

BOUND FOR THE NEIGHBOURS

Martin Hughes

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CHAPTER 1

Joanne consisted of no more than a disembodied thought process. Deprived of all other senses, nothing else had been left to her. She was in a silent, dark void of her own – utterly helpless. Quite unable to move, to see hear or talk or even smell properly, only her mind could operate freely. It ran in endless circles of terror, frustration, shame and bemusement.

It must have been many days since her ordeal began. She'd lost track of time. Shuddering, she emptied her bladder, still shameful of having to do so where she was - like a baby rather than a sophisticated, beautiful woman in her twenties. If she could recall the number of times she had done so in this confinement or how often she had received sustenance, it might give her some idea of time she supposed.

Mostly she had been entombed entirely within rubber and steel, unable to move, see, hear or speak! Sometimes though she was partially released, still naked and trussed up like a turkey, in a chair, hooded and unable to move. If anyone was looking at her – and fearfully she never had any way of knowing whether she was under observation - she knew that she must resemble a deep-sea diver. Or maybe she was enclosed entirely out of anyone's sight in the steel water tank completing her prison, totally alone? It made her claustrophobic just thinking of her predicament.

Currently she was indeed encased totally in the thick padded rubber. Cushioned and hanging, it felt as if she was embedded in treacle; no sound or light penetrated her isolated world of drifting senses. When she had first been brought here she had seen the red rubber suit suspended from the ceiling by thick nylon bands attached to numerous reinforced eyelets. It had several strategically placed tubes running into it, all connected to a pumping apparatus. The boy, her young German captor, had almost proudly explained that the latter were to provide liquid, air to both breathe and cool and also to vent her wastes. The suit completely enclosed the wearer, head to foot, leaving them suspended by the wrists and the various strong webbed cords. These were sufficiently thick to inhibit and resist any movement of the victim's limbs. Further, there was a red rubber mask complete with blacked-out goggles, earplugs and a gag sufficient to fill and stretch her mouth

covered her face. The gag also had feeding and air tubes through its hollow centre to ensure there would be no merciful escape from her suffering.

The woman in the rubber mask, she had fleetingly mused to herself when she first saw the contraption, trying to stifle the fear and horror then already threatening to consume her. Only now did she fully appreciate the ability to see, hear, move and talk - 'luxuries' now denied her.

The suit hung suspended on its webbing inside a metallic sphere, resembling a large water tank. This tank had a skilfully concealed false wall which, when closed, would convince anyone standing beside it that it was filled with water. Before removing her senses, her kidnapper had proudly showed how the thick double skinned walls were filled with water to give off a realistic sound if anyone rapped on the outside. She knew that even if the police searched that room none would ever know she was entombed there!

Such thoughts panicked Joanne. It made the beautiful blonde's mind race terrified into various configurations, normally ending with her being abandoned here in her own private void to slowly die – unbeknown to anyone. Her heart hammered drum-like in her plugged ears until, taking deep breaths, she finally regained control. She would have screamed – if she could.

Instead, her mind continued to wander. Sometimes blissfully she would even forget where she was, imagining she was on a sun-kissed beach or in a soft bed. Then the hideous reality would come crashing back and, no matter how horrible, she knew she had to grasp it – or risk going mad. That reality was that she was totally helpless and had lost all control over her actions or destiny. What were they going to do to her? What would her husband, Chris, do? Why hadn't she told him or left a note saying where she was going? Why was she being held for ransom? How did they know so much about her? Were they trying to brainwash her, destroy her as a person? She could only ponder pitifully such questions; after all, what else could she do?

In comparison were the almost wonderful times when she felt the suit's many zips being undone as it was peeled off her in segments. She would be eased out, albeit with the hood and gag in place and after her wrists

had been cuffed behind her. Sometimes she thought she smelt a forbidden waft of perfume through the nose plug filters pushed up each nostril. Was it the young woman in whose house she had been captured? The thought of that woman touching her had at first made her skin crawl – until she reached the stage of relishing any human contact.

As if she was a violent criminal or trained soldier, rather than a helpless disorientated woman, a hostage blindfolded and gagged, they took absolutely no chances when moving her. One wrist would be released at a time from the suit's confines and cuffed to something behind her until the other wrist was free. Then they would both be cuffed together behind her before her body was freed from the suit. Even Houdini would have absolutely no hope of escaping her bondage!

Trying to set aside her shame at being naked, wondering who or how many people guided her shaking limbs, she could at least enjoy the wonderful fresh feeling of air on her skin, if only for a short time. It made her feel somewhat alive and human - even if only to be bound tightly in a chair with broad rubber straps, rendering her immobile until returned to the suit.

Maybe even one day she hoped she would be allowed the luxury of feeding or washing herself or use a lavatory. As it was, even when released from the suit's confines, the tubes remained in place to 'satisfy' her bodily needs. She relied on her anonymous captors for everything. They decided when the sickly milk would pour down her feeding tubes; also when she would be eased out of the rubber and into the chair for a flannel to be wiped over her sticky body and the suit presumably washed. Her head always remained totally enclosed in the rubber helmet.

The loss of all control over herself and the denial of any information, of not really knowing who her captors were or how they had targeted her so successfully, were the worst things. They treated her like an inanimate object, not allowing her to see hear or speak. She was more helpless than a new-born baby, her feelings or thoughts obviously of absolutely no consequence to them.

She always had the hope of being rescued by her husband, he was so close; or the police. Had she been reported missing despite the note she had been forced to write? She had simply dropped out of life. Someone must

be missing her, though, she had been due to attend a dinner-dance on the evening of her kidnap. She should have been enjoying a sumptuous meal, being flattered by admiring male glances and comments as she twirled in her low-cut evening gown. Instead she hung helpless in her suit, sucking the milk passing through her feeding tube, wishing she could hear anything but the 'white noise' humming continually through her earplugs.

Would she ever get out or be rescued? She had been rescued countless times in her imagination, surrounded by concerned, friendly faces until the darkness and silence of her prisoner's world oozed back into her reality. With nothing else to occupy her mind, it constantly travelled back to the start of her troubles – trying to understand how and why.

Joanne had felt at once both excited and frightened. She was trying to obtain definite proof or evidence that her German neighbour, Eva, who she thought came across as something of a snooty cow – an 'iceberg' – was a lesbian. She would then have a moral advantage over the woman. Also, according to Chris, Eva was apparently very rich. As she was a popular school gym-teacher, might there not, she wondered, be scope for some subtle blackmail? She shook her head to clear such stray thoughts. That wasn't her real reason for doing this she tried to assure herself. Although extra money would of course be welcome she was fairly rich anyway in her own right. However, as she always told her husband, it was her money, inherited and it was always to his annoyance that she kept it in her building society for a 'rainy day.'

Her proposed venture that fateful day also frightened her somewhat because she knew she was taking a risk. Although Eva lived alone and had left for school at her normal time an hour ago, there was always an outside chance that she could return unexpectedly. Perhaps, she justified to herself her quiet, almost dull life required such a risk now and again?

Momentarily, Joanne stopped and shook herself again in customary indecision. Did she really want to do this? Her curiosity was

leading her astray. Yet somehow she must discover if Eva did have a deep dark secret. She knew that although her neighbour was outwardly friendly, she secretly looked down on her, a housewife several years her senior, with no career. Chris had confirmed to her this belief apparently held by Eva.

The thought of the woman's sly, haughty looks, when she thought none could see her, stiffened Joanne's resolve. She gripped the tiny camera which she would plant somewhere discreet in Eva's bedroom to record any indiscretions. And if she came across any proof here and now, such as photographs or notebooks, she had another tiny digital camera on her. Although Joanne was no real expert in their use her husband was in the surveillance business, selling such things and had by chance explained such matters in recent idle moments.

What would Chris think of her escapade? Joanne stopped again. She would tell him – if she discovered anything. He had almost encouraged her to do something like this anyway, putting ideas in her mind, mentioning that today Eva had let slip to him that she was leaving in the early morning for an appointment in town and would be away until late. He definitely thought that the woman had an unusual number of young schoolgirls visit her house. Perhaps she had some illegal hold over them? Drugs maybe? He'd said that flippantly but if Eva was up to something illegal, Joanne decided she would be doing a public service by exposing her; lots of praise and credit. She basked briefly in a warm glow.

Although he sometimes accused her of being nosy, Chris too, she was sure, would also enjoy the feeling of superiority of looking down on the woman. And maybe also save the girls from her influence? And if the woman was doing nothing unusual – well nothing lost. No one would ever know. And, who knows; if Eva did have a harmless secret might she indeed treat her with a little more respect if she knew it could be revealed. Power! She shivered in secret, ashamed delight.

As Chris had said, it would be so easy to get into their neighbour's house without anyone being aware. Eva had given them a spare key a week ago because she had apparently locked herself out. Stupid bitch, thought Joanne ; she wasn't so clever after all!

She continued cautiously down the narrow walkway between their two fractionally detached houses, conveniently shielded by trees from observers. She would be visible only from the windows in their houses and nowhere else. The door opened easily with the key. It had been a piece of

cake, she could easily retrieve the camera again in a few weeks after it had fed its pictures to their computer next door and satisfied her curiosity.

The house was quite neat and tidy. However, Joanne only gave it a cursory, curious look, keeping away from the windows, heading upstairs. The bedroom was bright and airy but shielded by blinds, allowing her to wander freely. It was feminine but without the bears and cuddly toys which cluttered hers.

She froze. Was that a creak from the loft? She remained still for a complete minute, ready to run, her heart hammering in her ears. Nothing, it was a heating pipe cooling down she guessed.

The small desk wasn't locked and she began foraging before deciding on a whim to check the dressing table instead. A woman's instinct had drawn her to Eva's 'undies' drawer and she trailed the tiny wispy pieces of silk through her fingers. If the woman was a lesbian, she certainly wasn't the butch partner, she decided.

Having made a cursory search and found nothing of particular interest, she concentrated on secreting the tiny camera. It would fit easily into a tiny black vent high on the wall opposite the bed, she decided, recalling Chris's advice. It was as she stood facing that wall that the voice erupted from behind her, making her jump, making her gasp but then warning her to silence and obedience. "Not a move - thief, not a sound, only if you obey totally will you avoid get hurt." The young male voice had a German accent, arrogant, totally in control. "Don't turn round, slowly put your handbag on the floor, kick it back towards me, then you'll lean against wall."

"Please I ... ouch. "

"Silence!" the voice had a sinister edge as something small and metallic jabbed her back. Was it a gun?

"Lean further from the wall, arms and legs straight and wide apart. Support yourself just on fingertips. Do it."

Trembling, her mouth dry, Joanne obeyed the precise instructions. After pushing her handbag backwards, hearing a clatter as it overturned, she gradually edged her limbs apart into a cross until he was satisfied. Her wide, frightened, eyes focused on the bedroom wall inches away, her weight resting on aching fingers. She longed to turn around, face her accuser, but dared't. Gulping, she felt lost, vulnerable and frightened, wishing she hadn't chosen to wear the short skirt, which had risen up her thighs with her splayed posture. Did Eva have a visiting boyfriend or family member? Was the youngster a

thief? How would she talk her way out of this? Would she have the opportunity? Maybe he would just call the police, or take her money and not attack her.

"Please I can explain ... aghh," she yelped as something cracked against her legs, creating a painful burning sensation as if she'd touched an electric wire. "Shut up, English bitch, no talking. If you move or turn I have something here to make you more sorry than you can imagine – I'll not warn you again," the threat hung in the air.

"What are you doing here?" the voice, after nearly five minutes of quaking silence whilst he'd leafed through her handbag, made her jump.

"I-I have a key. I'm a neighbour. I was just checking that all was well. Please, this isn't my house, I'll not tell anyone you're here if you just let me go ... "

"I think you lie," the voice interrupting her was so self-assured and in control. "Your penalty - remove your sweater."

"Look please ... haaah," she yelped, sagging against the wall, nearly turning around as she clutched another throbbing line of pain on her leg where he had again touched her with what felt like a burning metallic rod.

"You nearly turned then – very nasty." The voice was so cold and calm. "You'll not question me, just obey. If you behave, do exactly as told without question, it'll be less painful for you. Ten seconds for your jumper to come off or ... prepare for something very unpleasant, something worse."

Her face flushed, Joanne pulled her sweater off, holding it in her arms, clasped to her chest.

"Throw it behind you, then lean back against wall. Hurry!" he snapped.

She knew she had no choice. Leaning back against the wall on shaking arms, she didn't have the skill or bravado to do anything else.

"Name?"

"Joanne – Joanne Patterson."

"Age?"

"Why?"

"Age – or"

"Twenty eight."

"Address?"

"Next door. I live at number 36."

"Why are you here?" the voice was almost relaxed conspiratorial.

“Like I said, I-I do have a key, I was being a little nosy maybe. My husband sent me, he knows I’m- I’m here ...”

“Naughty girl,” he laughed, nearly making her turn and snap at him; a youngster treating her, a grown woman, like a kid! “Why don’t I believe you Joanne?” he continued, “skirt off, throw it back to me. Hurry, it gets worse; I’m not joking.” The boy amplified the threat with an ominous metallic noise when she hesitated, which could easily to her tortured imagination have been a gun cocking.

Terrified, she took a deep breath, she kicked off her shoes, unzipped her black skirt and dropped it behind her.

“Wall.”

Shuddering, she pressed against it.

“Further away, legs arms, straighter, wider, and rest on fingertips only.” He was precise in his requirements and demands, belying his lack of years; allowing her absolutely no leeway.

Again assuming the spread-eagle posture, now in just her small set of red bra, panties and hold-up stockings, she felt incredibly vulnerable before her unknown assailant. She was only thankful that her minimal clothing was at least presentable and that she was not in her comfy, dressing down, slumming underwear. Then anger momentarily boiled up that she should feel grateful. Why had this young creep any right to make her expose herself in this fashion?

There was however a reason, an important one, for her choosing glamorous underwear. This afternoon she was due to see the handsome and muscled Martin. Maybe fate would determine that this afternoon it would be right for their friendship and flirting to progress to another stage. The guy who was once merely her gym instructor but who was now something more important in her life clearly wanted their relationship to blossom. It had been left that if she too felt the same way she would go the gym that afternoon.

Bitterness gripped her heart. She knew now that she wanted that man, her marriage was faltering and she needed more excitement in her life. Now this bastard would put all of her plans and dreams in jeopardy. Martin would think she had rejected him, maybe he would leave town.

“Please – please let me go, I’ll say nothing,” she begged impulsively, simply wanting to be out of this house, run to Martin - let him know she wanted him; he could no doubt make mincemeat of the cocky young German. Even just escaping this frightening situation to seek solace with boring Chris would be preferable to being at the mercy of her captor.

“I gave no permission to talk. Silence or you get hurt.”

A tear of frustration trickled from her wide green eyes, emphasising her helplessness and lack of control over her life and destiny. Only by remembering the circumstances of her predicament here and the potential for her to suffer, quelled her temper. She stood compliant as her skirt rustled away behind her, imagining the bastard holding it - holding her skirt!

“Why go through the dressing table?” The persistent questioning continued. Joanne was caught on the hop, she had to forget everything else, concentrate on the present – her life might depend on it. She flushed a deeper hue, cursing her curiosity, the impromptu look.

“I was looking for ... I - I wondered, it looked as if it was open and I was closing it.”

“Tut –tut, lying again. Stockings, then back to wall.”

Feeling like a stripper, a whore, she unrolled her stockings to drop them behind her. Obediently she leaned against the wall again.

“What this little gadget in handbag?” he changed tack again, keeping her guessing.

“It – it’s something of my husband’s he was showing me. I’m not sure exactly what it is. I forgot about it and ... ” She was interrupted now by his laughter, cold, clinical.

“You think I’m stupid – I don’t like that. Bra please, Mrs Patterson.”

“Please,” she practically whimpered.

“Don’t make me hurt you again – yet.”

Shoulders sagging, she reached behind to unfasten the garment. It felt so unnatural to be doing so in someone else’s bedroom and at the behest of a young thief. Her hands automatically covered her breasts as they slid quivering from their lacy red coverings.

“Wall.” Biting her lip she reluctantly positioned herself against

the wall, hating the way her breasts bounced with her movements. "Feet and arms straighter – are you stupid?" He extracted more shame as she obeyed his every whim.

"Again, what's the gadget?"

"A camera," she sighed under her breath.

"Louder."

"A CAMERA," she immediately regretted shouting her impatience - as if to a cretin. He was ominously silent she wished he would say something.

"Do you make a good f-k, Mrs Patterson?" he asked at length, softly.

"Please I - I don't know, please don't hurt me, I ..."

"I bet you do, we'll maybe find out later," he said ominously. You don't lose your temper with me, bitch. Think you're clever - and I'm not eh. I think you lose frillies too, now. Knickers."

"Please," she implored, "I'll tell you anything just don't ..."

"Pants. Your last warning, only then will I give you opportunity to answer again."

Sniffing, wiping her eyes and nose, she reluctantly slid her thumbs into the waistband of her skimpy lace knickers. She slid the tiny garment down, dropped it behind her and instinctively placed a hand over her bottom.

"Haah," she gasped as a stinging pain erupted across her hand, making her again lean against the wall, feeling a small burn throbbing.

"Wider apart," he insisted. "Good, you learn now I think," he praised as she shuffled her legs wider apart to expose the fine down on her sex lips peeking below her buttocks. "Now on tiptoe."

Awkwardly she strained upwards like a wobbly ballet dancer embracing the wall, supported only on her aching fingers and toes. The strain was evident from her face as she struggled to hold the demanded pose, her mind in turmoil. She was naked and at the mercy of a vicious young thug in her neighbour's house - where she had no right to be.

Silently she prayed that he'd just go, vanish without touching her. The thought of him 'doing' things to her was abhorrent. Then she remembered the sexual orientation of the woman whose bedroom she stood in. The alternative thought of the lesbian bitch seeing her like this or touching her was equally repugnant. She shuddered in dread feeling vulnerable and frightened.

"Very pretty lady, nice arse, tits and bush; stay on tiptoe, no easing down. Nice pretty underwear too, maybe I'll keep them as souvenirs. "

A deeper bitterness gripped her. Martin had made her a sexy present of the underwear and now they were gone – probably along with him too.

“Hah,” she gasped, worrying again about her own predicament as a hand lightly tapped the clenching cheeks of her bottom as she pushed herself back up on aching toes. Why did he have to impose the additional cruelty? “Oh, please no,” she whimpered, fearing rape, smelling his breath against the fluttering skin of her neck as a pair of smooth hands reached round to hold and squeeze her swinging boobs.

She longed to tear the intruding hands away, cursing her lack of courage for not daring to jab her elbow back into him. However, she knew that as he had her leaning on her arms she would simply collapse if she dared to so attack him. Besides, she reasoned, he might be armed and could even have an accomplice with him. He had all the aces and she none. Finally, thankfully, the hands left her and she cringed, still standing quivering on her extremities, awaiting his next move.

The padded seat of the chair was cold. It stuck to her bare bottom as she sat at the dressing table writing a note with the expensive red pen she kept in her handbag.

‘Dear Chris,

I need space . I must get away and think about our future. Please
don’t try to
follow me. I may be in touch later.

Joanne’

Had an observer been present they could have been excused at first glance for thinking they had intruded into a woman’s moment of intimacy. The beautiful blonde sat naked on the bedroom chair engrossed in writing the letter to her husband. Delightfully the dip of her spine, each joint visible, led to the gentle swelling of her buttocks curving deliciously against the chair, the dark inviting cleft between her nates disappearing against the seat. Her breasts were firm pear-shapes tipped with pointed red cones which quivered slightly as she wrote. Maybe she had just had a bath or made love to a new

man in her life? On looking further they would have seen the figure behind her. Maybe he was the new man in her life?

However, there was something out of place, almost sinister, about the second person in the tranquil quiet of that bedroom. He was a slim youth, probably ten years younger than the blonde, certainly not the sort of person one would normally associate intimately with such a sophisticated beauty. More importantly, in stark contrast to the pale whiteness of the woman's curvaceous body, the youth was dressed entirely in black. This included dark glasses which, after briefly scratching his leering Arian features, he slid back down. Standing behind her he adjusted his 'rapper' hat and black combat jacket. The rounded tip of an electric cattle-prod protruded from one pocket, her discarded underwear from the other. Both simply added to his menace.

When the woman had finished writing she obediently remained stiffly facing the dressing table. Her eyes were wide, apprehensive, watching him in the mirror as he took her finished note and produced another blank paper, making her shudder as he casually draped an arm around her bare shoulder, obviously relishing its softness. He smiled crudely as he slid the paper down the slope of her breasts. It brushed her nipples before dropping onto the dressing table before her.

"Good, this will be satisfactory should the police get curious," her captor folded it into a pocket of his combat jacket. "You'll now write another – as I dictate."

Several times she had to stop to wipe or sniff away a tear as she wrote. She knew now that her aspirations and plans for the day were now gone, indeed that her whole life was on hold and probably in danger. Vaguely she wondered how he knew the details he obviously did but felt too frightened and vulnerable to raise any query.

'Chris,

Please help me, I've been kidnapped. I don't know where I am or who's holding me but they will only release me if you pay them £200,000. I will phone my building society to ask them to send forms transferring the money into our joint names so you can withdraw it. Sign your bit and they'll tell you where to leave the forms for them to collect and me to sign. After you withdraw the money they'll tell you where to take the money. If the building society are suspicious tell them we need the money to buy a boat –

this is what I shall say when I phone them. The people who are holding me say that if you do this and if I behave myself and obey them, I could be released within a week.

Please help me darling, I'm frightened. Do everything they say and don't tell the police, or anyone - or you'll never see me again.

Joanne '

As he regarded the blonde, the youngster felt a tightening of his loins. A smile creased Willy's thin, harsh features as he appreciated and relished the power he had over her. He had seen many English women, but never one this beautiful. She reminded him somewhat of the American actress, Meg Ryan, a younger version, totally delicious yet unattainable – except to him now. And in his seventeen years he had never seen any mature woman in the nude before, in the flesh as it were. The soft diffused colours of the bedroom blended with the soft pinkness of her body and its lush, enticing curves with hidden clefts and valleys. Despite his youth he felt totally confident of his ability to control and handle the situation during this phase of the operation until assistance arrived. Indeed he now needed to break down further any lingering resistance the woman might have and, recalling her silken bosoms under his hands, he decided he would enjoy it.

"OK stand, turn slowly, hands clasped on your neck," he ordered, stepping back a little, brandishing his cattle prod after he had placed a cassette recorder on the dressing table.

He enjoyed her wide-eyed terror, her gaze flicking between his face, the prod and the recorder as she nervously licked her full red lips. His gaze soon dropped below her pretty, distraught face to enjoy the beauty of her slim neck, her heaving breasts uplifted with her posture coned with erect red peaks. Then below was the flat plain of her belly leading to the soft triangular down covering her sex.

"You know the prod hurts?"

"Y-yes," she stammered, "please," she cringed back as he moved it near to her nipples.

"You don't move unless I tell you. I'll now need teach you the meaning of obedience so you'll do exactly as I say when time comes."

"I will, I promise. Please don't hurt me," she sobbed, her fingers rubbing the mark he had previously left on her hand.

"I can increase the power to burn right through you, melt your tits

or face," he explained, clicking the switch, which sounded like a gun cocking. "So you remember it waiting here in my left hand while my right teaches you tricks and lessons in obedience. I'll tell you what you do and if you don't do it immediately I'll slap. If you resist – I'll burn. When I say 'tits' you hold them. When I say 'head' you put your hands back there. If I say 'tongue,' you open your mouth wide and stick tongue out. I say 'legs', you open them wide. If I say 'smile' you smile. Pretty lady must have pretty smile eh?" he taunted her, watching her eyes practically bulge from their sockets as the prod, nearly touched her chin, her fingers still interlaced on her neck. "So ... tits," he suddenly snapped.

Crack!

"Hah," she gasped, eyes flashing with momentary anger as he slapped her across the face to leave a red handprint. It was probably only the prod, circling menacingly in his other hand, which restrained any other action on her part before she followed the direction of his gaze and quickly held her own breasts.

"Not quick enough, but maybe you finally learn ... smile."

A contorted look crossed her face as she tried in vain to transform it from her natural terror and anger.

Slap!

"Aahh."

He relished the feel of her softness under his hand as he added a red mark to her other cheek.

"No, you can do much better than that, you're a pretty lady, let's see a pretty smile, not a clown. Or maybe you're just a thick stupid cow," he mocked, remembering her snapped response when he'd earlier asked about the camera.

Anyway, he thought, she had no right to be in this house. She'd broken the law and brought it all on herself. Now he'd show her - stupid! He relished the obvious self-control she was exercised and nodded encouragement as she managed to somehow paint a smile on her twitching, wary face, still holding her breasts as if in modesty.

"Not good, we practice more ... legs."

Now she opened her legs a little and he deliberately looked down, enjoying the sight of her sex lips pouting immodestly between golden curly tufts.

Slap!

"Wider, English whore!"

Now tears of shame and pain sprang to her eyes as she stood with legs blatantly wide.

"Head."

Slap!

"Keep smiling," he ordered as she laced her hands again on her neck to leave her magnificent breasts to bounce free. "Mouth."

Slap!

"Arghh."

He loved the feel of her breast under his hand when he slapped it for her delay in opening her mouth. Her orb jiggled delightfully and he relished the look of terror on her face, wrenching her hands from her neck in an attempt to protect her lush fruit.

"You are fucking stupid!" he shouted, making her flinch back. "Mouth should be wide, tongue out, hands on head. You have much to learn, but I can help, teach. Bend , over, touch toes, legs really wide. You know what happens if you move from that position before I tell you."

With amusement he saw her mouth sag and form the beginning of a fresh plea, only to be silenced by a swirl of his prod. He grew a third stiff leg as the beautiful woman obediently bent over before him, her blonde hair cascading over the anguish of her red face. The spheres of her bottom were beautifully proportioned and her pose allowed the velvet intimacies of her sex lips to peek from below, with her smaller darker puckered ring above it.

Gathering his vaporising senses he reminded himself he had a job to do of rapidly frightening and breaking this woman. He brought his hand back.

Slap! Slap!

Once, twice, that hand cracked across the taut silken flesh of her bottom to diffuse it red. He loved the bleak despair in her eyes as she threw her head back, breath hissing through her teeth, but nevertheless still grasping her trim ankles.

As a child he had played doctors and nurses and had play-smacked other girls his age but this was something different. For a plaything now he had his very own mature, sophisticated woman! The urge to enjoy himself just a little was irresistible.

"Ughh," she grunted as he pushed a finger between her soft, fur-trimmed portals deep into her resisting heat. Although staggering forward a little she remained bent over as he explored her. Then he removed his finger and, with difficulty, extracted his throbbing penis from his flies.

"Please," she whimpered as his stiffness rubbed between the cool cleft of her buttocks and over both secret entrances. He gripped her smooth flanks with one hand whilst allowing the prod to dangle within her field of vision. However, a tiny but insistent voice within him reminded him of his job, and with unexpected maturity for one so young faced with overwhelming temptation, he listened to it.

"Now we run through it again, see if you've learnt obedience."

He smiled as the blonde beauty followed his every order. Mouth gaping, tongue protruding ridiculously, smiling, hands on head or holding her breasts whilst doing the splits, it was like having his own slave or puppet. Faster and faster he ran her through the routine until she jumped obediently at his every command.

Finally he decided she was ready for the next phase of the operation, and he wanted her sufficiently pliable mentally for it to go without a hitch. Now she stood with her hands clasped to her neck, smiling. He draped the microphone over her shoulder and with one hand held a short typewritten script before her wide eyes. The other hand held the prod inches from the quivering peak of a breast.

"You now repeat words on script, exactly and in happy, excited voice please, we have inside information and know all details. You add your security and code word for your account - you no want to know what happen to you if you get wrong. No hesitation, no faltering, make convincing or you suffer much. Practice first."

"Oh hi, it's Joanne Patterson here," she managed into the cassette recorder's microphone on her second attempt in bright, breezy tones. It was just lucky that the operator wouldn't be able to see the two large tears tracking her cheeks. "I want you to send the forms to my house to transfer my savings from my own account 876345 into joint names please. My husband and I may splash out to buy a boat. If he finds one suitable he'll need the money this week, if possible. I know you always need to check security, so my post-code's ME20 6XJ, my maiden name's Timber and my code word is Oliver."

"Well done," the boy smiled after he had switched off. "That will

be played back to their answer-machine from a phone box tonight. Now we must make you secure," he said grimly.

He took absolutely no chances with her - almost as if she were a desperate, violent criminal rather than a frightened naked woman. Efficiently he clicked cuffs onto her wrists, which she had to place behind her back and a choke dog chain round her neck. Finally, he secured a ball gag in her mouth, stretching her jaws, rendering her speechless.

Joanne stood trembling apprehensively like a puppy in its first day in a new house as he held her lead whilst silently pulling down a loft ladder on oiled runners. He flicked on a light and proceeded upward, tugging her chain, metal rungs hard under her bare feet.

"Lean head against the steps to stop you falling back," he advised.

Joanne needed no second bidding to avoid falling and hanging by the chain. It was almost with relief that she stepped off the last rung to find herself in a small windowless attic room below the sloping roof of the house. Initially she had a sense of relief that she was not to be whisked away to an unknown destination. Maybe Eva was involved? Surely the woman wouldn't kill her. Then she wondered whether she really wanted to be naked and bound at the mercy of a lesbian! Or perhaps Eva was also being held prisoner here.

She looked around, taking in a large solid chair with straps draped over it and set before a periscope-type device with its lens covered. There were also some exercise machines. She recalled that Eva was gym teacher and half expected to see the woman. Then dread gripped her belly when she saw the macabre suit hanging in the tank. Her smiling young captor proudly explained she would be confined in it for some time. Instinctively she pulled away as he patted the globes of her bottom, leading her towards the sinister contraption.

"Hggggh," she managed the muffled scream through her gag as the prod brushed her thigh.

"That happens whenever you don't obey. There are others here too to guard you, there's no way out. They're real animals and will treat you real bad if you don't do exactly as told," he snarled to her questing, trembling face." Understand?"

She nodded weakly, despondently wondering what life now held for her - and for how long! Obediently, she let the lad fasten her securely into the suit's bondage until she was absolutely immobile and helpless, blind and

dumb. Filter plugs up each nostril would also virtually remove her sense of smell. He explained to her the purposes of the various tubes and restraints until, finally he plugged her ears to remove that sense too, leaving her in a dark, still silent void.

CHAPTER 2

The sheets were petal-soft against her body. Seductively, she moulded the sheets to her contours, delighting in the way her nipples stood out like thimbles through the thin material, exciting them. Chris's penis was as erect as she could recall for some time, swinging stiffly before him like a flagpole as he slid off the thong pants she had bought him last Christmas. Again she smoothed the sheets over her body, aware of his eyes drinking in the dark smudge of her pubic thatch beneath the thin sheet as she slyly parted her thighs.

"Oh I say, what are you doing?" she exclaimed in mock horror as her suddenly jerked the sheet off to reveal her nudity, feeling the cool air washing all over her. Modestly, impishly, she placed her hands over her chest.

"I'm going to f—K the arse off you," he growled hoarsely, climbing onto the bed beside her, knowing she sometimes liked a 'bit of rough'.

Tantalisingly, his lips nuzzled and pecked her neck before working toward her mouth. She turned her head, trapping his lips under hers, opening her mouth under his inquisitive tongue. Now his mouth had moved to her breast, deeply sucking each nipple in turn, nipping sweetly with his teeth to cause an exquisite tingling deep within her. Her arms encircled his head, pulling him harder against her as his loins lifted over her now widely spread thighs.

"Aah, oooh," she grunted in frustration as he teased her with the tip of his penis. It darted against her waiting softness, slightly into sex lips before withdrawing again. "Mmmm." His fingers rubbed and pressed the hard knob of her desire to a peak of anticipation.

She could smell her love juices gushing, the heat radiating from her loins when he slowly, gently slid into her, deeper and deeper, filling and stretching every nook and cranny of her aching sex. Urgently, she reached down to grip the cheeks of his buttocks, hard as two large coconuts, pulling him ever deeper into her throbbing body. Her teeth bared in a frenzy of passion, her hips began to move in rhythm with his, feeling his pulsing rod

sliding in and out. She bucked and arched her back under him, the ripe berries of her nipples squashing against his lean hairy chest as she moaned soft words of love.

He felt so big, so powerful, making her blink her eyes open. It wasn't Chris. The figure thrusting into her was Martin! Her shocked brain subsided even deeper into the warm red glow of pleasure. It didn't matter, this was the moment she had been waiting for anyway.

A breeze gently wafted across her body writhing under the erection which impaled her. This was her best ever, she was wet and sticky, drawing him in, drinking him dry.

"Hmm," she moaned, shuddering to a climax as intense as any she could remember. "Ow," she protested, he was getting carried away, biting her breasts; it hurt. She cried out wanting him to stop.

Strangely, though she couldn't hear herself! When she tried to touch her ears – she couldn't. She couldn't move at all!

Reality came crashing back, pushing back the realms of fantasy, which had encroached with the erotic dream. She felt hot and sticky. Yet something moved within her, a finger?

Her nipples throbbed, either from real pain or pleasure from her dream. She was losing track. Had her tormentor crept out of her darkness to flick her helpless sensitive buds again? They would do that now and again. She would be tied in her chair, mind wandering when, without warning, a jolt of fiery pain would eat into her. Besides being moved between the suit and chair and sponge-washed it was her only touch or sensation. Then she would be left alone for hours, trying to relax again, wondering when and if the fiends would flick her exposed helpless flesh again.

She sobbed in shame that, this time, the bastard may also have made her come in her sleep, imagining the pleasure she had given him as her bound form wriggled with him.

Were any hands still on her? Had there ever been any? Reality and fantasy touched and merged dangerously. She didn't know whether her shameful orgasm was self-induced or whether she had been manipulated? Bereft of any further stimuli she drifted off to sleep again.

Now there was a subtle change in the routine. She had been strapped into

her chair for a cool flannel to wash over her body but one of her earplugs had been removed. Was this another dream? She was sure it wasn't.

All of Joanne's senses became keener, honed. There was also a sense of increased fear; the cosy black, silent world which had been hers for what seemed forever was seemingly changing. What was going to happen to her? What would the beasts controlling her do? Hearing footfalls besides her she felt terrified.

"Remember the cattle prod? Nod if you do."

A voice! It was real, not from her imagination. Her mind was momentarily scrambled until she managed to accept it as reality. It was horribly familiar, belonging to the youth and almost unbearably loud after her eternity of silence. She cringed, waiting for a finger to flick her, wanting to retreat into herself away from the memory of the horrid metal burning her.

"If you ignore me you'll feel it now, it's right by your tits. You remember what it feel like - or do I remind you?"

She tried in vain to make a sound through the ball gag, to move within the bands holding her tightly to the chair when something touched one of her nipples. Her muscles knotted in anticipation of burning pain, eyes squeezed shut under the mask. She relaxed very slightly when fingers circled and touched her. Such was her deprivation of senses that the treacherous bud erected to a peak under the gentle stimulation.

Fearfully she knew she had to respond to outside stimuli after all this time or be hurt. The outside world had intruded into her little cocoon. Only too well did she remember the prod and the horrid creep who used it. She couldn't bear him using on her now, not there! Yet she knew he could - and at will. Just his cruel fingers were bad enough!

Cold at the thought, she nodded frantically when she heard the familiar metallic click

"Good. Well, unless you want feel it again, you obey next orders. I have building society forms for you to sign. I release one hand and one eye-patch, that all. Then you practice signing on paper, get circulation going before signing form. If you refuse I burn with prod. If you mess up signature on form I burn and you have to spend much longer as prisoner while I get another. Nod if you agree to sign. When finished you can go back in suit"

Oddly, there was nothing more that Joanne wanted than to retreat

from the reality of the beast and back into her silent world. Frantically she nodded.

“I’ll undo the eye cover. Close eye, then open slowly so it no hurt you so much maybe. You don’t not look at me – or else.”

She controlled a momentary surge of anger that she, a grown woman, was being lectured like school-kid by someone scarcely more than a boy himself, accepting with frustration that she was nothing more than a helpless child before him. She followed his wise advice as a harsh white light burned around the edges of her eyelid as the hood flap lifted. Her eye watered as she slowly blinked it open.

How could a plaster wall be beautiful? Yet to Joanne it was. It was her first sight since being entombed. She drank in details of the hairline diagonal crack on the wall and the spider scurrying over it. The little creature moved out of her sight. In frustration, Joanne was unable to see where it went, broad straps across her forehead, neck and shoulders, waist and thighs kept her immobile in the chair facing straight ahead.

Willy felt almost sorry for the figure bound so tightly into the high wooden chair, one wide green eye staring bleakly from the eye cover. The straps rendering her totally immobile and the red hood completely enclosing her head reminded him of a prisoner awaiting execution - apart from her body.

She was naked and her pear-shaped breasts rose and fell rapidly making the nipples he had tuned to erection bob like little berries. When washing her body, sticky from the confining rubber suit, he had been tempted to delve below her fluttering belly and into the fur-fringed delights of her splayed thighs but didn’t want to spoil or delay the agreed routine.

“I release one wrist and place document for signature on lap on clipboard. Scrap-paper on top for you practice on,” he instructed.

It was part of the breaking down process of the beautiful blonde to keep her immobilised and dependant upon them. Deprived of her senses and

any control she would be more docile and susceptible to later suggestion. He thus only allowed her sufficient visibility and movement for the intended purpose.

Her first attempts at a signature were pathetic scribbles and her numbed fingers at first dropped the pen. In annoyance he flicked the still-erect red tip of one of her breasts cruelly, approaching from her 'blind' side so that she jumped, the small extent possible, in shock, moaning through her gag as she absorbed the stinging pain.

"You better not f—k me around. Get it right – quickly - or the prod."

He saw her grip the pen in tension, a tear moistening her visible eye as she now managed a reasonable signature.

"Again, again," he had her repeat it until he was satisfied and then for real on the form. "Good, we should have your money soon. You had your 'exercise', you now go back."

Even had she wanted, there was absolutely nothing she could do to prevent him, one by one, removing the senses he had tantalising and briefly given back to her. With the eye-flap and earplug back in place her head was again totally sealed up. Sticking to the agreed plan he allowed her no freedom of movement of her own accord. Removing the straps on her upper body and shoulders, leaning her forward he twisted her freed wrist behind her and clicked on her cuffs on before un-strapping her other hand, then cuffing them together behind her.

He crouched between her splayed thighs, unable to resist the impulse to slide his fingers over the shivering flesh to the mauve portals. She wriggled as he slid two fingers slightly into the oyster-like lips, delighting in their moist, silken heat. Again he exercised his self-control. He had total control over this woman and could have her whenever he wished. Indeed he would have her soon. But for the moment he concentrated on meticulously working his way down her thighs, releasing the straps binding her and leading her on stiff legs back to her confinement.

Limb by limb he again cocooned her in her rubber suit. He delighted in the way she wriggled as he lovingly connected the tubes

protruding from the suit, especially when he slid one into the pink rosebud of her puckered anus, switching on the suction pump. He was planning an evening out with a schoolgirl, probably ending in a burger bar - and then ... ? Condescendingly he flicked the tap to allow his captive to also enjoy herself - to suck the mixture of milk and vitamins through her gag. Again he felt almost sorry for her when he shut the false door of the tank on the silent and still figure.

CHAPTER 3

Time passed again for Joanne in an endless crawl. Sometimes she was in her suit and sometimes strapped to the chair. Sometimes they would spitefully hurt her, pinching, slapping, flicking her exposed flesh. Sometimes she would be totally ignored. Day and night blurred together, they meant nothing. They didn't exist in her world. She would drift awake, perhaps empty her bowels or bladder, suck some nutrients, dream, fantasise, hope and pray. She was beyond the normal boundaries of the world outside, in danger of becoming remote from it, never knowing whether children played in the sunlit gardens around her or alternatively if foxes prowled in the moonlight.

She guessed that two or maybe three silent days had passed since she had signed the building society papers. She wondered how they had managed to get them from Chris. Her dreams of him having notified the police and the police following the German lad when he picked them up, wherever he had been told to leave them, had slowly dissipated. No-one was coming to rescue her. Therefore, she simply prayed that Chris would be able to withdraw the cash before long and pass it onto her captors. Would they then release her? She could only pray and assume that they would – any other thoughts led to madness.

Her only break in the routine was being washed with a flannel and presumably this ritual took place during daylight hours – although she could never know. This was one such occasion when she was strapped into the chair relishing the cooling touch. It was a soft touch and, not for the first time, Joanne sensed a fragrance of perfume through the supposedly neutralising plugs in her nostrils. She guessed that the deprivation had heightened her senses.

Although the touch of water and soap was comforting it was also intimate, lingering. Joanne shuddered inwardly in disgust – such an outward gesture not being possible for her bound body – in the near certain knowledge that it was the lesbian girl, Eva, who now sat on her lap holding and soaping her breasts. At least it wasn't the sadistic boy; small mercies she thought.

If she could have, she would have closed her legs as the hands moved between her splayed thighs. She couldn't prevent a slight raising of

her hips however as the soft cloth edged into their apex, touching and enlarging her bud. The hands, with a woman's knowledge, knew just where to go, where to press and rub. The contrast of those gentle yet insistent exploring fingers was a total contrast to her previous sensory deprivation. Moisture and heat were building between her legs. She bit down on her gag feeling sweat beading below her head mask, her hips began to gyrate the small extent possible by her binding, blindly, in frustration, seeking the hands which had now left her.

Then, unusually she felt hands on her helmet's earplug. A lovely soft sweet woman's voice, drifted into her consciousness.

"Welcome to my house ,Mrs Patterson, and to your own body. Would you like the touch to continue?"

Joanne was confused, but eventually managed to shake her head a little under the strap.

"That's a shame because with that touch would come more freedom. I'll just have to return you to your suit."

She wanted, tried to change her mind. It was too late, the earplug was replaced and hands guided her back to her sticky confinement.

More time passed, endlessly. Joanne's mind was a turmoil of frustration and regret for the missed opportunity of regaining some control of her body and life. Would she be given another?

She was again strapped in the chair. Nothing happened. She was replaced in the suit. Now she felt slightly sick, realising with horror that she'd choke if she actually vomited. She controlled and subdued it, her digestion probably needed something other than the milk she thought. Hours or days dragged past. She suckled, she urinated, she wept.

Then again came the soft touch whilst she was strapped in the chair. Unable to express herself other than with her body, she lifted her hips in offering the couple of inches permitted by her straps. She felt the long, soft finger curl further within her, a thumb flicking her rapidly engorging bud. Irrespective of the promise of more freedom to accompany it, Joanne, denied of physical contact for so long, wanted that touch to continue, but it ceased, making her shudder in frustration, toes curling uselessly.

The earplug was removed. The wonderful gift of sound and hearing was suddenly restored to her.

"I am lesbian, Mrs Patterson, and you're spread like rich feast,

naked and helpless before me. You understand your predicament? You want more of my ... attentions?" The voice she now recognised as her neighbour, Eva, was just as soft and patient as if only seconds rather hours or days had passed since it last spoke. It may indeed have been only a sadistic teasing, perhaps a casual, unimportant enquiry from the German girl. To her though it was of vital importance - her very sanity.

Feeling at once both sick at the thought of the lesbian's assault, yet excited at the possible restoration of some of her senses, she nodded vigorously as best she was able in her tight bondage.

Eva had allowed her young brother, Willy, to have most of the initial contact with their blonde captive. It would make her more pliable if she felt she was in the hands of a vicious, virtually anonymous stranger and totally deprived of her senses, occasionally being hurt without warning. Now was the time to slowly bring her back to the world, if only for brief forays, whilst also enjoying herself.

Her sleek, German face broke into a savage grin as her fingers slid into the tight, heat within the soft pouting sex lips of her captive. She stroked a finger over the woman's vulva, relishing her wriggling, virtually the only movement remaining to her. The juicy clitoris grew under her thumb's experienced manipulations, her fingers becoming sticky with Joanne's love juices. Then she stopped, feeling the frustrated tension in the knotted thighs of her victim.

"More later, poppet, if you're good," she spoke impishly relishing the total control she had over the beauty. "Close your eyes against sudden light, sweetheart, I'll now let you see."

Gently, she eased the helmet from the sticky face. Now she was able to properly appreciate the prettiness of her prisoner. The tousled blonde hair was compressed against the heart-shaped red face, marred only by the ball-gag distending her full lips and bulging mouth.

Eva was quite content with the way things had gone so far. She felt the familiar heat and moisture between her own thighs at the sight of the beautiful woman who was now hers. She relished the look of trepidation in those wide green eyes, blinking frantically to adjust to their sudden use again.

Her captive was a few years her senior, yet her 5ft 5" body was in excellent trim. She recalled observing her sunbathing in her garden, sometimes in tight shorts hugging every curve of her figure, maybe in a bikini. Or alternatively Joanne might be wearing a short white skirt, sitting knees under her chin, the tiny white or black strip of vertical satin just visible where her sculptured thighs met. Her breasts were also works of art, shapely and firm. How she used to fantasise, seeing the woman's delicious cleavage, thrusting though a tee-shirt or a bikini top, fingers twitching as she imagined sliding off that tiny clinging covering. Twice she had been lucky enough to witness her sunbathing topless, the delightful creature little realising that she did so not in privacy, but under the ever-present gaze of the periscope – and also the camcorder sometimes attached to it!

She was thus familiar with the delicate hollow curve of her back, down which she now drew a long blue fingernail to make Joanne shiver slightly. It led to the enticing feminine swell of her buttocks, which she patted gently. Again recalling her voyeurism, she remembered hot afternoons in the loft pressing urgent hands between her legs as she imagined herself feeling that same silken bottom flesh under her hands, sliding down the flimsy material to reveal the globes. Indeed, if the bikini was particularly small she could often glimpse the dark cleft between each magnificent globe. Once, she remembered with a glow, the beautiful creature had impishly slid off that covering to lay on top of her husband, wriggling and clenching her bottom so sensuously. How she had ridden him, slim neck stretched taut, mouth agape as she gasped her pleasure.

Now, Eva's hands touched again for real those same firm breasts and buttocks, feeling them quiver softly. They were even better close up and she could now feel them at will. Slowly, she un-strapped the ball-gag from the distended mouth.

"Aaah, ug, th-thanks, may I have a drink please," Joanne managed to croak weakly after stretching her jaws and couching.

Slap!

"Aaarhughhhh, ooohh," she gasped as Eva cuffed her face, jarring it from side to side before brutally pinching one of the erect nipples. When Joanne's mouth gaped in an agonising scream, Eva pushed the ball-gag back.

"I gave no permission to speak. You remain totally silent. I thought it mean less discomfort if your mouth free, but you must learn I control you totally. If you no do as I say you get punished or lose privileges.

Nod if understand."

The pretty head hesitatingly moved up and down the few inches it could.

"Right, I'll explain," Eva spoke softly, reaching out, feeling the soft flesh of the bound woman's shoulders ripple as she put an arm familiarly around her. "Your kidnap progress well and to plan. But you have to remain as my ... guest for sometime longer," she saw the despair etched into the pretty face and felt the shoulders sag. "If you act responsibly, though, obey me and my young brother without question you'll make life easier for yourself. If not ... I fear for your sanity and well-being shut in suit for long – long period."

"Hmgghhh," Joanne implored through the gag, looking up pitifully at the beautiful, dark-haired, smiling face of her captor, trying to express her horror at the thought of a further long confinement. True, she had wanted to retreat into herself and back into her suit when the young lad was menacing her. Now, however, thanks to the girl's soft hands she had renewed her acquaintance with her sensuality and now her ability to see and hear again.

Slap!

"Naughty girl, I say no speak, that means you don't try to speak either!" Eva admonished as if to a schoolchild with a hand cracking across one of the pinioned thighs, but leaving it draped across the soft flesh. "You be here for some time like this so get used to it. If you offer any resistance we'll simply extend your stay and make your life hell. The only way you'll improve your position is by obedience and good behaviour. Slowly you'll earn the right to be released. You're naughty for breaking into my house to steal. We've no real need to release you at all after we get the money. No-one knows you're here," she smiled cruelly.

Again, Joanne looked up pleadingly at her captor, not daring to even grunt. Dearly though she wished she could put her side of things, or at least the side of things she had concocted during her long hours of bondage. It was on the lines of her having no intention of stealing or being nosy. Rather, the Neighbourhood Watch had information there would be a burglary

in the road that day and that it would probably be Eva's house. Thus, knowing she had a spare key she had suggested planting a camera to catch the culprit. The Neighbourhood Watch lady had, Joanne knew, just gone on a long holiday so none could disprove her improvised cover story.

It was useless though. Eva had forbidden her to make any sound and Joanne dare not displease or disobey her. The thought of losing the privilege of her partially restored senses was too much to contemplate. She was unable to meet her tormentor's cold blue eyes as the hand slid up her thigh, softly stroking her pubic straw. Then the slim, elegant creature stood, brushing down her dress and sat on her lap.

"I must give you further warning of consequences of any disobedience or silliness," the German girl produced a phial of foul-smelling purple liquid, holding it under her victim's wrinkling nose. "You been given rare and tasteless poison while in suit; it kill by disintegrating all major organs to induce a painful death within a day. You maybe recall feeling a little sick?" She smiled at the look of desperate horror on her victim's petty face, her green eyes bulging at the little phial under her nose. "No, my pretty," she smoothed the blonde hair from the now moist face, "this isn't the poison; this is the only thing which can save your life," she smiled. "It the only antidote and both it and poison is unknown to your Western science.

The pretty eyes now looked up imploringly to the eyes of her captor, alternating between those glinting blue jewels of evil and the little phial. Sweat trickled from her brow as Eva carelessly juggled the glass in her hands. Whether it was simply psychosomatic or not, her recent feelings of sickness began to grow worse. There was no doubt in Joanne's pliable, stimuli and sensory deprived mind that the little glass bottle was all that stood between her and a hideous death. "You need sip of antidote every day to stop the poison activating - until it finally degrades, becoming harmless in a few months time," the ice-cold demon continued sarcastically. "Whether you live or die is no longer important to us. If you escape or anyone rescues you, you'll die screaming within a day and they'll not know what killed you.

Even if you're taken straight to hospital nothing can save you. You must thus not anger or disobey me ... or I'll withhold the only thing which stands between you and an agonising death," she smiled cruelly, an evil glint in her eye as she hid the precious phial behind her back. "Nod if you understand and will obey."

Urgently, hopelessly, Joanne complied feeling ever more sick.

"Uck," she choked involuntarily as Eva tipped a little of the precious fluid between her lips. It was vile.

"That keep you safe for a little while longer," Eva smiled like a concerned mother, stroking the shining trembling face, relishing the shudder passing through her bound form. It was surprising, she thought, what a little sour milk could do to induce sickness. And the chemistry class at her school had been only too willing to produce a concoction of foul tasting yet harmless liquid!

"Now I make you feel good before you have to go away again," she breathed, stroking her delightful victim's smooth shoulders until the trembling ceased. "I'll take care of you ... if you behave," she purred, her hands pressing against the erect red tips of the quivering breasts and down the flat belly to the curly thatch.

"Mmmm," the bound figure sighed, unable to restrain the moan of pleasure as the finger slid into her, filling her deliciously, rubbing her tender bud. Earnestly her big green eyes implored the pretty German that she would be good and thus not to again remove her hand. Moisture beaded her lips as the fingers explored and stimulated her gradually leading her on a road to a pinnacle of desire.

"Gently little one, come now," the smiling girl, smoothed the blonde hair with her free hand whilst the other rubbed and flicked the inflamed morsel throbbing in its furry nest.

Joanne didn't care that she abhorred the thought of lesbianism, girls with girls - gross. Her whole system of values and behaviour had been turned on its head and now such a wonderful, soft stimulation was infinitely preferable to that awful rubber suit. Further, she knew that her continued existence depended on pleasing and sucking up to the pretty German fiend. And the girl was pretty, she couldn't deny that as her long, knowing fingers sought out the essence of her sexuality

"Now you have choice. I either replace the gag right now, or you can use your tongue on me, woman to woman. I think you know what I

mean. You will not speak. Nod if you agree but, if you then change your mind, I'll punish you harshly. If you shake head I simply replace gag and maybe leave you longer in suit than otherwise. What is it to be?"

Joanne was still panting and sticky from her climax, feeling warm and wet, slowly, her head nodded. The touch had led her to a wonderful soft and sensuous place where she could momentarily forget her bondage, fear and loneliness.

Eva was in heaven. She slowly removed her clothes, all of them, rubbing herself against the bound, quivering form. Then her hands tightly gripped Joanne's shoulders her feet on stools either side of her chair as she ground her shuddering pubic mound tightly against the rubber mask.

"Your tongue, in deep, delve, right in, mmm," she moaned as the flickering organ, the only part of her captive's body which was allowed movement, went to work. Soon reaching her climax she painfully squeezed the blonde's shapely 36B breasts jutting below her, making the tongue momentarily stop. "Carry on slut, or you'll suffer," she gasped. "Hah, hah, haaaaaaggghhh," she gasped, her hips bucking and writhing in orgasmic joy, mashing her sex against Joanne's face.

It had been ten minutes of heaven for Eva; ten minutes of sick disgust for Joanne.

"Now your sensory deprivation continues so you learn more obedience and appreciate when - and if - I give more freedom."

Joanne, felt dirty, sickened, her mouth sore. She scarcely felt the hood tugged back. When the flaps closed down, the faint, white-sound, hissing resuming in her earplugs, she again lost all sight and hearing. Her life had again been shut down and her tiny fraction of limited freedom passed back to her captor. After being led back to her suit the stimulation of the magic touch gradually began to wear off. It was replaced by the memories of shame and dirtiness. Used and abused she felt helpless, frustrated and useless panic as time once again began to slowly pass.

Shut off totally from the world, questions without answers poured through the open filter of her mind. Joanne wondered in her bleak silence whether Eva was still up there with her? Now another fear had been added and stirred into the melting pot of her mind. Would the girl remember the next dose of antidote to the poison? What would happen if her captor was knocked down in an accident, or the police somehow caught her? Did the

girl's horrible brother know where the phial was? Would the beast choose to administer it? Was Chris at home? If only there was some way she could let him know that she was only 20 yards or so away, naked and helpless in the hands of these fiends.

CHAPTER 4

She must have slept again. Suddenly there were hands on her gag, making her flinch in shock until recollections of her

She must have slept again. Suddenly there were hands on her gag, making her flinch in shock until recollections of her predicament again settled back into her memory. The valve had obviously been turned and the bland milk tricked into her sucking mouth. Such was her pleasure both at the sustenance and the knowledge of human contact that she overcame her shame at the humiliating method of her feeding, like an infant - indeed she was as helpless as one! The flow just as suddenly ceased and she was again plunged back into total isolation.

Her imagination again came to the fore, worrying about the possibility of the house catching fire and her being consumed helplessly by flames in the loft. Again she thought about Eva being incapacitated and her being left to die up here unknown to the world. Eva, and possibly her brother, were her sole link to humanity, her lifeline; she prayed for their safety and goodwill. They were such spiteful cruel creatures – and yet she needed them so much.

She had to shut down that line of thought or go mad. Instead she reviewed her life, her relationships, where she was going - if she ever resumed a normal life that is! What was Martin doing? Had he assumed her rejection of him? She ground her teeth in frustration.

It felt as if this silent black void had been her whole world for always. The isolation was only punctuated by sustenance flowing through her tube, or the emptying of her bowels or bladder, or like now, being taken from the suit. Yet the routine seemed to be different this time. As usual her wrists had been cuffed behind her but only her ankles and knees had been strapped to the chair leaving her thighs, hips and upper body free. Although still isolated from most sensations by her helmet, she somehow sensed a tense excitement in the hands that controlled her. At least she relished the cool flannel washing her constrained body, restoring a small semblance of humanity and normality.

Then, without any warning, a burning pain engulfed her nipples,

jerked her out of her dream world. Cruel fingers pinched, pulled and twisted her sensitive buds, making her jerk in her chair to the extent possible by her bonds, groaning and straining under her hood. It felt as if a swarm of wasps were stinging her most sensitive buds; tears of pain moistened her eye pads. She never knew when, during her helpless bondage, they would choose to inflict such cruelties on her. Guessing the torture came from Eva's young brother, she stayed tense, wondering if he would strike her unprotected body again.

Slowly she relaxed, absorbing the horrible throbbing in her sensitive breasts. Then she was touched there again. What felt like pegs were attached to them, making her writhe in agony as the claws nipped and gripped her viciously, mercilessly. Meekly she had to accept the spiteful pain as he cruelly slapped and bounced her precious fruit, pulling them up and down, distending them. She guessed he was probably laughing, making crude comments, maybe showing off his control in front of someone, but nothing penetrated her silent void.

Then she felt him close to her, felt his body heat. With shock she flinched when his bare flesh touched hers, he was between her thighs which were bound blatantly wide to the chair. She cringed at just how exposed she was, her bottom overhanging the chair seat, guessing his intentions. How she longed for it to be Eva with her and not the spiteful young fiend.

"Grmphh," she gasped through her gag, straining uselessly against her bonds as hands gripped and lifted her buttocks off the seat. The hard, moist tip of his penis nudged her vulva.

There was nothing she could do, absolutely nothing, except wriggle very slightly and probably most provocatively, as the hot, throbbing length of his erection thrust deep into her vagina. As the pain of his assault penetrated deep into her, she also writhed in agony from the hands on her bottom turning to talons of lust. They pinched her soft flesh, drawing her against him, whilst her contorted breasts pressed and rubbed with excruciating pain against his smooth hard chest.

She couldn't hear him grunting as his hips drove and bucked between hers, but she could feel his saliva dribbling down her neck as he slobbered over her. To him she could have been no more than a lifelike blow-up rubber doll, totally helpless and unable to respond in any way as he brutally took her, just a warm tight, hole. To her each thrust represented an explosion of agony, the pegs on her nipples making it feel as if pins were

being lanced into her sensitive buds. His piston burst back and forth pounding into her sex, whilst she just counted each lance of agony, wanting it to be over.

So brutally taken, just like an animal, she felt at that moment that she would never want to be touched by a man ever again. If only Eva was here to help and protect her she sighed inwardly.

Finally, she felt his thrusts becoming more urgent, his fingers tightening ever more painfully into her bottom as he swelled within her. Brutally he crushed her against him, shards of red-hot agony jarring into her breasts as he jerked his lust deep into her. Almost immediately he left her, still perched provocatively on the edge of her chair, to sob inwardly, tortured breasts bouncing.

For several minutes she was left in that position until finally her captor must have tired of his cruel sport. He removed the pegs, sending fresh needles of pain darting into her nipples with the returning circulation. He fastened her back into her chair in her usual bondage, more helpless, but less blatantly exposed. Slowly she relaxed again, this time to remain in peace without torment.

Why were they doing this to her? She sobbed inwardly, drained.

Now Chris was before her, grumbling at her for getting into this mess. She strained forward in her bonds, silently imploring him to untie her. First though he said he had to tidy up the loft and then go down to his garden to water his precious flowers before releasing her. She would have screamed in frustration at his unhurried orderliness if she could. The horrid boy or Eva would be back soon and she would remain here forever, being tormented. Just as she began to ponder how she could actually see Chris, she jerked awake at the touch of hands on her shoulders.

Instead of the feeding straw, there was the wondrous feel of the gag again being eased from her wide jaws. She tensed, anticipating another rape, only slowly relaxing when she sensed Eva's soft touch. The aching intensified, feeling as if her mouth was fixed forever in that position until a wet flannel was pushed in her mouth, lubricating. Then the hands cradling her shoulders and removing her earplugs held a horrible cup of antidote to her lips, making her at first choke but then gulp dutifully.

"Th-thank y ... aaaahh," her words were cut short with another punch in her belly, some precious liquid squirting from her gaping mouth.

"If you forget the rule of silence once more I'll never release you

again,” snapped Eva’s voice.

Joanne again experienced the sheer joy of hearing a voice, even if only that of her tormentor whose fist had just left her aching and winded. More especially though, it was Eva and not her vile young brother. She doted on every word; each was an enrichment of her deprived senses.

"I gather Willy had some fun with you. He’s drunk, I hope that doesn’t happen too often," Eva tried to keep the amusement from her voice as she made light of her victim's ordeal, seeing her head sagging with undoubted memories of her rape.

In reality, Eva had organised it under the 'good cop/bad cop' principle to provide her victim with even more of a contrast of behaviour to make her more pliable towards herself. The last week or so had been an exquisite pleasure for her. She or her brother would sometimes just watch their captive or, depending on their mood or whim, torment her. They might creep up to the unsuspecting figure and make it writhe in agony at her whim. Or they might take her to the other end of the sense spectrum and gently stroke the woman's exquisite body, feeling her stir and become aroused before leaving her unfulfilled. She understood that a few weeks of sensory deprivation contrasted with short bursts of real pain and suffering would be sufficient to begin to re-mould a subject.

She couldn't deny that she had found it exciting to watch and film Joanne's ordeal. There was nothing erotic about her brother's, body. However, her thighs moistened at the memory of Joanne's gaping, fur-lined mauve sex, with the tight, rock hard buttocks pounding away between soft white thighs. Joanne's poor orbs, contorted painfully under the pegs, had bounced against Willy's chest as he gripped his victim's bottom, driving deep into the open nest which she was forced to continually offer him.

"I must say, though, you look very nice just now, my brother make your tits look very pretty with pegs." Eva unconsciously rubbed her thighs together both at the recollection of the torments inflicted on the blonde’s exquisite body and also the present sight of the delightful beauty helplessly bound before her still blindfolded. She decided to step up the pressure.

"Your husband, Chris, he took your ... enforced absence remarkably well." She smiled at Joanne’s sharp intake of breath which the

words had caused, deliberately saying no more for a full five minutes, guessing how much the tense blonde must wish to ask what she meant – but knowing the penalty for talking. “I’ll go round to your house to have drinks with him tonight - to console him, of course,” Eva smirked as the neat white teeth bit down on the full red lips. “Who knows where that might lead, though.” She impishly kissed a pale white cheek, now damp with the track of a tear. “Everyone in the road’s talking about that nice Mrs Patterson running away with a man “ she rubbed more salt into the open wound of Joanne’s feelings. “Perhaps, when I settle down with Chris tonight, I’ll say you are still very close - sitting naked just few feet away but bit tied up? Or maybe not,” she laughed.

Joanne could scarcely believe it as her bonds were released and yet she was not immediately transported back to the terribly confining suit and tank with the horrible tubes sticking into her. Still blindfolded she sat in the chair, silent and still waiting patiently for whatever was to come next.

“Your body needs exercise after no activity, as I gym teacher I’ll instruct you.” A further sliver of hope and life was being returned to her. She knew she must treasure and nurture it, not to take it for granted, knowing how easily her sadistic captors could withdraw it. “You know that if you don’t obey me, or try anything, anything you’ll suffer. I’m strong, you’re soft, no match for me. Also, I’ve hidden the antidote – you’ll never get it without me - die in agony. You’ll keep blindfold on, though, I think. You’ve no need see to work up sweat.”

Following her surge of elation at the partial freedom, bitter resentment flowed through her. The arrogant cow held all the aces and yet still kept her at a disadvantage of having no sight – and there was nothing she could do about. Even talking was forbidden her. Tentatively, she held the girl’s arm as she helped her from the chair on numb legs.

An arm went familiarly around her waist, reminding her of Chris’s little affectionate touches. She must forget that, she told herself, stop remembering such nice things. It sounded like he was beginning to forget her anyway, she thought angrily. Yet weren’t such thoughts better than the

horrible reality of being in the hands of a sadistic lesbian who had the power of life or death over her?

Eva could feel herself getting hot at the sight of the delightful blonde pedalling furiously just as she had instructed her fifteen minutes previously. It could have been a scene in many houses except the woman was naked and blindfolded. She liked the idea of depriving her victim of a least one sense, keeping her at a disadvantage.

There was a soft sheen of effort covering the jiggling curves and her eyes followed the progress of a trickle of sweat making its way down the hollow of the spine to the swelling of Joanne's bottom. Her sleek, firm cheeks stretched erotically over the thin saddle wedged tightly up between them, deep into the enticing cleft, providing only minimal support. Eva knew from her own stints on the exercise bike that the woman would by now be somewhat uncomfortable without the support of shorts or pants – but who cared?

“Keep up the pace or I'll use my brother's prod,” she threatened when the shapely legs began to slow.

She'd have a drink she decided, then give her 'pupil' some variety. She poured herself another cup of tea as the golden limbs flew around on their endless aching journey, her blonde hair plastered to her red face.

“Forty press-up,” she snapped a few minutes later, amused as she watched the woman feel her way blindly off the bike, lowering herself to the floor. “Back straight, all the way down each time until your tits are squashed to the floor.”

Legs carelessly crossed, Eva watched the beautiful woman's arms quivering with strain as she pushed herself up again, her breasts leaving the floor to point down like two small udders. Mouth gaping, Joanne sucked in air as her arms locked straight, gathering her strength before lowering herself, teeth bared with effort.

“Enough,” Eva graciously let her off after thirty, when it was painfully obvious that the woman could manage no more. She stood over her victim, her foot resting casually on the pert, clenching buttocks as the blonde gasped below her like a landed fish. “You may now remove the blindfold

then stand and touch your toes thirty times. Will you behave? Do you need any reminder of what the prod can do? Don't speak, just nod or shake your head." Earnestly Joanne nodded. You don't look up, look at the floor. Understand?" Again she nodded. "Blindfold off, get used to the light for minute then stand and begin."

It was an exercise in pure power to make the mature woman act like a naughty young girl, looking down at her feet as she positioned herself.

"Legs wider apart than that." She strutted behind the blonde as Joanne bent over, tapping the taut curve of her buttocks with the prod.

"Please," Joanne gasped.

"Ouch, ahhh!" the croaking yelp was then torn from her as the prod, on its lowest setting, kissed one delightful orb to leave a tiny red quivering mark.

"Did I give you permission to speak?" Eva queried in mock anger, controlling her smile as the blonde head shook miserably. "I don't want to even hear you breathe," she demanded standing right behind her victim, her lips brushing the soft down on the nape of her neck. One hand squeezed the magnificent hanging breasts, pressing the hard buttons against her palm, the other patted her flinching bottom. Her fingers curled rudely into the cleft, feeling the strands of hair guarding the tight heat. The woman was enticing tempting. "Get on with it, girl." She collected herself, not wanting to drop her self-control - just yet.

Eva positioned herself to allow the best view of the nude woman bending and stretching before her, buttocks jiggling, the lips of her fur-covered sex pouting below, breasts bouncing.

"Enough," she finally announced, her voice slightly hoarse. "Time for your blindfold again."

Joanne's shoulders slumped in frustration. Her view of the world had been confined to the floor but she stood obediently as the cruel girl tied a black silken scarf over her eyes.

Then she held a cup of tea to the girl's quivering lips, also allowing her several biscuits. They tasted utterly delicious to Joanne, her first proper food and drink, or such kindness, in captivity. "I should add," whispered Eva, "that you call me 'Mistress,' The word has a nice ring to it I think. Repeat it for me now."

"M-Mistress," Joanne managed as she stood in trepidation before the stern young demon, her voice still unfamiliar, sounding strange in her

ears.

“Louder – with conviction.”

“Mistress,” Joanne’s voice was clearer now and she wanted to please the girl in whose power she was. She knew there was no other way out of this.

“My young brother’s called ‘Sir;’ practice that now.”

“Sir,” she repeated bitterly, thinking of all the horrible, spiteful things he had done to her, knowing she had to simply accept them as her unhappy lot.

“I’ll remind you, any talking is forbidden unless answering questions. You must never ask question about the outside world, whether you be released – it’s best you Don’t know, then it’ll maybe come as surprise. I think you know rules now. If you forget them you get punished. You and I will now go on little trip,” she breathed into the pink, shell-like ear as she picked up the familiar handcuffs and dog-lead.

The bedroom was cloaked in semidarkness, its shading adding to the almost tangible sense of expectancy and excitement which an observer would sense and feel. A figure lay on the bed, face down, her pale flesh reflecting the slightly pink sheen from the sheets and similarly coloured wardrobe. The shadows in that room of secrets played sensual games with her nude form, over the dips and curves of her back, flickering enticingly over the erotic swelling of hips and the pert roundness of her buttocks. Unusually, standing out rudely between the magnificent globes protruded the thin dark stem of a thermometer.

The nude woman, a veritable goddess of beauty remained completely still, unnaturally so. The back of her blonde head, dissected by a dark silk strip, remained unmoving, her face pressed into the pillow. Her utter immobility continued even as another figure in the room, a slim German girl, removed her own clothes. As she smiled cruelly down on the sensuous recumbent form, the German girl casually strapped around her waist a long, black rubber dildo.

The girl had a tall, athletic body, her nipples standing out like berries against her skin. In contrast the twelve thick inches of the dildo jutted

obscenely before her, pointing almost accusing at the golden body on the bed. Then she knelt by the still blonde, patting her clenching buttocks with complete possession and extracting the stem of the thermometer from the dark puckered ring of her anus.

Joanne had been instructed to lay face down on the bed, hands by her side without moving – and was doing exactly that. She dared not even consider doing otherwise such was her indoctrination. Apart from a tiny shiver of dread rippling down the hollow curve of her back she made absolutely no response at the soft buzz and pops of zips and buttons of cotton and silk sliding from flesh. Finally the noises ceased and she visualised Eva completely undressed. The bed bounced slightly as the girl knelt beside her and she then felt the clinging, disgusting heat as the thermometer was plucked from her bottom.

Casually her tormentor glanced at the reading before laying it to one side and standing, gave the blonde's bottom a light slap as she did so.

"You seem OK so far from the poison, temperature normal. Turn on your back."

At the command Joanne was immediately galvanised into action, moving to obey. One hand instinctively covered her bouncing, jutting breasts, the other shielded the light, curly v of her pubic bush.

"Legs wide, hips arched up. Hands outstretched by side."

Without hesitation the blindfolded girl exposed herself in the most blatant way, like a starfish, much to the obvious excitement of the German girl who began to rub and caress her own erect nipples, sliding a hand down her belly to the warmth awaiting her self-exploration. She saw the mauve pouting sex of the blonde, fur-fringed, with the enticing puckered entrance below. The blonde's nipples were hard red berries of fear and maybe some excitement.

"You know that if I'm not totally satisfied of your love for me, for my body, you either go back in your suit - indefinitely - or maybe I'll no give you more antidote to poison. Yes?"

"I, ugh yes ... Mistress," she choked and then whispered, mouth dry, unpractised.

She jumped at the touch of the thick black rubber protuberance over her fluttering belly as Eva lowered herself gently onto the warm, vibrant body, their breasts touching, nipples brushing.

"Hold me," Eva instructed urgently, feeling Joanne's arms

immediately enfold her as if they were lovers – which indeed they would be.

With tantalising slowness, Eva's lips edged down onto those of her victim, relishing their soft sweetness trembling under her.

"Mouth open," she instructed in a whisper, before she darted her tongue into the sweet pink softness engaging and entwining with her victim's shy tongue until it responded to her satisfaction. Then she broke away panting, her tongue trailing down the pulse of Joanne's slim throat to the peak of her breast, now hard and rubbery. She sucked the teat deep into her mouth, rolling the nipple with her tongue, feeling the woman's hands tighten on her back as her own hand slid down the fluttering belly to the tangle of her blonde pubic bush. Crooking her hand slightly, she felt the hips arch under her as a finger-tip slid into the soft, and now moist, folds of her sex.

"I'll now fuck ... you as man would," the vixen smiled, positioning herself above the dark pouting furry aperture of her victim, ready to thrust. She felt the woman tense in anticipation as she raised her hips, sliding forward slightly until the rubber of her dildo nestled against her sex lips.

Joanne cringed, waiting nervously, arching her back slightly as the dildo brushed her so intimately.

"Ugh," her fingers tightened on the back of her violator as the smooth cold tip edged into her. Trying to accommodate, to avoid pain, she splayed her legs fully widely, lewdly not wanting to be torn by the inert instrument of her rape. "Hah," she gasped, biting her lip, as the girl pushed herself forwards still further until she was filled and stretched so unnaturally. Steadily, rhythmically the German began pistoning her hips into her, her mouth descending over hers. Joanne could only buck and writhe in response, but to the world and the hidden camera, she appeared to be a willing and lustful partner to a kinky blindfold sex game.

"You love me, remember?" the voice hissed urgently in her ear.

Immediately Joanne came alive the German's slim arms. Instinctively her hands slid down to grasp the buttocks pumping into her. It felt so unnatural that they were a girl's smooth orbs thrusting between her legs, but she knew she must try to forget that, pretend it was Chris or Martin.

"Kiss me ... " Eva demanded, lifting the hard peak of one breast over her victim. Obediently,

Joanne's questing lips closed her panting mouth over the teat, her lips rolling it, sucking; feeling the sticky body pound faster on her. "Now down there," she guided with her hand, "there, flick it, make me come," the girl gasped into her ear before once again crushing her mouth over hers.

At first awkwardly with her inexperience, Joanne fumbled her hands round into the hot damp heat between the slim thighs, guiding herself into the hottest, most moist flesh of all guarded by the thimble-like bud. She pressed and rubbed that sliver of flesh, making her captor's body bounce with abandon on her, deeper into her. The rubber shaft was also rubbing her clitoris and Joanne couldn't ignore the warm feelings it generated especially when the girl's hands slid down to grasp her clenching buttocks, just as Chris would do, impaling her more fully as their hips worked together.

"Ah, ah, aahh," she arched her back, gasping her moderate orgasm into the girl's ears in unison with her violator's hissing pleasure.

Afterwards an observer would have seen the two young women lying entwined in each other's arms exchanging nibbling sucking kisses as they both enjoyed the afterglow of passion. To the world and the hidden cameras, they were two women in love.

Showering after her lesbian violation, Joanne had her first glimpse of the outside world through a tiny gap in the bathroom blinds. She could only see upwards, but the blue sky was the most wonderful thing she could remember. It reminded her of an existence outside of her prison. Indeed, if she could only look downwards and to one side she would even see her own garden. A stab of frustration tore through her. Just how long would it take for Chris to transfer the funds to his account and pay the ransom? Then she could go home.

She so much wanted to resume her life – albeit with lesser financial prospects than she now enjoyed. It might be boring but it was at least without the submission and fear which swamped the excitement she had felt whilst in the clutches of these young German fiends.

Outside there was sunshine and the smell of freshly cut grass. No doubt there was also the sound of birds singing but she could hear nothing by

virtue of the radio playing loudly in the background.

Eva had told her the radio was to avoid any suspicion just in case she thought of making a noise. Some chance! Although Joanne enjoyed the joyous sensation of being untied, her limbs still virtually unconstrained, the ball-gag again stretched her mouth. Also the collar and lead locked around her throat, with which she had been originally led up to her attic prison and then for the first time down again today, was held in Eva's steel grip precluding her even touching the window. Thus even if by some fluke she should catch a glimpse of someone outside she couldn't call out, and the background noise would drown out any attempts at banging to attract attention.

As a further disincentive to mischief, if indeed she needed any apart from the poison, Eva stood arms folded just inside the bathroom. Any sense of freedom Joanne might feel was only illusionary. That and privacy were just two of the luxuries which no longer existed for her.

She stared through the tiny gap in the blinds in the direction of her house sending out an earnest mental message to Chris for him to get her out.

Joanne's spirits rose when she was strapped into the chair rather than the suit, but slumped when the familiar gag was left in and the humiliating tubes attached to a waist-belt were pushed into her again. However, being left the use of her sight compensated somewhat for this. The familiar straps binding her to the chair prevented her turning her head, which was fixed inches from the periscope device she recalled from her original sight of her prison.

When Eva uncovered its lens she was shocked to see that it reflected a view of her own back garden and also into her house through the patio doors. With a dawning realisation she guessed that Eva and her obnoxious brother must have been spying on herself and Chris - perhaps for some time.

At least she did have her sight though and the freedom, within the orbit of her eyes, to look where she wanted though. If not blindfolded they made her constantly look down at her feet. In contrast, her garden was a paradise of colour, shapes and movement after her darkness. The familiar setting brought tears to her eyes. Eva explained proudly that other end of the periscope simply resembled a gutter-top from the outside, unrecognisable to

anyone - but that it had proved very useful.

“You looked very nice in the little black bikini,” the girl stroked her now flushed face. “I remember that Sunday you slid off your pants and lay on your husband. Oh how your little bottom wiggled,” she smiled into Joanne’s ashamed, burning face. “You came quickly then, didn’t you?” she laughed, her arm sliding familiarly around the shaking shoulders.

Joanne flushed deeper at the recollection and knowledge that the lesbian bitch had witnessed her drunken, out –of- character foray into outdoor sex.

Cruelly, Eva adjusted and locked the periscope eye-piece in position so that Joanne had to uncomfortably strain an extra inch or so forward in her bonds to see through it. She could only crane her neck and back forward on quivering corded muscles to maintain the posture for about 30 seconds before having to slump back and recover before thrusting forward again.

She caught her breath. Chris had strolled out to tend the garden. Tears again moistened her eyes at the familiar sight of her husband. If only, she thought, he could somehow see her, know she was there, so close, rescue her. Desperately her mind wrestled with the possibility of making some sound, some movement - something to attract his attention. Yet she knew the reality was that she was totally immobile and helpless, only able to watch mutely in abject misery.

True, her heart had strayed towards Martin during recent months and she sometimes considered Chris to be a boring old fart, but right now he was the most wonderful sight in the world. As he bent to tend his precious flowers she knew she would have given anything to be with him. She would even help him tend those stupid plants, indeed almost feeling the cool fresh grass under her knees, the fragrance. She’d even promise never to see Martin again, to forget him if it would get her out of here. He’d probably already forgotten her by now anyway.

Anything would be preferable to this living death. Her muscles quivered with the effort of holding herself up and she was forced to sink back for a few moments to ease the strain before again forcing herself up to catch a glimpse of her husband.

Chris had paused in his gardening, easing his back to look briefly up at the house next door. In particular he stared at his neighbour’s roof. As he took a swig from a small bottle of lager his gaze seemed to focus on the

small-elongated box attached to it, looking just like a small upward section of drainpipe - completely innocuous. It was almost as if he knew he was gazing into his wife's eyes!

It was evening and Joanne was still strapped into the chair, staring into her back garden. Eva had earlier allowed her half-hour of sight - when she'd seen Chris. Then the hood had returned her to silence and darkness, making her scream silently in frustration. Now the German girl had generously allowed her a further resumption of sight - so that she could see her captor and husband together Eva had said cruelly.

At first Joanne decided to refuse to look but, after her deprivations – and being naturally curious – she could no more ignore the figures in the lens than she could reading an opened letter.

Eva drifted into sight wearing a short, white dress – one of her dresses! That bastard, Chris, she guessed, had given her kidnapper one of her dresses. Eva also wore a blonde wig as if trying to assume her own identity. With a drink in one hand and Chris on the other, she seemed to be deliberately positioning him so that Joanne would be able to better see from her prison.

Unable to hold her straining position the captive slumped back, gasping through the gag. Agonising bolts of pain shot through her cramped muscles.

An hour earlier, Eva had fed her more solid food, making her need to empty her bowels and, with added 'public' shame, also hearing herself for the first time. Now she was determined to hold herself in until back in her tank. Craning forward again, she saw Chris holding Eva in his arms, kissing her, laying down on the summer grass. The garden was not much overlooked, except from the top of Eva's roof, and Joanne gasped as her bulging eyes saw the couple slowly entwine. It was as if she had been replaced – anyone looking would assume it was her!

She realised that Chris had never coupled spontaneously with her. Apart from the one drunken episode witnessed by her captor it always had to be Saturday night and in bed. The helpless frustrated jealousy and anger she felt was similarly

directed at them both. Eva spun round, giving a sly wink over Chris's shoulder at the periscope before she ground herself against him, returning his kiss.

True, Eva had kidnapped her but maybe it was helping to show her the truth, that Chris had no real feelings for her. He had obviously forgotten her and was willing to go with anyone passing. As she strained forward again to see his pumping buttocks she also felt a strange twinge of jealousy that the German beauty was not with her!

Slumping back again to absorb the pain from her tortured muscles, Joanne knew her thoughts were confused, overwhelmed with the sudden input to her senses after so long in isolation. Nevertheless some seeds of doubt were growing. Perhaps the most important person in her life was indeed now Eva. She indeed held power of life and death over her and also whether she could move, hear, speak and see. Chris had seemingly forgotten her! Also, disturbing thoughts of Eva's soft body, lying on top of hers, making her feel wet and hot, dispelling her initial disgust, continually intruded her isolation.

She strained up, seeing Eva and Chris still entwined, dancing together to one of her favourite love CDs. Then Joanne started at a noise behind her.

"Time for lights out now," Willy gloated sadistically. It was her first proper sight of the boy and he was just as young, mean and arrogant as she had had supposed, forcing her mentally further towards his sister. She could have screamed in frustration as he closed the periscope's cover, obliterating her view. "I think pretty lady see too much - no good, there's a good girl," he lightly patted her bottom, again hooding her removing her last remaining senses.

She was back in her silent, black void with only her fertile imagination for company.

CHAPTER 5

Days passed; time meant little to her now and its passing was so hard to judge Perhaps worst of all for Joanne was Eva constantly telling her what she had been up to with Chris, her flirting conquests. She received graphic details and had no idea whether to believe them or not but she knew she daren't question the girl's stories. Bitter self-pity would sometimes overwhelm her, tears trickling down her cheeks, as she imagined Chris resuming his life, with her seemingly now in his past. Little did he know (or even care perhaps?) of her slavery just yards from their home!

On one occasion, Joanne was bound into her chair with thin cords which cut painfully into her flesh whilst Eva, without going into specific details, ranted about Chris being narrow-minded and suspicious. Of particular bitterness, as the girl slapped her stinging face, was that she was being blamed and punished for Chris's attitude. Also, there was the knowledge, deep down, that it was true! She had tried in vain to change him herself. If only he wasn't so sexually boring. In some ways, she couldn't deny a certain masochistic excitement at her present predicament!

Yet, in contrast, she was today looking at the prettiest sight in her world. Eva had given her flowers, somehow knowing her favourites. Pink roses and carnations were set before the chair into which she were bound. Her pent-up emotions surfaced, silent tears welled up. The girl's arm was around her shaking shoulders as she wished her Happy Birthday - Chris must have told her she surmised. It was her first receipt of love for some time; at that moment Eva was the most wonderful person in her life.

That evening she was allowed her from the chair. Moonlit shadows flickered enticingly over the pale sheen of her curves, embracing and covering her trembling flesh in soft patterns as her body swayed with Eva's. The two women danced together to a slow number, tightly clasped in each other's arms.

To an outsider they would appear to be a couple, two women very much in love with each other. Both naked, they held each other close, softly swaying to the rhythm. Their hands played gently over each other's feminine charms, stroking faces, sliding over smooth shoulders, down the hollow

curves of backs and cupping each other's flexing bottoms, drawing their centres tighter together.

Although Joanne did now have feelings for her captor, she had to blink back tears of self pity as she ground endlessly round the bedroom, feeling the girl's thigh pushing between hers, similarly scissoring her own leg up into Eva's wet thatch. It was expected of her, she knew what she had to do. Yet this tune, 'Everlasting Love' was one of her and Chris's favourites, it was the song she had seen Eva and him dancing to in the garden. It brought back so many memories - if possible they always danced together when it was played. Now, unnaturally, she had to clasp the slim body of her tormentor, feeling the buttons of the girl's nipples pressing against her own, the slim feminine hands, not Chris's, holding the cheeks of her bottom. It was almost as if her captor knew the memories the song would invoke.

Now the girl's finger intruded deeper between her buttocks, making her wince, her cheeks clenched as it delved into the hot tightness of her sphincter. Again it was almost as if Eva knew how much she hated such a touch and exploited it, making her wriggle as the finger filled and stretched her, locking them even more intimately in their dance as Eva's lips descended ruthlessly on hers.

When her tormentor chose to be kind to her, such as the flowers, the pleasure contrasted ten-fold with the painful aspects of her confinement, especially her treatment from the young German boy. However, she still apparently felt the need to demonstrate and exercise her complete control over her victim. Joanne was never allowed clothing, her wrists had only been untied to allow them to dance and the girl was stronger than her.

With the song over, her wrists were again cuffed behind her. The chain was looped around her neck as if she were a dangerous criminal whilst Eva made a phone call. Gagged, Joanne knew that even if by some miracle the police called at the house, she would have no way of making her presence known to them. Eva, with her superior strength, would have pulled her immediately back into her prison. Besides, she thought despondently, she

daren't even think along those lines whilst she was so dependant on her captor for the antidote. Presently, Eva had her sitting back on a table, knees raised and thighs splayed immodestly wide apart.

"I've ordered a nice Chinese takeaway," Eva smiled. "It go well with my very own English takeaway."

She laughed at her joke, patting Joanne's bottom with complete familiarity. Licking her thin lips, her juices were encouraged both by the smell of the sweet and sour, but also at the sight of Joanne's dark, fur-fringed slash pouting at her. Idly she slid a finger over the down-soft lips of the displayed sex, dipping a fingertip within the wriggling woman, withdrawing her glistening finger.

"Such a nice hole, we'll use it, I think," she beamed, pushing several noodles into the waiting orifice. "There, that's somewhere to keep them and add flavour," she chuckled deeply.

Eva saw Joanne practically salivate when she removed her gag. As usual she had turned on the radio to drown and discourage any possible cry for help her victim might be tempted to make. It was merely to add more to the ambience of the occasion rather than a precaution as such. She knew that Joanne was now too subdued and dominated to attempt anything, especially as she thought that she needed her daily sip from the hidden phial.

Tantalisingly slowly she used chopsticks to place tempting morsels of food into her captive's mouth, also taking noodles from the soft nest of her open sex.

"You like Essence of Joanne?" she giggled crudely, sharing another glass of wine with her forced lover.

"Huh, huh, huh, mmmm," Joanne later gasped and sighed under Eva's feather-light touch.

She saw and felt the soft hands sliding over her body, playing tunes with it. Urgently, she sought her captor's mouth, entwining with her tongue just as her thighs entwined with Eva's, their hips rubbing and bucking together. Never had she known such intense physical feelings. Maybe she had always been a closet lesbian? Deep down she knew that not to be true. She was somewhat tipsy, the wine having a rapid effect after her recent diet

and her mind had been manipulated by her captivity. But currently she didn't care about reasons? The wonderful, physical release and reality of those wonderfully experienced hands and mouth took over her senses and reasoning.

Now, Joanne and Eva lay together on Eva's bed finishing the wine and listening to CDs. It didn't matter to Joanne that she had her hands tied behind her so that her captor had to feed her, holding the wine glass to her lips. Given a rare gesture of normality, she relished the soft texture of a white dressing gown provided by Eva to cover herself.

Despite her binding, she and Eva giggled together like schoolgirls. Mellowed by the alcohol she knew that, although she hated being bound and the loss of freedom, she simply had to accept such restrictions as her lot. Also she felt that she so much wanted to please the German girl and Joanne almost resented that her tormentor's beautiful gleaming body might, another day, be writhing under Chris's caresses. She realised with a shock that she was almost jealous, jealous of her young captor being with her husband! She was so mixed up, the alcohol blurring her mind.

Then a noise downstairs rapidly sobered her. With a shudder, Joanne knew that Willy had arrived home and was bouncing upstairs. Suddenly she felt especially vulnerable being here like this, guessing correctly that he would sense the recent intimacy in the darkened room. She wished her hands were free to allow her to tug the gown tighter around her, to conceal her gaping enticing cleavage. This was somehow worse than her stark, almost medical nakedness in the loft. Gulping, she knew what would inevitably happen next.

"You're good enough to f—k, Joanne ... and I shall," he slurred slightly after helping them finish the wine.

She quavered, her wide eyes looking uselessly to Eva for support as he pulled her to her feet, stroking the soft down on the nape of her neck, making her shiver.

"We have to be quick, I want it now," he flashed a leering smile. She was initially grateful when he released her hands from behind her back, but he simply refastened them with cuffs to her collar; then led her to his room on the leash before him undulating under the gown. It was worse for her having to confront her attacker, to actually see him. She had been blindfolded for his previous assault, able to retreat a little into her private self, thus escaping some of the horrible reality. Now she had no such option, she had to look at

the gloating young bastard, and worse, let him do whatever he wanted. She was all too aware of her lush body exposed and helpless.

"Stay silent," he demanded, leading her, padding reluctantly behind him.

Rage mingled with her dread at his utter control over her, he was just a kid, a thug! Now he, so casually, untied the gown, unveiling her for his gaze. She had to stand there, meekly silent, clenching her teeth, somehow managing her natural instincts to shout angrily at him or run away.

Willy felt a hard bulge as he surveyed the seductive creature. Under normal circumstances he knew he could never expect to have any kind of relationship with such a beautiful, mature woman. However, these were not normal circumstances. The woman whose deliciously heaving breasts he casually exposed from the curtains of the gown, fondled and held, was his virtual slave.

His hands slid down her belly to ruffle the curly down covering the ripeness of her pubic mound. Then, he un-cuffed her wrists, allowing her, with natural instincts, to clutch the gown tighter about her. Smiling cruelly, he shook his head.

"No need, we know each other so well," he shook his head gazing with curious, sadism into her large frightened eyes, holding them transfixed as would a dog with a rabbit,. He pushed the robe from the trembling smoothness of her shoulders. He couldn't help but catch his breath.

The covering slid slowly from her curves to fully reveal her golden nudity once again. "Remember

I feed and wash you, wipe your bottom – you've no secrets from me."

He smiled into her blushes as she acknowledged the truth of his statement "Hands up," he pointed to her neck.

Shuddering, she obediently assumed the position, her

magnificent breasts uplifting towards
Him with her posture as he again cuffed her wrists to the collar. As usual
she was naked and
completely helpless before him, but this time she had more the
appearance of a sensuous woman
rather than the bound mannequin from the loft.

He patted the deliciously firm bottom with total possession, knowing she must do his will or suffer. Yet, he thought, there was nothing preventing him punishing her anyway. Any pretence would do and the seductive curves of her undulating bottom did present such a tempting target.

"You've been bad lady with my sister, I know what you get up to - dirty les. Bend over."

The look of both outrage and shocked surprise, which passed over her beautiful features, was a joy for him to behold. It was almost a disappointment when she managed to control any reaction. He just had to be content with the gamut of emotions flashing over her face. Finally there was resignation and acceptance as, hands still cuffed to her collar, she obediently bent over.

"Legs wider, make it wink at me," he demanded, picking up a fly swat, lightly slapping her inner thighs from side to side until they were blatantly spread.

She gasped as he see-sawed the implement between her legs, over the light down of her curly tufts at the apex. The wood slid along the lips of her sex, over her bud. Now it tapped up into her, making her wriggle and gasp in anticipation of real pain.

Breath hissed between her clenched teeth as the swat tapped up rapidly over the ripe and so delicate lips. However, he didn't want to damage the goods, he would shortly plunder and was content to merely continually flick the swat upwards with his wrist.

"Haaah," she gasped, her large eyes moistening with tears as the unjustified pain built up in most sensitive flesh.

"Wider!" he snapped as she instinctively began closing her vulnerably spread thighs against the smarting.

"Please, haah," she winced breathlessly, but obediently opening up to allow the swat to do its painful work.

"I give no permission to talk, now I have to punish tits too," he smiled. Joanne bit her lip against making any further sound.

Swack!

"Siiisss," she hissed between clamped teeth, eyes screwed shut with pain as he slapped the swat back and forth, making her thrusting orbs bounce and redden under the stinging blows.

"Haah," she moaned as he dropped the swat, bringing it up in cruel arc across the taut curve of her bottom.

Swish, whack! She stood obediently silent and still, a living statue, eyes shut, tears trickling from her delicate quivering cheeks as the swat brought stinging pain to every inch of the soft yielding flesh over which it travelled.

"Stand. Now you hold this while I f—k," he smiled shaking his head as she mistakenly opened her cuffed hands. "Not there, you hold up arse," he laughed.

"Ugghh," she grunted in shocked revulsion, lifting up onto tiptoe as he pushed the handle of the swat into the tight rubbery resistance of her sphincter. He twisted and turned it until the stem was fully gripped and embedded in the puckered ring.

She looked a picture. A pretty woman, breasts thrusting forward with her wrists cuffed to her collar - a fly-swat protruding rudely between the pert globes of her buttocks.

"Stand here, right before me," he instructed. "Ah, that look pretty, you hold in as we shag, or I punish if it drop out," he leered, patting a curve of her thigh. "Now spread legs."

She again straddled her thighs, her eyes wide with sick fear as he undressed, his erection jutting stiffly before him.

"Better make this good or I'll use the whip." He loved the look of terror creasing the beauty of her face as he produced wicked-looking thongs from a cupboard. He flicked them idly, gloating with the power he knew he held over her.

"Ugh," she grunted in controlled outrage as, without preamble or finesse, he gripped the cheeks of her bottom bent his legs slightly and thrust up deep into her liquid softness.

Her mouth gaped, eyes closed, hands clenched whitely to her neck as he drove up into her succulent heat. She was as warm and tight as a glove.

"Mmm, juicy," he gloated. "Now you f—k me good; you don't make me feel good - you get hurt," he panted, sadistically twanging the stem of the fly-swat to emphasise his command.

With obvious reluctance, her lips opened under his to enable his tongue to probe the wine-sweetness of her pink mouth. Then her tongue joined his in an entwined dance of desire whilst his hand slid down the curve of her spine to cup each delightfully firm cheek of her bottom. Her nipples felt like sequins as she jerked her hips with his, the swat wagging rudely. Urgently she thrust herself against him, the heat from her sex burning through his pubis as she forced herself to satisfy his cruel lust. For barely a minute her hips bucked and jerked with his, her buttocks clenching desperately to prevent the swat falling from between them until he spat his seed deep into her hot body.

For the moment he'd had enough, rejecting her. However, instead of taking her back to Eva, or even her bondage as she'd assumed, he released her wrists and made her lay facedown on the bed, spread-eagled like a starfish, without moving or speaking. The swat still protruded from her bottom, like a nurse's idea of a prank, whilst he read some magazines, oblivious to her.

Yet twenty minutes later, his interest returning, he ordered her to kneel before him, his erection brushing her forehead.

"Suck," was his simple command. The foreplay was out of the way, he thought with amusement

Her painted fingernails tentatively reached out to hold his thickening member, guiding it into her open mouth with shaking hands. He felt himself swell deep into her sweet pink, softness.

"Suck good," he demanded, gripping the back of her head, making her gag as he forced himself to her throat, "I feel your tongue, yes."

For several minutes she dutifully sucked and licked his throbbing length. His hands gripping her blonde tresses encouraged her to slide the erotic oval of her mouth up and down his penis. The warm, wetness of her mouth, the flickering tongue, her hard-tipped breasts bouncing softly against his legs all felt so good. That, together with her wide-eyed despair, guessing she wouldn't normally do this for the likes of him - or maybe any man - made him feel like a King.

"Down on all fours, like a dog," he ordered, deciding not to spurt in her mouth.

He demanded she spread her thighs wide and lift her bottom high. The sight of her pouting mound covered in soft hair made him even harder. With a wet, 'plop' he extracted the ridiculously swaying swat from her

puckered ring. Then without further preamble he entered her from behind feeling her grip him like a tight wet glove as he cruelly grasped her swinging breasts, pulling her cool buttocks against his groin. Thus impaled they rutted with abandon like animals until their sticky bodies slumped against each other. They knelt, locked together for several minutes, sweat mingling, recovering their composure and enjoying the afterglow before, without a word - just a slap on her bottom, Willy dressed, bound her and took her back to her loft prison.

CHAPTER 6

It felt so unnatural for Joanne to be dressed – if that were the right word for it. Her body was covered by only a red leather cat-suit, comprising tight leather trousers and top which Eva had instructed her not to zip right up, to reveal a generous portion of her cleavage. It also felt unnatural to be holding a riding crop as she awaited her visitor.

Further, she felt uncomfortable with the miniature self-contained cue-prompt device clipped behind her ear - like a newsreader. Yet she must accept it and the instructions thus secretly snapped in her ear from Eva. She knew that the oriental was watching from the loft via closed circuit TV and video, also that Willy was relaxing in the garden by the front door. He would greet a visitor, her visitor, also providing a deterrent to her possibly escaping.

She sighed. When that door opened she might in theory stand some small chance of running and somehow eluding Willy, or attracting attention, to reach freedom. However, there was the constant threat of the poison coursing through her body and the antidote, which only Eva could give her. Additionally, her continuing ordeal had eroded her self-confidence making her too unsure and frightened to seriously think about escape. She knew that even without bindings and constraints she was just as much a prisoner as ever despite any illusions to the contrary.

The door opened and Joanne's heart pounded at the all so familiar sight of her road. Her mind was a mixture of panic, fear and maybe even a tinge of excitement as the pretty young schoolgirl thanked Willy for letting her in. Chewing a fingernail, holding a satchel in one hand and her brown school jacket in the other, she stood apprehensively in the hall as the door closed behind her.

Joanne gulped, recognising her as the same girl who Chris had once, in another world when she was a free woman, pointed out as a frequent visitor to Eva's house. She was an extremely pretty little thing, looking to be around sixteen - or even younger - with long dark hair. A pair of shapely breasts thrust through the smart white blouse. A short pleated brown skirt completed her uniform. It curved over her pert bottom and allowed her long and shapely legs to emerge below to where her white socks contrasted with

her tan before being neatly encased in sensible brown shoes.

Joanne jumped as Eva's voice erupted in her ear. At first she imagined the girl would have heard it too. Yet she merely continued to look at her with big brown eyes showing a mixture of nervousness with impertinence. She realised that, like a personal stereo, only she could hear the instructions being given.

"Come in here please, Louise," Joanne flushed, knowing she hadn't put the sufficient degree of sharpness in her tone, which Eva had previously instructed her that afternoon. The voice in her ear also demanded she step more enthusiastically into the role allocated her.

Nevertheless the youngster came into the room with a seductive swing to her hips. She was a real beauty, a sparkling jewel exuding sensuality and innocence. Joanne wondered how she could proceed? However, the waspish voice in her ear reminded her she had a task to do. Her own thoughts were irrelevant if she wanted to survive.

"I understand that you were cheeky to your teacher at school today Louise?" Joanne somehow made her voice firmer.

"Yes Miss," the girl looked at her feet, shifting uncomfortably.

"It's not the first time either?"

"No Miss. Sorry Miss."

"Then you know she has sent you here so that I, a specialist such matters, can punish and correct you?"

"Y-yes Miss," the girl whispered, looking sheepish.

Joanne fought back the irrational and unwelcome surge of excitement she felt at having such a degree of power over the delightful young thing. A part of her mind realised it was the contrast between her previous complete domination by the German pair and now her own opportunity to dominate. She hesitated, the youngster looking up at her waiting, chewing her lip nervously as the voice in Joanne's ear gave instructions. She must wonder at the apparent indecision, but she would soon have other things on her mind.

"Put your bag down, your jacket over a chair, girl. Stand before me, upright, don't slouch."

Did the girl have to thrust her boobs forward so much? It was almost an invitation Joanne thought abstractly, or perhaps more likely she was just proud of a youthful figure which would undoubtedly attract male (or female?) eyes.

"Your teacher and I also have a duty to check on signs of abuse

and fitness to receive punishment before administering it. Take off your top and your skirt first, hang them over the chair.” Joanne flushed as she gave the order.

“Miss, please. Do I – do I have to?”

“Yes, otherwise I have to involve the police ... and do so immediately.” Joanne tried not to blush deeper or look too obviously expectant as the beautiful nymph began unbuttoning her blouse with a pouting frown.

Even Joanne, with no interest in or desire for her own sex, caught her breath at the provocative sight. The girl stood before her clad in only a tiny white bra and thong, her white socks and shoes still in place.

“Turn around slowly, hands raised so I can check for bruising,” Joanne passed on and elaborated the instructions from Eva.

The wisps of white silk hardly covered the girl’s supple young body. As she obeyed her command, each round cheek of her bottom was displayed as was most of her breasts, thrusting forward with her posture, the nipples protruding darkly through the thin material of her half-cup bra.

“You look OK, fit for punishment. Knickers down and touch your toes,” Joanne tried to keep the quaver of embarrassment from her voice.

“Please Miss,” the girl implored.

“Just do it!” She managed to replicate the waspish snap in her ear.

Yes Miss,” the girl sighed dejectedly, thrusting her hands into the waistband of her panties and sliding them down her endless legs to her ankles.

Feeling sweat prickle her palm, Joanne gripped the cane and positioned herself behind the girl’s taut buttocks.

“Ahm, er, six strokes on the bottom. Don’t move from that position,” she croaked both with shame and maybe a little excitement, “first I’ll warm you up. Legs wider apart please, keep them straight.”

Joanne had to shake her head, scarcely able to believe that her hand was raised over the perfect curves of a young girl’s bottom. Then a bark in her ear quelled any further dithering.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The youngster’s buttock cheeks felt soft as silk and yet firm under her hand as she lightly slapped each one. The palm of her hand stung slightly and she could thus imagine the effect multiplied on the sensitive skin now tinged red under her hand. The nates flinched in anticipation of more but

Joanne had to stop, needing to control the emotions surging through her. Her fingers had accidentally brushed the dark velvet softness of the girl's hairless vulva, making her wriggle slightly. She felt both shocked and ashamed at her own feelings of power and excitement. Fleetinglly she tried to reassure herself that she had been reduced by her deprivations to a sponge, eager to soak up such new experiences, and outside stimuli - no matter how depraved.

"Count each one and thank me," Joanne passed on the command, as she lifted the cane.

"Swish, crack!

"Hah. One, thank you Miss," the girl gasped, her buttocks clenching as Joanne delivered a somewhat weak and experimental first stroke.

She found it hard to take in that the thin red line crossing each magnificent globe was of her own making and that she had actually inflicted deliberate and real pain on another person. Moreover, that person, a girl who might normally have looked down her nose at her or sworn at her if she had criticised her in the street for maybe dropping litter, had actually thanked her for doing it! She remained obediently bending down, presenting her body for more punishment. The girl was hers to inflict pain on, a willing victim. It was a strange and somewhat disturbing feeling for Joanne.

Swack!

"Ishhh. T-two, thank you Miss," the next stroke, harder, firmer, brought a clenched-teeth gasp, making the girl's shoulder-blades flex too as a second line of pain danced across the first.

Crack!

"Haagh, please. Three, th-thank you Miss," the girl's cry was more tearful and commensurate with the additional force of that stroke.

Tears, real tears, tears she had made, trickled down the girl's chiselled face. Still she remained bent over, offering her delicious bottom for more, fingers now clenched whitely to her ankles Joanne could scarcely believe the sense of raw power she was experiencing!

After the sixth stroke, Joanne laid down the cane. Following Eva's instructions she ran her hands lightly over the ridges of torment, which she had raised across the silken flesh, unconsciously she rubbed her thighs together, feeling the heat of her excitement. The next stage, again following orders, was both revolting and exciting for her.

As Joanne unzipped and lowered her trousers, strapping the long

black dildo to her waist she unconsciously licked her lips at the sight of the girl. Still obediently bent over, her long, dark hair shielded her flushed face, her apple-round breasts pointing incongruously at her brown shoes. Her long, shapely thighs were sufficiently parted to reveal in all its glory below the dark cleft, the lips of her ripe sex, standing out like a dark clam below her red-striped bottom. Biting her lip, Joanne shuffled forward until the cold hard tip of the dildo touched the juicy, ripe offering. Louise gasped especially when she gripped her slim, curved flanks.

"After pain ... pleasure." She passed on the message.

Edging forward, positioning with her hands, she felt the resistance as the black rubber entered the pouting sex lips. Following instructions she reached forward to hold the firm young breasts, trying to quell her feelings as the nipples hardened like berries in season against her palms.

She inched closer to the taut flanks, penetrating further as her hands slid over the flat plain of the girl's fluttering belly encountering the tiny strands on her pubis.

"Uggh, hmm, Misssss," the girl sighed, wriggling as Joanne embedded the rubber fully into the stretched sex, rubbing and pressing the erect bud of her clitoris, feeling the moisture and heat.

It was a feeling such as Joanne had never dreamed of before. She had impaled a beautiful young girl and the somewhat clumsy manipulations of her fingers, now sticky with love juices, were making the smooth hips gyrate and wriggle. Somewhat unnaturally, but obediently, Joanne thrust back and forth, spearing the girl with the rubber piston, feeling the heat from the taut buttocks against her loins. She continued to jerk and thrust her hips, fondling the girl's hot, damp slit of pleasure, smelling her excitement until her lithe body jerked and shook against hers.

Now, Joanne heard that it was her turn.

"Kneel before me and give me thanks with your lips I think you will know how," Joanne's voice was hoarse as she withdrew the damp rubber with a plop, unclipping it from her waist.

"Huh, mmm," instinctively, her hands pressed the dark, bobbing head harder into her straddled, gyrating, loins as the tongue, so knowingly, flicked and delved into her now dripping heat. Head thrown back, eyes closed, her mouth wide in a gasp of ecstasy, Joanne shuddered and panted

her own orgasm. The afterglow of desire for Joanne was beginning to tinge with awful shame as the girl, with wide reproachful eyes, dressed in silence.

“You may go Louise. I hope that was a lesson to you,” she obediently followed her directions, standing dominantly hands on hips as the girl let herself out of the house.

Eva smiled at the image on camera of Joanne and the ‘schoolgirl.’ In reality, the girl had left school a year or so ago but she had fallen foul of herself after an incident of theft. Now Eva was blackmailing her to submit herself for these role-playing sessions dressed in her old school uniform. In truth she suspected the youngster enjoyed them - and the money Eva paid her to co-operate. She had visited her house previously and it had successfully served to wet Joanne’s curiosity, encouraging her to make the fatal excursion into her house.

Although nearly out of her teens the girl looked younger and Joanne would certainly believe she had punished and illegally had sex with a young girl. Also knowing the whole scene had been captured on film, she would assume that it would be used as potential blackmail material. Rather than her being a kidnap and extortion victim it would, in Joanne’s eyes, show her as a willing participant in underage sex! Eva felt good, Joanne was entirely fitted up, now a helpless pawn, just as much in her hands as she was when physically confined in the tank or chair. Additionally, Chris had now withdrawn in several cash instalments her inheritance and it was safely stored in his house, somewhere. Mission accomplished, now it was just a case of pure pleasure and power – and tying up loose ends.

Nevertheless, that night Joanne found herself once again miserably confined in her suit within the tank. She would remain there until needed again.

CHAPTER 7

Another day, and another taste of freedom from bondage. Joanne blinked nervously, trying to quell her panic whilst her eyes acclimatised to the relative gloom. She should have felt grateful to be out of her prison for the first time. However, she was in the type of club she would never normally have believed in a million years she would ever visit and worse, surrounded by people with whom she would normally cross the road to avoid! Glinting male eyes trapped in female bodies stripped the flimsy and provocative covering from her curves. She felt frightened and vulnerable.

Eva apparently frequented the ‘Pussy Galore’ club in London when she wanted both to be with her like-minded lesbian pals, and also well away from her home where anyone might recognise her. Likewise, none would recognise Joanne either – but there were several doubtful specimens of womanhood cruising nearby who seemed keen to get to know the luscious blonde.

Eva had told her that she had ‘somehow persuaded’ Chris to give her some of her dresses and, on Eva’s instructions, Joanne wore one now – much to her embarrassment in that shameful place. It was a daring attire which she had only worn a few times, to impress Chris and Martin, but then with underwear. That protection was now denied her and the thin white material of the dress clung to very contour of her body, making her lack of panties quite obvious. Eva had also forbidden her to wear a bra and, with the dress being so low cut, she displayed quite an acreage of cleavage.

As Eva guided her into the den of inequity she longed to tear the young German girl’s hand from her bottom. It patted and stroked her flexing globes signalling a love or ownership which Joanne didn’t reciprocate, especially when she guessed the young girl was doing so to simply show off her domination of a sophisticated and beautiful woman. However, Joanne knew the hold over was total, she simply had to go along with her twisted schemes, to be her virtual slave, or risk the alternative. How easy it would be to run from that sordid place and out into the air, to mix with humanity. But she knew she would need another fix of the antidote shortly, and Eva had also showed her the disgusting, compromising photos of her doing terrible things

both to Louise and herself.

“What a sweetie,” breathed an ugly crop-haired dyke in her forties, placing her tattooed arms familiarly around Joanne’s waist, “what’s your name then?” she leered, pulling her closer.

“My new little pet, Barbie, who I mentioned last week,” Eva interjected, using the name she had ‘christened’ Joanne with during the journey to town. “She’s shy, you won’t get much out of her, but is she no as hot as I said, eh, Mike?” she showed Joanne off.

“Hmm, she’s got a cute face and nice tits and arse,” the older woman laughed, rudely pinching and fondling Joanne’s bottom whilst staring obviously down her cleavage, “and that’s what really counts eh, Barbie,” she winked at Joanne. “Can I get you two guys a drink?”

“Thanks Mike,” Eva smiled, “I dance with new pet while you get them, we’ll both have schnapps please,” she decided for them.

Joanne wanted the ground, or at least the small dance floor, to swallow her up as Eva guided her round it in tune to the DJ’s offering. She could imagine the spectacle she was giving but, remembering Eva’s instructions and threats, she responded as if they were lovers. They held each other in a tight embrace swaying to the music. The German girl’s hands slid up and down her back moulding themselves to her flexing bottom, pulling their centres together immodestly. Whilst her lips descended of hers, Eva’s thigh pressed between hers, forcing her to straddle it as she swayed, making Joanne do the same to her. Blatantly, both women rocked and rubbed their thighs, both feeling considerably warmer when they sat down to drink.

For Joanne, however, her rest was short-lived when Eva insisted she accept ‘Mike’s’ invitation to dance.

“Hah,” Joanne gasped when the dyke’s hand almost immediately slid down her back to cup one of her flexing globes and up, under her short dress, to the bare flesh beneath. She looked imploringly at Eva, but the German fiend pointedly turned away to gossip with other friends.

“No use you looking for your young Mistress girl, she’s told me you like to be dominated with a bit of rough and gave me the go-ahead,”

smiled Mike.

“Ugh,” Joanne wriggled and gasped again as Mike’s fingers slid into the cleft of her bottom.

“Unless you want me to tell Eva you’ve been bad, I suggest you take it girly,” breathed her tormentor. “My finger’s going up your neat, pretty little arse and your knee’s going between my legs. And if that don’t happen, if you displease me, Eva said you’d know what to expect. You’ll get a tanning tonight, or worse I expect,” she laughed cruelly into Joanne’s wide-eyed distraught face.

They looked to all the world like two women in love. The pretty one trembled, a sheen of moisture on her sleek, body as the crop-haired woman’s hand fanned across the pert, flexing cheeks of her bottom revealed with her dress pulled up. It was obvious to the smirking spectators that at least one of her fingers had slid into the dark, shining cleft to embed itself within.

For her part, Mike was in ecstasy. The beautiful blonde was a living doll in her arms, hot and moist as her fingers slid over the sheen of her skin. The girl’s bottom was silken soft under her hands and the cleft cool. Yet her probing fingers had located the woman’s hidden heat. One was embedded in the hot tightness of her anus, and the other into the furry moist heat of her vagina. Both orifices flexed around her digits as they continued dancing. Her mouth was wine-sweet under her lips, her tongue a darting minnow as she responded.

She had to admire the instruction Eva had obviously given the woman; that girl certainly knew how to pick and train them. This blonde was to all intents and purposes a sophisticated woman. With her looks and elegance she could have been a high powered executive, a catwalk model, a pop singer, or married to someone rich. Yet here she was in a seedy lesbian club at the beck and call of, and dominated by, a young German girl. But now she was dancing lewdly with herself, probably the ugliest person in the club, someone who normally could only watch others entwine.

“I want a love puff from you, from your bottom,” Mike smiled at the gasp of revulsion as the shocked blonde pulled away slightly searching her face to see if she was serious. “I want to feel you fart on my finger and if I don’t, I reckon young Eva will certainly be taking some skin off your cute arse tonight,” she hissed. “Come on, that gassy drink should be working by now.”

Mike rubbed herself ever more urgently up and down against the knee between her legs, openly delving into her cleavage to grope the smooth orbs of the girl's breasts, feeling the nipples harden against her rough palm. Her other hand relished the tight heat of the sphincter, now flexing and straining in addition to that caused by the movement of her hips. A finger rubbed the bud of the woman's clitoris, feeling it harden, her involuntary sighs and wriggles increasing. She felt the lush body tense and then a brief spurt of gas deliciously warmed her finger.

"That a girl, that a girl, ugh, mmm," she whispered hoarsely, her satisfaction now complete as she shuddered to a climax, clasping the magnificent blonde in her arms.

The rest of the evening was a nightmare of unnatural touching, suggestion and groping for Joanne. For Eva, however, things had worked out just fine. She smiled as she left arm in arm with the blonde, drinking in the envious looks of the other girls, hoping that the several films she had taken for potential blackmail purposes of her victim's 'dancing' would not be too blurred in the half-light.

CHAPTER 8

Freedom or at least some more of it! Joanne was now wearing normal clothes, her slinky little black dress, which she normally wore to parties and meals out. In a way, she thought, this was a celebration, a special occasion. She was relaxing with a coffee in Eva's house, as if they were friendly neighbours – except that she was still forbidden to ask any questions, or indeed speak at all. However the degree of normality felt good and it was so strange to sit with the others and to no longer be bound.

Chris was due to deliver the ransom today, Eva had told her so. Please let her ordeal be over, she implored to herself.

She sat on the settee with Eva's arms around her, the girl's lips pressed against hers when Chris walked in. Joanne half broke away, her eyes widening with shock and fear, expecting trouble, trying to silently warn Chris – her eyes flashing towards Willy concealed in the other room. Although starting to break away from the girl, conditioned fear and obedience from the last few weeks prevented her completing the move. She simply sat looking wide-eyed at Chris, her body angled away from Eva, ashamed of him seeing their intimate contact. However, something didn't add up, it wasn't right. Willy had openly come forward and both he and Chris were smugly smiling at her, looks of triumph on their faces!

“If only you could see your face, sweetheart, fear, elation, confusion. But my, you're looking good,” Chris smiled. “Don't get up, I know you've grown close to my girlfriend, Eva. I thought about you in your bondage tank upstairs, poor Joanne looking out of her little periscope,” he relished the look of shocked horror on his wife's face as her world collapsed. “Oh yes, you've been had, set up by your curiosity, all part our plot to get our hands on your money. It was just so good, gardening, wondering if you had been allowed to see out at those particular times, thinking of you straining to

catch a glimpse of me, your hero, waiting for me to ride in with the police or a ransom, rescue you!" he spat. "I thought of all those times you said no to this no to that. It was great knowing Eva was taking 'special 'care of you, making you her little pet."

He felt a bulge forming in his pocket at the thought of her sitting next door, securely trussed, naked, helpless; all the while thinking that he was her saviour that he would gain her release! Now he relished her crushing deflation, knowing that he and Eva had engineered her suffering, her predicament, everything, her shame and suffering to get their hands on her inheritance. By her own folly, her own spite in hoping to get 'something' on Eva, had she walked right into their trap, into the lion's den. Now she was paying the terrifying price.

Smiling to himself, he tried to imagine what it must have been like for her. In addition to being beautiful, his wife was somewhat house-proud and particular. He recalled their numerous rows over silly things like misplaced or unwashed plates and cups. That same somewhat headstrong woman who liked things done her way now had no control whatsoever over her own destiny. Also, he knew how she hated anything to do with lesbianism and flirtatious nudity! He remembered her tirade when he had tentatively, humorously, suggested her seeing if Eva fancied her to prove whether she was indeed a lesbian! Joanne was totally in that girl's hands, literally, naked and helpless before her. Eva had told him that Joanne had proved herself quite 'good in bed!'

He could imagine her feelings when the German girl 'attended' to her. She had told him how Joanne wriggled and shuddered when she slipped the evacuation tube in or out of her anus, perhaps first making her wriggle around her digit. He remembered Joanne's outburst whenever he had ever attempted to touch her there. Now she simply had to accept that and any other such indignity in motionless silence.

He wondered what it had been like for her, sitting there gazing mutely at him, enjoying a world now denied her. Or Eva might otherwise have had her tongue busy at work between her legs? Or maybe her vicious young thug of a brother had taken her? Whatever, he hoped she had taken plenty of good video footage as he had suggested.

Now he had Joanne's money, such footage of her performing lewd sex acts, seemingly willingly, would be invaluable. In addition to his

own viewing enjoyment, if she tried to squeal to the police about being kidnapped, the films would aid his own denial of such events to squash her story. Furthermore, Eva had deliberately been seen around town in his wife's clothes and a blonde wig - it would be enough to disprove anything Joanne tried to say. It would also reinforce the rumours he had began spreading amongst their friends and neighbours about Joanne's small signs of mental instability.

He had been slowly withdrawing the money. He hadn't wanted to rush it and arouse any suspicions whatsoever. Joanne could stay where she was a while longer. He'd already casually mentioned to the building society that there was some doubt about the purchase of the boat; but that as it was a cash sale he'd need the money ready at home. There it would be safe in his familiar hideaway under the loose floorboard known only to him and Joanne. No need to let Eva or Willy know about that yet - if at all!

"I think that's about it," Chris sighed, beaming. "I've secured the last of the money."

"Well, we sort out the split of money then it's over," reminded Willy.

"No, if you recall, we only touch the money after a few months, remember?" he said sarcastically as was his irritating way.

"Yeah, but you have cash somewhere, you able to touch money, we want touch it too."

"You can see Willy's problem, can't you, darling," breathed Eva, as she idly, possessively stroked Joanne's tousled hair. "He doesn't know that, for instance, you might cheat him, or us."

"Sorry, that's tough luck, we're sticking by the agreement

"But where is the money?" Willy was now growing angry with Chris. One fist was clenched and in the other he brandished a flick-knife as he moved towards her now frightened husband.

Joanne relaxed, still in Eva's arms, feeling that the tables had turned a little, content that Chris's smugness had been replaced by doubt and fear. "I think you cheat on us," he said eventually when Chris was backed against the wall, "I think I show you what happen to cheats. I ... "

"And I'll enjoy watching, you bastard," spat Joanne instinctively, making Eva chuckle and cuddle the blonde closer as Willy prepared to stab.

Before he could continue the threat the door burst open and several hooded and armed men burst in to make the whole tableau freeze. After her initial shock, Joanne relaxed, guessing it was the police who had finally rescued her.

"No one moves no one speaks- anyone that does, dies now," spat one of the men in a stilted accent, pulling off his hood to reveal fat, greasy German features and sinking Joanne's blossoming hope. "Hello Eva, good to see again, remember, me, Heinz? Any enemy of Eva and Willy is my friend," the man announced. "And any friend of Eva and Willy is enemy of mine," his gun traversed from Chris to cover Joanne.

The intruder, Heinz, was a repellent toad in his sixties with greasy, thinning black hair atop a fat, shining face in which two slit eyes devoured Joanne with sickening, lecherous interest. Like Eva and Willy, she stood, hands raised obediently high before the steady guns of Heinz's men, her posture raising her short dress to reveal most of her shapely thighs. Her wide eyes looked imploringly at him above the wide strip of tape which had been stuck over their lips to prevent any protest of cries.

"Pretty girl," he oozed, his hands reaching out to indolently squeeze her thrusting breasts.

"Nmmm," she squealed squirming away in disgust.

Crack! Crack!

"Aaaaghh," she pleaded unintelligibly through the gag as his hand slapped her sharply twice around the face, sending her reeling before one of the men pulled her back with her hands again raised.

"Oh baby, you learn not do that. If that happen again, if you disobey, my men shoot you now. Eva know I mean it, eh?" he indicated the German girl's vigorously nodding head.

Joanne felt sick as the hands again moved over her breasts, but nevertheless managed to somehow hold still. Down over down her waist they slid before slapping her hips.

"I think I better body-search. Also see more before decide whether kill you now or take you with us. Take off clothes, all of them. You too," he

noded to Eva and Willy.

Poor Joanne, her recently restored dignity and freedom had been snatched so cruelly away again making their loss even harder to bear as she stood with her hands raised before the obnoxious creep. Now she was stark naked, her pretty black dress and underwear in a silken pool of cloth at her feet. The sweat of shame had trickled down her skin as she obediently undressed in public, revealing herself before everyone. Eva and Willy similarly stood, looking just as frightened. Chris relaxed on the settee, smirking.

“Hmm, nice tits.” Heinz’s hands were hot and slimy as they weighed and fondled her breasts, uplifted by her posture.

To her annoyance, her nipples stood out like pretty pink organ-stops under the unwanted ministrations. She felt both frightened and so humiliated at being treated like an animal, like a slave, before a roomful of people, and especially her gloating husband. She shivered as the hand dropped over her fluttering belly to smooth over the wiry blonde tangle of her thatch. Then the thick fingers began to curl upwards.

“Ugh,” she grunted as a slimy digit invaded her vagina.

“Don’t tense ,you little fool,” he snapped as his hand fanned over her instinctively clenching buttocks, an intruding finger unnaturally stretching her anus.

There was not one inch of her flesh which the slug-like hands didn’t explore. She was soiled, every orifice feeling hot and dirty when he finally, possessively, slapped the firm roundness of her bottom with a painful crack before moving on to Eva.

Joanne squatted obediently on the floor, naked, wobbling on bent knees, her hands clasped to her head, still gagged. In identical poses alongside her crouched Eva and Willy. They had been forced to maintain their cramped postures for the past two hours whilst Eva's house was ransacked. Whenever they toppled, one of the German thugs lashed out with a cane, positioning them back in the cramped posture whilst their captors made arrangements for transportation.

“We take these three back to Germany , the hard way, for punishment and re-training. We use my routes, which I previously use to

smuggle people from old East Berlin – I’m a businessman and adept – and don’t like being cheated, ” Heinz explained to Chris. “Eva and Willy obviously forget the rules of working for me in white slave trade and penalties of leaving with my money. We recover much of what they not spend, but I need set example to others who might also think about being so stupid. Your wife seem to be a real ‘girl’s girl’ and enjoy herself with Eva,” he smirked, holding up some of the photos Eva had taken of Joanne spanking her friend and also in the club, “she enjoy herself in my organisation. You better come too, the easy way in my jet, until we sort all this out – I insist,” he nodded to Chris, who was nervously shaking his head. "Don’t worry, I tell people over there you work for me, make them think my tentacles everywhere, impress them, make them less likely to stray like Eva and Willy. I won't say it was a stupid phone call Eva made to one of her friends in the old East Germany , and mine, that put me onto her. No, you have free holiday for couple of weeks then I arrange plane home again."

CHAPTER 9

Joanne walked apprehensively behind the small but powerful figure of the squat guard along seemingly endless cold gloomy corridors. She felt frightened and vulnerable in such stark and threatening surroundings especially as she wore only a short, thin surgical-type gown to cover her nudity. Her fear had gradually increased since her arrival yesterday. It seemed to her that she had been confined for days in the crate since being packed into it in Eva's house when a sharp jab in her arm had mercifully rendered her senseless. Time had been difficult to judge, occasionally she was aware, in a dream-like state, of the crate being opened, being fed, washed, sat on a toilet before again being bound and gagged and another jab again knocking her out.

Without the antidote, she had initially feared death from Eva's poison before realising, as she had already begun to half suspect, that it was only a ruse.

Finally, consciousness had returned fully, together with a thumping headache. No further jabs were given and for an hour or so she was painfully aware of her cramped confinement, trying to catch glimpses of her surroundings through the tiny holes drilled in the wooden box. She could only tell with any certainty that she was in a van or lorry. Eventually, the smelly, bouncing journey stopped and, impervious to her squealing, laughing, grunting men heaved her crate onto a delivery chute which swiftly slid her into the depths of the building in which she found herself.

She, Eva and Willy were dragged from their containers to find themselves in a windowless basement room surrounded by several large, unsmiling German guards. The old, dark building seemed to be staffed by burly men and women, wearing drab dark green uniforms with vicious-looking rubber truncheons clipped to their belts.

No one spoke to them, nor were they allowed to speak.

Eva and Willy's initial, bleary-eyed inquiries were met with shouts. Most worrying were the notices in several languages, ' Silence - Welcome to The House of Pain.'

“Please ... , why ... ? ” Joanne had implored, confused until a fist in her belly had doubled her up, gasping.

“No talk, silence,” snapped a gap-toothed female guard.

Willy was taken to one side of the room by two male guards whilst the female wardresses surrounded her and Eva. With brutal efficiency they were body-searched, leaving them feeling turned inside-out. Then they were led by the hand like children to two small tin baths filled with steaming water. The guards, laughing at their yelping protests, pushed them down into the near scalding water. Coarse rough hands held her shoulder whilst a stiff scrubbing brush scrubbed painfully over her broiled body.

Having been washed and dried like children they were each given only thin towelling robes. Joanne and Eva were escorted down corridors following signs to ‘Female Inmates’ whilst Willy was separated from them and taken towards the ‘Male Inmates’ block. Shoved into small, individual cells for the night, their spartan accommodation contained only a bed, and basic facilities. Joanne sobbed as the heavy door clanged shut behind her the key grating in the lock. She was again lost and alone.

Morning, following a sleepless night of fear and uncertainty, brought a sparse breakfast of black coffee and juice and cold toast before she and Eva were taken to a small doctor’s surgery. Voices came from within and they had to wait outside for a few moments until the door abruptly opened. They stood to one side as a woman in her forties, pretty, with long dark hair and a cute snub nose, clutching a similar gown about her, wept as she was dragged down the corridor under the harsh grip of another wardress.

“Gowns off,” an elderly Polish doctor seated at a table scarcely looked up from her notes as the wardress pushed Joanne and Eva to stumble to a stop before her.

“Please, please where are we, why am I here? I’m English, I’ve been kidnapped I’ve done nothing.” Desperate and uncertain, the pent-up words tumbled from her gasping mouth, ignoring Eva’s hand on her arm.

“Don’t, it’s no good now, they don’t care,” Eva hissed, “we’re both for it, I know,” she sighed.

“Indeed?” the woman looked up from her notes to give both women an old fashioned look over her steel glasses. “It is not for me to tell you why you are here, or indeed for you to guess. I’ll simply examine you both to determine your fitness for punishment,” her voice was clipped, precise.

“Punishment, why ... aaghh,” Joanne gasped as one of the wardresses behind her, caught her with her a blow with her crop.

“I suggest you listen to your friend. You learn not to question, just to do as you’re told,” the doctor glowered. “They are very well equipped here to make you obey, I can assure you. All will be explained later - I’m sure. Now, I’m a busy person. Name, age, nationality, address, next period due? Do you smoke? Do you drink? Have you ever been whipped before?” she wrote down the answers down in a docket. “Undress please, both of you,” the doctor stood up, fixing the stethoscope around her neck.

Joanne’s shoulders sagged as she slid the gown from them to stand alongside the similarly naked figure of Eva, her hands instinctively covering her breasts and pubic thatch. The doctor, glaring at her, thrust a thermometer into her mouth. The stethoscope was cold against her skin as the doctor moved it over her chest.

“Hmm, heart seems OK,” she muttered, the skinny claws of her hands holding and feeling her breasts before moving down to her belly and below. "Turn," the demand was curt, brooking no delay and Joanne then felt the cup of the stethoscope moving down her back, the fingers tapping.

“Oh,” she gasped past the thermometer clenched between her teeth as the hands now, unusually, held and touched the cheeks of her bottom, feeling the skin texture, moving up to her back and shoulders. Turning her, the talons moved over her breasts then down her thighs, the woman crouching her face inches from her pubis, before standing, fixing her with an icy glare as she extracted the thermometer.

Joanne continued to stand, uncertain, as the doctor proceeded to examine Eva, impassive as the scrawny hands moved over her slim body. She felt almost embarrassed both by her nudity amongst these ‘officials’ and her having to witness the examination of Eva. Her sudden change of circumstances had diluted her feelings towards her colleague, bringing her back to reality, seeing her more as a captor than a lover now, but she nevertheless felt a common sympathy for their joint predicament. Both women continued to stand silent and still before the doctor's desk as she scribbled her notes, then she looked up.

“Good, I’m pleased to say I can pronounce you both A1 fit for punishment – they’ll take you the whole way, to the limit of your endurance –

you won't escape it with your heart giving out " she smiled grimly. "I shouldn't ... " she snapped, glaring as Joanne's mouth opened instinctively to protest. " You may dress now, please ladies and I recommend you use the toilet," she pointed to a small cubicle. "Then take them away." She looked down, dismissive, back to fresh notes, handing those for Joanne and Eva to the guard.

Joanne's bare feet shifted uncomfortably on the metal of the spiral staircase as she descended into hell, sandwiched with Eva between four wardresses. Then she padded along another gloomy corridor ending in another ornate door. Her belly and bowels felt as if they had turned to liquid. She wanted to run, scream, cry, but she knew the utter futility of such actions.

After more elaborate unlocking and clanging, they were led through the huge door which bore the inscription, 'Lose Hope All Ye Who Enter Here.' Beyond was a further short, dark corridor sloping downwards, flickering in the light of candles. She felt as if she had been transported into the bowels of the earth where demons prowled. A small part of her intelligent mind guessed rightly that these preliminaries were all being done for effect, that there were undoubtedly other entrances served by wide, well-lit corridors or lifts. However, the part of her mind, which was a frightened little girl, was now predominant; she felt sick with fear.

Another black-studded, sturdy door, inscribed with the legend, 'The Inferno' was before them, beyond which they could ominously hear occasional faint screams and cries. The corridor smelt of stale urine. Joanne didn't know whether this was from the 'accidents' of previous prisoners or if it had been poured there for effect. She was grateful for having had the opportunity of using the toilet in the in the surgery.

Incense, wafting out as the door creaked open, couldn't altogether hide the smell of fear and sweat, nor could it hide the ear-piercing shrieks of souls in torment. Joanne's initial impression was of a scene from hell. The huge, dark stone cellar, seemingly containing numerous alcoves, was lit by wall torches - from which hungry yellow

flames licked. Framed in the doorway to greet them were several German women with harsh faces. All were dressed identically in black leather cat-suits, giving them the appearance of tiny spiteful demons. The warmth of the room contrasted with the chill of the corridors.

Then one of the demons grabbed Joanne's hand to lead her into hell. Her attention was first drawn to the woman chained in an alcove by the door. She was a pretty Negress with large breasts on which vicious nipple clamps were affixed like horrendous body adornments. Her piercing shrieks were accompanied by the wet splat of a whip, wielded by another demon. It cracked across the woman's shining back adding another laceration to those already there, forcing her eyes to squeeze shut in agony, her teeth a large shining white grimace.

Another cry, masculine, but only slightly deeper, erupted from another alcove as Joanne was led along. It was Willy. Although he had been responsible for tormenting her she felt sick at the sight of the cruel clamp constricting his penis and testes making them bulge unnaturally past the restriction. Worse, a leather-clad figure carefully took aim and brought a small whip across his tortured straining sliver of flesh. The red stripes already decorating his body, hanging slackly in chains, his eyes, starting from their sockets, testified to the torments he was suffering.

Joanne stifled the desire to be sick, to run to a far dark corner of the chamber as the hand led her remorselessly to a table in the centre of the room. At the table sat another German woman, calm, relaxed, totally oblivious to the screams and suffering around her. She looked to be in her thirties, well preserved, efficient and fit. Her stern, angular face atop a dark, high collared uniform, was framed by short straight, fair hair. It leant her a sinister air, reminding Joanne of a stereotype Gestapo woman from World War Two.

Presently she was totally ignoring them, scanning papers, presumably, Joanne thought, they were documents for herself and Eva. She didn't want that woman to look up, she wanted the moment to continue, to somehow allow her to shrink into the flickering shadows. Joanne blanked her eyes, staring at the floor, not wanting to look at her or the women suffering either side of her desk.

However, eventually the blonde's eyes, glinting like tiny chips of

blue marble, lifted to flick lazily over both women who stood anxiously before her.

“Welcome to the House of Pain. You're rather overdressed, take off those silly sarongs and look around,” her voice had a German accent and was as brittle as breaking glass.

Joanne shivered in dread, looking apprehensively at Eva standing next to her, now a fellow victim, trying to find some mutual strength. Like her, the slim girl, now without her blonde wig, was as white as sheet, gulping as she slipped off the garment to stand covering herself with her arms. Stark naked, with no protection or covering at all Joanne felt especially vulnerable in this terrible place of suffering, her flesh exposed before the hungry eyes of the sadists surrounding her. She shivered, trying not to imagine the vicious knotted thongs of the black whips cracking across her bare sensitive skin.

The elegant seated woman looked contemptuously at the two nude women standing by her table, her eyes travelling slowly up and down.

"Turn around, slowly, I'll see the other side," she drawled.

Feeling frightened and ashamed at the scrutiny, Joanne followed Eva's lead in twirling around almost feeling the ice blue eyes stripping the skin from her back and flinching bottom. Worse, with her back to the woman, the new view allowed Joanne to see another soul being tortured.

A few feet away a pretty blonde woman, her wrists twisted and cuffed behind her, knelt painfully on two baseball bats. That itself would normally have been bad enough as her knees took her weight on the hard wood but that was presumably just a background inconvenience for her. With her wrists pulled up and attached to a ceiling pulley her body was forced into a cruel arc of pain, practically dislocating her straining shoulders if she tried to move. The posture thrust out her small breasts, on the tips of each of which, again, clung evil-looking clamps like obscene flowers. They horribly distended the pink buds of her nipples protruding through the serrated teeth. Worse, her beautiful body shone with sweat as a black-suited devil lashed the curve of her bottom and flanks, making her mouth gape in a continuous scream of agony to echo off the dark walls.

Joanne's shoulders twitched in fear. She turned to the seated woman, hands clasped imploringly before her.

“Please Ooff.” The whimper trickled almost unconsciously from Joanne's dry mouth under the icy glare, but was punctuated by the fist of one of the black-leather demons punching her belly, doubling her up

gasping for breath, clutching herself.

Joanne's whole being was a red ache of pain but she was not allowed the luxury or privilege of adjusting to it. The guards grabbed her hair yanking her upright, an arm viciously twisted up behind her back for a few seconds, thrusting out her breasts at the calm woman until she could stand unaided.

"You'll learn not to speak here," the words spat from the thin, smiling lips like bullets. "I'll make it clear from the outset, we have absolutely no interest in anything you or any patient here might have to say. We do not care who or what you are. What you know or don't know is immaterial. Our function is simply to take you to your limits of pain, make your existence as miserable as possible and then return you, broken, to whoever or whichever organisation sent you here. That is our only function, the infliction of pain on subjects, and our services for our clients are not cheap. We are thus not interested in any offers to pay for your release or pleas. We may take note of any confessions you make but of course a subject under extreme pain will say anything for it to stop and our clients are seldom interested in them. And any pleas will absolutely no effect on your punishment, that is pre-determined, you can only add to your punishment - by resisting or disobedience. We are an international organisation set up to break anyone sent to us. Our reputation demands that we do our job, professionally without letting a client down. And we do it extremely well. "

"Have a cigarette, look around. I insist," she emphasised as Joanne began to shake her head.

Although she didn't smoke and her records would show it, Joanne sensed it was an order not a request, presumably to add to her discomfort. She fumbled with the unfamiliar cigarette, unable to prevent it shaking between her lips as one of the guards lit it. Choking, feeling even more sick, her eyes darted nervously around the torture den, preferring not to see the

terrible things happening and to thus deny them, but somehow unable not to look!

To one far side, a nude woman hung horizontal to the ground, supported by cords hanging from the ceiling. They were widely spaced and attached to her ankles and breasts - which were painfully distended. Her hands were free but she had to painfully grasp two strands of barbed-wire also hanging from the ceiling to help support her weight and prevent her breasts being torn. Her quivering body shone in the flickering light as a black demon stood between her spread thighs lashing her most intimate flesh with a thin whip.

"Ah," Joanne winced as the unaccustomed cigarette burnt down singing her fingers.

"Smoke. Don't play with it," the seated woman dripped sarcasm.

Joanne screwed her eyes up, inhaling more of the foul cigarette, feeling even worse. It was unreal. She guessed that she must look so out of place, standing alongside Eva amongst scenes of utmost depravity, both of them naked and casually smoking before the uniformed blonde and leather clad women.

Two glass tanks filled with water were set against another wall. Fed by pipes to maintain their temperature, she could see that one was steaming hot, the other icy cold. A hoist between them lowered a well-built Arabic looking woman, hair plastered to her face and strapped into a chair, gasping, pleading, into the hot tank, totally immersing her. Joanne could see her struggling within, eyes bulging for a lung-bursting sixty seconds, before her pink body was hauled out on the winch. Her gasping shrieks of pain were pitiful until they ended with her being dunked with another piercing scream into the ice-covered depths of the other. The contrast in temperature must have been terrible.

The evil was going on all around. She wanted to look away, to faint, but instead felt hyped up and alert.

A dark-haired teenage girl squatted over a long gleaming vertical spike, her pretty face contorted in pain, begging for mercy in an American accent. With her wrists bound to a neck-collar, her ankles spread and fastened to eyebolts in the floor and her calves bound to her shins, she couldn't stand or unfold from her cramped posture. Whenever she relaxed there was a crackling and she jerked straight again with a smell of burning which, together with her shrieks of agony, testified to the electrification of the spike.

Adding to her torment, the cruel clamps adorned her small breasts which a leather-clad figure was carefully whipping.

Electrification was also a pretty Oriental girl's torture. Someone had playfully scrawled, 'Electric Chair' onto the large wooden device into which she was strapped. Wires trailing from clips were attached to her nipples and deep into the dark apex of her thighs. Whenever a guard flicked a switch on a console, her body bulged outwards, almost trying to burst through her restraints as her mouth gaped in a thin scream.

To one side of the woman's table was a large chair into which another shining body was strapped, a European youth with long blonde hair tied into a ponytail. His head was encased in a cage holding his jaws open allowing another guard to drill deep into his mouth like an insane dentist. He too had a genital clamp to painfully constrict his manhood and whilst his mouth was drilled, another evil, black-clad imp sat on his lap turning screws on his constraint to make him strain uselessly, creaking against his leather bindings. On the other side of her desk was a hospital-type trolley onto which was strapped the dark-haired woman who had left the surgery before them.

"Extinguish the cigarette on the ashtray, not the floor," the German demanded, closing her files and pointing to the naked body. The lolling head, hanging off the end of the trolley, surrounded by her long dark hair, emitted pitiful moans. These increased to screams as the blonde bitch likewise stubbed out her cigarette onto her large breasts, below the tight nipple clamps and alongside several other angry red marks.

Then the woman's body arched again with a hiss of pain as Eva stubbed out her cigarette onto her thigh beside her. Joanne saw the brunette's eyes then fix pitifully on hers. Unable to cause her more pain, she dropped her cigarette on the floor, wincing as she ground it under her bare foot.

Suddenly, the seated blonde was beside her. She grabbed Joanne in a powerful judo hold, dragging her down as she sat, forcing her face down over her lap with her arm twisted cruelly and painfully up between her shoulder-blades in a hammer-lock.

Crack! Crack, Crack!

"Haah." Agony washed over the small of her back, buttocks and thighs, making her shriek pitifully, uselessly kicking her legs as the woman efficiently lashed her several times with a short whip.

"Still enjoying your work, sweetheart?" A man's voice made Joanne cringe in

blatant shame at her exposed position, like a youngster, held naked across the woman's lap. Immediately the woman threw Joanne to a heap on the floor, discarding her as she smoothed back her hair.

"Well, hi, Kurt, yes just dealing with these bitches. Stand by the desk hands on head," she snapped to Joanne and Eva.

Winching as she scrambled painfully to her feet, Joanne felt the red flush of shame wash over her, mingling with the pain, as she stood like a naughty schoolgirl under the man's laughing, appraising eyes. He was in his forties, wearing a similar uniform to the woman. He was tall and thin and was smoking a cheroot. He had a stern angular face under grey cropped hair, with eyes which travelled indolently over her exposed charms.

"Hah," she gasped as he brutally grabbed her arm, spinning her round.

"Not losing your touch then, Gretten?" the man laughed eyeing the lines of torment raised by the woman's whip, "I could do with you on my shift."

"Some cows, especially English, are made for the whip and deserve all they get. She was cheeky and now regrets it," Gretten laughed coldly as Kurt then ignored Joanne to take her in his arms.

Both Joanne and Eva looked away, not wishing to invite further attention or trouble as the couple kissed and embraced.

"Haaaaagh," the woman on the trolley screamed, writhing, as Kurt broke away from Gretten to grind his cheroot out on her hairy pubis.

"I must go, my love, see you at lunchtime?" he smiled.

"Yes, if I'm finished with these," Gretten nodded at Joanne and Eva.

Suddenly he was beside Joanne, his mouth descending on hers in a brief kiss, one hand cupping the uplifted peak of a breast, the other patting her bottom. So quickly did he strike that Joanne had no time to react, nor dare she.

"Just be good girls and take your medicine," he laughed, breaking away, winking at Gretten as he walked from the room.

He was a sadistic beast but at that moment Joanne would have done anything, absolutely anything for him, if she too could have left that room. Then Gretten's eyes fixed hers in an icy glare.

"It's time," she declared and immediately Joanne felt the black

leather hands of the guards grabbing her arms.

They first rubbed oil lovingly all over her body. At first it felt almost good, sensuous, then her flesh began to tingle and burn, as if badly sunburnt.

"Just a little something to make you really feel and appreciate the kiss of the whip," explained her tormentor into Joanne's agonised face, her shining skin wincing simply under the touch of the guards. Her mouth went dry at the sight of the slick black thongs of the whips wielded by the guards, convinced the pain to come would kill her.

Joanne was sobbing in agony, her flesh throbbing simply from hanging from her bindings. She was bound within a large upright square framework, her wrists and ankles to each corner stretching her tautly upright in the shape of a cross. The eyes of one of the black-clad demons gazed curiously, sadistically into hers as she tweaked and rolled one of Joanne's nipples to an erect hardness between her leather-clad fingers.

Then to her imploring, wide-eyed horror the smiling bitch attached tiny hideous metal and rubber devices from each nipple, inches from her bulging eyes. She stared in mute horror as the evil vixen carefully turned each cog-wheel to produce an excruciating bolt of agony on her swollen buds as the serrated teeth bit into her sensitive flesh. Other such devices were attached to cling agonisingly to her ear lobes, the sensitive folds of her vulva, and also into her vagina stretching her to cause unspeakable suffering.

She was in agony, yet she knew they hadn't really started on her yet. Her fear, pain and humiliation were made worse by virtue of the fiends, who were touching her so intimately, were doing so utterly clinically with the sole intent of hurting her. There was no sexual intent. Before, when she had been tormented in the house back in England it had normally been a prelude to some form of sexual gratification. It may have been obscene and unwanted but it was almost understandable.

These she-beasts were touching her simply to cause her the maximum agony. There, curious, dead-pan eyes gazed into hers as they turned a screw on her nipple or vulva clamps. Her voice was hoarse from imploring them, telling them how she was innocent, a victim, how she had been kidnapped. She could only implore them mutely with her eyes as her gaze kept flicking to the whips hanging from belts of the guards. It made no difference. Another bolt of agony would lance through her distended breasts and nipples. Sensitive flesh, more used to being suckled and caressed was

being tortured by the serrated teeth of tiny clamps.

She saw Gretten's cold smile of anticipation as one of her leather-clad fiends flicked a whip.

"We'll warm up your front first. This might hurt a bit," she pronounced like a concerned doctor her cruel face inches from her own.

Joanne's mouth opened once more in a terrified plea as the assistant deliberately and theatrically took aim on her already agonised breasts. How, she wondered, could one woman, knowing the effect of those thongs on her most sensitive flesh, treat another woman so cruelly. Yet the eyes staring into hers held no pity, only cruel inevitability.

Crack!

"Haaaaggghhhh."

Joanne didn't die, she simply howled like an animal as unspeakable pain scoured her most sensitive orbs. It made her jerk in agony in a futile attempt to tear her arms free, protect her jutting breasts. In reality it simply caused her even more pain from the pull of the clamps affixed to her swollen buds. Her whole world was a sea of agony, she was awash with it, it excluded any other thought.

Crack!

Something was howling. She realised it was her as flesh felt it was being stripped from her body.

Crack!

She screamed and screamed, her breasts, belly and thighs one throbbing, shining sea of pain. Eventually, after several more unbearable lashes, she flicked back damp hair from her face, aware that the whip had ceased its work. Her head slumped as she recovered her breath, trying to somehow absorb the agony.

Giving a frightened gasp, she became aware of the top of the framework slowly lowering her tortured body face down towards the grimy cobblestones below. Clutching the iron framework to which she was so tightly secured her body sagged downwards. Then she became aware of a squealing noise above the moans and screams of the other damned souls in torment. Blinking back the sweat pooling in her eyes she screamed in dread as she saw the large round cage onto which her tortured flesh was being lowered.

A dozen red, hungry eyes glittered in the darkness within the mesh, the sweat and oil dripping from her body wetting their appetites to

devour her flesh. Rats! Big, vicious-looking black rats.

“Nooo, please!”

Joanne threw her head back, sobbing, pleading as her already agonised body was slowly lowered towards the sharp teeth and claws protruding through the cage. Lower she went, continually twisting her head to beg the grim yet smiling tormentors turning the crank handle.

“Hah!” she yelped as teeth grabbed some strands of hair, jerking her head towards the other gnawing teeth. Shrieking she jerked free, leaving behind for the rats some long strands of her blonde hair.

Finally her hands and feet came in contact with the cold floor. Panting gasping against the agony of stretching her lacerated flesh, she forced herself with quivering muscles into a painful arc. At full stretch, on fingertips and tiptoe she was just able to hold her torso up sufficient to keep most of her tenderised flesh away from the hungry rodents snapping beneath her.

“Eyaaa,” she screeched as teeth nipped her pubic bush, forcing her to pull her hips back even further. Unfortunately, this made her breasts dip slightly.

Her mouth gaping wide in pain and horror she felt the hungry mouths and claws scratching at the clamps adorning her nipples making further shafts of agony stab into her distended orbs. She jerked them up, only to again feel teeth around the folds of her sex, trying to reach her furry nest.

Like a see-saw she alternately jerked each end of her body away from the cage.

Crack!

“Yaaaaarghhhhh.”

Her scream was one of unbearable agony as Gretten brought her whip down across the taut, straining arch of her back and buttocks. Hadn’t they done enough to her without another whipping? she thought frantically. Instinctively she collapsed downward right onto the cage, thus allowing several of the teeth to grip and nip her skin.

“Naaahhh,” she gasped, tearing herself free from the vicious teeth, arching her body right back up into the downward path of the whip, which caught her squarely across her taut buttocks.

How much more could she take?

She screamed, she twisted and jerked, causing fresh shards of agony, her mind a turmoil. Pain enveloped her, the horror of the flying whip above her curved back, the red eyes and sharp teeth below her hanging,

tender breasts, belly and sex consumed her. Her frenzied movements not only stretched her tenderized flesh but also made the obscene little clamps pull and jerk harder at her like angry imps.

Crack!

Why didn't she die? Why didn't she faint? Maybe there was some stimulant in the cigarette? she wondered in a flash of rational thought as the whips and teeth continued to agonise every inch of her flesh.

The devils in human form were experts, they knew just how far to go with her without her losing consciousness. They'd wait, let her recover slightly, coax her then once again increase the pressure of pain.

It went on forever with no letting up.

Every so often her tear-stained eyes and senses would focus on Eva or other naked women also suffering the torments of the damned at the hands of similar fiends. Eva was bound kneeling astride a sharp blade running parallel to the ground. It ate up into the sensitive folds of her sex whenever she slumped under the whips cracking across the curve of her back buttocks or breasts. The tiny black clamps on her ear lobes and tongue quivered and bounced with her threshing movements.

Another girl nearby hung upside from widely spaced ankles with her wrists bound up between her shoulder blades. A black-clad demon was lashing down onto her pouting, mauve sex lips with a small whip. Her body jiggled, adorned with the spiteful little nipple and vulva clamps, jerked in the throes of her agony. Further, she hung scant inches from the cobblestones and like Joanne was also suffering the additional torment of a cage of rats. They tugged her hair, which was tied into a blonde ponytail and hanging into their domain. Desperately they scurried and snapped trying to reach her beautiful, contorted face, which she had to continually hold up on a, no doubt aching, neck.

Gradually however, Joanne's vision faded on her world of pain. Her images from the flickering dungeon from hell became dimmer and mercifully, she felt the framework pulling her upwards as she passed out.

She was at first only vaguely aware of her senses again as she recovered alongside other women in what was almost like a hospital ward. Although at first in agony, she soon found herself recovering rapidly, assisted by various creams and lotions which silent, white-coated Germans rubbed onto her tortured flesh. However, two guards posted at the end of their room, actively discouraged any talking. And the threat of being returned to the

dungeon ensured an unnatural silence amongst the beds.

After a week Joanne was amazed that her body outwardly showed no traces of her ordeal. However, inwardly, she was still scarred. When she and Eva were asked to sign a document selling themselves voluntarily to Heinz's white slavery organisation, the alternative being a return trip to the dungeon, she was only too willing to comply.

That night her food was drugged and she drifted asleep, then crated for transportation.

CHAPTER 10

It was two weeks after Chris's arrival in Honk Kong, the day he was due to return home after a relaxed holiday. For the first time Heinz took him to a wing of his mansion, where new slaves were trained, which was normally out of bounds to visitors. Chris strolled into the room and immediately the several nubile women present bowed deeply and respectfully to him from the waist before standing heads bowed, silent. His breath quickened, they all shared a natural and glowing beauty and they all wore only minuscule bikinis revealing their glorious curves. Additionally, each had an identification number scrawled in red on their bellies.

“My girls having short break in training regime - OK to visit now. You find idea of white slavery, novel - yes?” Heinz laughed at Chris’s mixed reaction of embarrassment and pleasure.

“It’s certainly different I ... ” he stopped short at the sight of Joanne amongst the several subservient, still, figures, the figure ‘969’ scrawled shamefully across her flat belly.

“Yes, your cheating wife now training as slave,” Heinz nodded, catching the direction of Chris’s gaze. “She and other two who cheat on me have been to ‘House of Pain.’ She now do anything rather than return there – which is what she know happen if she no behave. Such was her desire not to return to house of correction she learn much about being good slave in last couple of days. She apparently have some way to go but my trainers say she display much promise. Come put her through paces, “ he encouraged, signalling to one of his assistants.

A smiling, yet obviously stern German woman who, Heinz explained, was Eva’s replacement, snapped at Joanne to place her hands on her head and stick her tongue out. To Chris’s amazement the woman led his wife to them with a pincer-like grip on her outstretched tongue. Joanne glided with a seductive, hip-swinging gait – like a tart, the tiny thong and half-cup top clinging to and enhancing her magnificent body.

"I bring 969 for your amusement Sir." The woman let go of Joanne's tongue, bowed and retreated.

"I, er," Chris was genuinely at a loss for words.

"Tell her anything, anything at all. Tell her come over here and get tits out for starters," Heinz suggested, "I certainly like to see them again."

"Er, right, OK, come here, get them out," Chris addressed the bowed blonde head.

"Yes Sir." She reached behind to undo her top.

"You no bother, just scoop out." Heinz demanded.

Chris simply couldn't believe it, his loins stirring at the sheer power he now held. The previously prim Joanne, although blushing furiously, and with fear in her wide green eyes, scooped her hands into the inviting cleavage of her small bikini top and extracted her lovely smooth orbs.

"Put them in my hands," Heinz demanded. Chris felt a stirring of almost jealousy as she obediently leaned towards the greasy German and lifted her breasts onto his outstretched hands. "What would you like me to do to you, girl?" the obese slob oozed to his timidly flinching blonde wife as he stroked her shivering bosom flesh .

"Please ... f- f--k me Master," she sobbed, obviously finding the obscene plea difficult to such a travesty of a man.

"Where? " he inquired, hooking his fingers into her bikini and possessively sliding it, slowly down her thighs. Knowing Joanne as he did, Chris marvelled at her self-control. Her fists clenched in tension as she had to let the greasy slob uncover her most private parts. She'd never allowed him to even take her knickers off.

"Here?" Heinz asked, his thick, cucumber-like finger sliding upwards between her sex lips.

"Aah ... y-yes Master," she whimpered.

"Or maybe here?" he continued, and Chris could see, to his amazement a second thick finger sliding up into her bottom.

"Ughh," she grunted, "Yes please ,Master ... anywhere you wish."

"Perhaps here?" he pushed a finger into her mouth, sliding it suggestively forward and back.

"Mmm, she nodded wrinkling her nose, trying to disguise her disgust at tasting her own juices from the finger.

"More enthusiasm," Heinz's voice had a slight edge to it, "Tell me

what you want. Show me you want it too”

“Please, f-k me, Master, I want to feel you in, h-hard and throbbing.” Chris caught his breath as his previously, so prim wife, ground her hips wantonly against his mound of plump flesh, her lovely buttocks clenching, pressing her breasts against him, straddling one of the plump thighs, rubbing up and down it, timidly kissing the rolls of fat on his neck .

“Not too fast, little whore. You no fully trained, I no fancy you or want you yet. You ugly,” Heinz lied, giggling, enjoying the look of astonished and pained rejection on her strained face. “Now we see your display position try to prove you are pretty, I think,” Heinz smiled.

For a moment Joanne stood transfixed gulping, then her German trainer strode across.

Crack!

“Hah,” Chris cringed as the woman's hand left a red imprint on Joanne's white cheek.

“Naughty girl – and you know what happen to naughty girl, eh?”

“Yes Miss,” Joanne’s voice was shameful whisper.

“Touch toes, please.”

Chris gasped as his wife immediately slid her thong right off and obediently assumed the humiliating posture before the stern German woman. A picture of eroticism, her beautiful pert buttocks thrust in a taut curve, an German hand resting possessively on them. As the woman’s wide hand descended half a dozen times over Joanne’s bottom he ruefully recalled how many times she had refused him a playful spanking in the privacy of their house. Although it was just a light spanking, more for show than anything – to avoid damaging the goods, he guessed - she had to submit publicly to such a punishment before himself and strangers. No wonder, he thought, her face - framed by tousled blond locks - was as pink as her bottom.

“You heard Master, display, how I taught you - unless you want to feel more stick on bottom,” the woman snapped.

Chris could scarcely comprehend that it was his Joanne who, rather than flare up, simply absorbed the pain and humiliation. She completely removed her top, laying naked on her back, her legs spread and raised, clasping her ankles by her ears. Every single facet of her mauve, flower-like beauty from velvet, pouting sex lips to the puckered ring below

was on open display making his trousers tighten. Apart from the despair and loathing in her eyes she could have been blatantly posed for a pornographic magazine.

"I remember parts of little nursery rhyme for pretty lady," Heinz murmured, bending over her spread charms. "This little piggy go to market," a slug-like finger trailed round the plump oval of her vulva, "this little piggy stay at home," he slid a finger into her vagina. "This little have roast beef," a finger pushed into her small dark anus, "this little piggy go eek, eek, all way home," he laughed, pumping both digits rapidly in and out of both orifices for a few seconds.

Chris felt envious of the fat German's utter control over his wife to treat her as he never had. Perhaps sensing this, Heinz extracted his fingers with a wet, plop, standing back.

"Now give one tit to husband for him feel." Joanne's even, white teeth bit her full red lips slightly as she stood, placing one of her cool orbs into his hand too, the nipple a hard peak of shivering fear.

"I leave you now to say goodbye. Use private room in there," Heinz pointed to a side room, clapping him on the back as he strolled off.

"Kneel, back straight, hands on head, legs apart, wider than that."

Chris, strolled round Joanne's kneeling figure, relishing her shivering naked glory. She would never in a million years have posed like that at home, now she had to. He relished the fact that she knew she had to be totally subservient to him, that she had to exercise the necessary control – or risk being returned to the House of Pain. It sounded from Heinz's account, like a hideous place of deep dark nightmares, scarcely having a place in reality in 21st Century Hong Kong - and yet it did! It was apparently used by both white slavers to frighten and control their victims and also by various foreign governments to secretly break their victims and make it easier to extract confessions at home.

"You really are a loser aren't you ,Joanne. What are you?"

"A-a loser ... Sir," she whispered, eyes averted from his grinning, gloating face.

"Louder, I can't hear you, Joanne," he teased.

“A loser, Sir,” she tried to control the tremor of rage in her voice.

“I arrange your kidnap and you spend a few weeks in bondage, literally, to Eva and Willy, and then, and then ... ” he laughed, pausing for breath, “Herr Flick and his mates come round to catch up with their former employees. Eva told me she owed her English lifestyle, from which I benefited immensely I must say, to a German slob who she cheated out of a lot of money. And now they think you’re with them and that I’m the victim. Classic,” his gloating face, thrust inches before her quivering lips, creased into a smile. Well I wanted to say goodbye before I return back home to England . It’s a pity you’ll remain here servicing anyone and everyone,” he chuckled as her eyes glazed with tears. “And if you step out of line in any way, I gather you have a reservation waiting in the House of Pain.” Her face turned a shade paler at her obvious recollections of the place and desire not to ever return. Casually, he brought his foot up to nudge her breasts, setting the beautiful globes jiggling.

“You remember me asking if I could try your arse for size a few months ago in bed?” he asked.

“I er, I cannot ... ”

“Well, I’ll remind you, bitch, you said, ‘ no way you pervert, Joanne,” he smiled “What do you say now if I ask to bum f--k you?”

“Pl-please. f-f-k my arse, thank you Sir,” it was a defeated whisper.

“Correct. And I think I will. Kneel with your nose to the carpet and open your ass cheeks,” he demanded.

His trousers tightened again as she immediately obeyed, swivelling on her knees, putting her head down and her red-painted fingernails claspng her buttocks to reveal the puckered rosebud of his interest. It was hard to imagine that this was his (or Heinz’s - he corrected himself) Joanne! Prim and proper Joanne was displaying herself as a whore for him – and she would undoubtedly have to do many more times and for

many men, and women, in the future.

With shaking fingers he unzipped himself and knelt behind her. Her boobs felt good when he reached round to maul them. Whereas before she would have told him to be gentle with them, she now just endured in silence as he ruthlessly thumbed the buds of her nipples.

“Ugh,” she was unable to prevent a grunt as the throbbing head of his penis pushed against the rubbery resistance of her sphincter.

She felt so hot and tight. He grew even bigger as her elasticity enclosed him and he prepared to thrust in deep.

“It’s Herr Flick, please stop now and say goodbye to wife,” Heinz’s voice was low and tense - and right behind him.

“Wait a minute, I’ve always wanted to do this,” he couldn’t keep the anger from his tone at Heinz’s intrusion - now of all times.

“Now please, Mr Patterson,” Heinz’s voice was deadly and the knife which one of his gang held against Chris’s throat emphasised the command.

He stood, confused and a little apprehensive at the grim German faces confronting him.

“I normally take very little interest in anything said by those under duress who I send to House of Pain. Everyone feels obliged to pour out their hearts in a futile attempt to lessen the inevitable pain. However, I was interested by your wife's apparent consistent screaming that she'd been Eva and Willy's kidnap victim; that she'd done nothing - that you should be there. There was also Eva's confession that the three of you intended, having broken your wife's will, to make her a high class call-girl for your profit. Naturally I ignored all this, but I always take the precaution of bugging the rooms here. And guess what... only to hear you confirm that you were indeed in league with Eva and Willy!”

“I-I it was just a little trick to get my wife’s inheritance, nothing more; Eva and Willy just happened to be there to help – I knew nothing about them stealing the million dollars from you and running to England.”

“So, let me be clear, you did know that they had cheated me! I never told you the amount did I?”

“Well, she mentioned it but ... ”

“So you assisted her, went into league with her and your wife was an innocent party, a victim?”

“You, you could say that but ... ”

“Normally I’d not care what happens to your wife. She’s very pretty and could be an asset to my organisation. However, it occurs that it would add to your punishment if you knew that she was free.”

“My punishment! But I’ve done nothing against you!” he stepped back, zipping himself up.

“Oh but you did. You offered support to my enemies, knowing what they had done to me, profiting from my money.” Chris gulped, now turning as white as Joanne, who remained obediently kneeling nose to the carpet between the men, still exposing her bottom. “Thus I’m letting your wife go whilst you will sample the delights of the House of Pain for yourself. Then you can join the white slave circuit – there is a demand in Arab quarters for young Western men.

A week later, Joanne still replayed in her mind Chris’s outraged and then whimpering protests as he was stripped naked before her and marched away. His total and complete reversal in fortune equally matched her own and she would never forget the utter relief which swept over her when she realised that she was no longer an abject slave of the fat German pig. It seemed so unnatural, unbelievable to back in own lounge, also to be clutching her inheritance money in her hand. She knew all of Chris’s hiding places and it took just five minutes to find the floorboard concealing it.

Now she had her life back and would begin it again, but differently. She had learnt much from her ordeal. Dialling Martin’s telephone number she prepared in her mind the right words to offer herself as his willing slave, whilst stroking lovingly the length of one of Eva’s old canes.

End