

STATE ENSLAVEMENT

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The beautiful Caroline is caught trying to escape to France from a State Controlled England in 2030 and consigned to the terrible Department of Correction, situated near the Channel Tunnel, where many staff were once asylum seekers. There she is subjected to pain and humiliation from the male and female guards. Unknown to her, her husband, Paul is also caught and the two are brought together, forced to make a television confession then each raped by a male guard and whipped jointly. Paul is kept confined, while Caroline is at first dressed as a French maid and used by the sadistic Maxine Stern who is in charge of the centre; then she is used by the Authorities as a ploy to also capture her teenage daughter Sarah, and three friends who successfully escaped. Thereby they obtain details of those others in the escape line who helped them.

CHAPTER 1

The woman, who was blessed with stunning looks sufficient to make many men drool, looked nervous and uncomfortable in the back of the unmarked van carrying her into the city. Her excellent figure was more like a teenager's than a woman in her thirties. With large green eyes in a doll-like face, framed by shoulder length blonde hair, she looked out of place in the dirty, smelly vehicle. She sat alongside a large, obnoxious drunk and an ageing prostitute. Caroline's 36b breasts heaved in anxiety beneath her tight black jumper. She sat on the hard wooden bench, the only seating the van possessed. Her long legs, encased in figure-hugging jeans, were tucked under it. A trickle of sweat made its irritating way down her tense face but she was unable to wipe it away as her wrists were cuffed behind her, adding to her fear and vulnerability.

Caroline bit her trembling lip, trying to quell her fear, wishing she had managed to escape on the moving Channel Tunnel train with her husband Paul, their daughter and two friends. They had been planning this escape for months but no one could have legislated for the oil patch on the wooden foot step running around the outside of the carriage, the oil patch on the exact spot where her feet scrambled for purchase. She had been pulling herself onto the train at the time and the oil patch had sent her tumbling. Thankfully it had been travelling quite slowly. She had rolled onto the embankment, winded, unable to cry out, indeed too frightened to. She was left lying there watching the train fading into the darkness, taking her hopes with it. Her husband was facing the other way, looking after their daughter, blissfully unaware of her fate.

Now helpless, a prisoner in the van, she was beginning to doubt the benefits of her survival. England in 2030 was not a happy place; the authorities had racked down hard on those who flouted its strict laws or attempted to escape and further deplete a shrinking population. An example had to be made. Caroline wanted to be sick, she wanted to be with her husband on the train, in France, at home, anywhere but where she was.

The van came to a grinding halt and the doors were slammed open. The painful grip of the squat middle-aged wardress on her arm guided her, stumbling, from a courtyard into a large, grim, building with an

imposing sign outside, 'Department of Correction'.

She was hustled down grim and endless corridors as if she were a dangerous felon. Her footsteps and those of the guards echoed ominously as she was taken further away from the world as she knew it.

"Turn, face the wall!" a guard bellowed. They had been brought to a forbidding, echoing, tiled cellar. Miserably she obeyed, not wanting to turn her back on the guard but not daring to disobey.

"Haah," she gasped as rough hands removed the iron bite of the cuffs from her slim wrists. It was good to regain the use of her hands, making her feel less vulnerable.

"Turn back!" She was even more reluctant now, not wanting to see her captors, those unfriendly people who held her fate in their hands.

"Strip naked!" shouted another guard, a large intimidating man of Arabic origin. His snarl revealed several blackened teeth to the three prisoners.

"Please..." Caroline pleaded with the wardress who was smirking at her. She was quaking at the horrendous order. It was beyond comprehension that she could remove her clothes in front of everyone. She looked at the male guards and the fat drunk. "Please is there a room? ...oooff," she gasped as the woman's baton painfully jabbed her flat stomach.

"No talking; none at all! I'm sorry you don't like undressing in public but you'll soon get used to it, girl - everyone does who breaks the law. Now clothes off, immediately, or it will be done for you!" she snapped, spraying Caroline's flinching face with saliva. "Watches, jewellery, the lot! I want you as naked as the day you were born; the shit you take off you place in a pile to one side."

The ugly old cow had called her a girl, yet she was a sophisticated, intelligent grown woman – but that counted for nothing in England these days. Shame coloured her pretty face as she began tugging off her jumper with trembling hands. She had to blank off her mind, make it numb, as she unzipped and wriggled out of her jeans. Then she unclipped her lacy bra, removing it before sliding out of her panties before the greedy eyes of the Arab guard and the smelly obnoxious drunk. She recalled pulling on the garments in the intimacy of her bedroom that morning, never dreaming she would be forced to remove them under such awful circumstances. The last time she had taken off

her undergarments it had been with the assistance of four hands.

She recalled her husband's lips at her throat and mouth as his gentle hands helped her unclip her bra and slide off her knickers. Naked, she had been alive and vibrant in his arms, soft, yielding whilst at the same time acting like a wanton woman, reaching for his hard shaft of flesh to sink onto. Now, she was naked again – but under entirely different circumstances.

With trembling hands she unclasped her lovely expensive watch and necklaces and tugged off her precious rings with their memories. She was amongst people whom she would have normally have crossed the road to avoid and now she was totally, utterly naked before them; standing in a cellar, shivering with fear and cold, arms crossed over her breasts.

"In a line, hands on head, give your full names, ages and address when I ask!" the woman ordered. She was holding a small voice activated computer.

Caroline tried to shrink away from the gross hairy body of the drunk beside her, his bleary eyes drinking in the lush curves she was forced to display as she assumed the humiliating pose before her hateful captors.

"Custody roll prisoners detained on the evening of 20th Sept - you first!" the female guard thrust her recorder at the drunk.

After he had struggled, with a bemused air, to recall the details and the sagging prostitute had provided hers in a bored, flat voice, the woman stood before Caroline.

"I, er..."

Crack!

"Hah," she stepped back in fear, outrage and humiliation, pressing her hand to her stinging cheek where the woman, seemingly picking on her, had given her a harsh, unexpected slap.

"I can't stand stuck-up cows like you, especially when they're stupid, too! Now listen, c—t, the computer won't recognise 'ers' and 'buts;' just give the facts, you stupid cow, now! Stand back here, hands back on head, stop covering yourself, you've nothing to hide," she sneered.

"C-Caroline Patterson, age 35 ... " She provided the remainder of the required details, trying to disguise the quaver in her voice and her fear, not wanting to display that before the bitch; trying to be brave - but

failing miserably.

“Right, I’ve checked all three of you on the State’s central medical records and you have no medical conditions prohibiting the administration of punishment.” The woman spoke as if dripping acid, reading from her small computer screen. “Remain quite still to be searched, feet apart, mouths open!” she barked out the next set of degrading orders.

Caroline’s face was hot with shame and her hair was sticking to her forehead. She felt sick. She was attempting to blank off her mind and senses and to ignore the leering eyes of the Arab guard who stood right before her. He was ogling her breasts uplifted by her enforced posture. Beside her she saw the woman guard’s hands move over the drunk’s flabby skin, lifting his manhood; seemingly they took a delight here in shaming the opposite sex.

“Pretty little knickers, eh?” The brute picked up her dainty little garment, still warm from her body and sniffed it, then put that personal and intimate item of her clothing in his pocket.

“Please...” Caroline whimpered under her breath, feeling even sicker with disgust and shame.

“Don’t worry, you not need them here.” He leered at her exposed body. “Yes, a very pretty lady, a shame you wanted to leave your country without permission, but I glad you still with us now.” The brutal looking Arab grinned again, revealing several gaps in his teeth. “It funny, not many years ago we were in trouble for entering this country illegally - now you in trouble for leaving it illegally - but now laws tougher - no nonsense. Maybe you get to enjoy our company and especially the company of me - Hamil, eh?”

“Please,” she squirmed away as his dirty hands reached out to horribly fondle her jutting boobs. It was awful, degrading, how someone like him could just take her panties, grope her, and take such liberties.

“Back in line, exactly as before in five seconds, no moving, no talking - or something really bad will happen to you, my pretty English lady.” His silken voice oozed cruelty.

Fearfully, reluctantly, the trembling blonde forced herself back to her posture of shame before the beast with hot glinting eyes. Such was her fear of this regime and these people that she dare not resist, no matter how repellent and shameful the touch.

“Mouth wider, wider, tongue right out.” Putrid breath filled her pinched nostrils as, like a dentist from hell, he peered into her ridiculously gaping mouth, his uniform coarse against her nipples which had become erect with her fear. She had to fight against the ever-rising sickness as his hands slid through her hair like her husband’s used to do, before sliding down her waist. She cringed as he casually rested his hands on her shapely hips, squeezing her eyes shut with disgust as he patted her bottom with total possession. “Now bend over, my pretty, and we’ll check down there - keep your hands on your head,” he emphasised as she reluctantly bent over to further expose her pert bottom to his gaze and fingers.

“Oooh,” the cry was torn from her as he slapped the curve of her backside just as her husband did. But this wasn’t an intimate act of fun in a darkened bedroom; this was a sadistic grope of lust by a horrid stranger, someone who had total power over her. She had to restrain the urge to unlace her fingers from her neck and slap his hand away, instead allowing him to horribly intrude into her deepest intimacies. It was vile, disgusting. She wanted to scream.

“Ughhh,” she grunted again as a stiff finger slid into her sex, lovingly exploring her in a ghastly invasion of her body. Worse, it then curled into her tight sphincter. That was a touch she had always hated but now she couldn’t just push away the offending digit; she had to simply endure as it twisted painfully and shamefully within her, filling her unnaturally.

“Good girl, not so bad, eh? Maybe you get to like it up there, eh? You keep no secrets from old Hamil, no! Up you get.” The guard smiled as he playfully patted the delicious curves of her firm flanks, making her grind her teeth in suppressed rage and shame. “It late tonight, we get you locked up so - you can be dealt with properly tomorrow,” he added ominously.

She stooped to retrieve her clothes but the guard grabbed her arm.

“No my pretty, you forfeit those when you be bad girl, this is what you wear now.” He threw her a tiny white smock.

She was at least grateful for some clothing even if it only just covered her bottom. The trouble was that it would reveal it if she bent over and it was so low cut it showed most of her breasts jiggling freely beneath it.

“Please ... I...” She looked around for a phone. “I need to ring someone tell them...”

Crack!

The female warden’s large hand cracked across her face to leave her ears singing and her cheek smarting; she was shocked by the assault but although rage boiled within her, she wisely restrained herself. .

“You contact no one, girl; those that need to will know of your arrest - and remember what I told you about no talking! Now hands on head whilst we confine you!”

Caroline stood meekly as ordered whilst the wardens handcuffed the other two prisoners. Then came her turn. She felt frightened and trapped as her wrists were again cuffed behind her.

“Oh no...” She shrunk back as the bitch produced an evil looking head cage which was locked in place around her neck. It had a ball gag on a spike which horribly filled her mouth to leave her cheeks bulging, preventing any speech. It was heavy, degrading, frightening. They were treating her almost as if she was a hardened and dangerous medieval criminal. She was totally helpless amongst these fiends, shivering vulnerably as they were marched deeper down within the confines of this terrible, terrible place.

Later she sobbed pitifully to herself through her gag. The head cage bearing painfully down on her slim shoulders was bad enough but now she was stooped in a tiny metal cell not much bigger than a wardrobe. It allowed her to stand up to look through a small, dirty grille but it was insufficient for her to sit without her legs bent and knees pressed awkwardly up to her chin. Her confinement was a devilish contraption which made every muscle scream with cramp, denying sleep; it was not really possible to sit, only to stand with any ease. She also had to share the tiny floor space with a tin bucket on which she somehow managed to squat awkwardly in the night to empty her fear-taut bladder. She wondered what would happen if there was some kind of emergency or fire; she would die down here, trapped and alone. She was a grown woman in her thirties, yet she broke down and cried like a baby, wracked by tears; fearing that she would never see her husband or daughter again.

CHAPTER 2

At about the same time as Caroline was sobbing her heart out in her cage, her husband, Paul, awoke from a fitful sleep with a head feeling as if it had been crushed in a gigantic vice. He groaned pitifully, recalling how he had realised last evening that his lovely wife was missing from their train to freedom. He had implored his two friends to look after his daughter, Sarah, then, ignoring their pleas for his safety, he left the comfortable warm seats. He was simply unable to contemplate the thought of his wife possibly lying injured by the rail-track. When the train slowed for a final junction before the tunnel he made to clamber out of a window, prepared to take the risk of leaping into the unknown. He was totally oblivious to the train security guard until he turned at the last moment, half in and half out of the window, to sense and then see the truncheon flashing towards his head. It was too late for him to avoid its crashing blow

When he recovered consciousness he was in a police van. The journey was a short one but painful, with his head pounding so hard. When they arrived at what was obviously a prison, he stared at the dreadful place. He had no way of knowing that those same grim walls also confined his wife. Any entreaties he made on her behalf or his were met only with gruff calls for him to shut up. To avoid the large and painful boots in his ribs he lapsed into a despondent silence. Things only changed for the worse when he had been shamefully stripped and searched by the policemen and then placed in a holding cell.

After what had seemed an eternity in the tiny cell and too much on edge to sleep properly through what remained of the night, he was dragged out without regard to his cramped limbs. His tiny smock was pulled off by brutish wardens, one male, one female, who left him trying to cover himself whilst they, thankfully, unlocked his head cage.

“Don’t worry, boy – you’ve nothing worth covering,” they laughed.

Then, laughing still harder, the hag of a wardress and a large Arab guard had shoved him under an ice cold shower. They laughed even more when he yelped under the torrent before they pulled him out, dripping wet, then fixed a large black metal collar around his neck, brutally demonstrating its electric circuit.

“Look, please, my wife ... aaaaaghhhhh,”

He had only, naturally, again demanded to know the whereabouts of his wife. In answer they pressed a remote control button which made him thresh on the floor in agony until they released the switch.

“You step out of line, one wrong word, one twitch and you’ll be so f—king sorry!” the Arab guard snarled as Paul cringed on the floor, trying to cover his body from their mocking gaze.

If he thought the older pair was brutal, he had a lot to learn. Having exercised their absolute control over him, he was delivered, still naked, to the tender mercies of a pair of spiteful young girls who wore intimidating black leather cat-suits embossed with the red logo ‘Dept of Correction.’

The girls, probably barely out of their teens, both white with vicious yet pretty faces, had him literally and metaphorically by the balls. The total power which he knew they had over him made him feel sick.

“You’re gonna do exactly as you’re told, be a good boy, aren’t you, or we’ll make you really sweat!” One of them gripped his face in a harsh grip; the other cupped his shrinking testicles, lecturing him on obedience whilst toying with the remote control to make his collar burst into occasional life.

“The old bastard’s in quite good shape, firm arse and a fair ‘tonka’” one laughed. “Shall we give him a bit of hand relief before he gets what’s coming to him?” Slim hands were deftly stroking him to an unwanted erection. “No we’d better not, eh?” She cruelly left him unfulfilled.

He knew he was lost, totally in their power and had to endure their mocking taunts. He also had to endure their probing fingers on his body as they forced him to march ahead of them, hands laced on his head, along a downward sloping corridor marked with directions to ‘The Punishment Inferno.’

When they at last reached the heavy portals of an iron door, the two girls knocked and stood to one side whilst he waited before it, hands still on his head, shivering as one of them casually tapped his hard flinching buttocks with her baton.

A blasting shriek of pure agony assailed his ears as soon as the door swung open and he would have run, or at least covered his vulnerable nudity, had it not been from hissed reminder from the two girls and a

burning touch from his collar. He had a fleeting impression of a Dante-like scene from the Inferno, smoke and fire.

“We’re going off duty, can you take this creep?” the young girl behind Paul asked the shadowy form who had opened the door. Bitterness gripped him. They spoke about him as if he wasn’t there – or was just a lump of meat.

“OK, we’ll take it off your hands.” Before his eyes could become accustomed to the gloom, two more figures, wearing the same frightening leather uniform, grabbed his arms and dragged him in. The door closed with an ominous clang behind him.

He went cold yet simultaneously he was sweating in fear as he tried to take in his surroundings. The room seemed to be a huge cellar containing alcoves around the perimeter lit by the flames of flickering torches. In each one was depicted a scene of intense suffering inflicted by more leather-clad guards, men and women, two to each victim. In contrast to their tormentors those who suffered were as naked as he, their bodies covered in a sheen of sweat, blood and fear, their faces contorted in absolute suffering.

In the alcove immediately by him a large blonde woman in her forties or fifties hung by her thumbs, straining on tiptoes to support her weight as a young male guard wearing the same black uniform, cropped hair above his cruel, sharp features, was cruelly tightening the screws of two vicious metal clamps attached to her tormented nipples. The naked woman’s eyes practically bulged from her shining face in pain, her mouth a gaping red hole of agony in her glistening face.

Next to her an Asian woman hung upside down, suspended by her ankles, with similar evil-looking clamps attached to her breasts and the lips of her sex. Two guards methodically brought their whips down into the inverted v of her inner thighs, cutting deep into her most tender flesh.

The guards accompanying Paul, one a young Negress, hustled him deeper into the room from hell, turning the charge in his collar to a higher threshold so that he squirmed in helpless agony in a continual and useless attempt to tear it away from his neck. To one side a naked man was strapped into a large chair with a female guard sitting on his lap, aiming a huge drill into his mouth, which was kept open with a metal head cage. Near to the female guard’s leather-clad bottom was perched a

male guard, adjusting the screws on a clamp, cruelly constricting the man's straining penis. His screams were choking pleas for mercy. They fell on utterly unheeding ears.

A naked Negress was strapped on a waterwheel in the next alcove. It was fixed to parallel rails suspended above floor level and a winch was attached to it. This allowed it to be pushed on the rails above either one of two glass tanks. One was obviously filled three-quarters full of ice-cold water and the other was steaming hot. Paul's heart pounded with fear at the scenes of utter cruelty being played out around him. He shivered in his vulnerable nudity as a guard pushed the wheel, to which the ebony woman was bound, over the cold tank. After further tightening the screaming woman's nipple clamps, the man turned the crank handle to spin the wheel and lower her headfirst into the icy water. The woman's screams were immediately cut off, her straining upturned face pressed against the glass of the cold tank. Yet, even as she fought for breath under water the guard casually adjusted the other clamp attached to the pink lips of the squirming woman's sex, making her thresh around even more in the water. When her struggles slowly subsided they turned the crank wheel to bring her out and pushed her along the rails to now position her shivering body above the steaming hot tank.

In the background a beautiful teenage blonde girl lay spread-eagled, her widely spaced wrists and ankles chained to the stone floor. She seemed to be almost half-encased in some transparent material through which metal nipple clamps protruded, yet apparently was offering her hips up at him, her delightful sex gaping. As he was pushed past her he saw the reason. She had been cruelly confined on a bed of sharp nails but whilst she arched upwards to escape the prongs, a grinning sadist, his booted foot resting casually on her belly, held two candles over her. The hot wax dripped over her writhing lushness, each splash of liquid fire forcing her back down onto her sharp torment.

Feeling sick and terrified, Paul was taken past many such numbing scenes of suffering until he reached a huge leather-bound desk behind which sat a beautiful dark-haired girl in her early twenties, also wearing the familiar leather cat-suit, this one in red. She was reading a file and totally ignored him.

"Please, no ... argghh," Paul begged the indifferent, seated woman

until the electric collar forced a scream from him. He had seen the black girl who had accompanied him advancing with a wicked-looking clamp.

“Not a sound; don’t struggle or you get worse, boy!” The young Negress, around half his age, slid a horrible metal clamp over his penis which tried to shrink away from her gloved hands. “Hands by your side, you f—king bastard, stand to attention! No speaking and you address the lady as ‘Madam,’ only answering her questions when she speaks!” She glared at him as she gave his agonised manhood a flick, making him gasp in agony.

His body was already awash with pain and the bastards hadn’t yet started on him properly, Paul correctly guessed. Hating himself before the ice-cool girl still reading the file, ignoring him still, he was unable to prevent tears moistening his eyes. The clamp was almost cutting off his manhood, yet no-one cared. He had tried to jump the train to save his wife and now he couldn’t save himself. He wondered where she was. Was she even alive?

He didn’t want to but his eyes inevitably strayed beyond the girl at the desk to more scenes of horror. He saw four agonised prisoners undergoing a joint and simultaneous punishment perched on top of a sadist’s idea of a seesaw. Rather than a seat they were forced to straddle a sharp v-shaped plank. A pretty teenage Indian girl was astride one end and, what looked like her mother - a larger Indian woman - straddled the plank behind her. The dark hair of both women flew up and down with their motion. On the opposite end of the contraption perched a short-haired English brunette and behind her a fat slug of a man were just as painfully. With their ankles chained to ringbolts on the floor, their wrists cuffed up behind their backs and straps holding their necks to upright poles fixed behind them to the plank, no-one could escape the device. Their nude, shining bodies writhed and contorted in pain, jangling their nipple and genital clamps. As it alternately rose and fell, Paul could see the apex of the plank cutting deeply up between each pair of bottom cheeks. No-one seemed keen to take the weight on their bare feet when their end of the see-saw plank lowered. It was only when he saw the steam rising from the large trays of water on the floor that he appreciated the terrible nature of their ordeal; either face being almost cut in two or have their feet scalded. Of course no punishment here would be complete without a whip-round and a small leather-clad

Chinese girl ensured she lashed each straining body in turn to consolidate their agony.

“Name?”

With a start, Paul focused on the girl seated casually before him, realising that she was now looking at him with icy amusement. He nearly wet himself with fear as her eyes flicked slowly over his exposed body.

“P-Paul Patterson ... argghhhhh,” his collar exploded into pain forcing him writhing to his knees.

“Address the Commandant as ‘Madam,’ you bastard!” snapped the Negress guard, switching off the current and pulling him to his feet and positioning his hands on his head. “Apologise, you hairy lump of shit!”

“S-Sorry, Madam,” Paul managed, wishing he could have kept the tremble from his voice.

“Thank you, Narinda.” The girl smiled at the dark girl who had disciplined him. “Well ... your name? Tighten his prick up a bit to help him remember,” the girl said casually.

“Haaarghh!” The pain in his groin was unbelievable, making him go cold, yet he knew he must try to ignore it. Fresh waves of pain and tears washed through him as the bitch, Narinda, beside him again pulled him upright.

“Well?”

“Paul Patterson, Madam,” he gasped through gritted teeth as he longed to wrench the offending clamp from his tortured flesh or leap at the girl who controlled him.

“So, caught trying to escape the country, eh, Patterson? You’ll suffer for it; we’re designed here to make you regret being born. How much you suffer will depend on you.” She raised pencil-thin eyebrows. “Worried about your wife, Patterson? I gather she was on the train too. Your daughter, was she taken off, maybe? I wonder...”

“Is –is she s-safe? Haaarghhhhh,” He’d instinctively asked the question before seeing the look of rage from the Negress beside him and was instantly doubled up in pain as the girl savagely brought her knee up into his groin.

“You better learn f—ing manners here, white boy!” his dark-skinned tormentor snarled, making him gasp with fresh pain as she roughly restored him to his previous pose before the desk. “Now the lady, Miss

Roper, asked if you were worried about your wife; well?”

“Yes, Madam,” he groaned through clenched teeth, longing to ask about Caroline but not daring to. For an age the bitch said no more, making him stand impotently, absorbing the sick agony as she read from what he assumed was his file.

“Frightened, Patterson?”

“Yes, Madam,” he whispered truthfully.

“It’s easy to be brave out there but when you stand naked before me here it makes you want to shit yourself; yes?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Does that little prick satisfy your wife, Patterson?” Amusement flickered around the girl’s mouth as she looked down at his fear-shrunk penis adorned with the excruciating clamp.

“I th-think -I think so, Ma’am,” he whispered in shame, flushing at the girl’s amusement.

“Shall we ask her?”

“What ... sorry, Madam. Sorry, she-she’s safe, Ma’am?” Confusion and hope exploded through his pain.

“Here, boy,” Miss Roper beckoned Paul forward to stand beside her desk. Then he saw her. Caroline squatted naked beside the Commandant-vixen’s chair, hands on her head above her electric collar, her thighs splayed blatantly wide for balance. Hideous nipple clamps were fastened to her breasts. Her pretty face, stretched around a gag, was a mask of pain as she looked up at him with wide green eyes. She was so obviously trying to ignore Miss Roper’s hand sensuously stroking her shoulders and down the curved arch of her spine, to pat the rounded swelling of her hindquarters with complete possession, the bottom he knew and loved so well. He longed to go to her, hold her, tell her all was well but daren’t. In any case he knew that all was far from well. They were both helpless in the hands of these terrible sadists.

“Darling ... Carrie.” Relief and hope blossomed through him as he saw her, then his ecstasy became tempered with the terrible reality. “Haarghhh,” he screamed as his collar was briefly activated.

“No talking, you bastard!” the Negress snapped.

Caroline felt as if the tips of her breasts were being torn off; the pain from the clamps was excruciating and she would have given anything for Paul not to see her like this; it was shameful, grotesque.

She recalled her stomach churning fear at being brought naked to this dark and terrible place less than an hour ago. The relief of being removed from that terrible cage was only short-lived. After witnessing scenes of sadism all around her came horrible unnatural touch of the sadistic young Negress, Narinda.

“Stand to attention, hands by your sides, don’t move!” the cow had ordered. Too frightened to disobey, Caroline had stood tensely as ordered whilst the girl appraised her body. “Hmm, nice tits, Mrs Patterson,” the girl smirked as she jiggled the precious breast fruit obscenely before stroking her nipples as if she was a lover until they throbbed into two hard peaks of sensitivity.

The young cow had slid a metal and rubber clamp over each one and, with meticulous cruelty, began to tighten the wheels, which made them grip and bite excruciatingly painfully into her buds of pleasure.

“Hah, hah, hah,” she had gasped with pain, only just restraining herself from gripping the black hands and preventing the girl from tightening the wheels further. Somehow, she managed to keep them clenched by her side, teeth bared in agony, her eyes wide and wet with tears.

“Now squat, my pretty, that’s right, legs nice and wide, don’t fall over. Show me it all, baby. Put your hands on your head – don’t cover yourself,” the girl purred.

“Please...” she had whimpered to no avail when the girl had also squatted beside her with another clamp in her hand. Lovingly, the girl trailed a hand down over Caroline’s flat belly, now quaking with fear to lovingly pull out the delicate lips of her vulva to attach the fiendish device. It was shameful, sickening. The horrendous and very personal pain was assaulting her most intimate and sensitive flesh from seemingly every angle; eating into her very soul.

“There, nice pretty ornaments for a pretty lady’s love lips,” the sadist had smiled at her.

Then, before walking off, her dark tormentor had told her to wait with Miss Roper, remain squatting at her feet whilst she would fetch someone who she felt sure she would want to meet. Caroline had been in a mental torment for ten minutes until poor Paul was dragged into this hell beside her.

By now it was also simply an effort to remain squatting on the balls

of her feet. Painful muscle cramps shot along her folded thighs and there was the added shame of her womanly charms being exposed between her necessarily splayed thighs for all to see.

“Remove her gag, but no talking, girl, or you will both be so very sorry,” instructed the Commandant imperiously. Caroline was just glad to be rid of the horrible intrusion in her mouth. She longed also to tear away the horrid clamps biting so awfully into her most sensitive breast flesh – but couldn’t even consider it. Any such thoughts of disobedience had been banished in her first few minutes in the dungeon.

She felt frightened and sick after witnessing the terrible suffering around her, feeling incredibly exposed and vulnerable without clothes, hands clasped to her head amongst it, imagining those whips tearing her flesh or the clamps continuing to eat her. Initially, when she had first arrived here from the cage, she had to stand before the bitch-girl’s desk like a timid schoolgirl, except that she was probably at least ten years older than the dark haired girl who controlled her; naked and alone she was in hell, being lectured by the leather-clad fiend.

“Did you know that clothes are a woman’s main source of identity, of belonging?” Maxine Roper had reflected.

“No, er... I-I don’t know, Madam.” She hadn’t known what to say, her brain scrambled with her surroundings and her predicament.

“Well, they are,” the girl had continued. “A woman uses clothes to project an image, an image of riches of authority, of age, young or old.” She had looked up and down Caroline’s shivering body. “So a woman, naked as you are, loses all such projections and pretence, she is displayed exactly as she is for everyone to see. Does nudity worry you, Patterson?”

“I-er- my clothes, yes please, my clothes,” she had begged, thinking this was just an initial scare tactic, following which she would be allowed to dress – after all, she reasoned, she had done nothing too much wrong - had she?”

“Well, I’m sorry, Patterson, but the lack of clothing helps to also strip away a woman’s self-confidence and self esteem so that she is more ready to be truthful and not withhold things. She just wants to be allowed to scurry away and dress away from hostile eyes and intent. Isn’t that right, Patterson?”

“Yes, Madam,” she nearly sobbed. It was the truth; the woman could

read her like an open book. She longed to cover her exposure.

“I want your soul to be as bare as your body is before me, no secrets – right?”

“None, Madam,” she had whispered, knowing she would do anything to get away from here, run away, hide, even to just cover her exposed, shivering body.

She had obediently answered all of her tormentor’s probing questions but not once did the cow let on that Paul was here too. The girl refused to answer her enquiries about her daughter’s safety. In fact one of the female guards, the Negress, had lashed her breasts, making a terrible and intense pain burn into them, for even asking the question. Her lush fruit, more used to the touch of Paul’s gentle lips or fingers, a woman’s pride and joy, were mercilessly lashed, just because she, a mother, had simply and naturally been concerned for her daughter. Then she had to allow the Negress to fix those terrible clamps to the most intimate and sensitive parts of her body before Paul had been brought in to witness her suffering.

Her husband too was in the terrible net and he had to squat by her so that they were facing each other, sharing their misery but forbidden to speak, unable to console or touch. She wondered in anguish anew what had happened to Sarah. Had they all been captured? Had their friends, and Sarah, escaped? She was in head-pounding mental torment.

“Well, Mrs Patterson, is this little thing enough for you?” The young commandant who had them at her mercy shamelessly fondled Paul’s purple-constrained penis whilst also trailing her other hand down her belly to ruffle her pubic hair. The red leather from the sleeve of the girl’s cat-suit was cold against her sex lips. She saw her husband grow under the girl’s touch, his eyes focused on the mauve portals of her sex exposed by the squatting position she had been forced to adopt

“Yes, Ma’am.” Several slaps around the face and burns from the electric collar had been more than enough to teach her the respect demanded by these fiends.

“You surprise me. The guards said after searching you that you enjoyed their touch and that you had a big juicy c—t!” She smiled at Caroline’s shame and her husband’s rage. “Is that not so, you old slapper?”

“I don’tyes, Ma’am,” she hastily concurred after seeing the

flicker of annoyance in the girl's laughing eyes.

"Yes, it feels pretty big and juicy to me." A finger curled disgustingly under below her pubis and between the splayed portals of her sex lips. "Up you get, both of you, stand side by side! Keep your hands on your head as if they are glued there!" she warned.

Blessed relief swept through Caroline as she could at last move from her terrible cramped squatting position. Yet it felt so strange and unnatural for her. She was naked, next to her husband, forbidden to speak, hands humiliatingly clasped to her head like a prisoner of war and with a girl's arm curled almost affectionately round her and Paul's waists. Then the bitch guided them round her little kingdom of hell.

"You accept that I control you utterly, that your lives are now in my hands?"

"Yes, Madam," they answered, jointly – there was no other possible answer and they both knew it was the truth.

"Good!" The girl patted Caroline's undulating bottom almost fondly and with complete possession, as if they were lovers, as it swayed seductively with her faltering steps.

She tried to ignore the unnatural touch, the scenes of sadism being depicted all around her and the pitiful screams of the victims, together with the pain from the horrid clamps swinging from her nipples with every step. A pretty dark-haired teenage girl, her wrists bound tightly up between her shoulder blades to thrust out her breasts, knelt naked in an alcove on baseball bats. The pain from the bats cutting into the girl's knees must have been terrible but she also had to endure the fiendish clamps on her nipples and jutting tongue whilst a guard lashed her bottom and curved back. Caroline shuddered, wishing that she wasn't naked herself and constantly reminded of what those awful whips could do to her own smooth and vulnerable bare flesh.

"I'm shortly going to ask you a question of you both – just once. If you give the correct response, your agreement to make a short propaganda film to our script - you'll first be shagged by the guards, just once, both of you." She openly smirked at the sick look passing over the faces of her captives. "Then you'll both be whipped, ten strokes each. You know here that we are capable of inflicting any amount of pain on wrongdoers. However, if you choose to give a disobedient and wrong answer, a negative response, you'll both receive fifty strokes of the lash.

Next, you will both be taken by every single guard here, several times over – a little treat we give them sometimes. Following that little treat you'll be given a second set of fifty strokes, nice eh - and probably die here. And your daughter ... well, you won't see her again, of course." Again their tormentor was rewarded by an even greater dread in the two pairs of wide eyes regarding her. "First, though, you may kiss each other, your hands to remain on your heads, no touching, apart from mouths."

Although Caroline was grateful to touch Paul, she dearly wished to hold him, be comforted by him, speak to him, especially after the awful statement by the young cow about their fate. She also desperately wanted to know Sarah's fate but was frightened to ask; she knew that they would both suffer if she dared. It was a bitter-sweet torment to smell and feel her husband as their mouths met in a lingering kiss but so frustrating not to be able to share her many concerns. She tried to ignore the girl's hand stroking the pert curve of her bottom and also Paul's. She looked round.

"Look – Ma'am, please ... I'll do anything you...."

"Hush, child!" The girl brushed her gloved fingers over Caroline's full, quivering lips. "Before you give me your answer to performing for our little propaganda film, let me remind you both of what you will miss if you don't tow the party line. You!" she snapped at Caroline, patting her smooth flank, "sit up on the edge of that table knees up, legs as wide apart as you can go!" She smiled as the beautiful blonde woman struggled into position, exposing her velvet, fur-fringed intimacies. "Hands back on head," she demanded when Caroline attempted to cover her blatant exposure.

"Aaghh," Caroline's gave a sigh of relief as the girl removed the horrid clamps on her nipples after an initial burst of pain from returning circulation to her sensitive, tortured buds.

Then she tried to ignore the girl's fingers stroking her rubbery tips to conical hardness but hated the soft unnatural touch of the insistent fingers on her breasts, especially before Paul. She had always hated a woman's touch and any suggestion of lesbianism.

"Ooh," she squirmed in even greater shame and dread disgust as the girl's hands slid down her splayed legs to the apex of her thighs, stroking the soft lips of her vulva.

“Steady on,” the girl purred, delving a finger deep into her victim’s pouting sex. “Hmm ... nice and juicy.” She breathed deeply. “Have a smell of my fingers as a reminder of your wife. It’ll be your only memory of such things if either of you fail to cooperate.” She extracted her digits from Caroline’s oyster-like vagina with a liquid plop and held them under Paul’s nose.

His knuckles tightened on his head as he smelled his wife’s intimacy whilst gazing with a strained expression at her exposed loveliness. All around them the leather-clad guards continued to torture their other victims. In an alcove just feet away an Asian woman was bound backwards, legs and arms wide over a barrel, whilst a guard mercilessly lashed her large red-striped breasts. Another guard sadistically lanced cruel needles into the naked woman’s most sensitive flesh; her screams were ear-splitting.

The unreality of the situation was painted on Paul’s face, yet his erection grew despite the obviously excruciating pain against the clamp, evident from his sweating features. Then the commandant’s cool fingers released the terrible constraint and after another burst of pain flashed across his face, his manhood sprang out under the girl’s deft touch. Meanwhile the girl’s other hand again probed Caroline’s intimacies, curling below into the dark ring of her pretty rosebud, which she had always denied Paul.

“Come here, boy!” The bitch pulled him by his penis towards the exposed lushness between his wife’s spread legs, making him gasp with fresh pain.

The smirking girl kept her finger deep in his wife’s undulating bottom whilst she guided his throbbing erection to her pouting sex lips, now pressing her gloved hand against his hard buttocks until he slid into her liquid portals. In almost a contrast to the pain, anguish and disgust on Caroline’s face, Paul’s mouth opened in a gasp of sheer pleasure as he entered her; she felt like a soft oiled glove.

“You may give her a few thrusts, just so you’ll remember what you’ll both miss if you give the wrong answer to my question but if you come, you’ll both suffer the torments of the damned,” she warned. Mockingly she watched as the husband and wife, hands on heads and with pain etched on their faces, writhed together unnaturally for a few seconds. She laughed at the gamut of conflicting emotions on each face.

“Right, that’s enough,” she decided, slapping Paul’s buttocks until he withdrew, his erection glistening with Caroline’s love juices.

“Now, do you agree to co-operate in the making of our little broadcast?”

The couple looked at each other for support, both then giving barely visible nods whilst their shoulders seemed to sag.

“Y-es OK ... Ma’am,” they hastily added to quench the flash of fire in the girl’s eyes.

Five minutes after agreeing to the girl’s demand, Caroline and Paul were both made to lean forward over the table. They were on opposite sides with their anguished faces inches from each other. Their wrists were cuffed to each other’s so that they formed a human span, their ankles bound to the table legs to ensure their thighs were spread. A male guard stood behind each of them, both brutes were smirking in lurid anticipation and playing with their exposed erections.

Caroline quivered in fear, wondering if they should not have agreed to their captor’s demands. Yet she knew that if they had refused, to maintain some integrity and dignity, this suffering would have been endless rather than finite.

“You may begin,” the girl calmly instructed. Her eyes were hot pools of cruelty as she stared into Caroline’s.

Deliberately, the large Arab brute, Hamil, walked within Caroline’s line of sight, stroking his huge brown member.

“Pretty lady like this up her I think, yes?” he smirked through his less than perfect teeth, winking into Paul’s strained face before he took up position behind her.

“Please ...” she whispered uselessly as she felt his huge, sweating hand lightly tap the curve of her cheeks, sliding into the coolness of the cleft of her bottom, pushing probing disgustingly; a finger going horribly, deeply into her. Now she felt him running his large rigid length up and down her cleft whilst his hands slid round to her front fondle her still sore boobs. He squeezed mercilessly, making her strain backwards in an arc of pain, before leaving them to trail a finger down the dip of her spine.

“Arghhhh!” Despite trying to brace herself, the screaming grunt was torn from her as he indolently and painfully slapped the curves of her bottom before thrusting into her so unnaturally from behind.

Her mouth was wide in pain and she screwed her eyes shut. Then she opened them to see Paul's face similarly contorted as he too was horrifically violated.

"Huh, ugg, huh," she continued to grunt in raw misery and shameful pain. His disgusting hairy paunch slapped against the taut curve of her bottom as he rammed in and out of her, filling and stretching her so horribly.

Gasping in shame, Caroline once again almost regretted agreeing to the girl's demand. But she also knew that she simply could not take the alternative of so much more additional suffering. . Yet to her utter amazement, how could she deny the sliver of excitement at the large dark rod humping and filling her, stretching her?

"Huh, huh, huh!" Her mouth was as wide as her eyes, but she was unable to meet those of her husband as he too endured his ghastly assault whilst witnessing hers.

She was almost forcing her hips into rhythm with the jerking thrusts, which she now gave in unison with the Arab's, pushing back into him, hoping he wouldn't feel her subtle, shameful movements, her involuntary squeezing of internal muscles. But he had.

"You like, eh?" He dribbled spittle on her neck as he slobbered into her ear and again scooped up her ripe breast fruit, squeezing sadistically, making her scream in between her gasping grunts.

Despite the slivers of animal excitement pricking her conscience at her brutal caveman-like treatment, it was still terrible and degrading. Worse, it was happening right before Paul. His eyes bulged as the brute's hairy hands grabbed her lush breasts from the table whilst pumping into her. With their hands cuffed to each other before them, they laced their tense fingers together for support as they both endured,

"She make a good f—k, yes?" the bastard grinned at Paul as Caroline's hips were forced to jerk with his. She could see and sense the tortured question in his eyes. Maybe she was trying to get the ordeal over with or was there a tiny element of co-operation and enjoyment there? As those thoughts obviously flashed across his face he could only gasp, trying to accommodate his own terrible and obvious outrage and pain from the brute behind him.

Both husband and wife were sobbing and flushed with their shame and pain when the guards had finished with them and released their

bindings. Immediately they clasped each other, their shining bodies pressed together, trembling with their laboured breathing.

Then they were allowed the absolute luxury of shower, albeit cold, to wash away their violation. Soon, however, they were once again standing, naked and tearful, hands on heads, before the young girl, the terrible clamps again in place to torture their already outraged flesh.

“That’s the first part of your punishment over. If you now keep to our agreement, you only have the whipping to come before being considered for freedom – that is if you are a good girl and boy,” she lectured her helpless captives as if they were children. “Right, go,” she slapped Paul’s muscled buttocks, whilst slipping her arms familiarly around Caroline’s waist.

Five minutes later, Caroline was conscious of the television cameras devouring her nude charms. They followed every undulation of her swaying hips as she obediently kept her hands on her head like a prisoner of war, which she guessed she was, in a way. Then, to keep to the bargain she had just made to avoid more pain and suffering she made a similar speech to one that Paul had just given. She followed the auto-cue.

“My-my name is Caroline Patterson and I much regret trying to escape from my beloved England . We now know to-to our c-cost that it is so difficult to leave illegally ... we were caught but now we realise how stupid we were. This is still a wonderful multicultural country and the authorities have demonstrated this by granting us leniency with our punishment. If we demonstrate our good behaviour and co-operate, we hope to soon be released from our detention and resume our lives here in England gratefully. We would urge no-one else to try leaving the country without permission; you are needed here and it is unpatriotic to do so. Trying to escape just - just isn’t worth it and the punishments for attempting it will be so much more severe than ours. I-I’d like to th - thank my Mother and Father for my upbringing here and to say that I’m sorry for letting them down by trying to leave – I will never do so again.”

The tears at the end of her public humiliation were real. The camera circled her, from her anguished face to her breasts again adorned with the painful clamps to the flat belly and delightful curve of her bottom.

”Thanks for your co-operation with these two prisoners, Miss

Roper.” Off-camera the sharp-suited Government Official shook hands with the icy dark-haired girl. “We wanted to try and make an impression, using these two to stop the flow of escapees.” He glared at the couple, eyes lingering on Caroline’s softness before he sauntered out. How she wished she could leave with him, leave this detention centre which she knew still held more pain for her.

Half an hour later Caroline feared that the worst part of their ordeal was about to begin. She and Paul were back in that hideous torture chamber, standing obediently with hands on head before their seated captor. Desperately she tried to ignore the continuing screams of the victims in alcoves around them, the clamps continuing to torture her flesh providing their own background pool of pain.

“I regret that you’ve now missed your slot for a whipping,” the girl explained matter-of-factly, looking at a printed schedule as if discussing a delayed hairdresser’s appointment rather than the infliction of sadistic pain. “So we’ll make you comfortable here overnight and see to you in the morning.”

The delay over the next few hours was almost worse for Caroline than the anticipated agony of the whipping for which she had tried to steel herself. As if to make it even more difficult, she and Paul had been confined overnight in small iron cages swinging from the ceiling, smaller, if that were possible, than those in which they were first imprisoned. They were medieval masterpieces called Little Eases, designed so that the prisoner in each was confined in a muscle-burning crouch within the bars.

She was squatting on the balls of her feet, breasts squashed into her splayed thighs, her back bent in a cruel arc of pain as her knuckles whitely gripped the bars by her bent head. Paul was crouching in a similar position, swinging metres away in the semidarkness, lit only by the flickering torches in the empty and eerie torture chamber. They were unable to speak because, although the clamps had now been removed, each wore the almost familiar medieval refinement of the iron head cage locked into place with a pear-shaped gag thrust into their bulging mouths.

It gave a bizarre, almost frightening, appearance to the man she loved. Whereas yesterday, locked in her tiny holding cell, she wondered if Paul was safe, she now desperately needed to know what had

happened to Sarah. She had no way of asking Paul and indeed, maybe he didn't even know himself. She was forbidden to speak to her captors who sadistically kept such information to themselves.

Paul could only look helplessly at his poor wife, crouched in agony in her cage. Despite her obvious pain and suffering and the harshness of the iron head cage enclosing her anguished features, she still looked beautiful. Her hair flowed over her smooth shoulders; her breasts were perfect peaches resting on shapely legs which she was forced to splay blatantly wide to reveal the delicious mauve pearl of her sex with the darker smudge below of her anal bud. When the cage swung around he had a view of her bottom, so delightful, shapely and enticing. Despite his pain and fear, he longed to hold her, comfort her, crush her softness against him and sink into her liquid body. But he was impotent to do anything, not even talk to her or touch her, totally unable to relieve her suffering. Her large eyes sometimes fluttered shut, a tear squeezing from them and he could tell from the sobs occasionally rippling her lovely body that she still suffered.

Sleep was impossible. Caroline's muscles screamed for release from the cramps, hot shafts of pain washing down her bent spine. In addition to her physical torment there was the ever-present mental anguish of the impending whipping and the fate of her daughter. She could only look at Paul imploringly with large pain-filled eyes awash with misery and fear. Both of them were reduced to animals and this was brought home to her when first Paul and then herself were eventually forced to urinate through the bars onto the sawdust below.

When morning finally came her bowels were hot with fear of what was to come and she had been unable to prevent herself emptying them onto the sawdust as well. This attracted much mocking amusement from the guards arriving to start their day's duty, adding further shame to her feelings.

"Oh dear ... pretty lady is really no lady at all, she have crap on floor," Hamil laughed crudely into her hot, flushed face. She wished the floor, the world, would open and swallow her as the brute pushed her suspended cage to swing up and down as he held his nose in mock disgust.

"Ow, ... please ... Sir," she quaked as he opened the door of her cage to release and tug off her head cage without regard to her sore neck,

pushing her head this way and that within the tiny cage before slamming the door shut again.

"You no talk, either of you," he glared at each captive swinging before him, "or you suffer worse than you'll get already. But now you have breakfast."

She gulped greedily as he held an upturned bottle through the bars, trying to ignore the humiliation of watering her like an animal in a cage then stuffing a banana through the bars as her only sustenance.

After a further cruel delay, having to watch and hear the punishments of others in those dread alcoves, the dark-haired commandant arrived. Caroline felt another hot shaft of fear drive into her belly when the girl announced that it was their turn. She felt sick with dread as her cage was lowered and she was brutally pulled out without regard to her cramped and locked muscles. Uncaring of the display she gave the watching guards, she had to stretch her aching joints. Hands on her hips, she arched her back, closing her eyes to block out the grinning faces of her male and female tormentors as she flexed her supple nudity, her boobs thrusting at them; but it at least gave her cramped muscles a degree of blessed relief.

That bliss of at last being able to stretch her cramped limbs was replaced by the renewed shame of the laughing guards cruelly pinching and probing her body, ostensibly to help her restore circulation, as she and Paul were ordered to stand immobile, hands on heads, before them.

"A joint punishment, I think, as you offended together," declared the girl with a cruel smile. "You'll each receive the ten lashes I promised, but you'll receive them together, a package deal of twenty," she declared to their shocked faces. "Come along, follow me. You may hold hands, make it a nice romantic stroll eh?" The vixen grinned as she led the way to certain pain.

Crack!

"Hah," Caroline gasped holding her face stinging from a slap from Narinda.

"The Commandant gave you an order to hold hands – don't disobey her! Are you shy or something?" the Negress mocked, "or would you like another slap?"

Shy! The bitch's word hammered through her brain, making her grind her teeth in useless rage. Shame and anger washed through her as

Caroline grasped Paul's hand, which she realised was trembling as much as her own. Unlike his normal touch, it was also clammy and hot, just like hers.

In one sense it seemed so natural to hold hands with her husband, even to do so naked together, as they had often done in their bedroom perhaps looking out at a setting sun or full moon. But there the similarity ended. They were walking on legs of quivering jelly to be whipped. Rather than in the intimate privacy of their bedroom, they were surrounded by sadistic fiends who ogled their nudity in anticipation of causing them maximum agony. Other than that, she thought bitterly, it was just like a romantic stroll together.

Narinda and another young female guard continually prodded her swaying bottom and Paul's as they followed the slim figure of the Commandant past various scenes of torment until they reached their own alcove. Although wanting to be sick, she remained docile and compliant as they cuffed her wrists together before her.

"Aaahh," she gasped, a tear squeezing from her eyes as the cruel dark hands again affixed the terrible clamps to her nipples.

The pain seemed to drill into her already sore nipples with a greater intensity as the little sparkling clamps almost seemed to mock her. They clung to her boobs with their agonizing grip. Paul's eyes too misted with tears as the girl locked on the equipment which constrained his penis.

"Oooow," Caroline cried as their cuffs were then fixed to a large meat-hook above them and tugged upwards on a pulley, their taut bodies intensifying their pain, their flesh stretching and increasing the pull on the clamps, bare toes scrabbling to take their weight. "Haaah." then there was further rough pain as thin straps were buckled around their thighs and upper bodies, fastening them tightly together like two carcasses of meat at a butcher, crushing her nipple clamps against Paul's broad chest.

Caroline gasped in sympathy as he too squirmed in pain. His constricted penis was thrust against the softness of her sex. She thought of all the times in the past when both would have welcomed such an intimate contact; but not now, hanging, swinging helplessly surrounded by grinning leather-clad fiends with vicious whips. She tried to imagine, yet didn't really want to, what those awful multiple throngs of thin leather would feel like crashing and blasting into her soft bare,

vulnerable skin.

“Please...” Caroline was unable to prevent her pitiful plea as a squat, grinning guard in her forties drew back her arm, flexing the long whip, lovingly drawing the many strands through podgy fingers.

“Be brave, little one, this might hurt a bit,” mocked the smiling Maxine Roper, the instigator of their suffering, who stood almost abstractly to one side. “Here’s something to help you be brave. If you don’t respond to me properly you’ll get five extra lashes.”

The Commandant encircled Caroline’s shaking shoulders and kissed her full on the mouth, her hands stroking her victim’s tormented breasts, her red leather brushing the swollen buds. Caroline shuddered in distaste but daredn’t squirm away as she longed to do. Instead, despite her loathing and pain, she opened her full lips to allow the bitch’s tongue to impishly intrude into her mouth, shuddering as cool hands slid down the arch of her back to pat the curve of her bottom. Suddenly she knew she wanted that tender kiss to continue; not least because that soft, gentle touch prevented the onslaught of pain, which she knew must come.

“Your poor little botty is going to heat up a bit,” the sadistic Commandant purred, her finger probing into the coolness of the cleft of her bottom to find the tight heat of her anal bud within. That touch made the delicious backside tighten up and wriggle. “So I’ll mention now, whilst you can still listen coherently, that when you’ve taken your medicine, you’ll be allowed to briefly rest before being confined here as a prisoner whilst the State decides what to do with you. When you have convinced the State of your sincerity - no more futile escape attempts - you may be allowed to return to your home to be reunited with your family.”

“But ... Ma’am...” Caroline’s tortured brain, pre-occupied with the pain to come, now had the added worry that she might not, as she had assumed, be able to immediately resume her normal life afterwards. She could be a pawn of the State for some time to come, or forever – who would care, she thought miserably.

“Shush, child!” the girl silenced her with another slow and gentle kiss on her trembling lips. “You promised co-operation with the authorities in your now famous television plea. I gather viewers’ ratings went up around the world. You’re famous,” the girl mocked. “You keep your promise by earning and justifying your release. You don’t want to

go back on your word to me, do you?”

“Oh-no-no, Ma’m ,” Caroline gasped. Hanging naked and helpless before the spiteful girl, with the guards with their whips in the background, she would do anything to prove her obedience.

“There’s a good girl.” Her tormentor stroked a gloved hand sensuously through the captive’s long hair and down the delightful curve of her back. “Maybe it will be me to whom you have to prove your contrition to the State; who knows,” she winked, patting the firm contours of her victim’s bottom. “Enjoy your trip into pain.”

Before she knew it, the girl had broken contact and Caroline heard a swish.

Crack!

“Yaaaaarggghhhhh,” she screamed as unbelievable pain blasted across her back. Paul was also bellowing in her ear, the long whip curling around both of their bodies, making them both jerk like deranged mannequins. Her throat was sore from her own cries and her ears deafened by Paul’s. The pain was like red-hot wires burning into her tender flesh and it went on and on. Nothing could have prepared her for it. Her lovely body was made for gentle caresses and kisses, to be stroked and pampered. Instead, it was totally exposed before these human demons who cared nothing for her, only how to inflict the maximum of pain.

Thirty long, teeth-clenching seconds later, nothing could have prepared her for the second stroke either.

Crack!

The whip’s many thongs blasted across her taut bottom, which was clenching in anticipation before she had even begun to absorb the pain from the first, making her feel as if she was being bathed in fire from burning oil.

Crack!

Desperately trying to control and manage the existing pain washing through her body, she tensed as yet again the lash scorched across her tender flesh, making her throw her head back on tendons standing out in stark relief in her slim neck and scream though clenched teeth, shuddering and twisting as almost unendurable agony engulfed her.

After ten such strokes she would have sold her soul to avoid more and through her pain-washed senses she heard Paul doing just that.

“Would you like us stop on you now? If so, your wife can take it instead,” the dark skinned Narinda teased her husband cruelly.

“Yes ... please ... anything, Miss, no more,” he sobbed incoherently.

Caroline could scarcely believe her ears and was about to stop screaming sufficient to say something lucid when she heard the girl continue.

“Well, I’m sorry, boy, you both got more to come.” Narinda flashed an expanse of white teeth, cruelly laying another cutting blow across their shivering flesh.

Nearly fifteen more strokes lashed into her glistening, sticky nudity, taking her to previously unimaginable depths of pain and suffering. It felt as if someone had rubbed every square inch of her skin with sandpaper. Her shining, squirming body was covered in thin red lines of torment which ate into her flesh like tight cheese-wire, all-consuming, destroying everything but a need to somehow control the pain.

“Pleeease no more ... haaaaarggggghhhhh,” She was making inhuman growling sounds like an animal.

Swaaack!

Scorching agony took her and shook her like a terrier with a rat. She pleaded, she begged, all to no avail. She would at that moment have traded her husband or daughter’s souls to avoid the next lash. Indeed, she had nearly offered to do so when she heard her husband similarly, eagerly taking up Narinda’s suggestion that she should take the rest of the lashes instead of him. She hated him right then but fresh pain always inevitably came, destroying the luxury of reason.

Her blonde hair was plastered to the sheen of her tormented face which, like Paul’s, was moist with tears of pain. Two puddles from their involuntarily emptied bladders pooled at their feet. All coherent thought had been destroyed for them both. Yet Caroline was gradually, vaguely, becoming aware of soft comforting arms around her and that no new pain was forthcoming. She opened pain-dulled eyes to see the almost concerned look in the Commandant’s eyes as she brushed sticky hair from her head, whispering soothing words in her ear, kissing her. The contrast of that gentle, cool touch to the burning fiery pain from the she-devils who inflicted it was a wide gulf.

“You have another two lashes to go, but I think you’ve had enough

for now. It's over, poppet." She heard the girl's soft voice as she stroked her hair, kissing her tear-tracked face like a concerned mother with a child.

In her mind she associated an end to fresh pain with the girl's tender touch, forgetting that it was that same bitch who had arranged it. If she had been free from her bonds she would have buried herself in Maxine Roper's arms or grovelled kneeling to kiss her feet to show her gratitude. As it was she simply gasped in fresh torment as her pain-wracked body was roughly lifted down from the hook. Uncaring hands untied her from Paul and dumped them on trolleys, to be pushed like patients from a bizarre operating theatre and away from the scene of their screaming torment.

That night, her first in a bed for two days, she slept in a haze of pain, every position adding fresh torments to her whipped body. Yet in escaping release for her bodily agony her brain soared free, finding a disturbing pleasure of anticipation in the prospect of possibly again meeting the girl in red leather who controlled her. Although she knew that it was she who had organised her suffering, it was fixed in her mind that she had also ended it and had comforted her afterwards. She dreamed in her fever of pain of the girl's soft touch and, to her shock and disquiet, found it not all to her disliking. Maybe making her repentance to the youngster to get back her life would not be totally bad, she decided.

CHAPTER 3

Two days later, Caroline awoke in a panic of confusion, covered in a sheen of sweat from a nightmare, trying to recall where she was. It was terrible; she dreamt that she had been enslaved, that her whole family had been captured, that they were separated and that she couldn't see her daughter. How lucky, she thought, that it was just a dream, turning over languidly, wincing with unexpected pain from her back and bottom and opening her eyes. A jolt of shock and fear slammed her awake. Instead of her familiar bedroom ceiling she was in a grimy cellar, A padded cuff around one ankle was dangling from a chain attached to a ringbolt in the stone floor, ensuring she couldn't leave the room.

It wasn't a dream. Recollections, terrible ones, came flooding back. She shuddered in fear at the memory of her ordeal with Paul in that hideous State Correction Centre and the cellar where she had suffered the torment of the damned. Her husband had begged to be spared at her expense and she had done the same when the pain built up - which was soon after the first stroke across her shivering body. Yet surely, she thought, she was allowed such 'weakness,' after all, the failed escape was Paul's idea, he had assured her all would be well. Now she was suffering because of it. She was a delicate creature made for comfort and tenderness not the blasting cut of rawhide across her soft curves and her cowardly husband had tried to make her take his share!

A quick peek revealed that she was naked and alone in the bed. She glanced down the hollows and curves of her body under the thin sheet. Although still sore it barely showed any marks from the savage whipping. She now vaguely recalled them telling her afterwards that a balm applied by those who had tortured her encouraged rapid healing. Also she vaguely recollected, through her pain, the words of 'comfort' from Narinda that, in view of their co-operation with the State, the whips they had used on them had been designed not to break the skin, merely torment it, especially when in their expert hands.

Instinctively she glanced down to where her watch should be before remembering how she had to leave it behind with all of her clothes on her capture. There were no windows in her room, just a light glaring brightly from the ceiling to show its stark bareness so she had no idea

whether it was day or night, nor what she should do or what would happen to her.

Now she had things more in perspective, her feverish, pain-filled thoughts about Maxine Roper came back to her. Although the girl might have spared her some pain, she had been the one to instigate it and her touch was only nice in comparison to that of the whip. Yet whilst her agonised thoughts of being with the woman had crystallised into loathing, she knew that she hated even more the touch of the brutal Arab, Hamil, for what he had done to her. And yet again, could she deny that tiny sliver of excitement she had felt when his hugeness, so much bigger than Paul, had thrust into her with such force - so unlike the 'polite' sex to which she was normally, almost mundanely, accustomed? She could almost still feel him inside her, his hands mauling her boobs as he thrust deep. Quickly, with loathing, she closed down that train of thought; she had no choice in what happened to her.

She distantly recalled being brought here and tended by Hamil but he had at least cared for her rather than hurt her any more. She blushed as she recalled him applying fresh balm and her crying as he smoothed it over her outraged flesh. She had been fed a few times, spoon-fed in bed like a baby and she vaguely recollected, with a hot face, being placed by him on a toilet but now whatever sedatives they had given her had worn off and she could properly contemplate her situation. Modestly she pulled the sheet up to her chin to cover herself.

She still had no idea of the fate of her lovely daughter, Sarah. Had she successfully escaped to freedom on the train? A deep welling of fear and pity rose up in her. She was practically willing the fates for her daughter to be free and not consigned with her in this terrible place of shame and suffering. The thought of her beautiful daughter in the hands of these sadists was too much to contemplate.

She had no idea where Paul was. Again she wondered whether she really cared about him anyway. Although her previous, pain-wracked feelings of gratitude to the Commandant for ending her punishment early were fading with her lash marks, she still felt anger towards Paul and determined to tell him so. Yet that simple decision served to emphasise her predicament. She was chained in a cellar, unable to contact, or say anything to her husband or anybody else unless the State, or at least the people who controlled her destiny, decreed it. She was

alone and helpless and that very thought sent a shiver of fear through her.

“Good morning, Patterson.” The voice from a speaker somewhere crackled sharply round the room making her jump. She recognised Maxine Roper’s sharp sarcastic tones. “You’re under constant CCTV surveillance here in my cellar so don’t think you can lay around all day, you lazy cow! You are very close to the torture chamber and can go back in there if necessary.”

Caroline shuddered at the thought, knowing she would do anything, anything at all to avoid going back there. “I’m releasing your ankle cuff by remote control and also the door lock.” Caroline jumped again as her restraint fell away. “This accommodation is considerably better than sharing a cell, to which you may soon become accustomed if you disobey in any way, so make the most of it. There’s a shower and a loo in there, freshen up, get your uniform on and move your fat arse upstairs to help my staff, then bring my breakfast up – move!” the voice snapped.

“Yaagh,” Caroline yelped realising that she still wore her neck collar and that it had briefly activated to bring, albeit mild, tingling pain. Nevertheless it was a reminder of their control and her loss of it. She hurriedly got out of the bed, ignoring the soreness from her still stinging flesh, and scampered to the bathroom, hands crossed over her jiggling breasts to afford at least some degree of modesty.

Caroline cringed as she knocked on the dining room door, waiting for the command to enter. She wore a demeaning maid’s costume, the parody of a French maid’s outfit. It consisted of a short black dress which just covered the inviting curve of her bottom and was sufficiently low-cut to show off almost all of her cleavage. Black stockings, high heels and a white cap completed her demeaning apparel, designed to humiliate and titillate rather than cover.

She felt like a naughty schoolgirl hovering on the portals of the office of the headmistress until allowed to go in. Yet she knew to her cost the penalty for disobedience to Miss Roper or the regime. Earlier that day when she had first pulled on the sexy but ridiculous outfit,

feeling and looking like a tart, one of the official maids in the house, dressed normally, had with a smirk given her the breakfast things to take to the Commandant. Following her directions, Caroline had simply tapped the door and walked into the bedroom.

“You ignorant f—king cow, how dare you just walk into your Mistress’s bedroom without permission, girl! I can see I’ll have to teach you some manners!”

“I’m - I’m sorry, Ma’am, I ...”

Caroline could still hear Maxine Roper’s voice ringing in her ear as she had glared at her from the bed. She had been made to feel like a naughty schoolgirl, the rage bubbling in her contrasting with her feeble apologies obviously falling on deaf ears.

“Right! Put the tray down now you’re here. Take off your clothes and lean over the bed!” the bitch had snapped.

Minutes after tugging on the tight, clinging garb, Caroline had reluctantly and awkwardly peeled it off again before the cow’s hot, mocking eyes. It felt so unnatural to do so, the only sound was the whisper of zips and the rustle of clothing as she removed the garments whilst the girl silently watched her.

“Lean over more, I want your tits hanging down over me,” she had demanded.

Caroline cringed in fear and shame as she adopted the position, lowering her boobs to dangle inches above the bed cover in front of tormentor. Her mouth had gone dry as the girl casually reached across to pick up a short, multi-thong switch like a fly swat, which she casually pointed at Caroline’s vulnerable, jutting breasts. How she had longed to cover and protect her soft, lush flesh but she managed to keep her hands firmly on the bed, supporting her, even as the tip of the switch toyed with her nipples. They firmed up as the cork handle touched and circled her sensitive buds.

“You’ve nice tits, Mrs Patterson - for a whore.”

“Yaaahhh!” Without warning the switch had cracked across each of her bosoms to produce a burning wave of pain, forcing her to clutch her hands to her agonised flesh which was throbbing with agony, trying to alleviate it. Her lovely breasts, used to being fondled or kissed by Paul, were being blasted by the hateful cow who could do whatever she wished with her.

“I didn’t tell you to touch them, did I! Now turn the other way around, hands on your head and bend over again. Stick your arse at me and I’ll warm it up for your disobedience.”

Sniffing back tears of pain and outrage she obeyed, bending over to curve her bottom at the she-beast behind her, conscious of her bottom cheeks flinching in dread as she heard the bed creak behind her.

Crack! Crack!

“Graaaaaghhh,” She almost jerked erect but managed to keep her hands locked on her neck as fresh burning now engulfed her bottom as if it was constrained by bands of hot wire, shrinking into her flesh.

“You understand now the importance of total obedience to me whilst you are in servitude here?”

“Yes, Madam.” Caroline couldn’t prevent her large eyes moistening. Five minutes later she was still struggling to prevent the tears as she again stood at attention, in her maid’s outfit, before the reclining cow who controlled her. Her breasts and bottom still throbbed and it had made her gasp in pain to simply pull on the short, tight clothing. She cringed at the thought of anyone seeing her like this, so humbled and subservient and at the behest of the smirking girl.

“Well, get yourself out of here, you lazy cow and try to learn proper manners from the regular staff!” Maxine Roper snapped, dismissing her with a snap of her fingers.

“Enter.”

The voice from the dining room jerked her back to the reality of the evening and her helping the domestic staff by serving the next course of the evening meal. She took a deep shuddering breath as she obeyed, trying to ignore the mocking eyes of the guests as she swayed seductively into the room as she had been taught. It was necessary for her to blank her eyes and mind because sitting round the table were many of the terrible guards and torturers from the cellars. Apparently their boss, Maxine Roper, customarily hosted such working dinners once a week and now Caroline had the misfortune to have to serve at one of them.

It was a nightmare for her as she served and pandered to the chattering fiends whose speciality was inflicting pain. Most were young,

around Miss Roper's age or younger, the majority female and of various nationalities who had settled in Folkestone and Dover over the years. It was so difficult for her to act politely and subserviently to those who just days earlier had seen her naked and helpless and had delighted in torturing her. She served dinner to Narinda, who now wore a short white dress. It was impossible for Caroline not to recall the girl's leather outfit and the dark hands which had so maliciously affixed those horrible metal and rubber clamps to her nipples and then biting into her sweating flesh with her whip. She remembered how the cow had kicked and punched Paul, reducing him to a gasping heap for not being sufficiently respectful to them.

"You're looking more like the scrubber you are, flashing those big tits, eh?" The dark-skinned vixen lewdly jiggled Caroline's boobs so that they tumbled from her low-cut dress. "Do you enjoy being a whore? Well? Answer me, girl!"

"I-I ... yes, Miss." Her reluctant reply was pure acceptance and meekness to the girl not far short of half her age. She had seen the beginnings of a flash of anger in her tormentor's cruel eyes and knew the utter folly of annoying the beasts who had ultimate power over her. The only safe route lay in doing whatever disgusting and shameful things they said and agreeing with their outrageous and demeaning comments. She tried to ignore the howls of laughter from the other guards as she eased her boobs back under partial cover of the tiny dress.

"Well, to me you're a bit of an old dog," Narinda, continued, completely oblivious to the obvious untruth of the statement as she regarded the stunning blonde biting her lips before her in controlled shame and anger. "So ... like a dog you'll hold this bone in your mouth whilst you serve me." She picked up a small lamb chop from her plate. "Open wide!"

Caroline cringed, blushing furiously as she parted her lips to allow the arrogant young bitch to push the meat and bone between her teeth. "Hold it tight, there's a good dog," Narinda chuckled, stroking Caroline's long blonde hair.

Caroline felt utterly stupid and humiliated as she continued serving with the bone clenched between her teeth. To add further shame, the meat adhering to it tasted so delicious in comparison to the small bland portions of food which were allocated to her as a prisoner. She

remembered the instructions given to her she continued, to serve her tormentors as if they were honoured guests and she was a lowly serving wench. There was no choice, her role to serve and serve with utter servility and politeness, had been well drilled into her that afternoon by the regular domestic staff, the painful consequences of failure made abundantly clear. She could not stop and tear the beautifully cooked meat from the bone and swallow it, she had to work with its tantalising taste in her mouth.

“You wanted more wine, Sir?” she somehow managed to ask around the bone still clasped in her mouth as she later refilled Hamil’s glass, responding to the snap of his fingers. She recalled how he had rammed his huge manhood into her whilst she clung to Paul’s hand, how the brute had filled and stretched her. How she had writhed with him. He smiled at her, patting the curve of her bottom as she bent over, whilst she had to simply accept and smile carefully in accordance with her instructions.

“Sit down here, girl, while you pour.” He pulled her down onto his strong thighs.

“Ah,” she gasped, managing not to spill the wine or drop the bone as she bumped down on his lap, feeling his disgusting hardness beneath her bottom, aware of her tiny dress riding high up her toned thighs

“You’re a nice warm lady, aren’t you?” His drink laden breath washed over her flinching face as his fingers crawled up her toned thighs and into the furry nest at the apex.

“Hah, please ... Sir.” She muttered as she squirmed awkwardly, her face beetroot red. She had not been allowed to wear knickers and there was no impediment to those digits curling disgustingly up into her sex.

“Come on, Hamil, we all want more wine!” Maxine had come to her rescue for once, even though her motives for a refill were different.

“Hmm, I recall you liking it before, liking me up you before, eh?” Hamil winked, kissing her, before withdrawing his probing fingers and smacking her retreating bottom hard as she scurried off to serve the others. It stung dreadfully.

She was, she realised, little better than a slave in the hands of these awful people. She had to try to pretend for the moment that those terrible things, the torture and rape, had never happened and wouldn’t happen again, to treat the fiends with the reverence they thought they

deserved. Otherwise she knew she would indeed once again be hanging naked before them and their instruments of torture, dancing like a marionette before their amused eyes.

“You see, it’s like this, Patterson, you have a job and a duty to perform if you are ever going to lead a normal life again.” Maxine Roper, relaxing in a hot bath the following day, lectured Caroline as her delicious blonde prisoner, having vacuumed the Commandant’s quarters, struggled with a mound of her tormentor’s ironing. The cordless microphone gave her the ability to speak to Caroline from the luxury of the bubble covered scented water while her new servant sweated and laboured under the heat of the ironing.

Maxine watched the woman through the CCTV monitor set high on the bathroom wall. The blonde’s delightful breasts bounced under the low-cut dress as she ironed furiously to meet the deadline she had set her victim. It was such a power-kick to have the gorgeous creature at her beck and call. The woman was used to a life of relative luxury, with people in to ‘do’ for her - but now she was slogging her guts out doing all the boring, dirty and menial jobs that she couldn’t be bothered with before. Maxine’s position as Head of the Correction Facility entitled her to a free apartment above the facility and the use of hired help to act as her domestics but she had always preferred to use a prisoner for such duties. It gave her a thrill to make such a man, but normally a woman, toil under threat of punishment in her torture chamber in the basement not so many floors below as a useful incentive. However, this one, she thought, was one of the loveliest creatures she had the pleasure to use. Being a lesbian, she appreciated such female beauty and would soon enjoy it.

Maxine Roper had deliberately surrounded herself with many young women as her assistants to help in delivering pain and suffering to the many victims the State chose to provide her with. Some of them she had converted to her lifestyle and had taken them as lovers. Narinda was one such convert from prisoner to guard but she knew that she was already tiring of the ebony girl. Narinda was getting above herself.

So far Maxine had found nothing so good as a woman forced to do such things for her, to be her lover, under duress, in fear of her torture

chamber below. She was a dominant and a sadist when necessary. However, of late she had to admit that her taste for forced lovers was flagging slightly and she might even have reached a stage where she would sometime consider finding a 'volunteer.' She herself had no real choice with the politics of her position other than to maintain her sadistic ways. The centre was covered with the CCTV cameras and, at the first sign of her softening her harsh stance towards the prisoners she knew she would be replaced without mercy or consideration. She had no delusions, knowing there were plenty of others, Narinda for instance, who resented her position and her cooling as a lover and would only too willingly replace her.

Back to the present. She licked her lips as the blonde bent over the ironing board. The woman's bottom was a lovely curve under the short dress, breasts jiggling as she worked. She guessed that it was even worse for the beautiful woman that she had to wear the demeaning maid's costume whilst doing her chores. She was an absolute peach, Maxine thought to herself, it was a pity that she couldn't keep her in this servitude forever but alas, the State didn't allow it. At some time she would have to find a willing partner, someone not connected with this place.

"Whilst your husband remains here for safe keeping, you will be given the opportunity of going to France to discuss matters with your daughter and your friends, hopefully persuading them all to return voluntarily to England and that all will be forgiven for them."

Maxine casually released the bombshell of information and smiled at the mixed emotions obviously crossing her prisoner's pretty face. Joyous relief painted her features as the beauty heard for the first time that her daughter had indeed escaped. The woman's features lit up with sheer joy, enhancing her beauty still further. Then a cloud crossed her features as she obviously pondered her husband's continued captivity, that to release him she would have to present her daughter.

It was clear that Caroline still resented her husband for getting her into this mess and then his totally predicable reaction of begging to be spared more pain at her expense. Despite her lack of years, Maxine was an experienced operative in the field of pain and suffering and had seen similar reactions from so many people in similar positions. In the depths of agony and despair most of her 'subjects' would say anything to avoid

further suffering. Indeed, they had done so when she had made similar offers to their tortured brains.

Again, predictably, Caroline was assuming that she was being let go in the mistaken belief that the Authorities would assume her husband's confinement would be a sufficient inducement for her return. The beauty would, she knew, be thinking that once she was clear of the Centre her immediate problems would be over. The gamut of latter emotions crossing her face showed this. She would be reunited with her daughter and able to perhaps negotiate her husband's release. And if he did suffer ... well ... hadn't he tried to escape pain at her expense? Maxine could read her like a book, the beautiful prisoner had been skilfully nudged into such a mental state; it had worked before with others. Her defences would be down. Thus she and her friends and daughter would have no suspicions about any possible ulterior motives.

"You'll be allowed to e-mail your daughter, under supervision, of course," Maxine continued, "telling her that you will be allowed to stay with her in France for two weeks to discuss family matters. Hopefully you will be able to persuade all of them to return, in which case the Government will have won a moral victory in return for which you will all be allowed to return to your normal lives for a year," she lied through her teeth. "If you all behave yourselves whilst the publicity dies down you will then be guaranteed exit visas for France , to get you out of our hair. If you return alone, you and your husband will serve a token one month sentence before being released and your house will be compulsorily purchased by the State. Of course if you fail to return, things will not go well for your husband – he'd be looking at a minimum three years' detention with hard labour and your house will be confiscated. Think about it whilst you are finishing the ironing and let me know when you bring my evening drink. I'll take it in my bedroom in an hour. Bring a bottle of wine." Maxine relaxed back into her bath, knowing the beauty was hooked with the plausibility of the false options.

"Enter," drawled Maxine Roper's imperious voice as Caroline timidly knocked on the bedroom door with some trepidation at the

appointed time, bringing the drinks for the girl who held her fate in the palm of her hand.

After two days as the bitch's servant, a virtual slave really, she remembered to make the humiliating curtsey, setting her breasts bouncing before the cow who reclined in her bed, eating chocolate. Worryingly the girl wore only a thin nightdress through which the dark and erect buds of her nipples pressed.

"Your drink, Madam," she whispered, setting down the tray, just wanting to leave the bottle and escape her presence. She needed time to think further about the offer of meeting her daughter. Were there any catches? It was all such a shock.

"Pour two glasses. You may have one too." The girl was stretching luxuriously like a sleek cat and pointing to a cabinet of glasses. Caroline guessed that she had already had a tippie and that this was a demand rather than an offer. She obeyed, the glasses rattling as her hand shook.

"Sit here." The girl patted the side of the bed. Gingerly, Caroline sat, wishing the obscenely short dress didn't ride up to expose virtually all of her shapely thighs. "You're a very a pretty woman," Miss Roper spoke so softly, so out of character as she stroked Caroline's blonde hair, making her shiver with dread anticipation as the hand ran down the curve of her back.

"Drink it all up!" Maxine passed Caroline a full glass, her hand dropping casually around her victim's shoulder.

Normally Caroline drank chilled wine with her husband intimately, or during cheerful 'girlie' nights with her friends, but this was different. The sexual anticipation and menace in the room could be cut with a knife. Caroline had always hated any thought of sexual contact with another woman and the girl's kisses in the torture chamber had been horrible, albeit at the time a welcome escape from pain. This she guessed would be worse, far worse. She wanted to throw the glass away, run from the oppressive room and the smirking girl's face, but such was her fear of the repercussions in the torture chamber that she obediently gulped down her wine with a shudder, sitting nervously awaiting the inevitable. She didn't take long to arrive.

"Kiss me," Maxine purred, putting down her now empty glass, "and if you don't make me feel like you are my willing lover, you'll be back in my little torture den tomorrow instead of getting on that train."

“But Ma’am, I’ve never-never...”

“Don’t worry, poppet,” the girl whispered, kissing her trembling lips, leaving a trace of whiskey and wine, “lack of experience I can live with. I can show you, teach you as we go. But lack of enthusiasm I will not permit.” She trailed her fingers to the zip at the back of Caroline’s dress and tugged it down.

It felt so horrible, so unnatural to press her quivering lips to those of the demanding girl, as her tormentor slid her dress down her shoulders to expose the skimpy bra and thong she had been allowed to wear. The girl’s hand slid down her spine, a finger tucking into the cleft of her swelling bottom under the waistband of her knickers.

“Come on!” She felt Maxine stiffen impatiently as she remained initially unresponsive before taking a deep breath and shrugging off her dress, she opened her mouth to the girl’s probing tongue entwining with her own, trying to relax in the strong arms which enfolded her.

Minutes later Maxine Roper was in heaven. She had her blonde victim stand beside the bed whilst she deftly removed her clinging bra and pants to allow the magnificent and still firm breasts to bounce free, then peeling her thong down her long thighs, which were still so shapely. She had told Caroline to remove her nightdress whilst the blonde stood trembling, clad only in black stockings. When both of them were naked she took a moment to drink in Caroline’s sheer beauty. It was delightful, from the fear-hardened tips of her swinging breasts over the flat plane of her stomach to the wispy blonde curls concealing the enticing lips of her sex. She maliciously slapped the firm curves of the pert bottom, seeing the woman fight her flickering urge to protest.

Now they lay on the bed wrapped in each other’s arms, writhing as Maxine kissed her victim deeply. She felt Caroline’s timid response as she cupped the smooth cheeks of her bottom, pulling their pubis together, the tips of their breasts hard against each other. Momentarily the dark-haired vixen glanced upwards to where she knew the lens of one of the hidden cameras was recording the scene, which she would later enjoy playing back to the woman’s husband. Gently, insistently, she pushed the blonde head down, hissing in her ear to keep kissing her body until finally Caroline’s head was between her spread thighs.

“You know what I want,” she breathed huskily, “I’ll direct your tongue and if it isn’t good enough you’ll spend the night swinging in a

little cage until I open the torture chamber in the morning.”

Her hips bucked up as the lips and tongue, which she knew were so reluctant, began to delve and probe under her direction.

“In more, harder, up a bit, suck, keep sucking, you cow, tongue right in, right in!” She writhed madly on the bed, her thighs clamped hard around Caroline’s red face as the delightful beauty obediently brought her to an orgasm. Finally she lifted her thighs high, dragging the trapped head up, blonde hair fanning over her fluttering belly and groin like a grass skirt. “Hmmmm,” she sighed contentedly finally releasing her red faced victim. “Now your turn, drink a glass of wine to freshen your mouth as I prepare.”

Caroline thankfully gulped down the wine to wash away the musky feminine odour of her captor but then looked aghast as the girl strapped on a large black dildo, so obviously enjoying the look of greater horror on her face. Her fingers clawed the bedspread. She wished she had the courage to fight the youngster, knowing she didn’t, knowing she would simply have to endure this lesbian rape.

“On your back, legs high and wide,” snapped the girl, who promptly knelt between the open and inviting portal of her thighs.

Caroline cringed, remembering how many times she had willingly adopted such a provocative pose for Paul, maybe a coy or sly look of invitation on her face. Now her expression was pure, wide-eyed loathing and terror as the huge, cold rod rubbed nudged her soft pink portals. She longed to wipe the smirk off the bitch’s face.

“Haaarghhh,” she gasped and grunted, writhing like an impaled butterfly in a collection as the girl brutally thrust into her, delving beneath to grip her bottom with her talons, just as Paul might have done. Now, though, it was the sadistic, triumphant face of the young girl poised over hers and she was horribly, unnaturally stretched by rubber.

“Work with me, girl,” Maxine hissed in her ear. “Kiss me, hold me and keep telling me to f—k you harder, say it loud and often, if you want to avoid the alternative.”

Caroline groaned but obediently clasped the cow to her as she would a lover, forcing her hips to work in rhythm with those of her rapist, kissing the girl, trying to ignore the finger curling disgustingly into her clenching anal bud.

“F-f—k me, f—k me harder please, Ma’am,” she repeated over and

again in between pants of breath which soon became those of real lust as the rubber studs on the dildo rubbed her clitoris to a reluctant climax.

The girl turned them over so Caroline was on top, her bottom flexing and jerking. Oh how she hated the grin of triumph on the girl's face as, teeth bared, her hands instinctively held the firm bottom of her violator as she bucked and writhed her orgasm under the pounding rubber. The girl's finger was embedded deep in her anus, her hand fanned over her smooth white cheeks.

"I thought I'd let you two have a brief reunion whilst blondie here fulfils her domestic duties," Miss Roper spoke condescendingly to the captive husband and wife, sadistically slapping the enticing curve of Caroline's bottom under her short dress.

Caroline's eyes had widened with thankfulness that Paul was safe, even though she was still angry with him for his eagerness that she should take his punishment. Yet fear and sadness tinged her feelings that they should be forced to meet under such circumstances.

Paul was being held in a similar cellar to her own. It was small and bleak, but without the benefits of a shower and toilet - a bucket and tap had to suffice for him. Caroline was dressed in her uniform, the travesty of a maid's outfit, and she carried a tray containing a small basic dinner for him. She also had the indignity of a ball gag painfully stretching her bulging cheeks and preventing any speech or communication, preventing her at least telling Paul that their daughter was safe and that she would soon meet her again. Then again, might he already know that? The enforced absence of any communication between them had left them both with a gulf which they were unable to bridge.

Her husband stood obediently and subserviently to attention as the cellar was unlocked and she guessed that was another of the Commandant's rules. She saw him licking his lips at the sight of the tray and guessed that he wasn't being overfed here.

"Isn't she looking well?" Maxine again slapped the taut curve of Caroline's bottom, before placing an arm familiarly around her waist. "Well? I asked a question!" The girl's voice lowered slightly in menace.

"Yes, Madam." Paul had to verbally grovel.

"Yes, she's helping out around here as a domestic, she makes a good

maid.” Again she slapped Caroline’s bottom with obscene and degrading possessiveness. The slaps stung, a constant reminder of pain that could be inflicted if she did not obey. “Tomorrow she’s leaving here to run a little errand for me but she’ll come back because she won’t want you to suffer, will she? Take that stupid gown off!” she snapped at Paul.

Immediately he obeyed, standing naked before them, licking his lips nervously as Maxine walked toward him. Mockingly she reached down to grip his manhood, holding it whilst her other hand toyed with a knife.

“I expect you can guess what will happen to him, his useless morsel of meat, if you fail to return after your little errand?” She turned to Caroline and winked at her pale face out of sight of Paul.

Caroline could only nod, her eyes trying to convey a message that the Commandant was probably, hopefully, only taunting.

“Good, well you may have a last feel of it. Give the tray to hubby, hold it, stroke it,” she instructed.

Paul’s face ran a gamut of emotions as his wife ran her cool hand over him. The tray rattled in his hands as he strained to an enormous erection under her touch. Desperately his eyes pleaded with her to continue, but it was not to be.

“That’s enough, trollop! Leave him be to eat his meal,” Maxine instructed curtly. “He can watch a film with it.” She tossed a pocket-sized DVD player onto the bunk, smirking to herself as she curled an arm around the delicious blonde. Caressing the swaying bottom, she led the beauty from the room, allowing her one final wide-eyed and despairing glance at her husband.

Later that evening, Paul ground his teeth in helpless rage and frustration as he played back the images from the portable DVD viewer which Maxine Roper had left him. He saw his lovely Caroline writhing naked with the girl, her gorgeous and shapely bare bottom up-thrust as she knelt between Maxine’s thighs, lapping and sucking. Then she was humping and wriggling on top of Maxine, seemingly having the time of her life, enjoying it, exchanging kisses. He could only guess that his wife had been brought under the Commandant’s spell, captivated by her. He was angry that the scenes of her writhing with the girl brought such an obscene hardness beneath his short smock. He wanted her; he wanted

to pump into her soft loveliness. Would he ever be able to again? Would she want him? He pondered all this in helpless frustration.

The following day Caroline wandered the empty rooms of the family's sumptuous four-bedroom detached house, which she had thought she would never see again. It felt so strange especially after leaving it days ago for what they thought would be their escape to freedom. Although, in anticipation of their escape, they had mortgaged it up to the hilt to realise their assets and secretly transfer them abroad, the house nevertheless had memories. She padded over her bedroom, her inner sanctum where she had relaxed with Paul, laid their plans and enjoyed beautiful intimate sex. Her daughter's room was that of a typical teenage girl, the talking and moving 3D images of her various idols stuck to the walls.

"Hurry up, Patterson, grab some clothes in a bag for me to check over, then we'll be on our way to the station. I've got your tickets and passport." The harsh voice of the policewoman who was using her lout dragged Caroline back to reality.

She hurriedly packed a few things for her trip. In fact she crammed in quite a bit because she had no intention whatsoever of returning. She felt Maxine Roper wouldn't dare injure her husband - she guessed that it was all bluff and that it wouldn't be too long before he was released. Then they could try to smuggle him out of the country again.

"Let's check it over, bag on the bed, stand by it, hands on head," the policewoman demanded in a bored voice. Caroline assumed the undignified position in her own bedroom whilst the woman, a brutal stranger, unceremoniously sorted through her clothes and underwear.

"You've got enough here, haven't you? Planning a long trip?" she quipped mirthlessly, making Caroline gulp with fear of the discovery of her intentions. "OK I'll just search you to make sure you've not hidden anything on yourself."

Fresh shame washed over her as she stood in her own house, the woman's hands patting and stroking down her body, pressing her breasts, sliding up her thighs, thankfully over her dress, patting her waist and legs whilst she stood compliant being pulled this way and that.

“You’ll do.” The woman slapped her bottom hard, making her yelp.
“Let’s go!”

With relief Caroline picked up her bag and led the way out of the house, having to allow the policewoman to lock it again behind her and pocket the keys. She thankfully didn’t have the added shame of seeing any neighbours, although one or two curtains twitched, and was relieved to be speeding in the back of the police car to Ashford International Station.

CHAPTER 4

Caroline's eyes brimmed with fearful tears of joy as she saw her beloved Sarah entering the train's compartment when it stopped in France after emerging from the Channel Tunnel. It was the first stop of their journey deeper into a new country and freedom.

Her daughter's eyes reflected a similar relief to her own. The dark-haired beauty cut a swathe of loveliness through the mediocrity of the other mainly business travellers who were about to leave the train and disembark at the Customs Hall. Her seventeen year-old daughter had an angelic face with big brown eyes and her mini-dress did little to conceal her lovely figure. She wore her favourite pink cap at a customary jaunty angle on her head, giving her a slightly tomboyish air.

Behind her, their friends Mark, his wife Mary and their teenage son, Bryan, smiled at her. She had last seen them on the failed escape attempt and she guessed that, understandably, Sarah had insisted on accompanying them to meet her at the terminal. Caroline's joy was tinged with apprehension that Sarah hadn't waited somewhere safe at their French destination until she had arrived there with her, but her overriding emotion was relief that her daughter was safe.

"Darling ..." was all she could eventually say as she embraced her daughter.

"Mummy, are you OK?" Sarah breathed, wiping away tears, aware that people were beginning to stare.

"Fine, I'm fine, but we must talk, just so you understand things. I think the train stops here for ten minutes so we can maybe have a coffee? Thanks for taking care of her." Caroline beamed her gratitude to Mark and Mary as she and her daughter continued to enjoy that never-ending hug.

"How good of you to join us and be re-united with your family again," mocked the English policeman who had materialised and flashed his identification to four of the Channel Tunnel security guards who stood behind him.

"Look, you cannot touch us here we're on French territory," Mark exclaimed with a sneer to the policeman. "We are going to Mrs Patterson's new home in France."

“Oh, I’m afraid you are wrong on both counts, Sir.” Now it was the policemen’s turn to sneer. “This Customs post is still regarded as being legally if not geographically within England , despite it being across the water. And even if it wasn’t, both countries have mutual er, ‘arrangements,’ for informal extradition. I’ve taken the precaution of speaking to my French counterparts to warn them that I am arresting five English criminals here. I regret that neither Mrs Patterson, come to that, any of you, are going back to France . Instead, you are all returning with us to England .”

The feeling of impending dread, which Caroline had been trying suppress from the corners of her mind, crowded in to swamp her. She now knew why, in the e-mail she had sent at the Commandant’s dictation, that the bitch had suggested in a seemingly throwaway line that they initially rendezvous at the first French stop, at Calais .

“No, no I won’t let you, no!” she screamed, trying to lead her daughter away from the policeman until the security guards restrained her forcibly. “Where are the French police? We’re being kidnapped!” she shouted desperately, imploring her fellow passengers to get help - but they preferred to shrink into the surroundings and leave the embarrassing scene to play itself out. The truth of the policeman’s statement about jurisdiction was confirmed by a gendarme simply shrugging his shoulders. He even helped the security guards bundle her and the others onto another train heading back to the tunnel and England .

Caroline felt the utter despair, ignominy and helplessness of again having her wrists cuffed behind her. All of them, similarly confined and guarded by security men, were held in a cordoned off compartment. It was as if they were hardened criminals rather than people simply trying to escape an oppressive regime. Her heart went out to her daughter, shock creasing her beautiful young features as she tried to sit with some dignity with her wrists pinioned behind her. The trickle of a tear began to make its way down Sarah’s face and Caroline was helpless to hold her or wipe it away.

Sarah had felt nothing but sheer, sick terror ever since her arrest. Their freedom, so briefly enjoyed for a week or so in France where one didn’t always have to fear whether the Big Brother State was watching or listening, had been cruelly snatched away. Now she was in a totally

unknown situation although her parents' televised 'confessions' last week, beamed around the world, with every watcher ogling their shame and distress, had given her a taste of what to expect.

She could sense that her mother longed to go to her, comfort her but was unable to. When she had simply tried to talk to her a guard had slapped her. The red imprint of pain still stood out on her mother's white face as a warning of obedience to them all. Sarah resolved to try and be strong for her mother, not to add more to her suffering. Her cap was still perched defiantly on her head but it seemed to mock her now rather than be a fashion statement; but in any case, with her wrists confined, she couldn't remove it.

She was also conscious of Bryan's discomfort and helplessness from where he sat opposite her. They had known each other through their parents' friendship for years. In that time they had grown up together and were more like brother and sister than boyfriend/girlfriend – although she sometimes sensed Bryan's eyes lingering on her. Now she knew that they were all in deep serious trouble together.

Within an hour they were being bundled, still cuffed, from the train and herded like cattle through a line of guards to a waiting van. Sarah tried to ignore the curious looks of the passers-by as she was led through the disembarking passengers in handcuffs and pushed, with her mother and friends, into the back of a police van.

"Mum, where's D... haah," she gasped as rough hands gripped her shoulders. It was a strong, painful grip and, still with her wrists confined behind her, she couldn't wrench it away.

"Shut it, girlie, no talking if you know what's good for you!" a mean-faced guard interrupted Sarah's plaintive enquiry. He menacingly waved his baton at her when they were seated in the back of the gloomy van and bumping their way along. Her mother gave her a weak smile, which Sarah assumed was affirmation that her father was OK before she lapsed back into her fearful silent thoughts.

Caroline saw Sarah shudder at the appearance of the Department of Correction building when they awkwardly clambered out of the police van. It was grim and foreboding, bringing back such terrible memories for her - now made worse by virtue of her daughter also being helplessly ensnared in this evil regime. The only 'good' thing, she reluctantly supposed, was that she would be seeing Paul again. Having come to

accept his human weakness at trying to save himself more pain at her expense, she had been plagued with feelings of guilt at trying to leave him in the lurch by skipping the country. Now they were even, she thought miserably.

They were hustled inside, along the almost familiar gloomy corridors and down echoing stairs into the deeper gloom of a subterranean world where despair and terror seemed to seep from the very walls. It was made worse by her wrists being confined behind her and a guard maintaining a tight grip on her arm. It all added to her feeling of helplessness. Her heart went out to young Sarah, seeing her daughter's eyes darting this way and that like a startled doe as she was dragged remorselessly along. She longed to tear away the guard's grip from the girl and allow her to run free.

She felt sick, guessing what was to come, as the little convoy entered the familiar tiled walls of the cellar into which she had been brought little more than a week ago. There to greet them was Hamil, the gap-toothed Arabic giant who had raped her in front of Paul. This was like a recurring nightmare, which seemed as if it would never end. But now it had been expanded to include all those she loved.

"Form your f—king selves into two lines facing each other, you and you side by side," he pointed to her and Sarah, "and you others facing them - and f—king strip!" He shouted the hideous command.

"What!" Sarah and Bryan, with the impetuosity of youth, exclaimed together, "Haah," they almost simultaneously gasped together as two other guards jabbed them painfully in the belly with their batons, doubling them up.

"Don't ... it's no use, we must do as they say," Caroline implored, desperately placing a restraining arm on Mark who was about to leap to his son's defence. Then she bent to ease Sarah, beside her, to her feet. "Do it, darling, you must. There's no choice, really there isn't, they can do what they want to you - to us - and we all just suffer the more," she pleaded. "They'll make you do it in the end, they'll just hurt you first - I know."

"Listen to her, you others, she knows what she saying," confirmed the squat, white female guard who was present when Caroline was first brought in. "If you don't get undressed we do it for you and at the same time we make you sorry you were born," she added with low-voiced

venom.

Although it was the last thing in world she wanted to do, made worse by the additional presence of her daughter and their friends, Caroline began to unbutton her blouse. As she unzipped her skirt she saw Mark and Bryan stiffly removing their clothes and heard the rustle of discarded clothing from her daughter beside her. Mary, who was rather shy but attractive, albeit a few sizes larger, was sobbing to herself as she complied

“Shut it, Fatso! Get your kit off or I’ll do it!” The guard slapped her generous bottom, making it wobble slightly.

“Please...” Sarah whispered imploringly to her mother as she too began to undress.

“You must, it’s horrible but you must,” urged Caroline under her breath before the guards heard her. “Just do as they say, it will be all right soon,” was the only vague offering she could think of that wasn’t an outright lie.

“Come on, my beauties, everything off! Face each other, hands on head, mouths wide open, to be searched.” Hamil clapped his hands impatiently, the sound echoing off the tiles ominously, like a gun-shot.

Caroline had recently only seen her daughter undressed fleetingly and vice versa, if one of them was perhaps in the bath and they were chatting. Never, however, could she have envisaged her standing naked beside her so blatantly posed, before harsh strangers and their friends too. Her face felt hot with shame as she once again displayed her body, seeing her daughter’s trembling flesh out of the corner of her eye and her friend Mike’s hairy, muscled body opposite. Before her eyes modestly fluttered downwards she saw his dangling erection and that of his son Bryan and realised both men’s eyes drawn to her jutting boobs.

All of this was so obviously and totally beyond the experience and understanding of poor Mary who was a red as a beetroot, sniffing back tears as she finally stood naked, trying to hold in her rounded stomach. She was probably wondering if she would ever wake up from the horrible nightmare. Somehow Caroline managed to steel her senses to remain obediently still, knuckles clenched to her neck as the Arab brute ambled over to Sarah. Her clothes and jewellery sat in a neat bundle at her feet, topped by her cap.

Sarah gulped, licking her lips and glazing her wide staring eyes as

the Arab deliberately ogled her exposed body, wishing she dared to cover it from his hot eyes.

She longed to run away. Her lips quivered as the awful brute drank in her trembling charms.

Nothing in her young life could have prepared her for this. She had known a few boyfriends in the past but apart from a few fumbling one on one encounters in cars, she had never had to expose herself in this way before so many hostile and friendly eyes. True, she had in the past allowed occasional schoolgirl friends to see her naked, but they were in a similar state and those environments had been a million miles away from this. She practically sobbed in guilty relief when the brute then stood before her mother.

“So good that you could join us again; this must seem familiar to you, yes?”

“Y-yes ... Sir,” her mother whispered softly, her humble subservience adding ever more to Sarah’s own trepidation.

“Hmm, yes these tits are certainly familiar to me, aren’t they, girl?” he mocked as he shamelessly fondled her mother’s breast fruit. His hands were like two huge obscene spiders; they laced around the orbs, making them bounce, stroking them lewdly.

“Yes, Sir.” Her whisper was now through clenched teeth.

“And you make a good f—k too, I recall,” he smiled crudely, savagely slapping the curve of her bottom, which contracted defensively under his touch. He smacked the other cheek with complete possession. He neither expected nor received any reply from his shamed victim.

“You others note this one’s respect and obedience,” the squat female guard barked. “That’s what we expect from you all, ‘Sir’ or ‘Miss’ and the Commandant is ‘Madam.’ Obey all orders instantly, or we are well equipped here to make you suffer even more. Right, custody check, give me your names, ages and addresses. I’ll check the ‘gentlemen’ now,” she announced, strutting towards Mike’s shivering figure.

“S-Sarah Patterson, age-age s-seventeen ... Miss.” She had difficulty in making the wardress hear her whisper when it was her turn and the recorder was shoved in her face. Then obediently, ridiculously, she opened her mouth wide, tongue protruding, as ordered. The woman checked her mouth and ran hands carelessly over her body, confirming from her medical computer that she was fit for punishment.

Sarah tried to ignore the brutish Arab now feeling her mother. Her eyes fleetingly caught those of Bryan opposite her before she looked down at her bare feet, momentarily angry that her friend was so obviously looking at and enjoying her forced exposure. Although she and Bryan were friends, she longed to clasp her hands across her boobs to stop him looking at them. This was truly awful, she decided, especially when she heard the Arab order her mother to bend over for an 'internal.'

"Now you, my young sweet." Her mind was jerked back to the horrible reality of the Arab's leering face. "Time you and old Hamil got to know each other better, I think." His voice was like liquid manure. "Mmm, what a very pretty little girl you are," he breathed obscenely, making her shudder in dread.

"Please don't ... aaarggg," she jumped as the female guard's baton silenced her mother's protest, doubling her into a crouch and then being pulled upright again by her hair.

"Don't, Mum, it's OK," Sarah muttered, sniffing back tears and trying to sound more brave than she felt, only knowing that she had to try and be strong for her mother as the Arab smiled at her lecherously.

She could only imagine how much the filthy beast must relish his ability to do whatever he wished to the helpless females who passed through this place and who seemed to be utterly his to control. It must have allowed a thousand of his disgusting fantasies fulfilled, she reckoned, judging by his depraved features as he reached for her shrinking flesh - and she was powerless to prevent him having his fill of her too.

"Huh," she tried not to pull away as hot, sweaty hands, fingers so recently within her mother were now probing her mouth and combing through her hair. Tears prickled her eyes as his horrid hands mauled her shapely pear-shaped breasts. "Ugh." She felt sick as he patted the small cheeks of her bottom, a finger slipping between them into the cool cleft.

"Bend, my pretty, bow for me," he murmured

Fighting to control her quivering muscles she obediently bent forward to allow his horrible, disgusting fingers access to her soft, secret places, making her wriggle uncomfortably.

"Oow," she winced as a finger thrust obscenely and roughly into the privacy of her vagina. She would have burst into tears if it wasn't for the

even worse effect it might have on her mother's feelings. She must continue to try to be brave, she resolved. "Haaarghh!" Now he was probing the tight ring of her anus, pushing within, feeling her hotly and desperately twisting and turning.

It was horrible, it was so personal; so private, she wasn't used to anyone touching here there. And the man was a brute and even worse, if that were possible, she sensed Bryan and Mike devouring the whole sordid spectacle of her humiliation. However, the female guard was examining Bryan now. It gave her a twinge of smugness as the blushing youth of her own age had to endure hands crawling over him, making comments on, his fear-shrunken penis, patting his buttocks and pushing between them.

She winced as the Arab continued to take liberties with her body but at last he moved on to Mary.

"The only small thing about you, woman, is your hair," he mocked, running his grimy hands through her short dark hair as she obediently stood before him, hands on head, mouth open.

Although she wasn't fat, she was of generous build rather than slim. She could no longer be proud of her breasts which now sagged a little and her stomach was no longer flat.

"Jelly tits," he mocked, making her slightly sagging boobs bounce under his mauling hands.

He continued to make even more of a meal of examining her, playing on her woman's shame, as he commented on the size of her breasts and bottom as he handled them so disgustingly. Winking throughout at Mark and Bryan, he played on their impotent helplessness as well.

Sarah's trepidation increased when two girls arrived, one black, one white, wearing black leather cat-suits with a 'Department of Correction' logo. With their pretty, yet harsh faces and hair tied severely back, they looked to be the epitome of domination from some porno movie yet they were probably little older than herself. They could all have been fellow clubbers except that she was naked, helpless and they controlled her, smirking and totally confident. When the white girl laughingly held up her tiny silken, discarded thong from the floor she wanted the ground to open up and swallow her at that moment.

"Phew, what a tart, only whores wear these tiny things, don't they,

Narinda?” she mocked to the coloured girl, so obviously drinking in Sarah’s helpless shame as she paraded around, twirling her victim’s knickers around on the end of her finger. How could she? How could another girl, knowing a woman’s natural vulnerabilities treat her so? Sarah pondered pitifully.

She tried to blank her mind from reality, recalling her own fashionable leather trousers and top hanging in her wardrobe and wondered whether she would ever wear them again. Here, now, she was just a lump of meat to be mauled by these bastards. Mockingly, her tormentor sniffed her flimsy knickers before disdainfully discarding them to walk slowly around her. Sarah ground her teeth in shame and rage.

She had planned this afternoon to go to a lovely French club near her new home with a French girl she had met, have a good time, relax on a girlie night out. Instead she was a prisoner back in England , standing naked to wait what she was sure would be a terrible fate. The contrast couldn’t have been more stark, more total.

“Haah,” she gasped in shocked outrage whilst she stood trembling, hands on head. Her eyes opened wide, squirming slightly away from the young Negress Narinda, now standing behind her, who had suddenly gripped the mounds of her bottom, her fingers clawing and pinching her smooth rounded flesh like two angry black crabs. It was an impudent and obscene touch which she longed to be able to slap away but was too frightened to resist other than flinch back slightly.

“Don’t pull away, pretty girl, you gonna get used to this.” The girl kept a grip on her silken flesh. “My, you’ve got a sweet arse, girl, like a firm little peach.” She stroked the shrinking cheeks, sliding a stiff finger between them. It hurt, it was degrading. “But now we’ll get you ready,” she said ominously. The girls then fitted small but horrible, medieval-type collars around each of their necks as the five prisoners stood stiffly before them.

“Suits you, girl, you born to wear a collar,” laughed Narinda as she locked the device around Sarah’s slim neck. “Now we’ll just show you how they work ...”

“Yaaarghhhh,” Sarah, screamed at the unexpected, burning pain, desperately clawing at her collar as it seemed to ignite and threaten to decapitate her. She heard herself, howling and the others too as they all

rolled on the floor, locked in spasms of agony until, suddenly, with blessed relief, the girl flicked her remote control to turn off the current.

“That’s just a little taste of what you folks get if you step outta line in any way at all,” she said firmly. “I’ve overlooked your previous rudeness but from now you address us all respectfully. Now get off the floor, get your arses up; hands back on head unless you want a bit more...”

Sarah would do anything to avoid a repetition of the pain which gripped her throat like tight, burning wire, draining her of sense and reason. Hastily she scrabbled to her feet, no longer caring about her display of bare jiggling flesh before her mother and friends. She blinked back tears, seeing her mother and Mary, as well as the men, similarly try to brush away tangible signs of their agony from their eyes as they obeyed. Reluctantly she clasped her hands back on her neck, her small breasts bouncing with the movement, trying to ignore the look of cruel amusement in the eyes of the Negress.

“Let the adults go into the ‘den’ first,” the girl said, “whilst you kids wait here.” She slapped Sarah’s bottom, guiding her to a tiled wall. “Lean against it arms and legs spread, cow!” she suddenly spat with venom, firstly positioning Sarah, and then Bryan, spread-eagled against the wall.

“Hey boy, you seem pleased to see me,” she mocked, one dark hand patting Brian’s small hard buttocks the other stroking the ashamed boy’s growing length. “Well?” she snapped, flicking his erection to make him gasp in pain. “When I ask a question I want answers.”

“Sorry ... I-I don’t know ... Miss,” he quickly remembered the required respect when the girl’s eyes flashed angrily.

“Perhaps you prefer men - well I’m sure you’ll probably have a chance for that too here,” she mocked, stroking his quivering bottom as he embraced the wall, winking at the large Arabic guard. “But we must give you two something to do whilst you wait, it could be a long wait.” She smiled cruelly.

“Please, please ... Miss,” Sarah hastily corrected when she too caught a glare from her dark-skinned torturer, “I must-must use a l-loo.” She squirmed a little, tightening her belly realising that she had last gone over six hours ago before leaving their new home in France.

“Must, girl?” the Negress admonished, I’m afraid the word ‘must’

don't exist for you no more, my pretty. All you can do is humbly ask, beg. Do it."

"Please, Miss, I-I b-beg, please can I use a loo?" With the thought in her mind Sarah's need was now urgent; she now regretted having so many coffees and cokes in France .

"What do you want? A piss or a shit?"

"Please..."

"If you can't say it, gal, you can't do it," the girl mocked, smacking her belly, making the need even more urgent.

"A – a p-piss please ... Miss. " she breathed shamefully, barely believing that she was making such a request.

"You want to go bad, huh?" The girl dripped amusement as she continued to run her dark hands over Sarah's white belly, patting it, making it flutter.

"Yes please, Miss," she hated the whimper in her voice.

"Well, I'll think about it." The bitch girl was in no hurry and wandered off after slapping her hard several times on the rear, sharp stinging blows that threatened to bring tears to her eyes again.

Although it was probably only minutes, an age seemed to pass for Sarah, sweat popping on her brow as she clenched her muscles to avoid the shame of wetting herself before these beasts and Bryan ; it didn't help with her legs so widely spaced. Mentally she was crossing her legs, her face going hot and cold as she tensed her muscles. Finally Narinda brought back a metal bucket.

"You may squat on that here," she dropped it to the tiled floor with a crash.

"Miss...!" Sarah implored, looking round for somewhere private.

"Right here, girl! You've got nothing to hide from us no more, you share everything with us, your piss and shit, now. It's a case of doing it here, or not at all," she smiled cruelly, holding and stroking her delicate chin.

Sarah's dark hair cascaded around her red face as she reluctantly squatted over the bucket before them all. Her bottom curved delicately just above the rim, legs straddled shamelessly, conscious of the large Arab guard and Bryan also looking. She could hardly imagine she was having to do this, being made to perform such a private act in public. For a long while nothing happened no matter how hard she tried, it was

terrible, humiliating.

“You ain’t trying to shit in it, are you, gal?” the Negress mocked. “Get a f—ing move on; here let me help.”

“Please...” Sarah whimpered as the girl patted and stroked her belly until finally, noisily she produced a yellow, steaming jet, her eyes squeezed shut in shame.

“What a stink! You did wanna’ go badly, girl,” mocked the girl, lying, crudely as she positioned her back against the wall.

“Please Miss, me too,” Bryan joined in and although Sarah hated the thought of him seeing her pee, it did spread the shame a bit for him to indulge too.

“Right, hands on head, boy, I’ll handle things,” his tormentor laughed.

“Ow,” he gasped as the girl’s cold, gloved hands gripped his shrinking flesh.

The girl added to his shame by insisting on aiming him, smirking at his initial inability before she coaxed him, stroking and crooning, to empty his bladder too.

“Now where was I, ah yes, something for you to do,” Narinda resumed her tack to Sarah.

“Ow, ughhh,” she gasped seconds later as the girl inserted the hard coldness of a biro deep into her anus; it was disgusting, horrid.

“Keep still, little girl, and if that drop out, from either of you,” she glared at the similar protrusion she had already pushed between Bryan’s buttocks, “you’ll hold them in your mouths instead and feel a cane across your arses.”

Sarah forced herself to stop wriggling and squirming, accepting the horrible, obscene intrusion, squeezing her cheeks to hold the thing in place to avoid incurring the wrath of the bitch. It was sordid, degrading; she bit her bottom lip to stop it quivering. Then the girl placed her pink cap on her head, her only ‘clothing’ to complete her victim’s shame. It reminded her so much of her previous carefree life but now contrasted so greatly with her present existence - and her nudity.

For what seemed an age Sarah and Bryan had to lean against that

wall like two starfish, keeping obediently silent and still as commanded, desperately clenching their bottoms. Those passing by did so as if there was nothing unusual for a beautiful young girl and a youth to be in such a pose completely naked and mostly ignored them. Their faces were tense and shining with fear.

Occasionally, though, a man or a woman, clerical workers from the detention centre, would peek at them and make obscene comments or simply laugh. Sarah felt the heat of shame practically ooze from her skin as she remained obediently nose against the wall, enduring the remarks and in any case too embarrassed and scared to face those who mocked. She shivered in dread, her arms sagging slightly to allow the tips of her breasts to touch the cold tiles.

“Keep those arms straight, girl, and legs further apart, pretend you’re f—king it,” snarled one of the guards until wearily, she pushed herself back a bit and spaced her aching legs further apart again, feeling the obscene invader of her bottom wobble dangerously. She had gradually eased her thighs closed in order to preserve some modesty and to better hold in the wagging biro, but modesty was a commodity in short supply here, she guessed.

More time passed and she wondered where her mother and the others had been taken and what would happen to her and Bryan. She shuddered, not really wanting to know. Then she tensed as doors banged.

“They’re ready for them now,” announced a guard. Sarah felt sick, wanting to die.

“Please ...” the useless plea erupted from her dry mouth as the leather-clad girls ordered her and Bryan to again clasp their hands to their heads. Her cap was thrown carelessly onto the floor and the dangling biros were plucked from them with a plop. They were marched between guards along further corridors and down gloomy stairs to their ominously marked destination.

Sarah felt her heart racing with dread fear after she had been dragged by the same leather-clad guards, like her mother and father before her, into the torture chamber with scenes of absolute cruelty being enacted on all sides on helpless, screaming victims. In addition to her fear she felt so unnatural and vulnerable to be naked in such circumstances, imagining whips lashing into her soft flesh or those hideous clips biting

into her most sensitive places.

It was awful. When she and Bryan were pulled to halt to again stand hands on head, chests heaving before the huge desk occupied by the beautiful dark haired Miss Roper, she had to physically fight to control her breathing and panic. Her belly flipped, she wanted to be sick, but somehow she held herself in. She prayed for a hole to open up and for her to be able to drop out of sight into oblivion - but of course nothing happened. What, she wondered, would happen to them? Where were her parents?

She wanted to run away to hide somewhere, to be anywhere but standing like a naughty schoolgirl, stark naked before the arrogant, yet pretty girl in tight red leather who totally ignored them. Suddenly Sarah's darting eyes caught sight of her mother and father in the background. Her mouth opened in silent dread although she wisely remained silent. Her parents were painfully crouching in tiny cages swinging from the ceiling. They were naked and wore horrid head cages which not only lent them an almost grotesque air but also contained a gag around which their cheeks bulged, rendering them silent. A tear slowly trickled down her father's contorted face as he returned his daughter's gaze.

Paul felt utterly helpless as he squatted so uncomfortably in his cage, his back distorted in a sharp curve of pain. He had been confined that way for over an hour, swinging helplessly besides the bitch-girl's desk, watching her dispense pain to various unfortunates until his beloved Caroline was marched in with their friends. His heart had gone out to her as he again saw her exposed loveliness. She looked gorgeous and should have been seductively swaying into their bedroom so that their bodies could embrace and flow together, rather than be vulnerably displayed before these bastards who only knew how to hurt and to destroy beauty.

The young cow greeted her almost like a lover, making him grit his teeth in memory of the film he had been forced to watch of the girl making love to his wife, making her satisfy every need. As Caroline stood obediently, hands on head, the girl had smacked the delightful bottom he longed to touch before making Caroline lie, spread-eagle, face down on the floor whilst she dealt with the others.

"You don't move, you don't talk - I don't even want to see you

breathe, pretend you're just a door mat," Miss Roper hissed, jabbing her high heels deep into the cleft of his wife's bottom. The thin heel disappeared between the rounded globes. Paul groaned to himself as he saw the look of pain flash across Caroline's face, but she remained obediently still, ignoring the heel toying with the strands of pubic hair visible in the apex of her spread thighs.

"And what's this? What a f—ing state you're in," the girl had moved on to spit contemptuously at a crying Mary, jabbing the plump woman's large breasts and bottom, making her cry even more. "Got a problem with that?" She had then strolled before her victim's husband, cupping Mark's testicles which he obviously longed to jerk away from the vicious cow.

"No Ma'am," she had him whisper, emphasising his impotence before having them both sent off to the dreaded alcoves for torture.

"Up, girl!" She shouted at Caroline, making Paul grit his teeth harder round the gag as his wife obediently jumped up, breasts bouncing, to again stand obediently hands on head before her tormentor. "There's a girl." Miss Roper adopted her seemingly favourite tactic of spanking her victim's flinching bottom. "Now you can have a nice perch in a cage next to hubby." She supervised whilst one of the guards fitted Caroline with a head-cage and helped her into the small space, hands moving freely over her constrained curves, pushing her in.

Paul could only look at her helplessly as she swung next to him, trying to prevent himself looking obviously at the enticing mauve slash of her sex between her splayed thighs. He longed to take her in his arms, and make passionate love to her – but that privilege was seemingly reserved for their young tormentor.

He couldn't begin to guess what had happened. Had Caroline betrayed their friends to save Sarah? He couldn't believe that, but he was unable to even secretly elicit any information. His wife's sensuous mouth was stretched round the gag of the head cage. He had to accept that he had lost total control not only over his own fate but also of the woman he loved.

Then another piece of Paul's world collapsed when, after their friends Mary and Mark had been dispatched to an alcove for torture, the door opened to admit his daughter and Bryan. Desperately he had tried to imagine that she was still safe in France, that she hadn't been

captured too; the reality was very different. He didn't know what had happened but guessed that they had somehow all been tricked. He couldn't bring himself to look at his daughter's nude loveliness as she was brought in with the vicious hands of the Negress slapping her swaying bottom as if she was a animal. He hadn't seen her undressed since she was a youngster and certainly didn't want to now, especially not under such circumstances. He felt sick as she and Bryan were positioned before Miss Roper's desk and then his daughter looked up, her large eyes opening in shocked horror before she looked away in shame.

Paul's fists clenched helplessly on the bars of his cage as the Commandant slowly looked over her new young playthings.

"Well, hello my pretty!"

Sarah jerked to attention as the dark-haired woman looked up from her desk, avidly devouring her flushing nudity with hot eyes.

"So glad that you brought your daughter to meet me, Patterson." The woman turned to smile icily at the crouching Caroline. "Did you have a chance to tell her about me, about how close we've become girl?"

"NrrggghhI," A coherent response was impossible for Caroline with her mouth blocked by the horrid penal gag.

"A silly question I know," Miss Roper interrupted her own question. "You've probably had no time – but this is your lovely daughter, Sarah, eh?"

Paul could only look on as his wife nodded miserably, pleading with her large green eyes, imploring her not to hurt her daughter. He couldn't look as his daughter obeyed. He closed his eyes, he wished he could shut his ears too.

"My name is Miss Roper, Maxine Roper, but it's 'Madam' to you!" The Commandant appraised the nude, trebling teenager. "My, you are a beauty, a younger version of your delightful mother," she breathed in seemingly genuine respect. "I bet you make a good f—k too." She was now walking towards the young brunette whose firm breasts pointed at her with her hands on head posture.

"Hah, please," Sarah, twisted away as the hateful sadist smoothed her cold hands over her flinching face and then her boobs. It was so shameful to be to be standing naked and helpless, being groped in this awful torture chamber screams of pain echoing round the walls, with her

father and mother confined naked in tiny cages and wearing horrific head cage gags, watching her.

Crack!

“Haaghh,” she gasped as Narinda standing next to her slapped her face to leave a stinging red imprint of pain.

“Naughty girl must learn never to pull away or disobey,” Miss Roper wagged her finger as the Negress assistant again positioned her teenage victim before her, the youngster blinking tears from her eyes. “I’m sure your mother and father can advise you well on the futility of that and how much additional pain it causes.” She smiled as the caged couple nodded. “Now we try that again,” she murmured reaching out to fondle the apple round fruit, thumbing the red cones to hard rubbery tips.

“Such delightful boobs. Turn round, slowly, let me see your bottom!” she instructed. “Mmm, what a delicious bottom, the cheeks so firm and pert. I’m going to enjoy that as much as I did your mother’s.” She studied and then stroked the satin flesh of the two perfect globes flexing under her fingertips. “Turn back again, legs apart, don’t let those little kiss-curls down there hide those ripe lips.”

“Haaahhh,” Sarah wriggled in obvious disgust and distaste as the girl slid a finger up into the tight hot sheath of her sex whilst her tormentor’s expression indicated that she had found the girl to a perfect peach.

Sarah had only been finger f—ked in the privacy of a car or bedroom. It made tears form in her eyes to recall such intimate moments, which were a million miles away from such a humiliating and public groping from the cow, and before her parents and Bryan.

“Hmm, essence of Sarah.” Miss Roper sniffed her glistening finger and then waved it under Bryan’s nose. “Do you fancy a piece of it ... boy?” the last word dripped sarcasm as she pointedly looked at his shrivelled penis. “Hmm, probably wouldn’t know what to do. Have you wanked yourself recently?” she smiled cruelly into his ashamed eyes. “I bet seeing the lovely Sarah like this is a wet dream come true,” she slid an arm around the girl’s creamy shoulders to cup the budding breasts. “Wank yourself now, Bryan, while we watch, show us what you’ve got.”

“P-please, M-Madam...” His discomfort was obvious.

“Or if you’ll not using it, I’ll perhaps arrange for it to be cut off.” Miss Roper raised a quizzical eyebrow. “Well?”

With shame flushing his cheeks a deep red, the lad so reluctantly began playing with his flaccid penis.

“Look, see what he can do,” The Commandant commanded Sarah to reluctantly witness the even more reluctant display, “and you, boy, keep looking at Sarah as I play with her.”

He gradually grew erect, his excitement straining outwards as he watched his tormentor playing with the creamy, raspberry tipped dream-like breasts of his lifelong friend, answering a thousand questions of his youth. Then automatic pilot seemed to take over, his toes curled as his hand movements became more rapid.

“That will do, we don’t want a mess on the floor, do we?” He was cruelly ordered to stop before his inevitable ejaculation, seemingly oblivious to the fact that the tiled floor was often decorated with the bodily fluids of those unable to control their fear. His face was a picture of shame and frustration as he was forced to abandon his straining length, allowing Miss Roper to idly flick it with a manicured finger. “Maybe Mummy and Daddy could advise? Let’s see, where are they?” She turned slightly, pulling Bryan painfully round by his throbbing manhood. “Ah, yes, see, and it looks as if Mummy has messed herself!”

She smiled cruelly as Bryan’s mouth opened and closed in helpless terror and disgust. His mother, Mary, her body covered in a sheen of pain, was arched backwards in a tight, cruel bow over a barrel frame to thrust out her large breasts, a dark liquid stain of shame below her. Her wrists and ankles were chained wide apart to display the hairy pink lips of her sex which, like her nipples were adorned with the clamps fitted to every prisoner undergoing punishment. She had to endure a leather-clad girl lashing her breasts and shoulders but an even worse cruelty prevented her screaming her pain. Mark was hanging from ceiling chains right before her, being lashed by another guard but his penis had been thrust into his wife’s mouth, a belt around his waist and the back of her head clamping them together. It was fiendish in that Mary, in her wildest pain couldn’t clamp her teeth fully as she would wish yet the shrieking pain from Mark couldn’t all be attributed to his whipping or the clamps on his own nipples. His wife was obviously unable to prevent herself biting him to some extent.

“After this little softening up,” Miss Roper regarded the intense agony to which her victims were being subjected, “they, and you two,

will be interrogated so that you tell us everything, everything about the escape line to France ; all your contacts. It's just a little favour I'm doing the police. Mind you," she continued matter-of-factly, "they have already volunteered a lot of information, which will help the police to start rounding up the ringleaders when I pass it to them. However, nothing beats a little solitary interrogation to ensure all stories match. That will come later." Her eyes flashed hot cruelty. Now let's think about you two," Miss Roper's words sent a shiver of dread into Sarah's belly.

"Hah, please, no!" Her entreaties were to no avail as Narinda tightly clutched her arm and dragged her jiggling nudity to an alcove.

They passed a woman who sat strapped in a chair with her breasts enclosed in two Perspex balloons filled with ants which, from the expression on her face and the red marks on her skin, were biting her savagely. To add to her discomfort the usual sex clamp was in place between her thighs and a torturer whipped her shining back mercilessly from behind.

"Aaarghh," Sarah gasped in hideous pain as the young Negress first attached one of the horrid little clamps to her so tender nipples. Her bud was squashed and contorted mercilessly in the clamp's impish jaws to make her breath hiss through her clenched teeth. If the girl hadn't already cuffed her wrists up between her shoulders to thrust her breasts out even more prominently she felt sure she would have tried to rip away the offending claws tinkling merrily from each young breast. It was so intimately painful.

"Arghhh, please," she whimpered to no avail into the girl's amused face as she cruelly tightened the clamp to further constrict her so sensitive feminine bud. She wanted to be sick, to run away, to curl up in a ball somewhere and cry but none of those options was open to her apart from the tears.

Her dry mouth tasted the salt from her tears, but she soon had worse to worry about as the girl's hands guided her down. Gasping in pain she now knelt upright on a wooden board embedded with studs pressing painfully up into her knees. Her legs were spaced wide apart and shackled to ringbolts. With her wrists twisted up between her shoulders and cuffed she was helpless to alleviate the discomfort. Worse, whenever she tried to ease down from her kneeling posture a cruel and

vicious spike, jutting up from the board between her legs, jabbed painfully into her sex, parted with her posture. Finally, a noose was tied around her neck and attached to the ceiling, threatening to choke her if her head dropped. But she had to move, as behind her, another leather-clad tormentor began lashing her whip across the stretched arch of Sarah's back and down to the swelling of her hindquarters.

"Yaaaaaaghhhhhh!" She squirmed down away from those awful thongs only to make the noose tighten and the awful electrified spike jab upwards into her exposed and unprepared sex with further excruciating pain.

When that first stroke cracked across her soft flesh Sarah experienced an intense agony the likes of which she could never in her young life previously have imagined. It was as if a thousand strands of red-hot barbed wire had been smashed across her flesh and the spike within her tormented body feeling as if it was turning her inside out.

She flung her head back, the tendons standing out like white pillars in her throat as she screamed through bared teeth.

Swack! The lash caught her lower back and the swelling of her hindquarters.

"Graaaaaaaaaghhhhhh," It sounded as if a rabid dog was howling in her ear, but tiny shafts of mental clarity amongst the overwhelming pain told her it was her own screams of torment.

She sagged and in doing so skewered that hideous spike further into her sex, making her press her knees harder against the studs and jerk up. The fiends had ensured that no matter what she did, she suffered. She only seemed to have a choice of which part of her body to suffer most, her back, sex or knees. Yet did it matter? The pain flowed into a single river of red-hot torment, which threatened to engulf her.

Vaguely through her red curtain of pain she saw Bryan strapped into a stool, a torturer sitting on his lap pouring wax onto his clamped penis whilst another lashed his back. His screams bounced off her ears and walls as more rubber and metal clamps were attached to his earlobes.

Crack!

"Haaaaaaaah," she screamed, as the thongs curled round her side and scorched her already tormented breasts. She screamed, she jerked, she suffered ever more, the level of her suffering growing ever closer to her ultimate pain threshold.

Sweat pooled in her desperate eyes and trickled from the lovely shining curves of her body. This was unlike anything she could ever have envisaged. She wondered how a person could treat another in such an inhumane way.

Her screams were simply another layer of agony being imprinted into the walls of this place, which must have absorbed so much over the last few years, she guessed. Probably, she surmised, her mind trying to take refuge elsewhere, the sounds would replay themselves as a record of intense suffering in future years to the electronic equipment of ghost-hunters. And quite likely, she considered miserably, many people had indeed died here in this awful place of pain.

Swaaaack!

“Aaaaaaarrghhh,”

It was endless. Her throat was sore from the intensity of her screams joining those of the other unfortunates in that place of suffering. Her body was hot and sticky as if on fire whilst her grinning torturers wiped the sweat of their own exertions from their faces whilst deciding which part of her helpless nudity to attack next. Every nerve felt inflamed as if the whips were biting directly into them, sending messages of screaming pain throughout every avenue of her body.

She lost count of the strokes before she finally slumped, held only by the pull of her noose and the spike thrusting into her.

Sarah had fitful dreams of large coarse brown hands kneading soothing balm into her burning, ravaged flesh. She must have got sunburned, she thought, and a doctor was smoothing lotion into her. Then the terrible reality crashed back and she initially took refuge in further fevered sleep.

When she finally regained consciousness, naked in a bed under a single sheet she expected to see her soft skin cut to ribbons but to her amazement, similar to her mother’s earlier, although sore, her curves were covered only in fading red marks. They were experts when they wanted to be in inflicting awful pain without lasting damage

She cringed back under the cover when Hamil entered her room, carrying a tray of food, fearing the worst, but he merely grinned as she

modestly pulled the sheet to her chin, her eyes wide with anxiety and shame.

“Don’t fear yet, little girl, you remember I seen you before, all of you, and will again. Who do you think wiped your charming little body while you recovered?” He leered at the memory. “What a nice tight little arse you’ve got,” he winked as he set down her meagre breakfast, allowing a hand to trail over the contours of her body hidden under the sheet as she flinched away. “Maybe I see more later?” he crudely patted the outline of her thigh under the sheet.

As Sarah drank and ate more horrific memories of her ordeal came flooding back, making her shudder in dread at what more might be to come. If it were possible she would have clutched the sheet around her body and ran from the cellar, but an iron chain around a slim ankle prevented that. She heard the cellar door lock solidly behind the Arab, so that was another avenue cut off for her. She resigned herself to being a trapped, helpless prisoner.

When Miss Roper’s voice echoed from the CCTV monitor and the ankle cuff was released, she was at least able to use the loo and wash, albeit still without her clothes. As the day progressed she felt ever stronger physically but in contrast, even less able mentally to face the future.

CHAPTER 5

The following day the Commandant felt a hot thrill of excitement course through her veins like wine as she held the hand of the trembling young naked beauty beside her, almost regretting that she had to lead her into her torture chamber, relishing the touch and sight of the beauty.

“Be brave, poppet.” She stroked her shivering victim’s long dark hair, kissing the quivering lips almost like a mother leading her child to the doctors, before letting her assistants continue with the preparation.

“Please-please d-don’t hurt m-me again,” whispered the teenage beauty, “don’t let me go.”

Maxine Roper ran a hand down the enticing dip of the girl’s spine, pulling her close, fondling the cheeks of her bottom as she kissed the fulsome lips, which parted under hers.

“Things must be, child,” she whispered into the soft ears as Sarah clung to her, “but endure and have faith.”

She supervised as Sarah, still sore from her yesterday’s whipping, was brusquely ordered by Narinda to lie on her back. The youngster did so fearfully, making small pitiful noises in her throat, licking her lips nervously, obviously fearing the worst. Maxine knew that she wouldn’t be disappointed. Straps held her neck and out-flung wrists to the floor and she was forced to raise her legs high and wide in the air, the most blatant exposure a girl could be forced to adopt. Maxine licked her lips at the sight of the pouting mauve lips in their fur-fringed nest and the dark puckered rosebud of her anus below it. She would have this beauty soon, she decided.

To ensure that Sarah kept that pose, cords were attached to the nipple clamps which the guards fitted back in place to make her gasp in agony and writhe, as far as movement was allowed by her neck-strap. The cords were passed upwards to several strategically placed ceiling pulleys, fed down again and bound to her thighs, knees and toes. If she tried to close or lower her legs from such a shameful and awkward exposure, the pull on her nipples would be terrible.

Two other black-clad torturers also secured Bryan over a vaulting horse at the opposite end of the small room. Still nude, he was bent over it, wrists and ankles secured to the four legs, leaving his buttocks

stretched tight. Completely helpless, his eyes were staring wildly from his inverted face.

“Don’t fret, your mothers and fathers are only the other side of that glass screen,” Maxine pointed to a wall of the tiled room, which consisted of a darkened mirror reflecting the cruelly bound prisoners and their terrified faces. ”Their questions are being double-checked whilst you two, are, er, ‘entertained’ in here.” The regulation smirk on her face was not altogether matched by her inner feelings.

“Please, please ... no Madam, pleeeeeease,” Sarah wailed pitifully from where she was spread-eagled on the floor, eyes wide and imploring, at the girl’s retreating figure. She licked dry lips, her expression of terror giving away the fact she was obviously wishing she could follow her tormentor out of the room rather than be tethered within it to await some hideous fate. But Maxine merely waved to her before closing the door.

Immediately on entering the other room Maxine’s ears were assailed by harsh insistent voices mingled with sobbing pleas.

“So this man in France who you contacted, you are sure he lives at ..”.

“Yes, yes please, believe us, if he’s not there he’ll be at the tiny café on the corner of that road. He conducts a lot of his business there, but please no more, believe us, don’t do any more to us please, or the children, please let them go ... Sir,” the man’s voice sobbed pitifully

“Yes, later we’ll think about releasing them but for the moment tell me again about the other contact in, the shipping office...”

Maxine, tired of listening to the unending questions, almost spat contemptuously at the grovelling figures. Yet a part of her cold brain could understand their concern. The parents of Sarah and Bryan were again confined, crouching nude in four tiny cages, swinging before four police interrogators who ponderously went over their stories, checking back on facts on the escape line to France they had given during their previous tortures. The four shining figures had been squatting in their cages for over an hour and she could understand the sheen of pain on the curve of their bodies. Absently she reached between the bars to stroke down the sharp bend of Caroline’s delicious spine to fondle the softness of her bottom, delighting the beauty’s gasp and her sheer inability to prevent the touch, whilst having to continue answering her interrogator’s

questions.

Yet she guessed, far worse for the four was the sight through the glass wall of their youngsters bound helpless in the room next door, especially now two male figures had walked into the room.

The face of Hamil beamed in hideous pleasure at the sight of the dark-haired teenager so obscenely and helplessly bound for him. As he stood, hands on hips, staring at the feast of pleasure between her splayed thighs, another guard entered, closing the door behind him and then strolling over to Bryan . The second guard, a small, thin white man, grinned at the begging entreaties which cascaded from the teenage boy's quivering mouth as he patted the hard, tight curve of his victim's buttocks.

"Please don't let them ... Sir ..." cried both Caroline and Mary from their cages.

"If you had been more forthcoming with facts before, we wouldn't have to spend time checking them now, ladies!" Maxine coldly regarded the two women squatting in their cages. "Now it will take as long as it takes and if you hold anything back those two will be back there again tomorrow and the day after until we have the full truth of who arranged your escape. I owe the police a favour and if my people and methods can loosen your tongues, then so much the better."

She realised that much of her speech was lost on the four prisoners who only had ears for the continuing questions and eyes for the two nude figures next door and the guards who were pulling off their clothes to 'service' them.

"You are going to work with me as I f—k you, girly. If not, I pull your tits off," Hamil looked down at his helpless, prostrated victim. He was obscenely fingering a huge jutting erection, which pointed between her quivering uplifted thighs.

After one last, almost lingering look at the prostrated girl, Maxine, with almost a look of pity, turned her attention back to those being questioned in their cages, whilst over her shoulder in the other room Sarah's eyes were wide with dread, transfixed on the Arab.

"Please...." The teenager whimpered, wishing she could cover her blatant exposure before the creep, but it was impossible.

"Pretty little girl no want to hide charms from old Hamil." He treated her to a flash of his stained and broken teeth, "I find them, you know."

He ran a rough hand up the smoothness of her uplifted leg, patting the thigh.

“Hah,” she gasped, tears springing to her eyes at the pain from her swollen nipples as she made a useless attempt to close her thighs a little

“You very pretty girl, I explore you now.” His voice was low as he knelt between her spread thighs. “Your little arse hole, it wink at me.” His finger circled the tiny puckered ring of her anus, probing within slightly, making her squirm in disgust as his long, dirty finger filled and stretched her so horribly and tightly; she wriggled around it in vain.

This must be her lowest hour, she thought as the bastard continued to stick his finger deep, painfully deep into her bottom. Nothing could have prepared her for this. It was far worse than the touch of her female captors, so frightening and demeaning. Almost as bad was the look on his ugly male face as he explored her so vilely.

“No aaaargggggh,” her plea turned into a scream as he waved his horrible, long, thick penis before her, then slowly slid it down between her legs until, prevented from moving her head, she was unable to see it with her wide staring eyes practically bulging from their sockets.

“Uuugghhhhh.” He filled and stretched her so horribly, making her feel that she would split,

plundering her youthfulness so basely and utterly.

His huge, rigid length rammed into her softness, in and out like an uncontrollable piston as he slobbered and sucked her neck and tortured breasts. Finally he grunted his animal-like satisfaction against her before eventually, thankfully standing over her exposed, quivering lushness, leering obscenely whilst his friend similarly took full advantage of Bryan . Her pitiful, choking tears were totally lost on him.

CHAPTER 6

“Stand straight, straighter, stick those tits out,” Maxine Roper barked to Caroline, Sarah and Mary as mother, daughter and friend stood before her, hands clasped to their heads in her office, each pretty face quivering in trepidation. It was not the sort of Sunday they were used to. “Legs apart, wider!”

“Huh, ow,” Caroline gasped as the girl’s cane whipped back and forth on her sensitive inner thighs, making them sting like the bite of a bunch of nettles until her shapely legs were spread wide.

It was unusual in that instead of their tormentors being dressed in their normal, intimidating leather, they appeared almost relaxed in weekend clothes. Maxine wore a tracksuit and baggy top, giving her a softer image. Yet Caroline guessed that there would be nothing relaxing about whatever was to come next - they were prisoners for whom every day was the same.

“Good, that will do. That’s the pose - three pretty maids all in a row eh?” She laughed at her own joke. “That’s the position I like to see from those in servitude to me.” She smiled lazily. “Now, about this tardiness I’ve heard about, bad enough to warrant you missing your lunch and report to me...” her eyes roved over the anxious beauties, “I think I need to remind you of something, perhaps emphasise your position here,” she continued as three pairs of pretty eyes widened in dread. Caroline thought they had already been punished for that ‘tardiness’.

“Please, please Madam,” she licked dry lips, wanting to strangle the arrogant young cow for treating her and her daughter in such a shameful manner but knowing the consequences for them all of doing so, instead having to grovel in an attempt to put right an injustice. “It -it wasn’t our fault, we were late serving your lunch, we-we had to carry out some duties for Miss Narinda...”

She ground her teeth in rage at the recollection of the young cow deciding that the three of them had not scrubbed the corridors sufficiently clean earlier that morning and had punished them with extra exercises. First had come the shame of having to strip out of their minimal smocks before her and then, carrying heavy packs they had to run round the exercise yard before her whilst she shouted at them to

greater speed; again, not a typical Sunday. There had been the additional shame of them having to do this before the other prisoners taking their daily walk in the fresh air, including Paul, Mark and Bryan.

They had been in detention for somewhere like ten days in total and their men-folk had been treated like regular prisoners in this hideous place whilst, she gathered, the State decided what to do with them. None of them had been charged with anything but these days she knew that wasn't always necessary. Whilst the men were locked up 'conventionally' the three women, whilst in a normal cell, had to perform special and domestic duties seemingly for the pleasure of Miss Roper and Narinda, who appeared to be trying and outdo each other in the cruelty stakes. She feared where it could all lead, especially if there was any rivalry between the two sadists who controlled them.

It was bad enough during the week when they caught sight of the men-folk whilst she, Sarah or Mary were hurrying around doing chores dressed in the humiliating smocks or revealing French maid uniforms. But it was worse this morning when they had run round the yard with the packs stark naked. The men, guards and prisoners wolf-whistled at the display of her, Sarah and Mary's bouncing breasts and bottoms as the three had to run as fast as they could with the heavy packs strapped to their backs, their faces masks of exhaustion framed by their flying hair. She saw the look of helpless fury on Paul's face as he heard the crude comments, once having to be restrained when a guard slapped her jiggling bottom as she ran past, making her yelp but she having little energy to do more than wriggle her rear away from his touch. Hate vied with her fear that they could treat helpless women so, yet none of them had any choice beside subservience and obedience.

She knew that Narinda was deliberately showing off her power as the Commandant's deputy, maybe her lover too, she surmised, before the guards. It occurred to her that the girl might even be jealous of the special attention which Maxine was giving them. Caroline longed to throw herself at the grinning Negress as she similarly slapped Sarah's small bottom and groped her daughter's small bouncing breasts as she ran past.

"Shut it, girl, I don't want excuses, only results and I wasn't talking about today – although it's true that the ten minute wait did annoy me a bit." The Commandant interrupted Caroline's recollections, bringing her

back to their line of misery in her outer office. “Miss Narinda also tells me that you were tardy in performing work during a Community Service detail yesterday. I’m afraid the system will just not tolerate that,” she emphasised glancing at the CCTV lens in the room.

Caroline again gritted her teeth in frustrated anger at the reason for their punishment during so-called Community Service. In addition to getting menial tasks carried out this was also an excuse to inflict the maximum of public humiliation on prisoners and serve as a preventive warning to others.

She, Sarah and Mary, still wearing only their tiny white smocks, additionally adorned with a ‘State Prisoner’ luminous stripe, had been marched out of the detention centre on the bright Saturday morning. Publicly, under the sadistic supervision of Narinda and another guard they had to clean away graffiti from walls in the town by a car park and pick up litter. It was so demeaning and humiliating to have to do so. They had to march the mile to the designated area of town carrying, like skivvies, cleaning materials, chairs and bags for the guard’s use whilst they worked. The sadistic Negress insisted they all carry their heavy burdens above their heads for the mile march on straight arms, berating them crudely and shamefully if their arms wavered or lowered. Caroline daydreamed of running away but knew that the collars they all still wore locked around their necks could be activated to send them screaming to their knees. The guards didn’t have the keys with them, so any thought of overpowering their captors was useless, even if they had the courage to do so.

It was arduous, backbreaking work often whilst enduring sneering abuse from local kids who took full advantage of the fact of their short smocks riding up to expose their bottoms whenever they bent. But their tormentors allowed no respite. Nor were prisoners allowed to talk outside of the Detention Centre and simply had to suffer in silence.

Caroline and her daughter had never had to carry out such menial tasks in their life. They were all totally unused to such hard or brutal treatment. Some genteel housework and computer keyboards were the limit of their normal activities. Now they had to bend and strain like common labourers against harsh stone, scrubbing it until they began to lift the endless lines of spray-on obscenities against the Government. Ironically the sentiments expressed so crudely in the four letter words

over a foot high were very similar to their own. Yet now they had to put in hours of back-breaking effort to remove it whilst being jeered at by many of those passing by or watching.

“Look at the arse and tits on them, even the fat old bag has a fair pair,” a lout leered at Mary as she toiled on hands and knees, large breasts wobbling in her low cleavage, large bottom curving into view. They just had to shut their ears to the obscenities from the group of teenagers who idly sat around smoking and watching them.

“The young c—t’s only about your age, look at the tight little arse on that.”

“Yeah but she’s a prisoner, she might be a murderer, she might kill me,” a boy mocked.

“Yeah and I’ll kill her if she looks at you, babe,” his hard-looking girlfriend scowled.

On an on they slogged and it was only after midday, when Caroline’s body was a mass of aches, muscles quivering with effort, that they were allowed to stop.

“Sit here in a line here, upright, legs crossed so you can’t suddenly jump up,” barked Narinda, positioning them like schoolgirls on the concrete whilst she and the other guard reclined on chairs.

Although the bottle of water, fruit and stale crisps they were allowed for lunch wasn’t exactly appetising, it at least gave a welcome break from their toil. It was nothing new. They were constantly hungry in the prison, having to manage on minimal rations, which she assumed was to dampen down any feelings of rebellion and prevent any prisoner building up strength and ideas to rebel.

Caroline would have longed to ease her aching back and just lay out on the hard surface of the car park but she daren’t, instead she kept it ramrod straight, legs folded as she sat to avoid a humiliating telling-off from Narinda. She would also dearly have loved a longer smock, to have underwear, or even to sit facing a different direction. Other locals had gathered to watch the ‘chimps tea party,’ one of them aptly shouted out and they vied for the best position to look under the prisoners’ tiny coverings. She knew that her folded legs, like an Indian, allowed them to see the dark slash of her sex no matter how much she tugged her smock or tried to subtly rearrange her legs.

“Stop wriggling, you cow!” Narinda bellowed, making the kids

snigger and Caroline blush.

“Hey, they ain’t done much,” some cocky brat called out. “I can still see the words on the wall.”

Caroline could have throttled the lout as the Negress decided to look more closely for herself.

“See there and hers and that there.” A teenage brat, probably the one who had inspired the world with the words in the first place, took great pleasure in pointing out to her where the wording still showed slightly. To the kids she was just a coloured lady, but to Caroline, Sarah and Mary, she was the sadistic cow who ruled their lives and who had utter control over them. They were terrified of her.

“Here you three, in a line hands on heads, look!” she bellowed at them.

Her stomach churning in dread, Caroline hurried to obey and soon stood beside the offending wall with Sarah and Mary on either side, their smocks riding high with their shameful posture.

“All of this shit demonstrates a lack of effort,” Narinda emphasised slowly into their strained, shining faces. Caroline knew they had slogged so hard for the last few hours whilst their guards had relaxed on the chairs. “In particular who made the pathetic attempt to clean these bits?” Narinda continued before she turned to look at Mary’s flinching face.

“I’m-I’m sorry, Miss I ...”

“No excuses, you’re a lazy fat old slag, aren’t you?” she spat out each term of endearment. “You’ll do much better than this when I’ve encouraged your fat arse. Bend forward, keep your hands on head.” she demanded.

“Please, Miss,” Mary wailed pitifully but nevertheless obeying so that her generous bottom, flinching in dread swam fully into view.

Caroline felt for her friend. It was terrible for all of them but maybe a bit worse for Mary, a woman older than them and with probably a body she wasn’t too proud to display having to do just that, before laughing, brutal kids younger than her own son, who had instigated her shame. Tears trickled down her pretty face as her bottom flinched in dread under Narinda’s swishing cane.

Swack!

“Yaahh,” she yelped, jerking erect slightly and only just managing to keep her hands in place as a thin line of pain was etched across both

wobbling cheeks

Crack!

Crack!

“Graghhh.” Two more lashes cut into her soft flesh to leave three red lines crossing each fulsome globe. She was crying, but maybe worse than her tears was for Caroline to see and watch the kids erupt into absolute hysterics as her motherly friend, the ‘fat cow’, was caned like a schoolgirl by the sadistic young Negress. Yet their afternoon entertainment wasn’t quite over.

“You two need perking up too, extend your hands, face up,” Narinda demanded.

Trying to ignore the further shrieks of delight from their audience, the beautiful mother and daughter obeyed. Caroline clenched her teeth and closed her eyes, resisting the impulse to lower her hand or snatch it away as the cane flashed down over each palm. She felt like schoolgirl who had offended the headmistress rather than a beautiful woman being cruelly punished in public just for the hell of it.

“Aaahhh!” The pain bit into her hands. It curled over to consume each one in a throbbing mesh of burning pain as if she had gripped a hot poker. Far worse was the humiliation of the kids laughing as she and Sarah tried to control their tears, angrily wiping their blinking eyes with the backs of their sore hands when they allowed to unclasp them from their necks.

“Bet that hurt the cows,” the watchers laughed cruelly.

For the next two hours all three had the necessary incentive to put even more effort into eradicating the graffiti. They scrubbed and washed, using the brushes and detergent they had carried from the prison, until no trace remained. Nevertheless, they still had to stand in a line of trepidation, like pupils having their homework checked, as Narinda inspected their efforts – much to the amusement of the louts.

Then they had an hour to pick up all of the litter in the car park or face the public cane again.

Caroline never knew how she managed to restrain herself from shouting back at the hard-faced, scruffy kids who tormented her and Sarah, who feasted their hot, glinting eyes on helpless, elegant women who should never be subjected to such abuse. Yet whenever her control nearly snapped she had only to look at the sleek figure of Narinda,

relaxing and chatting with the other guard yet always keeping a watchful eye on the sweating women, and flexing her cane menacingly.

The work, to avoid the cane, was even more backbreaking and their smocks were virtually see-through with the sweat of their effort at the end of the afternoon. The kids had much enjoyed spreading more litter into areas they had already cleaned and generally ogling. It was impossible to get it totally clear; surely, she hoped the awful bitch would know that? Surely she must have seen the kids spreading the litter again?

Again standing in a subservient line of expectant torment Caroline held her breath as the Negress scanned the area. Her only pleasure that day had been when the scowling girl reluctantly deemed herself just about satisfied with their efforts and spared them the rod. The look of disappointment on the face of the kids was a picture as the women were marched off, carrying their heavy burdens on quivering arms, albeit with Narinda admitting to the other guard that she had an appointment to keep which prevented her 'tanning more butt'.

"As I say, your community service yesterday was apparently tardy," Miss Roper's lazy voice jerked Caroline back to the reality of today. Now she realised that they were to be punished for yesterday despite their unstinting efforts under such awful circumstances. She looked at the beautiful dark-haired girl who reclined with a drink and knew that, despite maybe a flash of almost softness in her eyes, they would again suffer.

Maxine Roper did indeed feel almost sorry for the three lovely women paraded before her, scantily dressed, or at least she did for one of them. They were all beautiful, the elegant blonde with the large green eyes and delightful body, even the older one who had lost a bit of weight from the harsh regime here. Yet Maxine's attention was these days primarily focussed on the trembling teenage beauty.

Sarah was an absolute peach and it took a lot of self-control not to wipe the tension from her chiselled face, kiss those full lips, undress her, take her, making her hers - by force. Yet Maxine knew she must remember she had a job to do, the ever-vigilant surveillance cameras ensured it and that work always came before pleasure

"So you tarnished the good name of this establishment, my establishment, by failing to keep the car-park clear?" she glared at the

shivering 'French Maids' standing so subserviently before her.

"Please-please Madam, we tried so hard, all of us but there were children who ..."

"Will you shut the f—k up, Patterson, and not try to blame children!" Maxine's almost genuine anger showed in her voice at the futility of any prisoner attempting to justify and lapse. Life was not fair. "You think you are a role model! Maybe you forget that you have a child and that you've led her astray and hence she is here?" She raised quizzical eyebrows as she glared at the flinching blonde who was unable to hold her gaze, forcing her to look down, her lovely face reddening. "Maybe you are not fit to have children let alone criticise them," she went over to the youngster, placing a familiar arm around Sarah's slim waist, feeling her lithe body against hers before reluctantly pulling away again. "My deputy, Narinda, made no mention that children prevented you clearing up properly. Is she lying then?"

"No Madam." The dejected blonde eventually gave the only possible answer which she knew would avoid even more pain.

"Good, well, strip all three of you! Touch your toes, legs apart and straight!" She issued her orders as she turned back to her drink

When she had finished it and retrieved her cane she was faced by a line of three pretty women, naked and obediently touching their toes. Their was no doubting their beauty she reminded herself, but it was just so much more pleasant to view it in the privacy her of her own quarters rather than in the dark, shrieking din of the torture chamber usually with Narinda grinning cat-like in the background.

Each bottom curved deliciously with strands of dark feminine fur peeking below them, covering their soft woman's lips. That was how she liked to see a woman, with her breasts pointing to the floor, heaving with anxiety. She was in control, total control, just as she liked - and her victims knew it. She strolled casually behind them and each delicious pair of globes tightened in dread.

Starting with the oldest and biggest, although she had to admit not unpleasant, she tapped Mary's nates, seeing them contract even further under her rod. She brought her arm back, knowing the woman who was old enough to be her own mother could hear it, seeing her tense in dread. Cruelly she merely tapped the shrinking flesh.

"Don't get impatient, Fatty." She indulged in some impulsive mental

cruelty to complement the physical before deciding to get it over with.

Six times her arm rose and fell over the shrinking flesh, each time allowing the woman to compose herself and resume her vulnerable position. They all knew the penalty now for not doing so, for not allowing their tormentor to leave that number of red lines across their cheeks. The woman blubbered and cried, wiping her eyes but Maxine strolled on.

“Ready, Caroline?” she whispered, remembering the blonde’s delicious body cavorting with her own in her bedroom. It seemed a shame to mark it but discipline had to be maintained.

Swack!

“Aahh,” The lovely face contorted in pain, teeth bared round her cry, eyes shut as she absorbed the first cut.

Maxine delayed, indulging the delicious power of anticipation as the woman’s shoulders and bottom tensed in dread. Caroline’s shoulder-blades flexed, knowing more was to come, steeling herself, longing to cover her vulnerable flesh, get it out of reach but instead having to remaining a taut curve of invitation.

Whack!!

“Graaagh hh.”

That one overlaid the first stroke. There was more of an animal growl to that cry and tears began dripping between her bare feet.

Crack!

Swaack!

Thwack!

She decided to leave it at five and got the remainder over quickly to leave her, still touching her toes, crying profusely still exposed, knowing that the cane was poised over her daughter’s tightly rounded bottom. It was a peach and Maxine couldn’t resist patting it, sliding her hands over the smooth, ripe curves.

Smack!

“Ouch, aaah,” the delightful teenager gasped in pain, but possibly not as much as she had anticipated as Maxine’s hand smacked the taut cheeks.

Smack!

“Yaaahh.” Again she slapped the soft, yet firm skin feeling the perfect globes contract.

“Be brave my pretty,” she pulled aside the long dark hair to whisper into one of Sarah’s small, shell-like ears.

Smack!

“Yaaaghhh!” The girl took her punishment, albeit maybe of less intensity than the others, and took it well. Now sobbing gently, her hands remained clenched around her slim ankles as her red tinted cheeks continued to flinch in readiness of the next slap.

Maxine knew it must be demeaning for the teenager to have to bend over to be spanked and before her mother, but now she would take her mind off things a bit.

“That’s all, sweetheart, I’ll go lightly on you.” Her fingers wiped a tear from the pretty face. “You two,” she tapped the hollows of the lower backs of Caroline and Mary - the two women still obediently touching their toes and sniffing back tears. “You may get dressed and leave. The guard will take you back to your cell. Sarah may not join you till the morning.” She winked at Caroline, daring her to say something.

“Please –please, Madam, take care of her,” Caroline implored pitifully.

“Don’t worry, you know how I will.” She slapped Caroline’s bottom over the weals as she struggled, wincing, into her short dress, surprising herself that she decided not to admonish the woman for answering back.

“I think you know what happens next,” Maxine drawled when she and Sarah were alone. She had kept the girl touching her toes. “Stand up and come here.”

The teenager winced as she straightened, pressing her hands to her still warm bottom cheeks. Shyly she covered her small breasts as with some wide-eyed apprehension, she padded over to the girl who controlled her. Maxine took her by the hand and led the led the delightful nymph into her private quarters as if they were lovers. The youngster’s lithe body practically flowed, oozing sexuality. Looking the timid creature in the eye, she pulled off her own clothes, seeing the girl’s eyes widen, maybe in excitement, Maxine wondered, as they took in her own nudity.

“You’ll do everything I say, I’ll teach you. Call me ‘darling,’ and pretend that you love me, it will be easier,” Maxine whispered huskily.

As if they were on a first date, Maxine smoothed back the girl’s dark hair, placing an arm around her sleek shoulders, pulling her down to the

bed and began by planting kisses on the wet cheeks below her ears, only gradually moving round to her full, parted lips.

Yet suddenly, the girl was alive in her arms. The delicious, eager youngster pushed her now hard-tipped breasts against hers wriggling deeper into the embrace, wrapping her in her own soft arms and returning her kisses, giving little gasping sighs.

“I-love you, darling,” It was a sheer joy for Maxine to hear the breathless words in her ear as she held the vibrant body. She kissed the budding breasts, feeling them expand into rubber pyramids in her mouth.

Maxine ran her hands down the enticing spine, the arch of her back to cup the pert cheeks of her bottom flexing underneath. She held the dark-haired beauty closely, kissing her lips deeply, feeling the girl wriggle delightfully, sensually pressing her softness against her in response. She was a perfect catch, she decided.

Almost naturally, the girl’s lips slid down Maxine’s belly, her tongue probing her dark, liquid secrets, making her writhe and buck with her lapping tongue. She was an absolute angel this one, she knew. Her lover’s dark hair flowed over her groin as her head bobbed, a quicksilver tongue darting in deep. It was happening almost too quickly. Maxine’s hips jerked and shuddered around the head pleasuring her, not wanting those lips and tongue to stop. The girl seemed to know just where to go.

“My, you’re hot,” she gasped to the panting girl looking up at her, now upon the bed, legs wide.

As was her wont, she strapped on the same dildo she had used on the girl’s mother yet the beauty seemed to almost welcome it. Her hips rose, her thighs wide to reveal her pouting pink oyster in its furry nest, into which she drove. The girl was alive in her arms, bucking and writhing, jerking her hips. Maxine could scarcely believe her luck as she held the tight bottom bouncing under her as if she was a man taking a woman. Her fingers crept into the tight rubbery sphincter, feeling it contract around them as she kissed the sensuous lips, her tongue delving into the wine-sweet mouth, simultaneously filling the girl’s every orifice so deliciously.

An hour later Sarah lay in Maxine Roper’s arms, their legs entwined; the woman’s hand stroked gently down her spine to caresses her bottom,

making her shiver in pleasure as she spoke softly to her. For her part, Sarah felt that she had found something which she too had been looking for. In this woman's arms, being told what to do, knowing she had no choice anyway, she had found the missing piece of her personal jigsaw. The thought of the girl controlling her utterly, yet now so gentle, sent a strange shudder up the delightful length of her spine.

CHAPTER 7

In the meantime, Caroline and Mary were undergoing a very different experience. Narinda had collected them with a scowl from the Commandant's quarters and was instructed by her superior to return them to their dingy cell. En-route she called in at the centre's kitchens situated nearby at basement level. Whilst Caroline and Mary had to ridiculously continue high-stepping marching on the spot, the girl strutted in and helped herself to an apple and a couple of bananas, explaining to the cooks that she had eaten earlier and they were for her dessert; not that the male and female prisoners running the kitchen under supervision, now standing smartly to attention, would have argued with the spiteful young girl who could at a whim inflict untold pain and misery on them.

The delicious fragrance of dinner, roast beef for the guards, made Caroline's belly rumble, comparing so unfavourably to the small basic rations, normally cold, given to prisoners. Momentarily her hopes rose of them being given a decent meal. She saw several platefuls of appetising food ready for guards coming off shift. But today, especially in Narinda's sadistic clutches, it wasn't to be. They had already missed the prisoner serving time for lunch and she doubted if they would receive anything to eat today.

They finally reached their cell. It comprised three small bunks, a table and a tiny open shower cubicle, the open drain of which also had to serve as their toilet. They had to squat awkwardly over it in full view of the others. It was a terrible place for the three middle-class women to find themselves especially, as now, the delicious smell of food, denied to them, wafted in from the kitchen further down the corridor. Now their little 'home' didn't even offer any sanctuary from the awful regime outside for the three of them as the Negress stood close before them hands on hips.

"What's going on in Miss Roper's room? Where's your daughter?" Narinda demanded with a scowl as they stood nervously before her to attention.

"I-I don't know Miss I ...haaah," Caroline gasped in pain as the girl slapped her round the face.

“You don’t know what’s going on! Don’t lie, you cow! Your daughter’s probably being f—ked senseless right now by Miss Roper and you don’t care. What kind of crap mother are you?”

Crack!

Caroline gasped from another stinging slap. For a moment she saw red and considered lunging at her attacker as they were alone in the cell. Yet she knew the absolute futility of that, the place was covered by CCTV and the collars would ensure their compliance; they were surrounded by evil here.

“Right, both of you get out those shit clothes, strip naked!” she glared at them, feet planted apart, threatening.

Only for a moment did Caroline hesitate before demonstrating her submission to the bitch and began undoing the zip of her tiny dress, which at least provided some covering of her modesty and shame.

“Hands on head! No talking, no moving! You know the drill,” their tormentor spat.

Caroline shivered in fear and shame as the young girl walked slowly around, looking contemptuously at them. She was nothing better than a power-crazed thug in uniform and she obviously relished having the two women nearly double her age naked and helpless before her.

“I see you’ve just been caned, girl, that’s good,” Narinda smiled. “Five strokes it looks like.” She inspected the thin lines on the delightful globes flinching before her.

“Aah,” Caroline gasped as the girl’s baton jabbed her breasts making them bounce softly.

“You’re a slut and a tart, girl,” her dusky tormentor growled. “I know you’ve been with Miss Roper and Hamil, working your way round the prison flashing your big green eyes, tits and shapely arse at anyone you see!” She slapped Caroline’s sore bottom, making her wince.

“If your butt’s sore, maybe I should try here.”

“Arghhhh,” Caroline gasped in terrible pain as the girl’s cane lashed twice across her sensitive breasts. Blinking back tears at the outrage, she managed to keep her hands on her head, resisting the urge to protect her womanly assets or to scratch out the laughing eyes of the smirking cow.

“And as for you,” the bitch had now moved to stand before Mary, “you’re such a fat cow no one would look twice at you.!” She jabbed the woman’s large breasts to make them wobble. Then her baton tapped her

stomach, which the sobbing woman tried to hold in. “Perhaps I can arrange a treat for both of you,” she gave a smile which sent a shiver of fear into both shuddering women. “Up on the table, back to back, sit with your knees up, legs as wide apart as you can, hands back on head,” she demanded curtly.

Caroline groaned as she heaved herself up onto the hard wooden surface, pressing hard onto her sore backside, and unwillingly prostrated herself before her grinning tormentor. When she had raised and spread her legs wide apart to the cow’s satisfaction, she clasped her hands to her head, licking her lips nervously, her eyes imploring those of the sadistic Negress.

Narinda, although angry that Maxine had chosen to be with the teenage prisoner rather than be with her for their normal Sunday afternoon coupling was nevertheless intending to make up for it. Sensing that Maxine was drifting away from her attentions and always eager for her superior’s job, she had planted secret cameras in her room, which she hoped would provide evidence of Maxine getting too familiar with prisoners. Although enforced sex was used as a weapon to break people down here, it was normally done publicly and brutally. She guessed that Maxine was getting soft and that she was never really up for the job – which was hers. Now she would also continue to humiliate the women who she blamed for initially distracting Maxine and she determined to have them all removed permanently from the prison to remove the distractions.

There was no doubting the beauty of the blonde woman perched on the table, looking at her so fearfully with her big green eyes. Her 36B breasts were still perfect, rising and falling softly with her tension, the nipples red cones of apprehension. Between the shapely and uplifted thighs peeked such delicious oyster-like pink lips. She stood looking at both shapely women sideways on, noting the delicate arch of each spine, the swelling of their hindquarters touching as they perched on the table; two sexy bookends. The bigger woman, Mary, wasn’t bad either, certainly pretty, but she could play on her lack of self-esteem.

“Your c—t is obscene.” She wrinkled her nose as she stood between Mary’s raised legs before the dark hairy oval of her sex, spitting the lie into her flinching, timid face. “Your son could probably have come out of there the size he is now,” she laughed, playfully squeezing the now

crying woman's raised knees, her cane tracing a line up her quivering inner thighs.

"Maybe both you ladies would like a banana?" She produced two from her bag. "I'm doing you a favour! Well?" she demanded.

"Thank you, Miss," both women whispered, their eyes searching for the 'catch.'

"Hugghh," Caroline grunted her eyes wide with shock and outrage as the smirking Negress pushed the fruit slowly into Caroline's gaping pink sex until at least six inches were within her with just a little protruding. Obediently she kept her hands on her head, albeit the knuckles now white with tension and rage.

"Very pretty," Narinda smirked, obscenely poking out her long tongue to lick the tear-stained cheek of her victim. "But maybe something missing? Ah yes," she rammed her half finished apple into the blonde's sensuous mouth. "Wait there." She strolled round to Mary and similarly abused the larger woman until both her victims crouched on the table with bananas jutting from them.

"Something for you here, Hamil, cell no 69." She spoke into her throat radio seeing the look of dread in each pair of eyes as the women heard the Arab's name.

She could imagine how exposed and vulnerable they must feel in that position, the most revealing any woman could adopt and now to be viewed like that by a brute of a man. She watched as sweat began to bead each shining face.

"Nice, huh?" Smiling, she stood again between Caroline's thighs and began gently to move the banana in and out of the clinging sex. She allowed her fingers to brush the top of the splayed lips feeling her sleeping bud within her woman's lips, determined to stir it into life.

Then footsteps echoed down the corridor and a large shadow filled the door. Both women trembled in greater dread, longing to cover rather than blatantly offer themselves.

"Hi Hamil. I think our fat friend here wants to be f—ked whilst I take care of the blonde whore." Narinda spoke sweetly to the ugly giant.

"Please..." she heard Mary gasp from the other side of the table as Hamil immediately extracted himself and waggled his enormous manhood between the woman's spread knees.

"Oh yes, oh yes please lady, you'll get it don't worry," he breathed.

“Ughhhhh,” the grunting gasp was torn from her as he thrust in and Narinda felt Caroline jerk forward with each of the Arab’s thrusts into her companion behind.

“We must match that or try to do better,” she breathed into the blonde’s flushed, straining face as she began plunging the banana in and out with greater vigour, seeing and hearing the moisture grow as her fingers stroked her captive’s clitoris to a nub of pleasure, the banana now sliding in and out quite freely and with a liquid squish.

Surreptitiously, Narinda’s own hips began to jerk slightly around the table leg, which she had gripped between them and was rubbing herself up and down to match her victim’s pleasure, albeit unwanted; but she was determined to snatch her own satisfaction somehow even without Maxine. Caroline’s hips now began to involuntarily jerk under the ministrations of the young Negress, her bottom clenching and pressing back against those of Mary as both prisoners reached an involuntary climax.

As Hamil wiped his gleaming member on Mary’s still splayed thighs, his sadistic companion beamed into Caroline’s ashamed face, her ebony hands brushing the blonde hair from her shining features.

“You were quite good, for a whore,” she breathed, kissing her victim’s quivering lips, “I hope you enjoyed your last orgasm.” She patted the smooth flanks. “Oh, and maybe something for the weekend,” she smirked as another idea came to her to add to the shame of her victims. “Remain without moving or talking for ten minutes after we have gone. Don’t let them drop – oh and then you will then eat the bananas,” she instructed, giggling with amusement. “We shall be watching on the cameras to ensure you do as you’re told.”

As she locked the cell door Narinda smirked at the sight of both women, still in exactly the same pose on the table, shame and anguish imprinted on each pretty face. In addition to the banana jutting from each ripe set of sex lips, the women now had their own toothbrushes projecting from each of their puckered anus, bristles first. She laughed at her ingenuity

CHAPTER 8

The following day all six prisoners, their wrists cuffed behind them, were herded into the back of a covered lorry. Unsmiling guards tugged down the flap to leave them sitting on hard wooden benches with the grinning Hamil.

“You no talk, and give no trouble - I hope, or maybe yes?” he smirked, sliding his large, dirty hands menacingly up and down the length of his baton.

Caroline was unfortunate enough to be sitting nearest to the brute and she shivered in revulsion as he casually rested a grimy hand on her thigh below the short white smock she wore as her only clothing. She felt revolted but, after the liberties the swine had already taken with her and her daughter, his hands sliding suggestively, obscenely up and down her was the least of her worries.

“Pretty lady open them up for nice Hamil, you no hide, we make good f—k before,” he leered suggestively, obviously enjoying her shame and Paul’s repressed impotent anger as she reluctantly parted her thighs. His hands were rough and hot and she felt sick as they crawled like bloated flies up the fluttering skin to tickle the soft lips of her sex.

“Ughh,” she wriggled in disgust and discomfort as they pushed inside her, filling her horribly, but she tried to play down her feelings lest Paul should be tempted to try anything to stop him. Perhaps, she considered, that was their plan?

She quaked in fear, assuming rape and then maybe a merciful oblivion. They were obviously not being released and indeed, she pondered, what would life hold for them now in England ? She thought of anything, anything at all, to take her mind off the revolting fingers crawling obscenely within her and now pushing past the rubbery resistance of her sphincter.

They would have no jobs, no money, they wouldn’t be allowed to leave the country and she assumed the network of helpers in France who assisted such escapes would by now have been broken up. Indeed, any people remaining in that pipeline would be unlikely to help them after their betrayal, no matter it was induced under torture. They would, she decided dejectedly, join the ranks of those who simply disappeared these

days in England ; or maybe they were being transferred to another prison so to be made into even more abject slaves of the State.

“You have nice mouth, you use it down there,” Hamil demanded, one hand going to his soiled trousers whilst the other continued to swish his baton menacingly at his other glowering captives.

“Please ... yaahhh,” she gasped in pain, tears springing to her eyes as he cruelly lashed his baton across her breasts thrusting under her thin smock. The pain was awful, personal, intense and casually inflicted by the bastard. She heard Paul protest until silenced by the brute jabbing his belly, doubling him up.

“Ok, I try baton for size on husband for those angry looks he give me, then I see how soft daughter’s mouth is, yes?” Hamil smiled cruelly, idly prodding Caroline’s throbbing boobs, making them bounce suggestively under the thin covering.

“No, please, all right, Sir,” she hastily agreed to his unwholesome demand, sinking to her knees under the hand pushing down on her head.

“And if you try anything - with your teeth - your daughter and husband next eh,” he threatened, “now suck good, suck everything up.” He leaned back, still flexing his baton.

The tension was almost visible in the back of the hot lorry as Caroline’s head bobbed under his huge hand, the wet feminine lapping from between his broad thighs the only sound apart from the engine’s whine. Paul glared helplessly as the giant winked at him, lifting his wife’s short smock to reveal the delicate curve of her spine leading to the enticing swelling of her hindquarters, which he patted with complete possession as her warm, wet mouth sucked him dry as he shuddered into her, clasp the back of her head tightly.

After an hour of morose silence in which Caroline longed for a drink to wash away the male taste of her tormentor from her mouth, the bumpy lorry stopped and there came a few noises from the cab behind them. She stared pitifully at Sarah and Paul, trying to memorise their faces for the journey into the unknown, which she now felt sure was imminent. Maybe it would come after another degrading attack? Paul and their friends looked frightened too but Sarah was remarkably calm and peaceful, almost smiling; she was glad for that at least.

“Hamil, out a minute.”

Caroline was almost surprised to hear Maxine Roper’s voice from

outside, summoning the Arab to join her. She was even more surprised when, as he bent over to clamber down, he suddenly stiffened and grunted, jerking in tune to the soft ‘plops’ from what sounded like a silenced gun. His wide, shocked eyes met theirs for a moment, which were equally large in shock and fear as his hands relaxed their grip on the tailgate and he slid slowly from their sight.

“That’s a few scores settled!” Maxine smiled in satisfaction and relief, as she unhooked the lorry’s rear flap. “Let me unlock those cuffs and collar, Sarah, then you can do the others so we can get on our way before anyone stumbles across the bodies of this creep here and Narinda in the cab.” The Commandant, for the first time, was addressing her as an equal rather than a subjugated prisoner or slave.

“Thanks Maxine.” Sarah turned around so her wrists and collar could be released, as if she had been expecting this. She smiled at Caroline. “It’s OK, Mum, everything’s fine now, Maxine has arranged for us to get out of the country and start again,” she breathed as she began releasing their cuffs.

Within two hours they were all again dressed in the clothes they were wearing when captured, their passports clutched in trembling hands they disembarked in France to greet their smiling French contacts.

“Oh, Mum, Dad, didn’t you ever wonder why I had no serious boyfriends, only plenty of girlfriends?” Sarah smiled coyly to her parents later. “I’ve never been entirely sure of my sexuality but now Maxine here,” she gazed adoringly at a now much softer Miss Roper, “has shown me the way and has released me, metaphorically and physically.”

“My darling, I just couldn’t bear to part from you and if the only way we can be together is living in France then so shall it be.” Maxine smiled at the lovely dark-haired teenager who clung to her hand and snuggled up to her. “If that meant I had to arrange for everyone to get out of the country, then again, so be it,” she smiled. “When my mind started running in those circles I tipped off the French after you provided details of the contacts to lie low so that they could avoid what transpired to be fruitless raids by the English police. Don’t worry, we are all a product of our regimes, now ours has changed I will, too. I was sucked

into the system and found that the only way to survive was to be even more brutal.” She looked at Paul and Caroline. “They had surveillance cameras everywhere at the centre and so I daren’t step out of character, even when I found your daughter and my world changed. I’ll take good care of her, I love her.”

The dark-haired girl who had, until recently, controlled every aspect of their lives, smiled lovingly at the beautiful teenager, again wearing her cap at a jaunty angle on her head, who tenderly kissed her cheek.

END