone so completely immobilized could be so free from physical discomfort, so that she wondered if she had been fed some analgesic drug before being taken to the room. But her mind felt clear, disconcertingly so, considering the unusual situation she found herself in. It was after all the only thing that had been left to her, for she could not make the smallest movement, could not utter a sound, and saw nothing through the impenetrable blackness. She was forced to the acknowledgement that the virtual absence from physical pain could only be attributed to the astounding skill of the old Japanese man who had bound her.

So at ease was she, hanging there in the sumptuous surroundings she could no longer see, that her mind wandered with greater freedom into the unaccustomed realms of philosophical speculation. She reviewed her life, and the circumstances which had led her to this critical stage. The pain now was mental, and very real, as she faced the unpleasant truth that her own personality and nature had inevitably brought her here. From the moment when Al Harding had first dominated her, from that doubly seminal moment when he had painfully thrust through her virginity, she had felt that fatal spark of excitement surrender brought-and the inverted thrill which the acceptance of pain gave. She had tried ever since to deny it, or rationalize it, deeply disturbed by its dark power over her. But now, utterly helpless, blinded, suspended there, with no control over any aspect of her existence except this fevered searching within her brain, she felt she had reached the innermost recesses of her being. She was the willing, even eager, recipient of all the indignities heaped upon her. She was the perfect victim, accomplice to every sadistic act worked on her compliant body.

As though to remind her, she felt a tremendous surge of excitement, the electric thrill of arousal through every nerve centre, homing in on the spasming desire deep inside her sex. She squeezed her locked thighs tightly together in the fractional movement still permitted to her, and felt the narrow, clinging strip of silk over her vulva caress her like a lover's finger. Her buttocks clenched fiercely, and caused her to feel the rub of the rope just a few inches below, across the backs of her thighs, a lover's arm supporting her. She grunted, the muscles in her lower belly hardening as she extracted every ounce of sensation she could, felt the flow of her sexual hunger moistening her, and raising her to an aching, sweet point of near fulfilment. With its force, came the revelation that nothing mattered any more; she was a vessel, empty to serve whoever chose to take her. That was her role.

Only the faintest of whispering sounds, the smallest tremor of her locked muscles, betrayed the shock Linda felt at the voices she heard by her side, a fraction before there came the softly feminine touch of two pairs of hands on her captive flesh. 'My God, Masha, darling. She is so gorgeous! I must have her, my sweet. Please! You must promise me.' The voice was deep, hoarse even, yet sensually attractive. The pronunciation of the English words was heavily that of a native French speaker. For some reason, an instant vision sprang into Linda's mind of Masha's tall companion, the only other woman she had noticed before she was blindfolded. The one with the ascetically handsome features, the silvery wings in her hair.

'Of course, Toni. It can be arranged. But it must be here. I mean in the quarters. His Highness-I daren't try to bring her out. Not yet.' Linda recognized the hand which fell on her breast, squeezed, and provoked the nipple to even harder erection. 'She is something special, believe me. I can vouch for that.'

Another hand, not that of Masha, caressed Linda's smooth thigh. Long nails traced the crease of belly and thigh. Then moved lingeringly upward,

to where the princess was still savouring the soft round. 'This is Madame Deville, Linda,' Masha continued. 'Another worshipper at the shrine.' Again came that knowing chuckle. 'Come on, Toni, cherie. Don't stand on ceremony. The menfolk will be sucking on the whisky tit for a while yet. Be my guest. You can have a preview. See? The little Jap was right. What a genius, eh? Look. You can get at her easily.'

As Masha spoke, Linda felt the hands at her inner thighs, and knees, opening them. The big toes remained tightly tied. Linda felt the painful increase of the pressure of the binding, but her knees now jutted sideways, and Linda felt the brush of bare skin, then soft material, as the stranger bent and fitted her head and shoulders between Linda's legs. The strip of silk hiding her genitals was delicately lifted, and laid over her belly, pointing up towards her breasts, which were still in the capable hands of Princess Masha. Long nails grazed Linda's skin again, this time stirring greater excitement, for they pressed alongside the swell of her labia, parting the fold, gaining access to the sweetly pungent inner slopes. Linda visualized the darkening, slippery tissue shining under the bright light. She screamed against the binding gag at the feathery vibration of a flickering tongue, tracing the gash of her vulva, penetrating so slightly the succulent valley, lapping at the nectar of its secretions. The hands that held her buttocks felt them clench delightfully, relax and tighten again at this powerful stimulation. The stranger's face dipped, buried itself in Linda's sex, and drank greedily, eagerly. Linda felt the overwhelming soaring of her orgasm, rising from deep in her clamorous belly, which she tried to lift, screaming against the gag, which trapped everything within her working throat.

Then, suddenly, all was gone, she felt a violent commotion and she rocked wildly, her body still jangling on the edge of fulfilment, cruelly suspended, and all round her reeling senses came the raucous barks and jabbars of masculine voices, the scrabble and pull of rough hands steadying her. 'And what have you been up to, you insatiable little slut? See? She's as flooded as the Nile delta!' An outburst of coarse laughter, as Prince Abdul's plump hand clutched at her sex, his fingers probing mercilessly. 'This

deserves punishment, gentlemen!' The audience assented in a thunderous roar of approval.

'I-ye ... no! Is not necessary!' Mr. Asura's thin voice rose shrilly, as several pairs of hands clawed at her. 'See? Just pull rope here. For legs. So!'

Linda's tethered ankles shot skyward as the vertical rope to which they were bound was shortened. A fine adjustment was made to the ropes at her waist, and she hung there, her feet almost directly above her head, her legs still straight, but, most significantly, her hindquarters temptingly presented for the chastisement she knew would come.

She swayed only a little, and her secured limbs not at all, at the vigorous strokes, someone (the prince or a henchman?) delivered. She heard the hiss, then a startlingly thick, flexible lash thudded into her upturned bottom, its tip curling round wickedly into the fold of belly and thighs. The fire blazed, hands reached out to her hips, steadied her as she shrieked abandonedly and utterly silently into the soaking gag. There was a deliberate pause before the second fiery stroke. She felt its scorching path, felt the burn of the weal, pictured the hot eyed gaze of the assembly on those livid, darkening bars, before the third blow fell, and the cycle of torment was repeated. Ten times, the lash struck, until her bottom felt a tender mass of writhing snakes of fire, and the sweat gleamed over every inch of her pale flesh, and the tears and the mucus and the saliva ran chokingly, soaking her chin, her neck, the sealing pad of silk pressing on her eyelids. She hung there, swinging gently, dumb, subjugated, an object of scorn and derision, and lust. And yet, strangely, within all that shame and degradation, was a core of pride that she should be the focus of all that emotion, and, even more startling, inside all that throbbing pain, burned a different fire, of unquenchable passion and desire which, she realized with a dazed wonder, had never left her since the lips of Madame Deville had so abruptly been plucked from her.

Linda woke, her heart racing. Automatically, her hand tried to move, to pull the seal of the blindfold away from her, and she realized she was still as comprehensively trussed as ever. She wondered how long she had lain there. She recalled the relief of being lowered, the wonderful caress of soft cushions beneath her as she was stretched out on the floor. But the ropes binding her wrists, and thighs and ankles, even the cords passing round her waist and shoulders and thighs, and the uncomfortable little bindings of her toes, had not been removed. The throbbing welts across her buttocks had been tended, the disgusting gag blessedly removed, her face and entire body sponged down. She had been fed, given drink—all this without the blindfold being removed, and finally she had been laid down once more, covered with a blanket.

Now, someone had entered. She could hear him, convinced it was a man without quite knowing why she was so certain. She wondered whether a whole night had passed ... was it bright morning? She felt that sick hollowness spread through her insides. Oh God! Let them soon be done with me, she thought. Her buttocks ached massively; every movement sent renewed darts of pain. She knew if she could caress them she would feel the hard, raised weals over the tender surface.

Firm hands lifted her to her feet, steadied her. She recognized the curving talons of Mr. Asura's nails as he arranged a further harness-like contraption of the silk-bound cords about her neck and shoulders, which were clipped, along with the rope about her waist, to the vertical ropes hanging down from the ceiling. But, to her great relief, he released the tight silk which had fastened her big toes together, and also the cord about her upper thighs. And, best of all, there was no replacement of that dreaded gag which had proved so effective. But then a new fear gripped her. Perhaps the sadistic prince and his cronies wanted after all to hear her shrieks of agony and terror, even if it did offend the Japanese master's sense of etiquette

She was hoisted up clear of the floor, but this time almost perpendicular. She was free to move the whole of her body from waist down with complete freedom. Did they want to enjoy her wild dancing as well as her singing to the blows of the lash? Well, she would not disappoint them, she knew. She was not of heroic, stoic stuff. She would squeal and writhe in plenty if they hurt her. She hung there, swaying slightly, toes pointed to the floor, and waited in trembling fear.

She heard the door open and then close again. She listened, rigid with terror. She could hear someone breathing. There was movement, the quiet rattle of ropes through their pulley wheels, Mr. Asura's lispng voice describing the adjustments he was making-but not to her. She heard the breathing again, in front of her, close to her, sensed movement. Another prisoner? Some other unfortunate girl strung up for this crowd of debauchees to gain more savage amusement from? She wondered if it was one-of the girls from the harem, or another stranger brought for their delectation.

She gave a muted cry of alarm as she felt someone seize her legs, open them, then the shocking touch of a face, undoubtedly male, planted squarely between her thighs. She was virtually sitting on his shoulders, facing him. His hands held her thighs, pinning her to him, his hot face and searching tongue buried deep in her sex.

She moaned. The teeth pressed hard against the swell of her mons, just at the upper tip of her labial cleft, which that searching tongue lifted, stirring her desire to urgency. Then the loving mouth was cruelly gone, the supporting weight of the shoulders she sat on plucked away, and she swung desolately, weeping, her feet scissoring in their new found freedom.

But now she was lifted again, and again her limbs were spread wide. A body bumped forcibly against hers, her thighs fitted around its nakedness. The lean hard frame of a man, as naked as herself, was plastered intimately

against hers. He was bound as she was, she could tell. Someone was raising her feet at his back, shackling her ankles together, then binding them to the ropes at his back, so that she could feel her heels resting against the sculpted curves of his small behind. But by now the focus of all her attention was the rearing penis, iron hard, which she could feel pressing up against her bare lower belly. Until anonymous hands prised and manipulated, shamelessly fitted them together until she felt the rampant prick slide deeply home into her more than ready passage. Her vaginal muscles spasmed, gripped him in ecstatic welcome, and their bellies clashed as he drove to the hilt inside her.

Their movement, increasing in fury, started them swinging, a pendulum of soldered human flesh. The ropes at her wrists burned with her instinctive efforts to put her arms about him, to cling to him, and she sensed that he, too, was prevented from embracing her thus. Her breasts rubbed against his own smooth chest, her small nipples were points of fiery passion, she jerked forward desperately at each deep thrust of his column inside her.

A sudden, searing flash of pain at her rump signalled the vicious cut of a thin cane. They both writhed, plunging even closer, as she was driven by the sharp fusillade of blows delivered to her buttocks. The pain and the pleasure rose to unbearable heights of agony, and ecstasy. Linda felt the unstoppable approach of the climax, and she howled, her scream abruptly and effectively sealed by the clamping of her partner's open mouth over hers, the devouring tongue filling her own stretched mouth. The cry came from within him, she felt it, as she felt every shiver of sensation at the explosive surge of his release in her. They bucked and threshed, crazily extracting every ounce of consummation, while the thin cane whistled and cut and urged her to the highest peak of frenzy before she collapsed sobbing, and her muscles locked, holding him desperately to her. The sweat ran between them, trickled down their bellies, mingled at their loins, which were still joined, even as his hardness softened. All the while, as

they gasped in exhausted fulfilment, their mouths were joined, too, their tongues entwined.

Her shackled feet at his back ensured that their intimate conjunction could not be broken. Eventually, his shrunken prick slid from inside her, but she felt it nestling against her sated entrance even as their combined fluids dried and crusted on them. When her heart had stopped its thudding enough for her to be aware once more of her surroundings, she guessed from the deep silence that they had been left alone. 'Who are you?' she whispered, her chin on his shoulder. For answer, his mouth claimed her again, and she shivered at the sweetness of the kiss, despite her still dying excess of feeling. His lips and tongue moved and nuzzled against her, lapping, tasting, and she did the same, her head spinning, her body possessed with the force of their coupling.

Time held no meaning. They hung there, together, translated beyond the bodily discomfort, until the sound of someone approaching brought them to earth once more. Linda was filled with a sudden fervent longing to see her anonymous lover. She had never been as close to anyone before, she was convinced. Nobody had ever made love to her, fucked her, like that. And she didn't even know what he looked like, let alone his name! The thought made her mind spin.

Then hands were at the back of her head, untying the mask, and she trembled with eagerness-and a sudden, powerful shyness. It was as though she were an untrained schoolgirl again, who had been taken, given herself, for the very first time. The light stabbed painfully at her, blinding her again, the tears which had sealed her lids parted, and she stared through the shimmer at the face which was only inches from her. The lips were already moving to hers yet again, claiming her. She had time only to gasp the single word of the prayer of her thankfulness. 'Mark!'

* * *

The florid features of Sir Matthew Deacon were etched in almost comic delight. 'My God! Your own personal slave!' he intoned in a voice of wonder and envy. The naked figure of Linda advanced, smiling serenely, and bent, placed the papers on the low coffee table. Mark sighed with satisfaction as the industrial magnate, the twelfth richest man in Britain, almost absently scribbled the signature which would bring them a great increase in business and wealth, reluctant to take his eyes for even a fraction of a second off Linda's slim body.

Linda smiled in return, and wondered if he would prove to be more aroused at the prospect of flogging or fucking her. She accepted the homage of his pop-eyed stare proudly, with a new, inbuilt assuredness she had learned only since her miraculous rescue from Prince Abdul's desert palace. A rescue which had cost Mark dear, she knew, both financially and in emotional terms. But it had set the seal on a relationship whose perfection neither of them would have dreamed of.

'No, Sir Matthew,' Mark said now. 'Not my slave. My partner. But now to the main business of the evening.' He turned to Linda, and took hold of her wrist. She felt his thumb rub softly across her pulse. His other hand reached up, lay intimately on her upper thigh, his nails just brushing against the fine blonde stubble beginning to appear through the white swell of her mound. 'What's it to be, darling? You choose.'

His fingers moved briefly to touch the line of her sex, and she gave him a look of complete devotion as she turned and made her way towards the door, and the room where the racks of whips, and canes, and leather straps, and satin smooth wooden paddles waited for her to make her selection.

THE END

Linda's Master(161k) by Nicole Dere

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