





Puppet

By

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1

Emma huddled behind the old wooden crates that had once contained vegetables for Spitalfields market. 1850s London was a harsh and unforgiving place for someone on the streets. If the rain and smog didn't rot you, then getting locked up in Brixton for stealing a meal would break what was left.

Orphaned at an early age, she was used to life on the streets but the pangs of an empty stomach and having to fall asleep on old rags and newspapers made her feel as hopeless as ever in the foggy London evening.

A lot of the girls she'd grown up with had already found better lives for themselves. They were either stocky or wiry to become servants of some sort or they were shapely enough to have been taken off of the streets and given work getting fucked by gentlemen in brothels. Neither of these ways of escaping had ever appealed to Emma, besides years of undernourishment had kept her small and slight.

Emma's face was doll-like. At least that's what the flower seller always used to tell her. She would look into the girl's round blue eyes and smile and call her "my little doll", and would place a flower in her curly long hair. That always made the upturned lips on Emma's face crack into a smile and her pale porcelain complexion would turn pink and flush for a time.

She touched the flower that had been put behind her ear a day ago. It was wilting and the yellow petals becoming brown and slimy on the edges. She pulled out a broken shard of mirror glass from a small wrapped up rag and held it up, trying to make herself out in the dim street lighting. Her face was covered in grime and her headscarf was so dirty it looked as though it was actually meant to be the colour of the sewage and mud beneath her.

A slopping noise splashed down from a nearby window. A housewife or a servant tipping out a very full chamber pot. The stench reached her nose as she placed her shard back into the rag and huddled against the side of the crates, dosing and closing her eyes as the smells reminded her of her place in life and her stomach told her how poor she was.

Half asleep, she heard the clicking of booted heels coming down the narrow cobbled street. She wondered if it might be someone that lived nearby or if someone had come to collect the crates to take back to wherever they'd come from.

The clicking stopped right in front of her.

Her eyes squinted open, just enough to see but still look as though she might be sleeping, a trick she'd picked up early on when she'd found her way onto the streets.

It was a woman in a long black dress. That was a shock in itself. Women didn't usually wander the streets at night in London alone, at least not ones that looked like this one.

She was tall and slim. Her dress was buttoned right up to her neck and had a black lace frill hanging down over her chest. There was black lace on the long sleeves and at the hemline near the woman's ankles. Emma moved her eyes up and caught the woman's gaze. She had cold looking grey eyes and a face that seemed devoid of any emotion, almost wooden. Her hair was covered with a bonnet but Emma could make out wisps of dark hair sticking out of the black rim.

She sniffed then spoke. Her voice was rich as she talked down at Emma in a manner that suggested that she was well aware that the girl was faking her slumber.

“How old are you, girl?”

Emma stayed still, hoping she'd move on. She was creepy and it wasn't the first time someone had tried to pull her into a workhouse.

The woman pressed the dirty heel of her boot onto Emma's ragged clothes and nudged her sharply.

Emma opened her eyes and narrowed them, trying but failing to make herself look tough.

“I'm eighteen, Ma'am” her cockney accent as thick as the air around them.

Emma hoped that would be enough to dissuade the woman from taking her in to some factory or mill to labour on a pittance. She was too old for the pay they liked to normally pay their labourers.

“How much do you weigh?” the woman asked, her own accent sounding aristocratic although it was clear she wasn't or she wouldn't be here on the streets.

“Dunno, ma’am. Not much I wouldn’t imagine” Emma said, her brow creasing as she looked up at the woman puzzled.

“Stand up”. It wasn’t a suggestion as much as a short, sharp command.

Emma rose to her feet, dubious and unsure what to expect next from this strange encounter.

“Hmm, a hair’s whisper under five foot”, the woman said, turning around Emma’s smelly-rag-clad body. She looked the girl up and down like she was a joint of meat in a butchers shop before standing right behind her.

She pulled out white cotton gloves and put them on her hands as Emma looked over her shoulder.

“Stay still”, she ordered and placed her hands under Emma’s armpits then lifted her up as though she was a toy, her feet dangled up over the dirty street paving. She felt helpless and too weak to argue with this weird behaviour. Maybe the strange woman would toss her a penny for her time and be on her way. She’d heard of doctors and nurses using homeless people for their medical tests, maybe that’s what this was.

“About six and a half stone. You’ll do.” The woman said, letting Emma’s feet touch the ground again. She stepped back round to the front, her face still as emotionless as a statue.

“I’ll pay you fifteen shillings a week starting now. Come with me”, she said abruptly, her hands busily peeling off the gloves and rolling them up.

Fifteen shillings! That was a good wage for anyone in London but for a girl like Emma it was an absolute fortune. She’d never even seen fifteen shillings in one go. She almost pounced at the chance there and then but it seemed too good to be true and there was something creepy about this woman that made Emma ask the question.

“What’d I be doing for fifteen shillings a week, ma’am?”

The woman’s head tilted a little to one side as her grey eyes bored into Emma’s.

“You’d be my dummy or my puppet depending on the show. I’m an entertainer and your body would be my prop to use in my performances. You’ll get a room, costumes to wear and food in addition to your pay but if you aren’t what I want, if you can’t live up to the role, I will put you back where I found you... in the gutters of the East End. If you come with me now, there’ll be a hot meal, a bath and a bed waiting for you but I need to get away from this stench so follow me or don’t it’s your choice.”

The woman turned and clopped down the street, not bothering to look back as she went.

Emma couldn’t miss an opportunity like this. This could be her ticket off of the streets for good even if the job sounded bizarre. She gathered her possessions,

slung them in a rag and folded them up, then ran after the woman to catch her up, not even knowing her name or where she was taking her.

The woman lived in a flat above a shop on the good end of Petticoats Lane. Emma climbed a set of stairs up to the entrance, a red door lit by candlelight. The woman turned a long brass key in an old looking lock and opened it, letting Emma see and feel the warm glow of the living room straight inside.

“You aren’t traipsing through my flat in your dirty begging rags, take them off here and put them in this bucket so that I can burn them.”

Emma looked up at the woman. A fear of strangers was a healthy instinct for a girl in her position and being asked to get naked in front of one made her want to bolt.

The woman pointed to a bathtub in the centre of the room, not far from the crackling flames of the fireplace.

“It’ll still be warm. I bathed in it just an hour ago.”

She looked at Emma’s expression.

“Just me and you here, girl. I’m a woman and you’re a woman. What do you expect will happen?” she asked, her eyebrows rising, breaking the stillness of her wooden expression.

Emma was reluctant to part with her rags. She'd had them for years and they had almost literally become a part of her but the bath did look inviting. Apart from the odd dip in the canal, Emma hardly ever washed.

She crouched down and slipped off her broken shoes with their holes in and placed them in the bucket, then her dress, if it could still be called that, came off and went in on top of the shoes. She undid her headscarf and placed that in, then stood in her greyed underdress plucking up the courage to strip that off too. A girl like her couldn't afford drawers or a corset, so under that she would be revealing her pale-skinned flesh to this strange woman.

As she lifted off the underdress she heard a muffled chuckle.

"Well I said you were a woman but it's clear that your body hasn't caught up with your years yet. I think you will do nicely. You stink like the shitty streets I found you in, get in the bath and use plenty of soap."

Emma couldn't remember the last time she had walked anywhere naked and taking those few steps to the big metal tub felt strange and exposed. She lifted her leg over the side and felt the lukewarm water on her skin. It felt good. She let her whole leg go in up to her thigh then spun and let the other one feel the delicious gentle feeling of water on her skin. She sat down into it, feeling it go into her crack as her small bum sat onto a wooden slat on the base of the bath. She picked up the large cake of soap and started to lather her neck and face.

Satisfied that Emma was now cleaning herself, the woman unhooked the pin holding her bonnet in place and shook her long, wavy hair then unbuttoned the front of her dress. Emma noticed just then that the woman was really beautiful

but her coldness made her seem less attractive in some way. She took her shoes off and left them at the door, then walked over to a room and shut the door behind her.

Emma dipped her soapy face and hair into the bath, plunging herself down and then coming up to blow the water out her mouth and rub her tingling eyes.

This was already better than being on the streets she thought to herself.

She looked around the room searching for clues as to who this woman was and found herself trying to decipher a set of posters on the walls. Emma had never learned to read but she could clearly see the woman with a ventriloquist dummy on her lap in one of the pictures. She appeared to be dressed in a British military uniform while the dummy was dressed up like Napoleon. She knew the costumes from street performances that re-enacted scenes from the war.

She looked around the room. There were wires and dummies and all kinds of equipment strewn around the room and some things she couldn't even imagine what they were for but at least it proved in her head that this woman was who she had said she was.

She turned to check if she was really alone then stood up and soaped between her legs, making sure she got the months of smell and dirt off of her holes.

She dipped her slim thighs back down into the water and rubbed hard over her anus and pussy with the sponge that had been placed next to the soap. She had always been uncomfortable with her own body and had never been educated in what her two orifices down there were other than a dirty place where piss and

shit comes out of that needs to be hidden and kept away from men because they liked to put their cocks into it. The back hole was for sodomites and Emma had been told by other girls that anyone that let anything go inside there would be a sinner and would surely burn in hell.

The floorboards announced the woman was coming back to the living room. The door opened with a metal clunk then closed sharply behind her. Emma almost jumped when she saw what the woman was wearing or more accurately what she wasn't wearing. London was a sordid and nasty place to say the least but it was 1856 and a girl like Emma didn't get to see as much flesh on another person in a year as she did just then. The woman strolled past with a pair of bloomers on and nothing else. The bloomers themselves had a split down the crotch and up the crack and Emma counted her blessings that it was buttoned up. The frilly hems came down to the top of the woman's knee but it was the fact that she had nothing on top that had startled Emma the most.

Her back was slender but shapely and had a strange tattoo running down the centre of the spine in letters that Emma knew weren't ones they used in this country, the shapes and angles of the ink were different from the letters she'd seen on newspapers and on shop fronts. Dark curly hair drifted down to her shoulders as her hips swayed beneath her, making Emma becoming momentarily mesmerised by the feminine movement.

The woman carried a leather roll of tools in one hand. She turned and sat on a red cushioned chair opposite the bath, her legs parted widely as she leaned forward, her elbows on her thighs.

Emma shut her eyes. She'd seen the woman's naked breasts. She squinted them tightly shut and splashed about in the water making out that she was washing her armpits but was really just trying to cover up her own little, pink nipples.

“Open your eyes”, the woman said, sounding unimpressed.

Emma peeked one open slightly and looked down at the bath water in front of her. She was a little startled and embarrassed to see how it had turned a muddy colour from all the dirt and grime on her body.

“I said open your eyes”, the voice turned sinister in tone as the woman leaned further on the chair.

Emma opened her eyes and met the cold grey gaze.

The woman got up and moved a towel on the floor in front of the fireplace.

“Sit here”, she commanded.

Emma got out of the bath, a hand around her chest covering her nipples as the other cupped her wispy hairs on the front of her crotch. She sat on her feet on the towel, her wet body glistening in the warm glow of the fire’s flames. She felt somehow content but at the same time very nervous.

“Ma’am. My name is Emma and I wanted to thank you for inviting me into your fine home”, Emma held her hand out to the woman who just ignored it.

“You need to be in my fine home so that I can prepare you and keep you ready

for performances. I don't need to know your name. You are my dummy from now on so you will answer to that and anything else I call you. Clear?"

A twinge of nerves, both good and bad tickled the insides of Emma's tummy at the authoritarian, dismissive way the woman spoke.

"Right you are, Ma'am. And how should I address you?" Emma asked, hoping to learn the woman's name.

"Ma'am will do", the cold reply came.

The woman reached out and lifted one of Emma's arms.

"I am going to remove all hair from your body now", she said. It wasn't a suggestion or a request. It was a fact.

She took out a cutthroat razor and placed it by Emma on the floor then she took the bar of soap from the side of the bath and rubbed it in her hands.

"Arms up", she told the girl.

Emma hesitated but the woman didn't and gave Emma a sharp cuff around the head. It was very common for a girl like Emma to be cuffed, slapped or smacked and it wasn't always on her head. She'd taken some serious bare bottom

spankings from angry shopkeepers in her time. This was just more of the same and she was used to the pain but it had its desired effect as she lifted her hands up obediently, guessing it wasn't wise to make her host angry in her own home especially when she had a razor nearby.

Emma looked at Emma's tiny breasts as stony-faced as she had been when they first met.

"You literally have nothing to hide anyway", she commented and shifted her attention to rubbing soap into Emma's pits.

Emma looked at the woman's breasts as she let her armpits submit to being shaved. They were round and ample but were angled so that the round, dark pink areolas pointed up towards Emma's face as if they were beckoning her. They wobbled and moved as the woman worked to clear her pits of any dark hair that had once been hidden in the now fresh and clean crevices.

"Done", the woman murmured and Emma took that as a sign that she could put her arms down and investigate the feel of her newly shaved skin.

It felt like she imagined silk might feel if she'd ever be lucky enough to touch some. It felt so smooth that she managed a smile.

"Now for your muff", the woman said, parting Emma's legs from her knees.

Her instinct was to clamp them back shut again but that just got slapped on her

thighs that made her draw sharp breaths and wince.

“Open your fucking legs, dummy. Who’s heard of a puppet with a hairy muff?”

The woman pushed her back onto her elbows and made her part her legs.

Emma’s harp-shaped lips parted and she shivered slightly as the woman gave a distant smile and looked at what the petite girl had to offer.

“That’s a nice little quim you have there, very tight and slit-like. Are you sure you’re eighteen?”

“Definite, Ma’am... Although I’m not sure it’s right for a girl’s employer to be commenting on her quim though, Ma’am”, Emma said with a nervous smile.

The woman ignored her and reached out to stroke the few light brown hairs she had.

“A virgin for sure. It looks as though being malnourished has set you back a bit. That’s good.”

That’s good? Emma thought. Being hungry for years and not having the right food to grow strong and healthy... good? She wanted to tell the woman to bugger off but when she saw the cutthroat razor move towards her slit she

thought better of it. The metal glinted in the firelight and made her freeze completely. The woman rubbed soap onto her crotch and down over the tight line of her pussy. She felt the woman stroke over her slit and when she lifted that hand up, she showed Emma a sticky web of the clear juices, the attention to her naked body getting her slippery and wet.

In that moment Emma would have quite happily crawled back behind the crates in the market and hope that this woman never found her again but she was frozen to the spot as the woman brought her hand up to Emma's lips.

Emma noticed another tattoo. This one was on the woman's wrist, a strange symbol, like a heart with a T inside it.

She felt the woman gently brush her finger along her lips, lubricating them with the juices from her pussy. It felt good. She'd never felt anything on her lips except scraps of food or the occasional fist or cock but this gave her mouth a whole new purpose. Her full lips seemed to tingle, like they were being tickled and she found herself not wanting it to end.

End it did however as the woman's attention turned back to her other hand with the blade next to the top of Emma's crotch. She brushed the hairs away with the sharp edge, scraping gently and carefully until every hair was removed.

She took a corner of the cotton towel and wiped away any remaining soap so that the girl was left with a smooth, hairless pussy.

Emma felt her body getting hot from the fire and from the intimate shave. Sweat started to bead her forehead and she felt the dampness start to make her newly

shaved armpits sore.

“Now I need to see if you have any hairs in your bum crack”, the woman said matter-of-factly.

Emma felt her heart race.

“Beggin’ your pardon, Ma’am?”

“Your roundmouth! Your little knotted blind cupid. Oh, what do you Cockney’s call an asshole?”

“But that’s my dirty hole, Ma’am. I couldn’t show it to you or to anyone. It’s not for anyone’s viewing, not even mine”, Emma protested. She’d only ever known her anus for the job it occasionally performed after she had managed to gobble something down worth digesting.

The woman grabbed a clump of Emma’s light brown hair and twisted it round in her hand.

“Oooww ow ow”, Emma yelped, forgetting about her modesty as she was expertly twisted and pulled around by her hair so that her face was pressed into the towel with her bum sticking up behind her.

“A round, pert posterior...small and a bit on the thin side. Now for the anus... very nice. It seems I’ve got lucky. That is a good-looking little arsehole and not a hair on it to boot. I think having such a pretty bum ring deserves a reward. There’s bangers and mash on the stove over there. Go and eat up then wash it down with some beer from the jug on the table next to the stove.”

Emma could never have imagined that just showing her asshole to someone could earn her a hearty meal and some beer to wash it down. She looked puzzled but didn’t argue or look up at the woman. She was famished and hadn’t eaten more than a few scraps that day, besides the fire was almost cooking her creamy porcelain skin. She’d already felt droplets of sweat tickle its way down her back and run between her ass crack and over the ‘pretty’ thing that had earned her a meal.

She stood and walked over to the stove forgetting that she was naked as her mouth started to water. She held the big wooden spoon over the clay dish and scooped a helping of thick, juicy sausages and mashed potato into a nearby bowl. It smelled fresh and delicious and she had to be careful not to drool all over the woman’s floor as she tipped some beer from of the jug into a tall glass.

She walked over to a corner of the room and sat huddled, cross-legged with the bowl in her lap. She was used to having to watch out for others as she ate, mainly to be ready to run or hide the food. She shovelled a handful of potato into her mouth then grasped a sausage and bit hungrily on it. She didn’t waste time chewing too much and just swallowed it down her throat as she would have done on the streets. Being a fast and efficient eater was a survival tactic that Emma wasn’t even aware was strange as she glanced up at the amused look on the woman’s face. She picked up the glass of beer and took a gulp, adding the malty flavours to her re-filled mouth.

“Thank you, Ma’am. It’s delicious. You’re most kind”, Emma said, remembering that there was a thing known as manners that people who lived in homes had.

She quickly swallowed another mouthful down to speak again.

“Sorry, Ma’am. I’m not used to good manners when I eat.”

“It’s fascinating watching how enthusiastically you eat and how you don’t even hesitate to wonder whether the food is tainted or not”, the woman mused thoughtfully.

“I don’t really have much choice normally, Ma’am.”

The woman smiled knowingly as though there was something about the food that held some secret and she seemed especially interested every time Emma took a bite of sausage.

She emptied the bowl and licked her fingers clean, looking longingly at the dish with more bangers and mash on it. She emptied the beer, feeling the start of a light, airy feeling fill her head. She wasn’t used to booze and had only ever had beer a couple of times before.

The woman’s look turned cold and stern again.

“That’s enough food for you tonight. Your room is through there”, she said pointing to a door on the right of the back wall of the living room. Emma put the bowl down reluctantly but felt fuller than she had in many years and stood up being careful not to burp too loudly as she felt her stomach struggle with more than it was used to.

She looked down at her naked body, very aware of it once again.

“Will I be given something in place of my clothes?” she asked timidly, not meeting the woman’s piercing gaze.

“No you won’t. Those rags need burning and they don’t merit something in their place. You will spend your time without a costume until it is time for a performance or I say otherwise. Now, get in here”, she said, opening the white painted wooden door.

Emma shuffled a little apprehensively towards the dark room but as soon as she was at the door the woman gave an impatient shove and slammed it shut behind her, locking it with a key that turned and clicked a bolt in the frame.

“There’s a chamber pot in the corner. Use it and do not make a mess or you’ll be sorry you did”, she heard the woman say shortly through the wood.

She muttered a “Yes, Ma’am” and looked around.

There was a small barred window with no latch that let in a bit of light from the street, just enough to highlight the three contents of the room. A mattress, clean enough and not too old looking and a large, round dark metal pot in the corner and a jug of water.

To Emma this looked like the finest hotel room in the world. She had her own private space, a bed for the night that wasn't shared with rats and didn't smell of piss.

What more could a girl like me hope for? She asked herself as she curled onto her side and laid on the cushiony surface. Maybe something to protect her modesty she thought as she sighed and closed her eyes but maybe this was the price she would pay to make this strange woman give her the comfort of a roof over her head and food in her belly. As she snuggled down on the mattress she felt it was worth it even if it was already the strangest experience in her life. She closed her eyes and fell into a deep, contented sleep.

She awoke with a start, jumping up as she felt the coolness of the early morning on her naked skin. She darted her head round instinctively, looking for signs of danger but found none. She lifted her tiny frame up off of the spot that her body had warmed and padded in her bare feet over the floorboards to the chamber pot. Her stomach had been at work all night digesting and nourishing her body and was now ready for. The room was soon filled with the smell of the steaming contents of the pot but she was used to far worse and at least it had come from her.

She gave her asshole a firm scrub with scoops of water from the jug. She had to maintain some extra levels of cleanliness if she was to be kept naked. She didn't want her bum to smell or for the woman to inspect her again and find it dirty.

When she was done she sat back down on the bed and watched the sun rise up over the tall buildings, fearing to go near the window in case someone saw or caught a glimpse of her body.

About an hour later she heard the bolt turn in the door and then watched as it was opened and the woman stood there wearing a leather corset over thick white cotton tights and knee-high boots. She looked like a far more revealing version of a ringmaster that Emma had seen on posters around London.

“Out”, she ordered. She may as well have been carrying a lion-taming whip, the way she snapped out the command.

“Bring that chamber pot with you and pour it into the one I've put over there, then pour it out that window.”

Emma followed the woman's instructions and slopped her pot's contents into the woman's then headed to the window. The smell from the pot made her want to empty it quickly but she froze as she got close to the window, remembering how devoid of covering she was.

She figured out a complicated way of crouching below the window frame and opened the latch by reaching out with her bare arm. She then lifted the heavy pot up from the base and tipped it up over the ledge, listening until the slopping noise hit the drains down in the street.

"Get some porridge then we start rehearsing" the woman said, walking over to the red cushioned chair near the fireplace.

Emma pulled the pot back inside and closed the window then placed it back before walking over to the stove to slop some steaming porridge into a bowl. This time she paused to find a spoon before heading over to the dying embers of the fire. She wanted to look as well mannered as possible for the woman.

She ate in silence as the woman just stared at her. The look was strange, like she enjoyed what she was looking at but at the same time it seemed to threaten something that Emma couldn't place.

She was used to being looked down on by women but had never found herself the focus of their attention and wasn't used to knowing what to do with herself. As the woman watched her body shuffle nervously she tried to hide her parts that girls shouldn't show. She didn't really know how to sit, cross legged would have revealed her pussy, on her bum would have pressed her asshole onto the hard wooden floorboards near the fire grate and that would have been inconsiderate to

the woman to have as Emma saw it, her smelly part, pressing down onto her floor. She decided to sit on her feet, curling them under her and, after she had finished her bowl, folded her arms to hide her small pink nipples.

“I’ve told you to stop hiding your body. There isn’t anything sinful about showing your naked body to another woman in the privacy of her own home. What do you expect I’m going to do? Ravish you, perhaps?” the woman said with a laugh that made that notion sound ridiculous.

Emma smiled. Her street smarts were making her feel that she should be wary and cautious but maybe she was just being silly. After all they were in the woman’s home and she had already seen every intimate part of her body already. She lowered her arms.

“Good. Now come over here. I’m going to show you what you need to do tonight”, she said, patting her thigh.

“But... I’m naked, Ma’am”, Emma protested.

“And I don’t give a shit, dummy. Now get over here. How else am I meant to practice with you if you don’t sit where you are going to have to tonight?” She asked, raising her voice to show her irritation.

Emma reluctantly stood up and padded over to her seated frame. She had to reach up as she was wrapped with long, toned arms and pulled up onto the woman’s legs.

The tights felt soft and warm as she was shifted so that her sideways position had her butt dangling just over the edge of the woman's left thigh.

Her body perched on the woman's like a doll, her calves dangling over the other side as her feet stretched, uselessly far from the floor. Her small frame meant that even with her back straight and the advantage of sitting on top of the woman's thighs she still didn't manage to reach the same level as the grey eyes that seemed to be taking in every inch of her.

She wobbled and tried to keep her balance as the woman reached down and picked up something from under the chair.

"Turn your head to look forward and lift your hair up", the woman ordered.

Emma raised her long hair. It hardly ever got cut and hadn't been styled so had become one large, wild mass.

She felt something cold and metallic touch her mouth and she jumped, making a little gasp as she tried to look down at what it was being put round her.

"Tut, tut", the voice came behind her, "it's just to stop you speaking when I use the dummy mouth."

Emma felt the woman press a metal ring into her mouth, making it open up wide into a gaping hole. Leather straps were placed along her face and then strapped tightly around the back of her head with a buckle. It felt strange being so

restricted, like a muzzle that she had seen on some of the more unruly horses on the streets of London. Her instinct was to run but she held herself, trying not to squirm as something else was put over the top of her head and then placed around her jaw and lower face. Straps were pulled and tightened behind her ears and head and then buckled, much in the same way as the gag. She was then allowed to lower her hair.

“There we are. Now you are my dummy”, the woman said.

Emma’s face turned to look at the grey eyes to understand what was happening.

“No, I’m not”, she heard a voice say. It sounded like a girl’s voice but seemed to be coming from the woman and yet her mouth didn’t move at all, just staying fixed in a thin smile. She felt some movement and clicking from the thing around her mouth as she heard the words.

“Yes, you are... look.”

The woman reached down and picked up a hand mirror and held it up in front of her.

Emma turned and looked into the oval mirror. On her face was a device that looked like a mouth and jaw, with paint a similar colour to her own skin and an exaggerated set of lips painted a rich raspberry pink.

She could see the woman’s face over her shoulder looking as unmoving as ever

and got a shock when the mouthpiece started to move and words seemed to come out of it.

“I am a dummy after all Ma’am and no mistaking”, a voice came in a thick cockney accent.

Emma’s eyes nearly popped out her head. How was this woman able to make a voice come out without moving her lips or showing any signs that she was talking?

“Ha ha ha, that’s bleeding marvellous. I’m a dummy and everything that comes out of my mouth is controlled by you, Ma’am”, the woman voiced as Emma the dummy.

Emma watched in amazement as the woman continued to make her speak through the mouthpiece, realising it was controlled by an air pump in the woman’s right hand which was kept down out of the view of the mirror just behind Emma’s thigh.

She noticed the woman look down at her soft, pale cream shoulders as she spoke and move her face close to the part where her collar bone made a little pit just before her neck and breathed in deeply.

Emma found it a strange act and wondered why anyone would want to smell her skin, warm and filled with the scent of overnight sweat. Maybe she was checking something, Emma thought trying to dismiss it.

The woman allowed herself a little smile as she held her nose close to Emma's skin and closed her eyes.

She felt a flat hand skim down the back of the spine groove in the centre of her back, sliding over her skin until it rested on the dimples just above her butt.

"I'm so lucky you found me, Ma'am. My poor little arse was about to be taken by a dirty back street brothel where men would come and stick their nasty big cocks into me all day long. They'd have shot their filthy loads into me again and again as they lived out their sick, perverted fantasies", the woman spoke but it was only Emma's fake mouth that had moved, that and the woman's left hand as it slid down her back and grasped her left bum cheek.

The woman smelled the delicious scent of youthful skin as she stared down at the precious find. There weren't many girls in the whole of London that could match this one in her doll-like physique and naivety. The little butt cheek was barely a handful but somehow still managed to be round and perky. She gave it a squeeze then a spank enjoying the noise the skin made as it was clipped with her palm.

Emma jerked at the bewildering attention but held herself still.

Fifteen shillings a week, food and a bed, she told herself in her head. If this woman was a bit familiar with her body that was okay, she was just being friendly Emma continued to convince herself, besides she was naked and what was a slap or a rub on the bum between employer and girl? And what harm can a woman do to the maidenly honour of a girl... assuming a girl like her had any right to honour?

Her hands were taken one by one and held together behind her back with a drawstring cord. The woman told her it was to keep her from disturbing the performance and to send her little signals with her left hand. A tap on her left palm from the woman's finger meant turn your head to the crowd and so on. Emma couldn't help feeling snared. Her hands were bound and her mouth was gagged and she was unable to speak or tell the woman if she needed anything.

The practising and rehearsing went on for most of the day until Emma was told it was time to make her into the doll that she would be that night. That was an experience that Emma had never known and wondered how other women managed to get ready for anything in time.

Her long brown hair was twisted into sausage curls, her face made up with blusher and charcoal eyeliner. False, long lashes were pressed onto her eyelids and then she was made to get into the costume. Luckily the cord, mouthpiece and gag were removed beforehand and she was allowed a few minutes to use the pot, get a glass of water and move her aching jaw about.

The costume was like a doll's. She'd seen similar in shop windows and had always dreamed of wearing something as pretty and now she was actually going to but this was one that was different and shockingly risqué, like something only a prostitute might wear in a brothel to attract a customer. It was a dress with a pink skirting and bust with a black corset all set in ruffled silk! Emma was going to feel silk against her skin for the first time as her excitement blinded her to the shortness and openness of the cut of the dress.

The woman held it open for her to step into. She almost cried with joy as she felt the sensual material stroke her skin. It was even softer than she'd imagined and had a kind of cooling touch as it brushed over her thighs and hips. She placed her arms into the black and pink ruffled shoulder pieces, unable to stop her wide grin.

“What are you smiling for, dummy?” the woman said as she adjusted the front to try to fit Emma’s lack of bust.

“I’ve never felt silk on my skin before, Ma’am. It’s so good”, Emma said dreamily.

The woman just huffed and moved around her back pulling the corset tight enough to make her squeak as her lungs had her breath squeezed out of them.

It was only when the thick thigh stockings were rolled up to the middle of each thigh that she realised the woman must have forgotten to put the underdress on or maybe she’d be wearing something like the bloomers the woman had worn.

“Beggin’ your pardon, Ma’am, but I think you’ve forgotten to put my undergarments on”, she said as politely as she could, not wanting to point out her better’s mistake and get a cuffing around her ears.

“You won’t be wearing underwear, dummy. The lack of it is part of the costume”, the woman said, slipping Emma’s feet into strange shoes that she’d never seen the likes of on the streets of London. They must have been part of the puppet costume because Emma had never seen a towering heel like that on any of the many feet that used to tread past her every day.

“But Ma’am... again, sorry for pointing things out to you an’ all but my arse is almost ‘anging out of this dress. If I bend over everyone’s going to see both my holes, clear as day.”

“That’s the idea you little idiot. Now, do you have anymore stupid questions to ask before I put the mouthpiece back on you?”

They trudged through the lamp lit streets, both wearing long hooded cloaks that trailed along the ground hiding the costumes they were wearing. Emma was struggling to walk in the towering heels. It was like she was walking on tiptoes and had to push her bum up and out behind her just to balance her body. The woman seemed oblivious as she stomped on down the smelly side streets before turning abruptly and going down a dark and uninviting alleyway.

Emma couldn't see any reason to be down among the empty crates and sacks of waste that covered the narrow passage between brick walls but couldn't question it with her mouth gaped wide. She was unable to even swear as a thick set man in a tight jacket and round topped hat appeared out of the shadows.

Emma's instinct to run was too great but her feet gave way under her with the ridiculous shoes, falling to the wet, cobbled ground like a helpless newborn lamb.

The man looked as though he was about to rip out of the undersized jacket as he laughed then turned to the woman.

"You're late. Your show is about to start in five minutes. The boss is pulling his hair out thinking you aint gonna show."

"I had to get the new dummy ready", the woman said, grunting over her shoulder as Emma struggled back to her feet, realising the brutish man wasn't the attacker she thought he was.

His attention turned to her. His close-set eyes moving up and down as he licked his fat lips and let out a deep rumbling noise.

“Cor’ Blimey. She’s a bit of jam, aint she. What happened to the China girl? I liked her.”

“You know what happened to her, you fucking rantallion. Now let us in.”

“Wait. Wait. Not before I’ve ‘ad me a look at your new girl. I ‘ave to stand out ‘ere all night freezing me bollocks off while missing out on all the shows. Give us a peep.”

He wasn’t asking Emma, not that she’d expect him to. He looked pleadingly at the woman until she sighed and took the cape off from around Emma’s body.

“Phoaw”, he groaned as he circled around Emma while she tried not to shiver too much in the revealing dress.

“You’re making my cock nice and hard, young lady. Bend over a bit more and show us yer dirty roundmouth.”

“He means yer arse’ole, poppet”, the woman said in a theatrical cockney accent as she pulled Emma forward by her shoulders, making her bend at the waist.

Phoaw”, he gurgled again as he lowered his potato-shaped head and held the hand lamp he was holding, illuminating Emma’s pushed out butt.

“I’m gonna knock one out thinking about you, darling”, he snarled lustily.

Emma didn’t know how to react. She’d never been an object of attention like this before but, as the woman pushed her back to standing, she looked over her shoulder to see the brute stroking his striped trousers around the crotch and actual drool spilling from his open mouth.

“Now let us in or Blackstone will have you strung up by your dirty bollocks”, the woman growled watching as the man shuffled to a crate, shifting it out of the way to reveal a door gilded in gold patterns and turned a heavy looking handle.

“Ma’am”, he said, bowing in an exaggerated fashion, then held his boxer’s nose close to Emma as she walked past, snorting hard. “Miss”, he sneered, sounding as if he was actually saying the word whore, making Emma feel uncomfortable and vulnerable at the sexual way the shoes she was wearing made her walk knowing they would prove useless if the man actually tried to pounce on her.

But the lit corridor she was led down soon stole her attention. The contrast couldn’t have been starker between that and the outside alleyway. It was light and pretty, the wooden floor and rows of doorways painted a dark shade of pink and the gas lamps lining the walls all elaborately set in glass coverings.

There were people too. Mostly women, all dressed in ways that Emma had never even imagined possible. A woman with skin the colour of bronze and jet black hair walked past wearing nothing but a set of leaf-shaped coverings on her

shapely body held on with threads of cotton that matched her skin tone. There was a snake wrapped over her shoulders but it wasn't real. Whatever it was made of, it looked heavy and was covered in tanned leather to look like green snake skin with two glass eyes on the head that appeared to have a clear shiny layer of wetness on its surface. The woman's dark eyes looked drugged as she padded in her bare feet to one of the doors and shut it behind her.

Two identical looking girls, not much older looking than Emma herself clumped past, their faces lowered as they were led away on leashes by a middle-aged man with a greying lamb chop beard wearing a red dressing gown. The girls both wore what looked like belts all over their body pressing into their flesh, making them look like the stripy hard candies Emma had seen in sweet shop windows.

As her neck turned back from seeing more semi-naked bodies than she'd seen in her life, Emma almost leapt back and lost her footing again as what looked like an over-painted and elaborately dressed giant woman with a huge mane of hair loomed over her employer.

"You're late", the red lips growled.

"Excuse me, Lord Blackstone. I have a new girl and she was slow in preparation. I assure you it won't happen again."

"You say that every time but then, it starts all over again with a new one. And do call me Edwina, when I am her", said the woman that would be Blackstone when not so attired with a frustrated snarl.

"You're on. Last act as usual. The perverts of London are all yours. I do hope for

her sake you give them what they came for”, Edwina said, fluttering her long lashes impatiently at Emma.

The woman only nodded and walked on, getting to a set of steps that led up to a wooden boarded stage. A woman with what appeared to be just the buttoned tunic and belt of a police constable but no trousers twirled a truncheon in her hand and bowed to an audience that Emma couldn’t see behind the pink, floral patterned curtains. As she stomped off stage, her pretty face twisted into a scowl.

“You better give ‘em what they want. They’re ‘ungry for ‘arse tonight. Fuckers booed me ‘til I stuffed me truncheon up my winker.”

Emma’s head was so busy trying to process all that she was seeing that she didn’t get quite what the ‘constable’ had said to the woman at the time and, before she could, her attention was snatched as an announcer called out from the other side of the stage and a chair was placed by on the centre of the wooden boards by a young man.

“And for our last act tonight we have one of your favourites... The Mysterious Puppet Mistress and her real life magical Dummy!”

“Come on. Whatever happens for fucks sake just go along with it. We don’t want to be mobbed by this lot. They’d literally tear us apart, the sick bastards”, the woman hissed as she took off her and Emma’s cloaks.

Emma nodded, hearing the mix of cheers, boos and jeers as she was held under her armpits and carried onto the stage.

The noises died down as the many faces of the audience contorted into furrowed expressions of curiosity and interest in Emma. Her heart pounded in her chest and she could feel her blood pulsing through her entire body as hundreds of eyes glared and peered at her. She watched as they all blended into one mass, a monster with a thousand eyes. Her worst nightmare of being noticed and a lifetime of instincts made her feel light headed and about to faint.

It was just in time that the woman held her by her waist and pulled her onto her left thigh, pulling her arms behind her back and in one move then wrapped and pulled the cord tie around Emma's wrists that she took from a purse bag tied to her leather corset.

Emma gripped the woman's finger as she had practised and turned her head towards the crowd but still she only saw a blurry forest of faces, their mouths shouting something but her ears ringing and unable to hear.

"Ladies and Gentleman... or should I say Muff fingerers and Tossers. Kindly shut yer traps and put yer 'ands together for the Mysterious Puppet Mistress." The voice was girlish and high, a bit like hers but with that same exaggerated accent that the woman had used earlier. The mouthpiece moved in time with the words and Emma felt the thrust of the finger telling her to nod her head.

The crowd settled slightly and a few even applauded but the jeering continued and became lewder and dirtier at each bawled out sentence.

"Show us your arse, dummy!"

“I’ll fucking show it some wood!”

“You aint no puppet. Let’s see yer wet quim, Cherry!”

“Yeah. Show us your holes.”

“Now, now, I hope you aren’t trying to chat me up. Wooing me with all that sweet talk aint gonna make me spread my wooden legs no matter how much you want me to. I have no control over them. I’m just a dummy... you fucking muckspouts!”

The audience laughed as the woman channelled her voice through Emma, pushing her finger left then right for her to look at each side of the rows of filled seats.

“Besides why would I want with a bunch of sour quims and gnat cocks staring at my dirty little ‘oles?”

Emma shivered as she squinted and tried to block out the faces staring back. On the streets talking like that would get you beaten to a pulp and kicked into the sewers. She flinched; expecting something to get thrown at her but all the audience threw in her direction was a couple of insults.

“I bet they’re gaped out like a dirty old strumpet!”

“And stink twice as bad!”

They laughed again and stomped their feet and Emma caught on that this was the act and what they’d come to see... that and apparently her holes.

“Actually Ladies and Gentleman, my new dummy here is a total cherry. Never been touched or kissed, plucked fresh off the streets of this very city. She’s one of your own, magically turned into a puppet for your entertainment... and gratification.”

The woman’s left hand slid away from Emma’s gripping hand and pushed its way down the pink frilly cups that formed the bust of her dress.

Emma’s brow furrowed, her painted blue eyes showing her confusion as the woman rooted around in the material as if searching for something. Then, with comic timing she looked up at the crowd and squeezed a horn around her waist as she made grabbing shapes through the silk.

Honk Honk.

The crowd roared with laughter. Then a chant started to build as they stomped their boots in time with the words.

“Show us her tits... show us her tits!”

The woman held a hand out, quietening them down enough to make Emma talk.

“Ma’am, they want to see my tits but I aint got no tits.”

The woman jabbed hard to the right in Emma’s clenched hand to get her to look completely over her right shoulder and had to repeat the signal several times with obvious frustration while somehow maintaining a complete look of calm on her face.

When Emma finally managed to wade past her panic and confusion, she swirled her head right, her big painted lips on the mouthpiece looking out of place on her frowning face.

“Then you won’t mind showing the lovely people then will you? If you’ve got nothing to hide then why bother hiding it?”

Emma nodded her head on the signal but she’d started to feel her eyes go starry and her ears ring as her body flooded with adrenaline despite being unable to flee.

The shoulder straps were tugged down her arms, pushing and rolling the silk bust of the dress down until it was slid over the front of the tight corset.

Her tits were out, there for hundreds of strangers to ogle and jeer at. Her hands tugged to cover her exposed nipples but the cord prevented them from moving from behind her back. They were hard and pointing up at the crowd like little

pink studs, contrasting the paleness of her almost non-existent porcelain mounds.

Emma shivered but not because it was cold, in fact she was sweating as if it were the middle of summer, the stage and the spotlight making her the centre of everyone's attention.

"It's a fella. A boy!" the audience called out, heckling and disapproving in some parts of the crowd while other parts cheered.

"I aint no boy am I, Ma'am?" the woman voiced, prompting Emma to shake her head from side to side on signal.

"No, dummy. You've got a nice and wet cherry muffin just waiting to be eaten by someone. Why don't we show the ladies and gentlemen?"

The woman grasped each side of Emma's ribs and lifted her easily up into the air, her legs pushing between Emma's thighs and then parting wide so that the girl was splayed out as her thighs were pulled wide apart.

Her legs, with the stockings and strange shoes dangled helplessly over the sides of the woman's parted thighs. She could feel the woman tensing her muscles beneath her as her crotch and inner thighs ached at the stretching. Emma's head spun as her adrenaline made her gasp short, fast breaths.

The woman lifted the skirting of her dress up above her waist.

Some of the audience gasped, others swore as Emma's newly shaven pussy was shown to one and all.

"You see. My new puppet is very much a girl", the woman said, her other hand slipping down between the splayed legs.

"Ready and up for it too", she said as she slid two fingers along the inside of Emma's slit then held her fingers up to the audience.

Emma's blurring eyesight managed to focus long enough to see several men unbuttoning their trousers and slipping a hand down to stroke their cocks as they jeered and laughed lewdly at her. Even a couple of the women had ruffled up their dresses and were reaching up into their bloomers while others had their hands stroking the crotches of the men they were with.

The woman snorted loudly on the fingers, playing up to the crowd.

"Mmm, an untouched flower", she sighed dramatically.

Emma became very aware of her thudding heart and her frantic breaths, the air whistling on the closed mouthpiece as her gaped mouth panted inside it.

"You haven't been deflowered yet have you, dummy?" she asked demurely.

“No ma’am. Not in me Cock Lane, nor me Back Avenue for that matter.”

“You mean to say you haven’t even had a cock up your stinky little roundmouth? My, my, it must be as tight as a Scot’s purse strings”, the woman said with feigned curiosity as the audience chuckled dirtily.

“Show us!”

“Prove it!”

Men and women shouted their challenges at Emma as if she had some control over exposing herself to them.

“Let’s see your arse!”

Emma’s heart pounded, her bared chest heaving as she felt the woman grip her stocking clad calves and push them over and in between the woman’s legs. She felt powerless to resist as she was spun deftly on her heels and pulled back down by her shoulders so that she ended up on her knees with her face pressed up in the crotch of the woman’s white tights.

She made a yelping noise as she was manhandled, like a puppy would make if grabbed suddenly, then felt embarrassed and tried to choke down any more squeals as the woman patted and stroked her already exposed butt cheeks.

But this wasn't the position the woman wanted her in, made evident by the growl of "Get your legs up, you stupid little cow", as she tugged at the underside of Emma's waist.

As Emma stood her legs straight she instinctively wanted to raise her head up too but the woman took a hold of the back of her neck and held her firmly in place.

She'd been in positions like this before, usually at the hands of a butcher or a baker for having stolen some scraps or a bun but never in public and never like that by a woman.

She'd heard mention of Sapphos and women that liked to 'tip the velvet' from some of the other girls on the street but she'd never imagined herself in positions resembling what she thought they probably did to one another. That being said, Emma didn't really imagine herself in any of the unbecoming situations she got into on occasion. They just happened, mostly because she was who she was, a homeless girl without rights or respect who lived hand to mouth or in this case muff to mouth.

The mouthpiece was in the way but she could smell the musk of the woman's crotch as the permanent smile pressed hard against it. At least she couldn't see the audience and that seemed to calm her a little, like a blinkered horse.

"Phoaw! Look at it!" they bawled out as the woman parted and closed her bum cheeks, playfully teasing the audience with Emma's most intimate parts.

She couldn't see why they were cheering but she felt the woman adjust and lean forward, her corseted bosom spilling onto her back as she felt breathing on her most personal and, in her mind, shameful of parts.

Her cheeks were pulled apart by the woman's clawing fingers, spread obscenely wide as the audience whooped and jeered.

She felt something wet splatter onto her crack then dribble down over her anus but she couldn't see or hear what it was with the woman's thighs squeezing her head tightly.

Then she felt a finger. It slid over her anus at first and even though it wasn't a bad sensation, the thought of someone having a finger over the hole that she saw as dirty and not to be touched unless she was lucky enough to have found a length of rag to wipe it with made her start to squirm and move her legs.

A sharp slap to her left ass cheek told her to be still as the fingertip circled her rim. Her breathing became shallow and fast as she anticipated the woman's next move.

It seemed to take forever, the finger circling and tickling her sensitive, wettened rim before it eventually plunged inside the clenched muscle. She had expected it, maybe even started to want for it if only to get it over with, but she still bucked and kicked like a mule.

The single finger felt so much bigger than it actually was, the first thing to ever penetrate the hole. Sweat poured from her head and she wailed out a confused moan, muffled by the crotch she was pressed into.

More slaps came and the woman shouted for a crop to be brought from behind the stage but still the finger was kept there, pushed up inside her asshole making Emma kick and squirm.

Her eyes were opened wide but that served no purpose in somehow helping her. All she could see was the waist and bottom of the woman's corset. A strange feeling seemed to dominate her entire body and mind, her breath now the honking moans of a girl trying to cope with sensations totally alien to her.

The woman slipped it in deeper then out a little. It slid on the clenching sphincter with some ease, her own sweat and the wetness from the woman's saliva helping to lubricate her probing of the tight, virginal hole.

The sliding in and out got faster and faster and then, just as her moans became a constant overwhelmed wail of confused and conflicting sensations, it was over. The woman removed her finger. Emma let out a sigh, realising how much the audience had quietened down after a build up of noise while the finger moved inside her.

Then there was applause. The crowd seemed to approve of something the woman had just done.

"Dirty little creature. Uuh... giving me such a stinky finger", the woman said snorting melodramatically.

There was a pause then wild cheering.

“A taste you would expect from a dirty-arsed street rat”, the woman sneered.

“Whip her hard for it!”

“Yeah, punish her!”

The audience seemed to blame Emma for whatever face the woman must have pulled and the woman must have agreed with them because the crop thrashed down over her left cheek and then the right.

Emma had taken her share of beatings and whippings, enough for her small butt to have built up a resistance to the pain and this felt no different. Over the knee, bent over and as she was now, her face clamped between a pair of thighs, she'd taken a thrashing on her bum quite regularly.

It still hurt, but being a poor girl meant that it was preferable to getting dragged off to prison for stealing an apple or a candle, even if it did mean she had to sometimes take the butcher's or baker's cock in her mouth or get hot wax poured on her back by the candlestick maker, that was just life in the 1850's for someone like her.

Now there was this and it was something new. Her bum fingered, her tits out and her holes pointing up at hundreds of people as she was whipped with a leather tipped crop. A girl like her had to have some self-respect if she didn't want to end up as one of the many syphilitic prostitutes that cluttered the alleyways and brothels of London. It wasn't pioussness or morality; a girl living on the streets

had little time for either. After all, any God that had placed them where they were in life wasn't one they wanted to thank and save their bodies for. No, like most, Emma's instincts were about survival and hygiene. Give your body too easily and you end up dead or ill one way or another. That and you had to keep whatever dignity you could if you wanted an ounce of respect on the streets.

Right now she felt the leering eyes sting her as much as the thrashing crop, boring into her soul. She thanked the stars that at least if she were back on the streets tomorrow they wouldn't recognise her or even notice she existed. She had had three hot meals, a dry bed for the night and there was the promise of fifteen shillings a week. All things she wasn't going to give up on easily, especially now the weather was turning.

What was a finger up her arse or a spanking compared to the constant aching sting of freezing every night and wondering if you'd wake up with all your fingers and toes?

She lost count with the lashes after the numbers got too high for her but she managed to hold back any tears, despite the pain. Her breaths became less desperate and she felt her head aching from all the air she'd sucked in earlier through her gaped mouth. Her eyes closed tightly as she thought about how she was taking yet another punishment she knew she didn't deserve. She knew well that a girl getting a bare-ass spanking was more than just about discipline, the tradesmen had proved that to her as they gave her a mouthful of what they mockingly referred to as 'sustenance'.

This had that same feel about it as the woman grabbed hold of her hair with one hand and pressed the mask into her crotch, rubbing it over the white cotton tightly and swirling her hips as she tapped the tip of the crop down along Emma's crack.

The audience started making strange noises here and there behind her. It sounded like the groans the butcher and baker made mixed with the occasional higher-pitched moans from a woman or two.

The woman stopped her thrashing and dropped the crop on the floor then, using Emma's hair like a leash, twisted her tightly round so that she had no choice but to kneel, sitting on her ankles and feel the sore throb of her cheeks as they pressed down onto the tall heels.

The mouth control was taken up again and the wooden lips opened and closed as she faced the audience.

"Well that was nice. I 'ad me a little nibble while I was down there and I 'ardly felt a thing. I am made of wood after all. Har har."

"Then I'll just have to try harder next time, won't I dummy?" the woman said loudly, for the audience's benefit.

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm looking forward to entertaining these fuckers over the coming evenings. Be sure to come back to see the usual schedule. And you sir, remember to bring an extra handkerchief, your load almost hit the stage."

The woman pushed Emma's head in the direction of a large man with a moustache in the front row. He laughed off the comment.

"Well goodnight, Ladies and Gentlemen. Come back tomorrow evening and

we'll see if I can get this new dummy a bit more broken in", the woman said as the curtains were drawn.

Suddenly it was as if they were alone and Emma felt far less uncomfortable at not seeing the audience any more. There was only the muffled noise of footsteps and coughing from the other side of the thick material now and none of the jeering and shouting that had moments ago filled the theatre.

Her wrists were untied and the mask and gag removed while she was still knelt between the woman's thighs. She turned her head to look up after her jaw had been released.

She had expected praise for coping with what she'd endured but instead just received a blank look before being told unsympathetically to pick up her cloak and put it on.

Emma staggered sullenly to her feet as the woman covered herself and put the props into her purse bag.

She pulled her shoulder straps back up covering her chest back up and rolled the dress down to cover what it could of her reddened bum then wrapped the cloak around her and followed the woman as they left the secret theatre as abruptly as they had arrived to go back out into the cold London night having done what they came to do.

4

The fire in the flat still had embers burning away and it was soon blazing again as the woman threw a couple of logs onto the orange glowing chars. Lamps lit, the woman took her hair down and removed her cloak before stopping and looking at Emma.

“Well?”

Emma just stood there.

“Get the clothes off. Don’t want you messing them up. Cleaning them isn’t cheap.”

Emma nodded, her jaw still aching too much from the gag to want to speak.

She took her cloak off and folded it carefully, putting it on a stool before she started to peel the shoulder straps down her arms.

The woman walked up behind her and untied the corset knots in silence, Emma feeling her breath on her shoulders and those grey eyes boring into her as she was released from her restraining costume.

She sighed a deep breath as she felt her lungs shift back into shape, helping the woman to shimmy the dress down her body to her calves.

“Step one foot up”, the woman said as she held the dress up, worth more than the girl that had been in it.

Emma lifted one towering heel, having to steady herself by gripping a nearby chair’s backrest as the dress was scooped under it then the other.

The woman walked off with the dress, heading back to her room with it as she called out behind her.

“Leave the shoes and stockings on.”

Emma looked down with dismay. Her feet ached and she had been looking forward to stepping off of the sloping towers that made her bum stick out.

“Yes, Ma’am”, she replied, moving her jaw from left to right and rubbing it with her hand while alone for a moment.

Her attempt to soothe her face was short lived as the woman stomped back to the room, flopping down on a chair and holding her knee-booted left leg out to Emma.

“Take them off”, she said impatiently, as Emma stood there blank-faced.

“Yes, Ma’am”, she said, struggling down to her knees so that she could unlace them then tug and loosen each one until the woman’s stocking-clad feet appeared from inside the leather.

“That’s better. Now my corset”, she said, sighing and lifting her dark curls for Emma to get to the strings on her back.

Emma unknotted the bow of the string then peeled back the strings to reveal the line of strange letters down the woman’s spine. For a moment, Emma forgot her aches and pains and felt her blue eyes lose themselves in the strange dark shapes and swirls as if they were some magical spell that was bewitching her.

“In your own time”, the woman sneered sarcastically as she sat.

“Beggin’ your pardon, Ma’am”, Emma said, mimicking the servants she’d heard on the streets with their mistresses.

The woman huffed a little but waited as Emma peeled off the leather item of clothing and released her ample breasts to breathe freely in the warmth of the room.

“That’s better. Now get on your hands and knees by the fire”, the woman said, getting to her feet and going over to a cupboard.

“What for, Ma’am?” Emma asked as politely as she could. She’d had enough spankings for one day.

“You’re refusing healing ointment on your bum?”

Emma looked over at the place in front of the fire then touched her sore cheeks. Getting warmed up while soothing her throbbing bum was probably the best thing she could do right now considering she was pretty much naked.

She nodded and clumped over to the crackling logs, carefully getting down onto her knees in the warming orange glow.

The woman stepped over then crouched down behind Emma. Despite everything she’d been through that evening, Emma still felt herself recoiling in self-conscious embarrassment as grey eyes set onto her butt cheeks and all that lay between it.

“No, not like that. Arch your back and spread your knees out.” A hand pressed the middle of her spine until the woman made a noise of approval in her mouth then gripped the soft inner parts of Emma’s thighs and set them apart so that her knees were out past her hips.

“Better”, the woman muttered as she stroked her hand firmly up and down Emma’s back. It helped to ease Emma’s aches and knotted muscles, tensed by the stress and anxiety of her earlier public display and she let out a sigh as she let her head drop, feeling the heat of the fireplace relaxing and warming her.

The woman unscrewed a jar she’d taken from the cupboard then applied globs of its contents onto her hands, a mixture of goose fat with a little added witch hazel.

“You took the whipping well, dummy.” It was spoken coldly but it was meant as a compliment.

“It’s not my first whipping’, Ma’am”, Emma said, then realising the woman was waiting for more, she went on.

“On the streets, the risk of a whipping is the least of your worries. If I got caught stealing something because I was starving or freezing, I’d get taken inside their shops. They’d lock their doors and pull off their leather belts then give me the choice of a beating or prison. I always took the beating. Sometimes, if I let them shoot their load into my mouth so they would let me keep what I’d took.”

The woman applied some of the thick ointment over Emma’s butt cheeks, rubbing it in over the grazes and welts. It stung and soothed at the same time, making Emma twitch slightly as it was pressed into her small, round glutes.

“So you’re a little strumpet”, the woman stated.

“Oh no, Ma’am. I never let them put their things inside what’s between my legs.”

“Still, you sucked cock for gain. Swallowing all their slimy seed down your throat. That makes you a whore like any other. Maybe a little smarter than the rest for not letting them in your bloomers... but that means-”.

The woman cut her sentence off deliberately and hooked Emma easily.

“Means what, Ma’am?” the fire was starting to make her feel dreamy and more at ease with her strong, grey-eyed employer.

The woman’s hands kneaded and rubbed her small cheeks in circles, applying more fat and witch hazel, making them shine like they’d been glazed. It felt good and she didn’t question the occasional hard rub onto her thigh or lower back.

“Means that my finger was the first thing to go inside you... and that you’ve never experienced true ecstasy.”

Emma didn’t quite understand the word but realised it must be a desirable thing by the way the woman leaned in and whispered it close to her ear.

“No, Ma’am. And begging me pardon but why was everyone wanting me asshole to be shown to them... and... and your finger. It’s the dirty hole”

She held off saying it was her shithole knowing not to speak so coarsely in front of her betters.

“You really are a dummy aren’t you? If you’d given those shopkeeper’s your asshole instead of your mouth you’d never have gone hungry again. This tight... little... taboo... hole... has power over men and women. It holds a desire more intense than your other assets.”

The woman circled the tight pucker with her finger.

“And to think you’ve missed out on the best pleasure a girl can have. Poor little dummy.”

The woman tutted as she tapped Emma’s fat-covered anus.

Emma’s mouth opened to breath better, her eyes closing with the excuse of protecting them from the heat.

“Best... pleasure, Ma’am?” Emma drawled in a half-whisper.

The finger slipped inside.

Emma’s eyes fluttered open for a moment as her head tilted up but then she settled, sighing as the finger went right up to the woman’s knuckle.

“Your arsehole is the source of divine pleasure. The more it gets used... the more it has to stretch... and ache... and feel taboo... the more intense and wonderful your body will reward you.”

The finger slid in and out easily with the goose fat, the witch hazel tingling and

soothing as the movement got faster.

“Oh, Ma’am”, Emma moaned, starting to feel the tingling stretch from her anus through her body.

The woman put her thumb from her other hand over Emma’s pussy lips and rubbed them in deep circles, the wetness apparent from the clicks and crackles that emanated from the slit.

“You see, dummy? You feel that? That’s what a girl like you should be getting every day... a good... hard... arse... fucking”, the woman snarled as she thrust the finger in hard and fast on each spoken word.

“Oh, Ma’am... Oh’ Ma’am...” Emma moaned out, her voice becoming deep as she breathed heavily through her open mouth.

It felt different to when she was on stage. The comparative lack of an audience, the heat of the fire, the way the woman had rubbed her aching body, her arched backed hands and knees position, all of it contributed but it was the feeling of the soft, sensitive walls of her anal tunnel as it was frigged and rubbed on by the increasingly intense thrusts of the woman’s finger that made it feel... like nothing she’d felt before.

“That’s it, puppet. Get used to it. It feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, Ma’am... uuh... Yes, Ma’am”, Emma panted quickly.

The woman laughed knowingly then gripped her fingers around the front of Emma's slit and found what she was looking for with one of her fingers.

Emma almost choked as a breath and a groan tried to get out at the same time.

The woman had found something on her own body that she hadn't even known was there. It was like a little button, a nipple-like thing down there hidden in her slit and touching it was like someone had turned the lights on in her body for the first time.

A second fat-covered finger slipped up inside her anus and she could feel it stretching and aching as it clenched and seemed to suckle on the digits.

It wasn't pain but it wasn't purely pleasure either; but the straining, aching feeling and was so good, like when she rubbed her shoulders... or when having a really satisfying shit.

The woman pushed the two fingers in hard and fast, seemingly uncaring and clinical as she pumped Emma's asshole. This wasn't love making as it had almost felt like when starting out... this was about proving a point and showing Emma the hidden sensations her own body, like a machine, could be made to produce.

She couldn't say the blurted phrase of 'Oh, Ma'am' anymore as her invaded anus suckled and clamped around the mercilessly intense stabbing of the woman's digits, goose-like honks escaping her mouth as if she were a pair of old bellows,

like the one propped up near the fireplace.

Sweat dripped out of nowhere as her body felt some intense shudders, as if someone was shaking her hard. The mysterious nub in her slit sent waves of intense pleasure crashing through her, unable to focus or think of anything other than what was happening between her legs. She lost her sense of self, who she was and her surroundings as the sensations completely engulfed and flooded her mind.

Then it happened. It scared her. It felt as if she was having a fit. That fear seemed to excite her body even more as stars and whiteness fizzled over her eyes and she felt a build up of something like an explosion about to happen inside her body. Her mouth was drooling and her nose snorting so hard in the heat that it dribbled but she didn't care... couldn't care as the woman stabbed at her asshole and rubbed her clit.

Her mouth wrenched open as if she was trying to scream but even air struggled to escape as she felt the most intense feeling she'd ever felt in her life. It was as if, despite all her shunning of faith, some divine spirit had rushed into her soul and shared its bliss with her. The overwhelming feeling left her feeling weak and wobbly, her mind no longer concerned about her own body that had provided it with ecstasy and she crumpled down, her legs and arms as useless as a new-born fawn into a pile of twitching, heaving, sweaty pleasure on the wooden floor.

When she was finally able to pull her mind back into the room, she noticed how she had curled up into a ball in her side, her fingers in her mouth and a feeling like warm water rippling inside her. Then she looked up and saw something that snapped her out of her bliss.

The woman had pulled her white tights down her legs to her knees as she stood

over Emma, a foot either side of her body. She looked like she was angry, an intense snarl on her face, but Emma soon recognised that it wasn't that and was more like a hungry predator ready to strike on its prey.

Her grey eyes were intense and narrow as the woman made her slit squelch with an intense rubbing movement with one hand while she snorted the two fingers that had been inside Emma pressed hard over her nostrils.

Emma was about to get up, lifting her shoulders from the floor.

“Don't get up. Pull your arse cheeks wide. Show me your fucking holes”, the woman snarled intensely, her hand moving like a blur between her legs.

Emma did as she was told, spreading her small bum so that the woman could leer down and stare at her exposed crack and all the newly used objects of desire it held.

The woman inhaled Emma's aroma as she squelched her fingers between her pussy lips, her eyes widening as she looked down at the source of the smell she was enjoying.

Her breath quickened and became more shallow as she rubbed the fingers on her lips then put them in her mouth to suck on them, purring and moaning as she tasted Emma on them, shocking and embarrassing the girl in a way she thought impossible considering what she'd just let happen to her.

The woman started to groan as she brought the fingers out of her mouth and squatted over Emma's face, gripping her still-aching jaw with the ass-fingering hand.

“Uuh...Take my load”, she growled. “Open your fucking mouth, dummy... Uuuh... you swallow man slime, whore... now drink this... aaahh!”

Emma opened her mouth just in time, whether it was fortune or not was another matter as a watery spray of liquid from the woman's slit squirted into her mouth, filling it full.

“Swallow your mistress's cum spurt, you little cunt”, the woman snarled through gritted teeth, her body jolting as Emma's had minutes ago but she clearly had more control over its effects.

Emma gulped the strange tasting juices down, not thinking about it just like other times she'd swallowed, but never from a woman. She heard the words Sappho taunting her from imaginary echoes in her head as she stared up at the woman's pink, puffy lips coated in sticky clear juices and the hint of the woman's starry, dark pink pucker that she could smell near her nose, sweet and rich.

“It's sausage again tonight. The oyster and the starfish can get eaten plenty of other times now, can't they? It's late and I'm hungry.”

The woman laughed at her joke but as she rose she looked for a response from Emma.

“Yes, Ma’am. Another night”, Emma said, feeling as if she’d just lost her footing and fallen deeper down a rabbit hole. She had never known a woman could get off on doing things to another woman. She felt a shiver as she contemplated whether she was the Sappho now or if the woman was for what she had done to her, feeling she had moved out into uncharted territory and unthought-of concepts that a girl like her had never had to figure out.

She was famished as she tucked into the bowl of sausage and mash, chomping down on a large mouthful on her fork in an unladylike manner not that there was a need to be ladylike when naked from the thighs up and your skin glistened with sweat.

The woman ate more slowly, her fingers gently playing with her own nipples as she watched Emma.

“You like the sausages don’t you?” the woman asked in a strange tone.

“They’re delicious, Ma’am”, Emma replied after gulping down a chunk of one.

“Good. You need feeding up and there’s plenty more from where that came from.”

Her fingers moved seemingly absent-mindedly and she sniffed them again as she stared at Emma, reminding them both where they had been. It made two very different reactions as the woman smiled and Emma blushed, averting her eyes from the woman’s steely gaze.

After they had finished, Emma took the plates away, washing them in water heated on the stove. She tidied up as best she could for someone without a lot of experience in keeping a house, all the while clumping around awkwardly in the towering heeled shoes.

She had forgotten her own nakedness after a while and the thought of the woman being able to see her nipples or bum as she went about the housework didn't seem to matter as much, not after the sexual awakening by the fireplace.

The woman watched until she was finished then called her over.

“Come here”, she ordered, then placed something in her mouth and sucked on it. When Emma approached, the woman waved it under her nose, her face amused but not quite smiling.

“Quite an honour for you to be allowed to wear this but I think you've earned it and besides I need you... how can I put it?... more accommodating before tomorrow night.”

Emma stared at the brown marble shape with veins of various shades from black to light cream within it. It was an oblong that was three inches long in the main part and about three fingers thick with a carved stem that was thinner and a flared-out base made in the shape of a sphere.

“It's been around a long, long time and you can't start to imagine who's worn this in them before today, everyone from queens to beggars.”

It didn't take a lot for Emma to guess where it was meant to go.

"Bend over the table", the woman instructed.

She felt a strange tingle inside her crotch as she pressed her chest down on the table, arching her back but only in part for the woman.

She didn't understand what came out of the woman's mouth as she spoke. The words were guttural and coarse, ancient sounding and mysterious. It was as if she was uttering some kind of prayer or incantation and it made Emma's heart pound just hearing it and not knowing what it meant.

She still had an ample amount of goose fat greasing up her tunnel so when the woman pressed the marble object against her sphincter it surrendered easily, letting the cool, smooth surface slide into her anus.

Emma let out a breath as the thicker part stretched her rim out wide but she hardly made a noise. Her mouth opened as if mimicking her hole the other end as it squeezed around the hard stone then sucked it in as it slipped down the taper to the stem.

As alien to her as fingers up her bum, the plug offered a combination of sensations inside her body. She felt full but it was nice and tingled. She felt stretched and achy but that sent butterflies up into her belly and a sense of lewdness and yet somehow contentment.

“Get up and face me”, the woman said, keeping Emma trapped on the edge of the table as she stood and turned. Pink nipples pointed close at Emma’s mouth only an inch away as the woman moved her taller, bigger frame close enough to feel the heat from it.

Emma looked up, her blue eyes darting up and down, unable to keep the same constant eye contact that the woman had on her.

“You’ll wear the plug all night. It’ll help to prepare you for tomorrow. I want you to keep the shoes and stockings on. You have to get used to wearing high heels... and it will please me thinking of you lying there in them. You wish to please me, don’t you dummy?”

“Yes, Ma’am. I’ll wear them and the plug for you, Ma’am.”

“Good. Now, let me lock you in your room for the night. I want to see you looking exactly the same when I open your door in the morning.”

The woman gripped her upper arm and marched her to the room she’d slept in the night before. She didn’t push her in, she didn’t have to, Emma clumped in ready for the mattress, exhausted and spent and just wanting to leave the confusing feelings she had behind her for the night.

As she lay down on the mattress, looking out at the lamp lit street between the bars of the window a thought struck her. This was only the first day of her employment with the woman. If she’d been through all this in one day, what would the next day bring... and what would working for this mysterious Sapphic woman, beautiful and majestic as she was, mean for her after weeks or months

of service? She swallowed hard and closed her eyes. Don't think about it, Emma, she told herself but she couldn't help feel that the day still wasn't over with the marble plug inside her and the heels still making her feet hurt. Despite the sensations and aches, her mind became foggy and she quickly fell into a deep sleep.

The door was the first thing she heard. The bolt turned in the frame then the door creaked open.

The woman was dressed in what looked like a man's dressing gown, not that Emma had ever seen one on an actual man, only ones adorning mannequins in shop windows, and it looked as if she had bathed and washed, her dark curls tied up into a knot with a pin.

"Turn around", she said, coldly.

Emma felt it in her before she remembered what it was and she put her hand instinctively round to her bum, stopping when she realised what it was. She rolled onto her stomach and gripped her small cheeks apart.

"Good morning, Ma'am", her politeness contrasting the lewd parting of her ass for the woman.

"Fine. Now, take it out and hand it to me", the woman said, ignoring Emma.

Emma looked at the woman then over her own shoulder at her bum. Her brow furrowed as she held the protruding ball in her right hand and tugged.

"It's stuck, Ma'am", Emma said pulling on the marble knob while spreading her

left cheek with her other hand.

“Stupid girl. That’s because you’ve got such a tight little roundmouth. Your hungry asshole must have eaten up all the goose fat in the night. Pull harder, dummy”, the woman sneered, using her theatrical cockney accent.

Emma tugged harder, feeling her anus lift and pucker as she grunted. It hurt in a way that didn’t give her tingles and it didn’t help that she was starting to panic.

“Twist it, dummy. It’ll loosen it up”, the woman said behind her as Emma pulled on the knob as if she were trying to open a jammed door but the angle meant she had to rely on her arm strength alone.

She twisted and it felt like she’d given herself a Chinese burn inside her anus, tingling and burning as she turned the knob, then with an animal-like growl she pulled with all her strength and felt her sphincter slip over and past the plug helping to eject it at the last moment with a little plopping noise.

“Give it to me”, the woman snarled, that same predatory look in her eyes as the night before. Emma handed it nervously to her, feeling the soreness in her anus but also the feeling of relaxation in her tunnel at being emptied.

The woman turned on her bare feet, holding the plug almost reverently by the knob then walked swiftly out of the room to her own private chamber, calling out behind her as she went.

“Use the pot then empty it and mine out the window. The bath still has warm water in it. Bathe and clean yourself fully. And take those shoes and stockings off before going in. They’re worth more than you.”

Emma did as the woman instructed.

It felt good to ease her aching muscles in the warm water, the fire heating the side of the metal tub. What had happened to her body might have felt like she was whoring it out at the time but it was a small price to pay for a bed, good food and being cleaner than she’d been in her life. Besides, a Sappho’s whore is barely one at all. At least her holes weren’t filled with dirty cocks that shoot their loads deep inside. She could take a few fingers up her arse for fifteen shillings a week she told herself, trying not to think how uncomfortable the crowd had made her feel last evening. She stroked herself on her neck then down over her chest, moving slowly down to her shaved crotch. She’d never touched herself like that before but she had since yesterday become very aware of her intimate parts. Gently stewing in the warmed water, she reminded herself how she’d felt the last night just next to the bath on the floor, twitching and panting as ecstasy took her body and made it feel things she never knew it could... especially not from her arse and at a woman’s hands. Still a little squeamish, she tried not to think too much on those last facts but what she did know was that she wanted to feel that explosive euphoria again and as often as she could.

Her fingers slid down to her slit. She’d never explored it before in her life and the discovery that there was a little nipple-like thing that turned the feeling of tingles and bliss on when it was played with was a discovery that still made her mouth fall open in shock the morning after.

She probed and rubbed her fingers until she found it and felt almost as shocked as the night before, thinking it might have been a hallucination.

She adjusted her bum in the metal tub and parted her thighs then circled the little nub with her fingertip, feeling the same sensation start to build and emanate out from it. She laughed incredulously to herself. Her upturned lips curled into a toothy expression of joy as she realised the pleasure she felt last night could be brought on by her own efforts.

Her blue eyes fluttered up into her head as she rubbed faster, her thighs closing on her hand and her mouth opening into a circle as thoughts rushed into her head that would make a prostitute blush, thoughts of things far more lewd and nasty than what she'd experienced in the last day, her mind showing her a side of her she hadn't even known existed.

She didn't hear the woman open her door at first but, when she did, she ended up tipping half the water out of the tub as she panicked and tried to cover herself, completely forgetting she was bathing as dirty thoughts had distracted her and pulled her away from reality.

“Ma’am. Sorry, I was just...”

“Wank your holes off in your own time, dummy. That’s my job when you’re working. Now, dry off and put this on.”

The woman placed a costume on the back of one of the chairs then marched on, not even looking at Emma.

She was wearing a dark blue jacket with a white shirt and elaborately patterned waistcoat and nothing else from the waist down. Emma looked over at the costume then at the woman behind her who had sat down with a huff on one of

the wooden chairs.

“There’s the drying cloth”, she said, pointing a long finger at a hung piece of material by the fireplace.

Emma got up, the water splashing as she rose, drops falling off her wet and shiny porcelain skin as she stepped out and over to the cloth.

When dried she walked over to the costume. A maid’s frock, but only part of it by the looks of it, the usual thick black dress was completely missing leaving only the white pinafore apron with frilled ends. Still, it was easy enough to put on and even had a split seam running down the front of the apron with only two cross straps and the big tie strip at the back. She slipped the shoulders on and pulled them up her slim back then tied the strip around her lower back.

“Come here”, the woman said, patting her bare thigh and picking the mouthpiece and gape gag up from the floor near the chair.

Emma sat her bare bum down on the woman’s lap as she had done the previous evening at the start of the show.

“No, we need to perform the puppetry properly. The Puppet Mistress works her dummies from the inside. The audience expects that.”

She grabbed Emma’s waist either side and lifted her easily up and over her left thigh so that her bum stuck out over the side and her feet dangled down above

the floor between the woman's parted legs.

The woman slid sideways then parted her thighs wide so that Emma was pointed at the imaginary audience in front of them.

Emma let the woman place the gag in her mouth and buckle it tight before doing the same with the wooden mouthpiece, its pink lipped smile out of place and clown-like in the sombre setting.

The tub of goose fat was brought up from under the chair and a glob taken out and applied to the index and middle finger of her left hand.

Emma could only watch the hands in front of her, the gag pushing her lips into a stretched circle, her own hands resting awkwardly, not knowing what to do with them, on her slim thighs.

Her eyes glazed over and went dreamy when the fingers entered her but apart from the warm blow of a long breath, Emma didn't squirm or resist.

The goose fat did its job as before and they slid in smoothly if a little slowly as her tight anus squeezed on the invading digits.

"The signals I gave on your hand yesterday will be the same. I turn the fingers right and hook them, you turn your head to the right. Now the next signal..."

The woman spent the next two hours going through signals, practising lines and getting Emma to perform movements, never tiring as she wiggled and moved her fingers in intricate ways up inside Emma's anus.

Emma obediently tried to master every signal but still got the occasional firm slap to her bum then a sharp re-insertion of fingers before being reminded what a particular signal she'd got wrong meant.

It was turning dark when the gag and mouthpiece were finally removed, but for anyone that lived in London, 'dark' at that time of year could mean it was mid afternoon or just about to pour down with rain.

The woman sniffed her fingers as Emma got up and rubbed her aching jaw.

"You've forgotten something", she said coldly.

"Beggin' your pardon, Ma'am, but I'm not sure what you mean", Emma said softly.

"That. Your slit juice is all over my thigh. Clean it off."

Emma's doll-like face went bright pink, embarrassed by the amount of wetness that dripped from the woman's honey-cream toned leg.

“I’ll fetch a cloth, Ma’am”, Emma said, unable to look the woman in the eyes. She turned but was grabbed by her wrist.

“Clean it with your mouth, you stupid thing.”

“But Ma’am... I couldn’t... I mean...” Emma protested as politely as she could.

“It’s your own slit’s juice. What’s the difference between that and the drool in your mouth? Now stop thinking and do as you’re told.”

Emma’s wrist was tugged down so that she had little choice but to get down onto her knees.

“No difference, Ma’am... Yes, Ma’am” Emma said softly, moving her mouth close to the woman’s skin and sticking out her tongue. The first licks were tentative and awkward, as she tasted her own pussy juices for the first time in her life. To her surprise it tasted of very little and the texture, slippery and sticky but not gooey, was pleasing on her tongue and lips. The taste of the woman’s skin also came through, sweet with almost a hint of cinnamon and she soon found herself smearing her lips over the inside of the woman’s thigh and licking hard once she had managed to blank her mind as ordered.

The woman made small purring noises inside her mouth purposely trying not to react but Emma could tell she was enjoying the girl’s tongue and lips on the inside of her leg.

It was only when the purring got louder that the woman quickly tugged at Emma's long curls and made them both snap out of the trance they had found themselves in.

“Right. It's clean. Any mess you make with your body will be cleaned up in exactly the same way from now on. Is that clear, dummy?”

Emma sat back onto her feet and placed her hands on her knees.

“Yes, Ma'am”, she said softly, feeling her tummy tingle with butterflies for some reason.

“Now, eat, drink then use the pot, then I'll get you prepared for tonight.”

The crowd was even bigger than last time. They looked like a load of hungry pigs waiting for the trough to be filled, their eyes round and the collective noise coming from the sneering mouths on their pink faces that sounded like snorts and oinks.

Emma had been made up similarly to the previous evening with large false lashes and theatrical levels of makeup, the same stockings and shoes on her feet. Despite getting used to them, she still managed to stagger and clomp down the streets of London like a monster out of some horror novel, the cloak disguising her exposed body from the passers by.

Emma looked into the crowd. She started to feel as if she was an object of lust, something she'd never believed she could be and that was both exciting and scary. When the thuggish doorman had requested a look at her ass again she'd acted coy but felt somehow detached and indifferent about moving her cloak aside and spreading her cheeks for him in the dark, cold alley way.

The audience settled at a gesture from the woman. She was now fully dressed in a man's suit. She'd tied her hair back into a tight ponytail and made it look like the comb backed style of a gentleman, even sporting a fake moustache.

Emma was lifted up and over the side of her thigh as she held two fingers up to the men and women in front of them.

"Ready to come alive, dummy?" she asked.

“Oh yes, Ma’am... I mean Sir... stick ’em right up me hungry roundmouth”, the dummy responded.

The woman shrugged for the crowd then made a show of inserting her fingers deep up Emma’s anus, stuffed with more goose fat just before leaving the flat.

“Now, I’ve called you to the study, maid, for a very serious matter.”

The fingers swivelled quickly inside her, sending more than just a signal tingling through her body. Emma turned her head from the crowd to the woman and back as the mouthpiece dropped wide open.

A few cackles came from the sea of faces.

“How long have you been in my employ, maid?”

“I dunno exactly, Sir, but I’ve ‘ad two beatings from your wife so far.”

“Ah, then about two months give or take”, the woman said.

The crowd got a joke that Emma suspected had to do with periods.

“And in that time I have to say I’ve noticed your ‘efforts’... especially when

you're on your hands and knees scrubbing the floor."

The woman's head bobbed from side to side as if she were watching something swaying, the hooked fingers left and right telling Emma to do the same.

More laughter filled the hall, louder and dirtier.

"But it has come to my attention that things are going missing from the kitchen."

Emma repeated the quick head turn on command.

"Missing, Sir? What could be going missing from the kitchen, Sir?"

"The cook tells me that sausages keep disappearing."

"Sausages, Sir?" The mouthpiece dropped open as Emma was signalled to look at the audience.

"Yes, one a day for the past two months."

"Ooh... That's a lot of meat, Sir!" the voice of the puppet exclaimed.

“It is. Cook says that you are the one that has been stealing them.”

“Me, Sir? Oh no, Sir”, Emma shook her head.

“Cook says that you’re quite partial to sausage meat.”

“No, Sir. Well... maybe Cook’s sausage meat but I only gobble it down when he shoves it in me mouth.”

The audience approved, showing it through laughter.

“Not that kind of sausage meat, silly girl. I mean real sausage meat. Cook says you hide it... up your arse.”

“That was only one time and only ‘cus he got me ‘oles mixed up.”

“No, silly girl. Real sausages. One a day, you dirty girl. I can’t imagine what they must taste like when you finally eat them.”

“Delicious, Sir”, Emma’s mouthpiece went on, looking at the audience.

“Ah ha! So you admit it!”

“Oh bugger!” the puppet exclaimed.

“Bugger indeed and bugger I will. I bet you’ve got a sausage hiding up that little arse of yours right now, haven’t you?”

“Not telling.”

“You’ll do more than tell. I’ll find it myself.”

The woman made a show of moving her left arm and wiggling her moustachioed mouth from side to side as if she were feeling around inside Emma.

“No, this won’t do. You must have hidden it deeper. I’ll have to use something longer that can feel around up inside your rectum. Now, what does one have that is bigger than a finger and can still feel?”

The crowd laughed and found about ten different ways of saying penis.

“Use your Root!”

“Yer Tackle!”

“Get your whore-pipe out!”

Ah, quite right”, the woman said, parting her legs and moving Emma out to the side in the process.

The front of her trousers had an opening in them that was easily unbuttoned with one hand then something strapped to her leg was tugged on, springing out and up through the opening.

It looked like a cock but it was a theatrical version, thicker around the middle than Emma knew them to be and whiter on the shaft with an exaggerated pink bell-like end on the top, all shining as if made of glass.

“Oh Sir. That’s bigger than a sausage”, the puppet exclaimed as the woman took her fingers out and held Emma in front of her, facing the crowd.

The crowd roared and jeered at her.

“Fuck her arse!”

“Sodomise the girl!”

“Bugger the maid!”

Emma could feel her anus tingling, vulnerable and exposed, anticipating the obvious filling about to happen.

A chant started and soon everyone was saying it slowly over and over.

“Do her... Do her... Do her!”

One hand left her hip, possibly to position the ‘cock’, the other gripping her flesh tightly, reversing her down and on to it.

Her eyes bulged and her arms flailed around at her sides, trying to put her hands on the woman’s thighs. Her mouth would have been open as wide as the gag itself had it not been in there, as she let out a plaintive moan.

The audience cackled and sneered, clapping their hands.

This was different. The cock went in deeper than Emma had experienced so far, deeper than she thought anything could go inside her asshole.

A stabbing ache was the first thing she felt, like her tummy had been poked with a big needle, then as it subsided a little she felt the overwhelming need to push it out as if squatting over a pot. Before she had managed to deal with those sensations, the woman bounced her up by her hips a few inches then right back down on her lap again.

The stabbing feeling came back but it was duller and the deeper part of her asshole, the rectum as the woman had called it earlier, ached and tingled in a similar way to her hidden slit nub. She could feel her anus rippling over the glassy surface, slurping and swallowing its way right down to the leather harness the woman had hidden in her trousers.

Her eyes went from bulging to wincing tightly shut then open again as she tried to make sense of the intense pleasure that more than made up for the dull pain.

As the woman bounced her up and down rhythmically on top of her, the crowd settled down, trousers were opened, handkerchiefs pulled from pockets and hands and mouths went down to crotches.

It was the strangest feeling. Powerless and impaled in her small bum, ridiculously and humiliatingly dressed, hundred of eyes stared at her coping with the sensations of her having what could be called her first real fuck. She was frozen with fright and unable to do anything more than let her arms fall loosely to her side, her heart pounding as all the faces stared intensely at her body getting taken.

The woman released her grip with one hand to tug the ruffled shoulders down, again exposing her hard pink nipples to the audience, increasing her humiliation further.

“I think I can feel a sausage!” the woman exclaimed as she bounced Emma up and down.

“That aint no sausage, Sir!” the puppet replied, making the audience stop their wanking and cock sucking momentarily to splutter out chuckles.

The woman pushed her down and forward by the back of her neck with one gripped hand then leaned into the folded Emma to thrust harder and faster than she could have with her sat on her lap.

Emma’s honking breaths came out with a dribble of saliva as she lost focus and the audience became one blurred mass of men frantically moving their hands over their handkerchief-covered cocks and women helping some with their mouths or hands as they too frigged and fingered themselves like one nightmarish sexual beast with many beady eyes that had made her the focus of its lust and arousal as she was buggered for their entertainment.

She looked down her front under her and saw a sight that mirrored her drooling mouth as her slit showed her body’s arousal at both the pleasure and the pain of what was being done to her asshole.

Emma’s eyes rolled up into her head as the woman thrust more aggressively into her and she gripped the back of her own calves, her nails digging into her skin but not feeling it in the flood of sensations emanating from her reamed out tunnel.

Emma felt so overwhelmed she had to try not to faint but despite the unbelievable way the woman ploughed into her, the crowd started to grumble for more.

“Show us it going in!”

“We want to see the cock fucking her!”

A man, then a woman shouted.

Before Emma had had time to figure out how that would be possible, not that thinking was an easy task just then, the woman grabbed her under her knees and pulled her back, leaning back in the chair so that Emma’s back rested on the woman’s breasts under the layers of costume.

In one move, the waist tie was undone from the apron and it was pulled up then her legs splayed out wide as the women pinned and pulled her from her knees into a wide M shape for the audience to see her slit and the insertion of the cock up her ass.

The woman grunted and pushed Emma up and down on the shaft, fucking her onto it as fast as she could. Emma’s arms lolled uselessly at her sides until a hiss in her ear made her snap them in front of her.

“Play with yourself. Like you did in the bathtub. The audience will love it.”

Emma moved a hand down to her slit, the other pointlessly cupping a breast that wasn’t big enough to need the support.

Her secret slit-nub was hers and she wasn’t keen to share it with the audience but

a couple more words of encouragement and threats of punishment soon got her to swirl her fingers around in a circle over the front of her pussy lips.

The rock hard shaft speared up her insides bringing tears to her eyes that dripped down and her charcoal eyeliner run into the shape of dark claws on her cheeks. It was overwhelming, both painful and pleasurable, so wrong and yet there was no way she would want it to stop... at least not before that same explosive ecstasy was made to happen again. Her mind struggled to cope with it all, feeling her head just want to shut down and pass out as all the sensations flooded in.

She panted out breaths like a dog in the summer sun, her eyes blinking and squinting as she tried to brush away the tears with her lids. Her body was sweating and hot and she could smell her skin and the scent that emanated from the reaming efforts of the cock as it rose up to her nostrils.

The crowd fell in and out of bleary focus, a mass of cock tugging, blowjobs and the occasional spread-legged fingering. A mass orgy of sorts, the faces quiet apart from the occasional grunt and groan as they stared at her petite frame, ridden and bounced onto the woman's cock, able to see her anus taking it deep as her heeled feet flailed around uselessly, dangling as the woman gripped her entire weight up by the underside of her knees.

It wasn't intentional or timed, Emma wasn't experienced enough with her body to do that, but as the cock was impaled into her faster and harder and her fingers swirled quickly over her nub, she felt that same build-up feeling again only this time it was even stronger.

Her whole body seemed to shudder as if an earthquake was going through her. Her head tilted back and her eyes were lost up in her sockets. It built and built and she felt the need to explode but somehow held it a little longer as if knowing

instinctively that the longer she held, the more powerful the reward.

Then it happened. A bellow, like an animal, primal and intense, a release of energy as the orgasm exploded in her head and rocked her body.

The crowd were stunned. Women lifted their mouths from cocks, men dropped their handkerchiefs and a couple shot their loads there and then, like little off-white fountain spurts that splatted over their waistcoats and jackets.

Emma's head fell forward, the cock still deep inside her body, her hands both scrabbling behind her as she groaned out the aftershocks of something so much more than last night that it felt as if she'd been possessed by a devil this time. Whichever spirit had invaded her body, it was incredible.

Her body felt every sensation as if heightened after the ecstasy. She could feel every inch of the cock still plunging inside her asshole, the grip of the woman's hands, her skin pressed onto the waistcoat and jacket behind her, the tingle of the cool air on her nipples.

The crowd cheered, sending a feeling of drunken joy through her. The ones that had cum or given up were now clapping, others hurrying to finish as they stared at Emma and growled their approval.

The woman slowed and placed Emma's feet on the floor between her legs then pushed her forward by her hips, pulling the cock out with a loud slurp, luckily drowned out by the audience.

“Come on. I want you home, now” was all she said.

The streets were really cold this late and the woman hadn't given Emma time to adjust her apron as she'd hurriedly pushed the cloak over her then grabbed her by the wrist, half-dragging her through the cobbled and stony pavements until they reached the flat.

She tried to think what she'd done wrong as the woman almost threw her through the door, lifting her and shoving her then immediately pulling off her cloak.

Emma staggered and tripped on her impossible heels, falling onto the wooden dining table and winding herself in the process. She grabbed the edge to hold herself up from slipping but she didn't need to, the woman pressed in behind her and gripped her waist, her hands warm to the touch compared to Emma's shivering skin.

The cock went back in and Emma groaned out loudly, mostly at the shock of the lightening assault rather than the depth it travelled in one smooth thrust.

After the orgasm she'd experienced earlier, she wasn't going to push the woman off of her, despite the fact she hadn't given her much of a choice.

"You're a dirty girl, aren't you? Enjoying that hard cock up your arse?"

The woman sounded like she was drooling as she spoke, sucking in her saliva as the words came out. It all felt animalistic and powerful, draining any fight Emma

might have had, had she not wanted to reach the dizzying heights of the immense climax she had experienced only an hour ago.

“Yes, Ma’am... Uuuh... I am, Ma’am”, Emma sighed.

The woman’s hands slid up her sides and reached for her upper arms, gripping them and pressing them hard into the table’s surface as she thrust harder and harder.

Emma could feel spit flecks on her back as the woman grunted and snarled, the noise of her asshole slurping and sliding around the shaft and the loud slaps of her barely cushioned bum as the hard pelvis slammed into it filled the room like an orchestra of lewdness and lust.

Emma’s eyes rolled into her head as she tried to cope with the ferocity and speed, her body already exhausted and sweaty from the performance.

“Look at you. You think you’re different to the whores and strumpets that work on the streets?”

“Uh... Ma’am... Uuh.”

“Well you are... Grr... You’re fucking filthier than all of them... uuf... Taking it up your shithole for all to see... Uuh... then cumming like the little anal whore you are!”

The words stung like whip lashes... but they were true. In only a couple of days Emma had gone from naivety... to this, a depth of perversion she'd never imagined possible.

“Are you my whore, dummy?” the woman snarled.

Emma would have said she was the woman's anything the way she was getting pummelled.

“Aaah... Yes, Ma'am”

“What's that? I didn't hear you.”

“Uuh... Yes, Ma'am!... I'm your whore.”

“Again!” she said slamming in noisily.

“Oooh... I'm your whore... I'm your whore!” Emma moaned.

The cock left her anus with a slurping rasp and she felt a sudden, an empty feeling shiver through her.

Then the woman grabbed by the back of her neck. It was firm enough to grip her and walk her over to the fireplace but she didn't feel it, all she was thinking about was when would she get filled again with the cock that tapped against her bum as she walked, teasing and threatening at the same time.

This spot on the wooden floor, the warmest place in the flat, was where she was being turned into a Sapphist, quite obviously this woman was already one.

She was stripped of her apron and made to lie on her back on the floor. The top half of her face was covered in thick and smeared make up, the fake eyelashes batting as she looked up at the woman's face, looking like a clown with long brown curls spreading out over the floorboards.

She had never been kissed in her life. Not a boy or a tradesman had placed his lips on hers ever and, growing up where she had, she'd only seen it a few times when she'd stumbled upon a whore in an alleyway with a client.

The moustache was pulled off, thankfully, and Emma couldn't tell if it was the woman's lust or the glue pulling on her skin that made her snarl but when she came down and pressed her mouth onto Emma's any girlish dream she had had of a first romantic kiss was lost in that moment.

Her lips smeared over hers hard, parting them, then the woman's tongue slipped into her mouth and flicked and brushed over her own. It felt devoid of love and affection, just a physical, animal act, not dissimilar from the whores in the alleyways, but it didn't matter, it was attention she hadn't known she needed and it felt good.

She swirled her tongue back over the woman's, her lips moving and sucking on the lips pressing down on her as she felt the wetness of their mouths blending. It was messier than she'd imagined kissing would be but it also made her feel like she felt after a mug of beer.

The woman pulled off her jacket and waistcoat, then unbuttoned her shirt all the while pressing her tongue into Emma's mouth, her breaths like the snorts of a stallion as she pulled and tugged her trousers off until she was naked apart from the harness and the shiny glazed cock that made her even more powerful and potent than she already was.

The woman did have to pull away for a moment, making Emma move her head forward as if she might grab back the lips that had just left her, but the woman had done it so that she could speak.

"Grab under your knees and pull your legs out like in the show."

Emma bit her lower lip as she grasped her hands around her legs and pulled them up and out. She knew instinctively to raise her bum up off the floor and she knew what was about to happen as she gazed up into the grey eyes longingly.

She unconsciously mirrored the same smile that the woman had on her face, only making the tiniest grunt as the cock entered her and filled her tunnel again. Her blue eyes became dreamy and glassy as she looked up at the woman's face and she opened her mouth as it moved in on hers to fill it with it with the snaking tongue again.

She moaned into the woman's mouth as she felt the cock slide in and out of her

rectum, the movement less aggressive and more rhythmic as the woman swirled her hips, laying her bigger frame out on top of her.

She could hear the soft wet crackles and slurps of the shaft as her anus ran along its length, rhythmically pumping into her small, upraised bum, her slit tapping on the harness and feeling like it was as wet and slippery as when she'd licked it off the woman's thighs.

The tongue left her mouth and a hand gripped her neck, pulling her out of the velvety clouds of lust her head had wandered off into. Her eyes opened wide as the woman arched her back up and placed her other hand down under Emma's armpit, her own arms up and out at the sides of her head.

"I saw how you came tonight. I bet you never knew you could feel that way, did you?"

"No, Ma'am", Emma whispered.

"Like most girls, you don't know what your body is capable of... what your arse hole's main purpose really is"

"Ma'am."

"But you love it don't you? You've never felt so good in your life as when your filthy little roundmouth is getting reamed out. It makes you feel alive... complete... desired."

The words were barely a whisper but they spoke the truth, something in any other moment she would have been too ashamed to admit.

“Yes, Ma’am... aah... I truly love it, Ma’am.”

“Then admit what you are to me, dummy. Tell me you’re a nasty little asshole strumpet.”

“I’m a... aah... nasty little... ooh... asshole strumpet”, Emma moaned out, her only hesitations brought on by the thrusts into her bowels.

“You’d let me put anything up your dirty roundmouth hole, wouldn’t you? You’re nothing but a filthy bum tart.”

“Yes Ma’am... Oooh... I am.”

The woman kissed Emma, rewarding her responses with her tongue.

Her ankles were grasped on either side and pushed out so that her heeled feet were pressed up past her armpits.

Her asshole felt so reamed out that the cock just slipped in and out rapidly

without the usual tight squeeze of her muscles over its surface. Without the moreish ache of her clenching tunnel, the walls of her asshole tingled and tickled like the feeling on her lips and tongue.

It was pure bliss. It felt as if her whole body was melting like candle wax. She could feel the woman's nipples brush and rub over her chest as she moved in and out of her.

The woman's hands went to her neck and grasped it again. It was tight enough to make her feel overpowered and her adrenaline kick in but not so much that she couldn't breathe. They parted lips, the woman's mouth setting into a clenched snarl as she thrust her hips furiously, her brow and neck dripping with sweat and running down onto Emma's body.

"Tell me you're an asshole", the woman growled.

"Aaah... I'm an asshole", Emma moaned.

"Again!"

"I'm an asshole."

"Again!"

“Aaaaaaah!... I’m an asssss... whore!”

Her eyes rolled into her head as the fireworks exploded inside her body once again. For a moment there was nothing else, just the feelings and sensations of her body becoming her entire universe, until the woman slurped out of her bored-out anus and released her hands from Emma’s slim neck.

Emma lay on the floor, spent and flooded with the high feeling that had only days ago been alien to her, now she couldn’t get enough of it. Her eyes were closed as her fingers brushed her lips, tracing along them as she drew out the tingling sensations she was becoming addicted to.

The woman hurriedly unstrapped the harness around her waist. Emma was almost oblivious to everything outside her body until she felt a velvety soft wetness press against her slit and the woman’s left leg slid over her body, her foot coming to rest by Emma’s face.

Instinctively her hips moved in small swirling presses against the woman, their pussy lips smearing and sliding just as their mouths had done, their slippery juices blending and becoming one.

Her thighs clamped around the woman’s crotch and her arms soon pressed down onto the floor to allow her to grind herself harder. She glanced up, wanting to look at the unbelievable person that had plucked her off the streets and awakened her sexuality. It didn’t matter that she was a woman and that Emma was probably as much a sapphist as she was for all they’d done, it felt amazing and that alone made it alright.

The woman sucked and licked the glass cock that had been pushed deep into Emma's rectum with passion, a look of satisfied bliss on her face and her eyes closed.

A few days ago, Emma would have shrivelled up with embarrassment and disgust at her 'dirty' hole being enjoyed in this way but now she could almost see how it could be an object of desire. It still made her shiver at the extreme intimacy of where it had been and the enthusiasm the woman seemed to have for the taste but, like most things sexual, she'd discovered how wrong her inhibitions had been so she didn't dwell on the fact that the woman was sucking the shaft as if it were coated in treacle.

The woman's grey eyes snapped open and caught her staring at her. She moved the dildo from her mouth reluctantly, it still resting on her bottom lips as she spoke.

"Remember what I told you about your juice, dummy? You have to clean it all up with your mouth. Well, my pussy is just covered in your wetness."

Emma only nodded. She knew what she was about to do. Like all proper sapphists, she would have to eat a quim... at least her first time would be with a beautiful woman that had shown her heaven. She deserved her tongue in her sweet slit a million times more than the smelly cocks she'd sucked on the streets.

The woman pulled herself up and walked over to Emma's head. She placed a foot either side of her shoulders. The glass dildo still in her hand and looking like a well-licked lolly covered in saliva.

Her knees touched just at the sides of Emma's arms as she sat down and she felt warmth and smelt sweet musk of her crotch as it was lowered onto her face. Emma almost gasped as she was greeted with the marble knob that she recognised immediately as the butt plug protruding from the woman's anus. She must have been wearing it all evening. Emma's mind wandered, distracted as she considered the woman's needs and desires, unaware that she had unconsciously taken the first plunge with her tongue between a pussy for the first time.

There were so many firsts she was losing count and this one was no more or less overwhelming than the others. Yet it was somehow instinctive and she didn't need to think about it, she just lapped and swirled her tongue and sucked with her lips.

Her eyes darted back to the marble plug. She wondered if the woman liked things in her ass as much as she enjoyed filling Emma's. She considered it for a moment and came to the conclusion that of course she would enjoy it as Emma did but that the position of power she held meant that she wasn't going to reversing their roles anytime soon.

Emma was the submissive, the servant... the sex slave. That was her role in their relationship. Even with her lack of experience in matters such as these, she could tell that she was the one that got assfucked and not the other way round. Still, it was a turn on to think of the woman naked in her room, her honey-cream skin glistening with sweat as she pushed the plug up her pink puckered anus.

The woman's pussy tasted familiar, having taken the mouth filling the previous night as she moved her tongue around just like she had when kissing, enjoying the silky softness of her juice-covered labia on her lips.

"Mmm, you make a good little sapphist toffer, don't you? I should rent you out

to bored upper-crust ladies. I'd make a fortune."

Emma took that as a compliment and the thought of being passed around a bunch of old, aristocratic women filled her body with tingles, her continued arousal making her feel dirty and slutty enough to get turned by the nastiness of the suggestion.

Fingers pinched her nipples hard and the woman lifted an inch off her face.

"Tell me you'd lick between the legs of an over-fed Countess like a little Sappho whore", the woman said breathily.

Emma saw the woman was clearly enjoying their little fantasy that Emma was her whore... and right now, so aroused and fired up, she would probably have stuck her face between some aristocrat's legs.

"I would lick the countess like a little whore for you, Ma'am", Emma said in a soft tone. "I'd make her gush into my tarty mouth, Ma'am", she added, the dirtiness coming from a place in her head she wasn't used to using.

The woman groaned as Emma lifted her head and lapped her tongue along her slit, finding as if by chance the swollen nub at the front.

Emma knew what to do now as the woman groaned and sat back on top of her. Sure enough, sucking and flicking her tongue over the sensitive clit soon made the woman pant and groan loudly until, as the groans became louder, she pressed

her pubis hard into Emma's face, hurting the girl's jaw before a spurting gush hit her mouth.

"Ooh... I'm coming... Drink it Bitch!"

Emma opened her mouth and caught the next few squirts in her mouth, swallowing each down without thought or hesitation... like the good little 'sapphist whore', a role she took to better than that of the puppet.

She didn't know what she'd expected after that had happened and the woman had calmed herself. A hug or a kiss maybe?... but none came. The woman got up off her like she was a full chamber pot, used then quickly distanced from. She felt an empty feeling and longed for a touch or more attention.

When the woman did return, Emma felt as if she was being punished for making the woman feel something she didn't want to by the way she gripped her hands and feet and buckled leather cuff straps around them.

"These are for tomorrow night. You have to get used to wearing them so you'll sleep in them tonight and have them on tomorrow. You are not to take them off, is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Clear, Ma'am", Emma said softly, getting to her feet.

"Oh and you'll need to wear this too."

Emma felt unsure how comfortable she was with a thick leather collar buckled around her neck but she stood obediently, her blue eyes looking at the woman's hands as she fit and adjusted it until it was tight and secure.

“There. Now, off to your room. I need you well rested for tomorrow.”

Emma turned on the spot and headed to the white painted wooden door.

“Wait. You almost forgot. We can't have that hole of yours getting all tightened up again can we?”

Emma turned her head and caught a glimpse of the woman sighing as she unplugged herself then stepped up behind her.

“No, Ma'am”, Emma said, letting out a little breath as the marble pushed past her sphincter. It felt hot on her insides, warmed by the woman's own anus.

“Sweet dreams, asshole”, the woman whispered as she squeezed Emma's left bum cheek and pushed her towards the door.

Emma had been so deeply asleep that she hadn't heard the door open or noticed the woman standing over her until she received a nudge from a booted foot. Torn from fevered sex dreams, her head jolting up as she voiced her sleepy confusion.

“Wha-?”

She looked up at the woman. She was dressed in a long black dress and overcoat as if she were ready to go out into the rainy streets.

“Good Morning, Ma'am.”

“Asswhore”, she replied by way of acknowledgement and reminder, “I have to go out and fetch rope and some other things from PP & Daughters in Soho. I may be a couple of hours so I want you to pot, wash, eat and be ready for me when I get back. Your practise will incapacitate you for the afternoon. Is that clear?”

Emma didn't know what incapacitate meant but she understood for the most part.

“Yes, Ma'am. Be ready for practice when you get back, Ma'am”, she said looking up with a smile.

She didn't know why she'd expected a kiss but none came, the woman just huffing as she walked out of the room and shortly after closed the red front door to the flat behind her, locking it and rattling it to check.

This was the first time Emma had been alone in days and it felt good to have the opportunity to gather her thoughts and not be in another's company for a while. She felt the cuffs around her wrists and ankles, adjusting them but not taking them off, she knew she wouldn't be able to get them back on fast enough if she heard the key in the front door.

She did however unplug her anus, doing something she wouldn't have imagined days ago and placed the polished marble under her nose like a rose. It was strange how smells became associated with things and now the sweet, heady scent of the inside of her bum reminded her of orgasms and adoration and she smiled, half closing her eyes as she breathed in the fragrance.

She didn't dare put it in her mouth as the woman seemed to really enjoy doing but, for a second, she did touch it to her lips if only to challenge her inhibitions.

She tucked it into the top of her stockings as she got up carefully and stomped in the heels over to her chamber pot then onwards to empty it.

There was a metal bowl with water in it on the stove and a hand towel draped over the side for her to wash herself down and clean away the smut, sex and makeup from the previous day. There was even a lavender scented soap bar in the water, a luxury for a girl like her.

After that, she took herself a bowl of porridge and sat at the table, pausing a

second to remember how she'd been thrown over it and the moans she'd made as she was thrust into, then shrugged and took another mouthful of steaming, delicious oats.

I'm warm and safe, fed and I smell of flowers, she thought to herself with a wide smile. If I am to be this woman's 'asswhore' – the name catching a little in her mind and making her heart beat faster - at least its far better than being a dirt-covered street rat. Plus there was the woman herself. She imagined her body in her head, tall and toned with exotic honey-cream skin and those piercing grey eyes. If she had been a man... well, Emma might have considered marriage but that was impossible, a woman couldn't marry another woman in 1850s London and she still struggled with the thought of being labelled a Sappho.

I mean I hardly even know her, she thought, her face feeling flushed despite being alone. I don't even know her name! If only I could learn more about her.

Emma sat and ate, all the while staring at the blue door to the woman's room. It would be locked but it didn't hurt just to go up and check to be certain.

She got up, leaving the last mouthfuls in the bowl and walked hesitantly to the door. The wood in the stove crackled loudly just as she got within reaching distance and she jumped both heeled feet off the floorboards, her heart racing as she thought she'd been caught doing something she really shouldn't.

She had to grab the doorknob just to steady herself on the ridiculous shoes and almost leapt up again in more shock when she felt it turn easily.

She had to stop for a moment to breathe. She couldn't believe how nervous she

was, all the time remembering those piercing grey eyes staring at her. She wondered if the woman would sack her and put her back on the streets if she found her in her room without permission. There were hundreds of other girls on the street that would give their right arm... or their bumholes... to be in her place and it wasn't as if the woman had invested a lot of time in training her up.

Still, curiosity had gotten her this far. It couldn't hurt just to creak the door open and poke her head in for a moment.

The door opened smoothly, no creaks like the one on her room's. A scent of heady incense filled her lungs, like an exotic palace in some far-off land. She craned her collared neck and looked in.

She gasped.

A bed fit for a queen, with gilded posts rising up to a velvet covered top piece, sheer pink curtains that looked as thin as a spider web hung down from each post and a sumptuous looking mattress with pink silk sheets enveloped in the centre. Large, thick hoops ran up each post. Some of them looked worn as if years of something pulling and scraping on them had eventually left marks on the thick curls of solid metal.

She pulled her eyes away from the most luxurious thing she'd ever seen and gazed in awe around the walls, completely forgetting that she was only meant to just peek then leave.

Posters adorned the white plaster in wooden frames. All of them of the woman but in languages she couldn't understand even if she could read. She guessed

that the woman's name could be the large letters on some of them and she wished she knew what the shapes meant. She did however recognise the Eiffel Tower in one and Pyramids in another and of course one with Big Ben and the woman sat with a pretty looking girl on her lap with the very same mouthpiece she was made to wear. In fact all the pictures had similar poses, some drawn better than others and some with writing that looked like lines and swirls of a paint brush, but it was all of the woman with some girl as her scantily-clad puppet.

She scanned on with her eyes, her mouth open as she saw rows of hooks holding devices and tools designed to punish and hurt then shelves of things meant for a similar purpose to her plug and the glass cock, some so frighteningly big they made her gasp again and hold her breath as she felt the cringing tingles of her body sympathising with whoever might have been filled with some of the monstrous-looking things.

Smaller items were tucked under small shelves either side of the bed, possibly for the woman's own use Emma thought... but then who were all the other things for? She gulped, trying not to think about that as she felt herself stepping closer to a row of costumes on a hanger, recognising the maid outfit and the doll dress in amongst them before a line of the woman's own clothes. There was a line of boots under the clothes and Emma couldn't resist squatting down to get a closer look even if that was a slow and awkward process in her own heels.

She smiled as she picked one of the woman's ankle boots off of the floor then found herself sniffing it as she looked over the various footwear, some of them even more obscenely heeled than her own that would have the wearer's feet almost vertical as she walked. She wished she had the time to try on every pair but it would have been stupid to even attempt it. She sighed and glanced around.

There was something under the bed. Emma could feel her heart racing. It had been less than an hour since the woman had left. She wouldn't be back quite yet

if she was going as far as Soho, but knowing she was doing something wrong made it feel as if it was inevitable that she would get caught out at any moment.

She had to look. She knelt down on her hands and knees, wearing only the leather straps and her stockings and shoes and lowered her head and shoulders down under the frame.

An old looking chest, like one she imagined pirate treasure to be in, stared back at her just begging to be opened. It might give me more understanding of the woman she thought, trying to convince herself that the risk was worth it.

She blanked her head and tugged at one of the handles, dragging it out of its hiding place and into the incense-filled room.

Sitting on the heels and ignoring them jabbing into her bum, she slid the hinge and lifted the lid.

Inside were piles of photos with writing on the backs and a folded up camera. Emma couldn't read the inked words but she turned the first picture round hoping it would reveal something. She dropped it on the floor, her hands becoming numb as panic and her instincts to run kicked in.

It was her.

The photo was a picture of Emma on the streets, probably only a couple of weeks old, taken from some high place, clothed in the long-worn rags she'd had

up until burned by the woman days ago.

But... but... that means she planned to employ me all along. She chose me... because of something... maybe because I'm small and light enough to play the dummy role. Emma tried to make sense of the piece of card, her head spinning at the thought she'd been stalked like prey and not known it.

She tried to slow her breathing down and picked up the photo. This was the first time she'd ever seen herself this way. Her first photo, at least that she knew of.

She placed it carefully down beside her so as to remember the order when she put them back and picked out another.

She wished she hadn't as soon as she turned it around.

A Chinese girl, like the ones she'd seen around town that people would call Orientals, not that it was easy to tell.

Almost every part of her was black and blue, with red lines running across her back, her arms stretched out tautly to each side by thick metal manacles. A woman behind her was posing with what looked like a wooden club attached to her waist with rounded spikes all along its surface, its total length resting halfway up the girl's back. It wasn't a club, Emma realised, feeling both queasy and tingly at the same time.

The girl's head was pulled back by a rough-looking grip on her hair but her eyes

were closed, her stomach propped up by a wooden stand that she seemed to be chained to by thick metal manacles on her ankles and thighs.

The woman (not her woman) was wearing leather straps in an arrangement that squeezed and highlighted her large, drooping breasts while exposing them. She was smiling, a cruel look of achievement on her face like a hunter holding up a broken, limp fox.

Emma gagged a little as she held down an urge to throw up. Her hands were clammy as she lifted another photo out.

It was the same girl wearing a brown suede costume with feathers in her hair. She had her back to the camera and was parting her bum cheeks wide, showing that she had a marble orb sticking out of her crack with some red marks on her back but far fewer than the previous picture.

She glanced down at the bulge in her stockings. The same plug had been inside that girl's asshole!

The next picture showed her in an erotic sailor costume dangling from a set of ropes and the next one Emma recognised from the previous day, the same maid costume, the girl in a pose with her hands clasping her legs and both her hairless holes pushed forward beneath her.

Emma could see she was a pretty girl, beautiful, flawless skin, high cheekbones and long black, flowing straight hair. Her build was slight and small and very slim, making her look as much a China doll as Emma might have looked in that same costume had she seen herself in a photo.

She shivered, not because she was naked, but because of what she was seeing, each photo seeming to go further back through time.

The next was of the girl out on the streets, standing behind a stall in Chinatown, her clothing a traditional flowery dress, looking sweet and pretty behind her wares.

The next picture was as gut churning as the second. A redhead with pale skin where unsullied, balled up in ropes, dangling upside down like a fly in a spiders web with some device on her face that wrenched her jaw apart and her nostrils up as a similarly cruel-faced woman to the last grinned with half her arm hidden... inside the girl, Emma finally realised to her horror.

The same plug, the same costumes followed the story of photos back to a beautiful Gypsy girl sat by her camp fireplace.

Emma flicked faster.

A blonde on her back, surrounded by three women with fake crotch-strapped cocks pushed into an orifice each, the ropes making her body look like a tied joint of pork in a butcher's window. Her pictures led back to a voyeuristic photo outside a brothel, her dark eyes looking weary and her clothes signalling to passers-by that she was a prostitute.

There were more, probably some from the places in the posters but Emma was too afraid to delve any further. She carefully put the photos back in the same

order, her heart thudding in her chest as she placed the last one back, seeing herself imprinted on the card, innocent and oblivious to the things she would soon been exposed to.

She slid the chest back under the bed and got up again, taking one last look around the room, before stepping over to the door and closing it behind her.

She must have leaned her back up against it for minutes, her hands pressed on the blue-painted wood, her eyes closed as she tried to deal with the conflict in her head.

Her mind told her to run, to get away from the flat and the woman and go back to the streets. It seemed clear to her what had happened to the other girls even though she couldn't bring herself to say the words themselves. She winced her eyes shut as she thought of each one of their faces in the first pictures, unknowing of what was to come. She wanted to cry but she knew that wouldn't help them or herself. She had to think. She had to decide.

She had been enthralled so quickly by the sex, her body and her crotch constantly aching for attention and the unbelievable climaxes she never knew existed. To leave that, even given the obvious risks, seemed to stop her from moving. Good food, a bed of sorts, warmth, and the chance to bathe and piss in peace were all things she'd never had. Then there was the woman, she was starting to feel things she hadn't felt for anyone else, as if bewitched or spell bound by her every look and touch.

Just then she heard footsteps outside the red front door and a key start to get scraped into the hole.

She panicked, gasping for air as she pulled the plug out of her stocking and shoved it in her mouth, covering it with spit before pushing it forcefully up where it was meant to be. She didn't even stop to consider the taboo thing she'd just done, her survival instincts too strong. She stepped over to the stove and tried to look as if she were still washing herself, her brow at least needed the cold sweat brushing away.

The woman walked into the living room holding a large sack, dumping it on the floor as she took off her overcoat and shook of the rain.

She looked over at Emma, suspicious.

“What are you doing?”

“Cleaning myself for you, Ma'am”, Emma said breathily, her voice sounding as if she'd just run a mile.

“Cleaning yourself”, the woman said slowly. “You're still cleaning yourself?”

“I ate first, Ma'am then I had to rush to the pot. So I thought I'd better wash myself after”, Emma lied, her voice shaky.

The woman either believed her or didn't care, huffing as she laid her coat out then undid the front buttons on her dress.

“I’m going to change. Tidy away the pots and wash them in the bowl then your practice will begin.”

“Yes, Ma’am. Right away”, Emma said, putting on a smile.

The woman stomped over to her room as Emma moved around to clean the table away, glancing up out of the corner of her eye. Her heart skipped a beat as the woman took her key out for her room then paused a moment as if thinking before turning the knob. Shaking her head ever so slightly and turning her head to look at Emma, who dropped hers immediately, the woman stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

Emma let out a long held in breath then sucked more air in through her mouth. She could feel her body tensing and the marble plug getting clenched tighter as she wiped the table with a cloth. Her mind was racing but nothing seemed to make sense as her emotions and instincts fought one another only serving to make her feel shaky and nauseous.

Before she knew it, the woman had returned wearing her white stockings and knee-high boots but nothing else above the waist. She placed a costume over the back of a chair.

The sailor costume from the photos!

Emma felt blood rush into her head as she pictured the images of the girls who had worn that same costume, remembering the repeated pattern until their gruesome fate. Now it was her turn to wear it.

The woman looked unconcerned and unaware of the battle going on in Emma's head as she walked over to the sack and pulled out several rolls of thick rope.

“Right. Swap your stockings for those white ones then put on the tunic and sailor collar. Then I need you to stand under that.”

The woman pointed at the costume then up at a wooden cross on the ceiling that Emma had never noticed before despite spending a good deal of time with her head facing up as she lay on the floorboards.

Curiosity and the tingling feeling in her belly stirred her from her frozen indecisiveness, making her clump forward and sit her bum down on the wooden chair to unbuckle her heels. She was getting used to wearing them and had even started to not notice they were on sometimes, the stockings protecting against the worst sores. Her duck-like walk however was noticeable and the slope of the heels made her stick her bum out as if it were bigger than it actually was and arch her back until it ached. She had a feeling that was the point of them and, had she not seen the photos, she would have felt happy to wear them. Now, she felt they were there to slow her down and stop her from running away. Her brow furrowed as she thought, disguising her battling emotions as the struggle with the white woollen stockings as she rolled them up her slim legs to the middle of her thighs.

She glanced down at her slit. It was wet. A little sticky line of clear liquid connected her body to the wooden seat like a web. This, whatever this job could be called, was just too exciting to leave.

As she put on the tunic and pulled the neckerchief style navy blue collar over her

head she took a deep breath and made a decision.

I'm smart enough and I have one advantage over those other poor girls... I know. I make the most of it and at least wait to get the week's pay that I've more than earned already. Then if things take a turn for the worse, I scarper.

The tunic only covered her down to the waist... of course, she thought. The audience have got to see my arse and slit. It's what they come for apparently.

The woman stepped over and took Emma's arm, raising her wrist up and looping one of the ropes through the metal hoop on the leather cuff.

Those tingles fluttered through her like butterflies as she parted her lips and looked with her head lowered at the woman's face as she focused on her craft.

Majestic and beautiful and seeming more so each day, those eyes and her powerful, sleek body that took her and fucked her with such authority, as if she had every right to use Emma any way she saw fit.

She longed for a look back or better yet a kiss but neither came as her wrists, ankles and even her neck collar was looped with rope.

"Stand over here and hold still", the woman said, sounding cold and efficient.

Emma stood and waited as she fetched a chair then stood up on it pulling each rope up and securing it to a corner of the cross, the neck collar piece pulled to the centre and tied tautly so that Emma had to stretch to stop from being strangled.

The woman walked around her after moving the chair back roughly, her steps and breathing becoming the only noises in the flat for a while.

“Part those skinny thighs, dummy”, the woman hissed, her hands tugging on the soft inside of Emma’s upper thighs until Emma staggered her heels out wider. The hands slipped up and stroked her wet slit as if it were some perverse reward.

“Bend your knees... More... That’s it. Now lean in on the hand strings and make your hands flat.”

She walked back around in front of Emma, looking satisfied with the pose after the adjustments.

“Three hours like this should set your muscles how you’ll need to be tonight. I’ll make you up and then I think I might take a photograph of you... for promoting the act, you see. I meant to do one last night but I got distracted by your arse.”

Emma could tell the woman was lying about the promoting the act part but her mind went blank as the woman leaned in and pressed her open mouth against hers, pushing her tongue firmly inside and swirling it around as lustfully as she had the previous night.

Emma felt a light, floating feeling and moaned gently into the woman's mouth as everything else evaporated for a moment.

It ended too soon for Emma's liking as the woman pulled her lips away, the hint of a smirk on her face, then walked off to her room to fetch make up and the camera which Emma wasn't supposed to know was hidden in the chest with the photos.

The camera was a miraculous device but it meant that she had to hold still in the dimly lit flat while it caught the frozen image of her in a state of perpetual lewdness just like the others. She was made to stick her bum out further then coquettishly tilt her head as the camera captured the moment for all eternity.

Maybe I'm different she thought to herself as she was told to push the marble plug's knob out towards the lens. She kissed me. She made love to me last night and forgot to take photos. Maybe I'm not going to end up like the others.

Three hours later after hanging like a broken marionette, Emma's opinion started to sway again in the other direction, feeling sore both physically and in her heart at being left to dangle while the woman seemed to go about her afternoon as if Emma wasn't even there.

Her thighs and calves burned and her arms, neck and shoulders ached. She felt as stiff as wood when she was finally released and allowed to move out of the pose. She tried to hold in a groan but couldn't as she stood as upright as she could in the heels.

For that she got a slap and a glare, reminding her that she was an employee and

had no rights to moan or complain.

“Sit down and eat, then I have something I want you to take before the performance.”

Emma sat at the table as the woman served her a bowl of cabbage and peas with more of the sausages. Emma had never had as much meat in a year as she'd had those past few days and she tucked in with the same enthusiasm as the first time she'd had them, hungry from all the energy she'd spent straining and tensing under the cross.

“You like the sausages, don't you dummy?” The woman's voice sounded like she enjoyed asking the question.

“Yes, Ma'am. They're delicious.”

“Good. You can't get sausages like these anywhere else in London. I have them made specially.”

The woman's hand slipped down her tights but it wasn't the first time she'd played with herself while watching Emma eat the sausages so it wasn't that that made her pause and almost choke. It was the next thing the woman said.

“It's a very special cut of meat that make's them soft and juicy, like a Gypsy girl's bum.”

Emma baulked then coughed.

“We can’t have you choking to death before the performance. Spit it out, stupid girl. You’re obviously gobbling them up too quickly.”

The woman slipped her hand out and pushed the bowl under Emma’s face then slid it aside when Emma had made a show of spitting out the suspicious meat.

It can’t be, Emma thought... can it? Half the stories people made up in London in those days involved people disappearing and being turned into pies or sausages by some crazed but unassuming individual. What if... It didn’t bear thinking about unless she wanted to throw up all over the sailor costume and the table.

“May I be excused for the pot, Ma’am?”

“Need another piss, dummy? Fine, you’re excused”, the woman sneered then waved her hand as if disappointed at Emma for not finishing her meal.

Emma staggered to her room. The door was open but her pot was the other side of the dividing wall and she was able to steal a moment out of the woman’s gaze to pant and heave as she thought about the latest horrific possibility. Her suspicions were starting to stack up against the woman as she pieced together the photos with the high turnover of girls being employed as puppets. Her stomach wrenched and she quickly got on her knees and shoved her face over the pot.

Whatever nourishment she'd eaten up that day soon came out and into her chamber pot as she tried to keep the retching noises down so that the woman didn't realise she was throwing up. She pulled her hair out the way and thanked heaven that she didn't need lipstick on under the mouthpiece as she wiped her lips with her arm.

"Are you done pissing yet? I have something for you. Come here", the woman commanded.

"Done, Ma'am. I'm coming, Ma'am."

She walked back into the living room and stared down at the long pipe on the table. She knew what it was but the woman stating it for her still made her mouth open.

"Opium. Sit."

Emma sat down.

"Tonight is going to be... well, rough. You are going to have to perform in a way that may have you in some pain and unable to finish the show without some help. This will dull your senses and make what would be a struggle into nothing more than a chore."

“But Ma’am. That stuff is poison. I’ve seen what it does to people that get addicted to it.”

“My dear puppet. You aren’t going to get addicted. You’ll only need it a few times then it’ll all be fine”, the woman’s voice sounded like melting honey as she passed the pipe to Emma, making her take it in her hand.

Emma felt that protesting would have been a mistake as the woman stood and walked around behind her, massaging her shoulders with equal amounts of sensuality and threat.

Emma struck a match from a box on the table and placed it over the chamber part of the pipe, then puffed as she’d seen people do on the streets with tobacco pipes.

She coughed and spluttered but felt the fingers stroking down her chest, encouraging her to have a second then a third inhale until she stopped choking on the heavy, sour smoke and started to breathe it into her lungs, pausing as she felt her head cloud over and feel as if it were floating somewhere above her body.

It felt so good to have the woman’s hands caress her in such a gentle, almost hypnotic way. She sat down on a chair next to Emma so that she could reach up under the tunic and swirl her fingertips up her spine.

Emma had to close her eyes. Her body felt as if it was melting like candle wax, putty in the woman’s hands. As if she wasn’t confused enough, the opium made it even more difficult for her to think. What she knew and felt seemed to

fragment and break into nonsensical pieces that made no sense. But as each puff left her lungs she didn't care that she couldn't control her mind, smiling dully as her aches and soreness seemed to vanish from her muscles.

The woman left her and returned with the mouthpiece and gape gag. It could have been minutes or hours that she sat staring at the sausages on her plate, trying to remember why she hadn't gobbled them all up.

“That's enough. Now, open wide.”

It was like a dream as the woman buckled on the props of their performance, her mouth unable to control a line of saliva slipping out as the gag was secured. She didn't care or feel the slightest embarrassment as it dripped down onto her naked crotch.

She remembered a cloak being swirled over her head and onto her body like a blanket then nothing until she was staggering and stumbling down the streets.

The woman had to hold onto her, grasping her hand and holding her round the back with her other arm as if she were a drunken tart coming out a pub after the landlord had called time.

People leered and ogled her as they passed, their eyes immediately widening like saucers on her intimate parts and their tongues lashing out and flicking towards her like snakes. At least that's what she thought she saw as she huddled under the woman's shoulder for protection from the lust demons and monsters of the night.

Finally getting down the alleyway with the doorman stood there, Emma didn't even wait to let him finish his sentence about her being his 'favourite cherry' before she whisked the cloak to one side and lewdly split her crack wide like she was tearing open an orange.

She lost her balance and had to be caught by the woman but still she continued to give the doorman the display she believed he wanted to see.

"Fuck me. What's up with her?" he asked, disappointed that his fun was taken away from him with Emma being so forward and nonchalant.

"The pipe. To dull the pain", the woman said matter-of-factly.

"Oh", he said, looking a little less menacing as his eyebrows knitted, "Pain she's in?"

"Pain she's going to feel", the woman replied as she stood Emma up and signalled for the door to be opened.

"Oh", the doorman said, actually sounding a little sorry as he held the door and watched Emma, oblivious to him, stumble into the gas lamp lit backstage corridor.

"Come on, dummy. We have to set up before they raise the curtains", the woman

said, pulling Emma by the cuffed wrist.

Emma couldn't reply with the gag in her mouth but honked out a moan as drool escaped her lips and dribbled past the pink painted lips of the mouthpiece.

The woman seemed excited, smiling serpent-like as she hissed into Emma's ear.

“You're about to get spit-roasted in public. You'll like that won't you, you filthy little whore?”

Emma looked at her and mimicked her nodding head, her eyes dull and vacant.

They stomped up the stage steps. Emma could hear the audience the other side of the curtain as the woman snapped instructions to stagehands and checked things were ready. She looked at the equipment on the stage and recognised the same style of ropes and cross that she'd been strung into most of the afternoon but this one had sets of pulleys that fed the ropes over to one area at the back. Two wooden dummies, both of them dressed in gentlemen's clothes, stood either side of the cross, one higher than the other and with a complicated set of levers and cranks with black stage fabric attached to their bases.

This was very different to the chair routine of the previous night and Emma struggled to understand what she might be doing although she was quite sure it would involve her getting fucked in some way.

She didn't feel the tingles of excitement in her belly this time. The opium was

blocking most of the feelings and sensations in her body, even walking seemed strange. It was as if she couldn't really feel the ground beneath her, making her unsteady and unsure how much to step.

The woman pulled her along under the cross and slid the five ropes down to her cuffs and collar, threading them through the metal hoops and pulling them tightly, then clamping them into the pulley grips.

Emma watched on dreamily. It was as if the woman was securing someone else and not her into the ropes, her limbs feeling alien and unattached in their numbness.

The woman swore as she made a final inspection, pulling the butt plug out of Emma's asshole with a sharp tug.

"Shit", she hissed, quickly sucking on it then pushing it up her own anus as if that was the most obvious place to hide it.

She managed to squeeze it in and pull her hand out of her stockings just in time before the curtains was pulled back and the announcer had called out to the crowd.

There was a collective gasp and then murmurs of approval from the audience on seeing the complicated machinery that made up the scene that Emma was dangling in, her legs bowed and her arms out in front as she'd practised.

The woman made a show of sucking on two fingers then shoved them hard up Emma's anus, making the crowd cheer and shout abuse.

Emma didn't even flinch. She hardly felt them in there, feeling none of the electrifying tingles as they stroked her tunnel walls, just a dull recognition that they were poking into her one side or the other as she obeyed the instructions and moved her head.

The woman had tied her hair back into a bowed ponytail and placed a sailors cap on her head, pinning it into her hair tightly but she didn't remember her putting it on her as she blinked at the blurry mass of faces.

"Now what's a sailor to do on a night like this when he's not out on the open seas?"

Emma was startled to see her own mouth moving and words coming out. Was she speaking? she asked herself, her eyes crossing as she looked down at the moving mouthpiece.

The audience shouted their suggestions, all of them crude and foul.

"I know. I'll have a walk in this nice little park. I hear some of London's finest gentlemen like a good stroll at night in places like these."

The crowd laughed, a knowing and dirty noise.

The woman worked the pump for Emma's mouthpiece, starting up a sea shanty.

"Oh, blow away I long to hear you-,

Blow boys! Blow!

Oh blow today and blow tomorrow

Blow boys! Blow!"

She stepped on a lever, opening the mouth of the man puppet in front of Emma.

"I say, Wilfred. This chap wants to blow. Looks like my lucky night!"

"Your lucky night you say, Archie? Look at the tight rump on him. Ripe for a good buggering."

"I say. Sailor. Are you a mandrake?"

"Mandrake, Sir?"

“Yes, a man that does the deed with other men.”

“I don’t know what you’ve heard sir... but it does get lonely out at sea sometimes”, the woman replied for her as Emma was instructed to turn to the crowd and put her head down.

“Well this is your lucky night, Sailor. Wilfred and I would like to make you feel a lot less lonely... especially in your mouth and arse.”

“I don’t know what you mean, Sir. I just came for a stroll in this little park.”

“A little park? Come now, you must know what to expect when a tasty piece like you wanders around the bushes at night?”

“What, Sir?”

“Snakes”, the Archie puppet said, then Emma heard the creaking of a crank from under the black cloth where the stagehands hid and a glass cock, like the one the woman had worn around her crotch, thudded down, aiming its tip at Emma’s face.

She couldn’t see the same movements behind her as the Wilfred puppet flopped its fake cock out too with a creak and a thud.

“Oh Sir. Thank you all the same but I just wanted to take in the fresh air and the greenery.”

“How about you take in a bit of wood? Wilfred has his truncheon ready for your salty roundmouth.”

“Oh, I...um”

The puppets moved forwards on rails, the cocks threateningly close as the front one spoke.

“An able bodied seaman needs to be filled with semen. That’s only proper.”

“Well... Er... Ok, Sir”, Emma’s mouth said just before the cocks got close enough to touch her front and back. The woman slid her fingers out and positioned the shafts both sides, opening the mouthpiece and locking it with a little catch.

“Forwards”, she hissed to the stagehands.

The cock in the front slid into her mouth, the gape gag fitting around over it as it was moved forward, pushing her tongue down. The other one penetrated her anus. Covered in goose fat, it slipped in past her sphincter with ease and poked the tip at the start of her rectum.

She didn't react. She hardly felt it and had anticipated having her body filled somehow, despite her confusion as to whether the puppets were real or not, her drugged mind hallucinating and believing the fantasy the woman had created.

“Glug – Ooh Sir that's deep”, the sailor said, its mouth full.

“His tight little arsehole is clamping around my instrument like its suckling on it. Har Har!”

“You should see his chops around mine. He looks like a toothless bunter trying to squeeze a shilling out. Har Har!”

“Shall we begin, Archie? One....”

The Archie puppet said “... Two...”

Then Emma, her mouthpiece not moving called out a muffled “Three...”, from the woman's skilled voice throwing.

The cocks moved in deep... very deep. Emma was stunned at first as to how the puppets, which her mind was still struggling to decide whether alive or not, could move their cocks without moving their bodies at all.

The reality was a mechanism under the cloths that the stagehands cranked to make the glass shafts pump back and forth like pistons. The effect was to spear into Emma's rectum so deeply that it jabbed at her bowels and so far into her throat that it pressed into the soft, back wall. And yet, she didn't feel the stabbing pain that would have accompanied these thrusts but neither did she feel the amazing tingles or achy fullness that she had started to crave.

Her arms moved up as if in a gesture of surprise.

"Glug – I hadn't expected this – glug..." Emma's character said as the stagehand's turned the cranks and the glass dildos slid back to their starting positions then thrust in again in a smooth mechanical motion.

Emma could hear the cranks and levers in the puppet moving around as the shaft disappeared under nose and into her mouth, stabbing once again at the back of her throat.

Right then Emma believed she was the toy that the woman had made her become and that fucking was the way she was meant to be played with.

The audience's jeering settled down as they got about their acts of masturbation and oral sex, the show arousing and erotic enough for them to want to rub and suck along to Wilfred and Archie, imagining they were in their places, as they watched Emma's rope-held body getting spit-roasted.

The woman hissed to the Archie stagehand to crank back then wheel away.

“Heave-ho. My arse has had its fair share of cock but that one so tasty it’s making it drool.”

“That’d be the jellied eels you ate down the East End”, Archie chimed in, getting chuckles from the crowd.

“It’s rude to speak with your mouth full”, Wilfred drawled in his posh accent.

“He’s not speaking out of his mouth, my good man”, Archie quipped back, “He’s speaking out his arse.”

The men and women laughed louder, some choking on cock as they caught the joke.

“He has a pucker like a boxer’s lips”, Archie went on. “Here, let me kiss it.”

The puppet was wheeled back in, the woman making sure it hit its target, plunging back in deeply as Emma’s brow furrowed from the rough thrust, her arms pulled up again in a gesture.

“Ooh”, the sailor moaned.

“Ha. I think I dislodged a jellied eel”, Archie said.

Wilfred trundled back out of Emma's mouth.

"So are you enjoying your leave in London, Sailor?" Wilfred asked as if just having a little chat as Archie pumped in and out of Emma's rectum.

"Ooh... Yes Sir... Although, some of the locals can be a little hard... Oooh."

"Nonsense Man. A rough and tumble young sailor like you should be able to take a little buggering and sword swallowing, Wot?"

"I say, Wilfred. Shall we show the young chap why they call us the 'Snakes in the Bushes'?"

"Quite, Archie. Let's do."

That was a signal for the puppets to rumble back further, allowing the stagehands to reach up and unbolt the glass shafts. Emma's eyes widened as she saw the cock grow in front of her eyes, getting almost twice the length it had been a moment ago then get locked back in place.

"Fuck me!" the sailor exclaimed in scripted surprise.

“Oh we intend to. Archie, shall we?”

The shaft went in so deep that Emma could feel herself actually swallowing it. The woman angled her head with the collar rope so that she had a horizontal tunnel for the shaft to squeeze and burrow down into, re-arranging her oesophagus as it travelled past her neck.

Emma's eyes bulged. The sensation was strange, as if she wanted to gulp and swallow but because of what she'd smoked earlier she managed to control it. Her gag reflexes, like many of her instinctive impulses not reacting in her drugged state. It wasn't comfortable feeling a hard and thick object tunnelling down her neck but the opioid effect had anaesthetised her body.

The other shaft pushed so far into her that she thought the two might meet. Her bowels were squished and thrust against as the glass cock filled her entire tunnel's length and more.

Then the thrusting started. Emma was oblivious to the grimaces and sneers of lust from the audience as they set about pleasuring themselves to the performance in front of them. This was more than just a fuck show, tonight they were rewarded with an act of almost inhuman display.

Tears dripped from her eyes at the sheer eye-watering depths the cocks were tunnelling but she was so disappointed that she wasn't feeling the same levels of arousal that she had felt all the previous times she'd been fucked. This should have been even better but the pipe had stolen that pleasure away from her and left her a dull, unfeeling shell for the audience to ogle and wank off to. She truly was a puppet in that moment. A fuck toy in the shape of a girl that could barely feel a thing as she was treated to the deepest and hardest fuck of her young life so far and all she could do was to blow a snot bubble out her nose and blink

away her tears.

“Faster”, the woman snarled to the stagehands, making them crank harder and bore into Emma like two bayonet spears thrusting at an enemy.

“I said faster!”, she growled, trying to kick out at the lumps under the black cloths as she clung onto the marionette ropes.

The shafts pumped in and out of her depths, never coming out further than the deepest she’d previously taken a cock or a shaft in either end, the speed making her feel like part of the mechanism and less human at each shaft movement blurring back and forth.

Some of the crowd gasped. A couple of the women even muttered sympathetic words but that didn’t stop them from touching themselves as they watched, captivated by the spectacle on the wooden stage.

In a moment of clarity, Emma consoled herself with the fact that her petite body was managing to cope with the onslaught that came from both ends. It was a thorough violation, deeper than should be possible for any girl to take, and yet she was managing. She felt imprisoned by the two dildos, unable to move off from them as they impaled her bowels and throat and yet she didn’t feel the panic or the fear of the previous nights. Her body wasn’t her own any more so she might as well stop worrying about what happened to it.

The stagehands turned the cranks at breakneck speed, the glass shafts sawing in and out like the turning cogs of a steam engine at full heat and still she struggled to feel anything more than mild arousal. That frustrated her more than the

obscenely deep penetrations into her body, especially as she felt she'd been up on the stage for ages.

One by one the audience shot their loads, came and climaxed. Like corn kernels heating on a stove popping at random then building to a crescendo, encouraging one another on like a contagious yawn.

The stagehands continued to turn the cranks and fuck her and the woman still snarled for them to turn faster.

Some of the audience had started to filter out by then, stepping up with their handkerchiefs in hand to leave and go back to their normal lives, far away from their perverse and deviant form of entertainment having done what they came to do and now less interested in their post-orgasm state to the girl on stage.

The curtain fell and still the stagehands, oblivious to the goings on outside their covering of thick cloths, cranked on.

Emma's eyes rolled into her head as she was made to impersonate a spit roast hog, tears tumbling down her cheeks until the two young men were eventually kicked out from their hiding places and brushed off the stage.

The woman left the cocks in at their fullest extent then walked slowly around Emma, pushing her hand under the tunic to stroke the girl's chest and spine.

"Now that was quite a performance. I'm impressed. Even with the smoke, most

girls would have passed out from the pain after the first half hour. You're a lot tougher than you look, dummy."

They were some of the kindest words the woman had uttered since they'd met, if they could be called kind given the situation. It felt like a compliment and was confirmed as one with a rewarding hand rubbing over her slit, disappointingly for both of them it wasn't as wet as it could and should have been.

She still managed to purr a little as the woman slipped two fingers between her labia and rubbed deeply for a moment before bringing it to her mouth and sucking on them, a devilish look of arousal on her face.

"I'm going to take you home and ride your pretty little face, my asshole", the woman whispered into Emma's ear, the girl unable to even turn her head, completely incapacitated by the dildos inside her and the rope pulleys.

A second compliment, her face was pretty, pretty enough to be sat on apparently.

"But first I am going to feast", the woman said, moving around behind the Archie doll and pressed the lever to trundle the wheels it was on backwards then turned the crank until Emma's anus rasped out embarrassingly noisily as the glass shaft left it, making the woman laugh.

Emma couldn't understand again but recognised the same mysterious language being used to say something that sounded like a chant, magical and exciting to her Cockney ears, then the noise of sucking and licking as she hung patiently in her trap, the front dildo still skewered down her throat.

The woman had seemed in no rush to release Emma from the ropes or the throat-probing dildo but when she did and had gotten her home back to the flat, the sense of urgency changed.

She was manhandled and stripped of the tunic then almost thrown to the floor by the fire that the woman quickly lit and threw a few logs at before rushing off to her room.

When she returned, she was completely naked, throwing things down to Emma's side before sitting on top of her thighs then leaning in, their lips stroking as she spoke.

“You looked a sight up there tonight, little asshole”, the woman said, with lust in her voice but Emma somehow found affection in it too.

She kissed Emma, a strong open-mouthed lip suck with a scooping tongue as if she were trying to eat whelks from the shell. It was a hungry, lust-filled act and Emma enjoyed the softness on her mouth after the cruel shafting earlier.

It was short lived however, as the woman snatched her gape gag from the floor nearby, buckling it hurriedly around her head.

A glass cock, the glass cock that had fucked her in that same spot the previous night was brought up and to her mouth.

Emma hadn't seen it from the dildo from other end but it had a handle for holding or placing inside something. The woman pressed the handle into the gape gag, setting it in the ring shape that kept Emma's mouth wide open, sealing it closed and pressing it down until completely secure. The other end towered up like a horn coming out of her face, her eyes crossing once again as she looked up at the tip.

The woman moved with urgency as she climbed on top of Emma's thighs again and licked and drooled over the tip of the glass dildo. Her spit ran and dribbled down the sides of the shaft and onto Emma's face below. She pushed it down her throat, gagging and coughing up more phlegm to cover the shiny surface with.

Emma could only lay and watch as the woman expertly deep throated the cock, her eyes wide with the ease of a spectator watching someone else doing all the work. Her arms and legs were flat on the floor, her cuffs still on but she didn't need to be restrained to know that she was to keep still and take what was about to happen.

The woman stood and turned around then Emma's view was filled with the approaching crack that lowered itself onto the dildo protruding from her mouth. She'd never seen another woman, or herself for that matter, get penetrated in her pussy and, even in her drugged state, Emma still found herself groan in amazement as the shaft slipped in between the woman's lips and disappeared inside her.

The length of the glass cock slid in, bringing the woman's crotch down on Emma's face. The marble knob stuck out of the woman's anus, taunting Emma until it was slurped out. Emma found her anus fascinating, open and winking, trying to get a look inside the hole as she smelled the sweet, pungent scent released by the unplugging. The pink pucker reminded her of the woman's

mouth, possibly tasting as sweet after the post-stage feasting and she found herself looking at it hungrily without any hint of the repulsion she might have felt days ago.

The woman groaned and sat completely onto Emma's dildo-gagged face, the girl feeling the warmth and sweat of the woman's rim pressing against her nose as she felt the slippery and aroused pussy press onto her lips, coating them in a glossy film of stickiness. It was hard to suck in much air at all and what she did manage to pull in was thick with the heady aroma of hormones and arousal, making her feel even more dreamy than she already was.

The woman slurped and sucked above her, tucking her feet under Emma's armpits as she placed her knees down either side of the porcelain-like skin of the girl's fire-warmed slim waist, gripping it tightly and squeezing to get enough purchase to be able to comfortably bounce up and down, her hands busily feeding the butt plug into her mouth and caressing her own breasts.

Emma stared up, watching a grown woman's pussy and asshole slide up and down onto her face. She felt as if she should be feeling something or at least wondering how she had gotten to a place where the sound of a wet pussy squelching down until it kissed her lips and the smell of an ass pucker pressed onto her nose was becoming normal... or at least no less strange than the combined events of the last few days.

But she couldn't. She just dully watched the cock slurp up into the woman and found herself breathing in every time the pink rose-like pucker came within snorting distance, making her head fog at the heady, thick aroma.

"Oh fuck.... Ooh... Ooh...", the woman groaned as she bounced above, the rhythm becoming faster and harder until her bum cheeks made slapping noises

each time they landed on Emma's face.

She blinked as the warm air wafted in her eyes, listening to a noise similar to the one last night in that very spot.

The woman sped up even more then and, in a hurried and lust-filled second, slurped the cock out and up her own asshole, pressing down onto Emma's face and slipping the entire length in one go.

Had Emma been able to think, she might have noted how easily the woman took the cock up her ass, showing her level of experience, her anus greedily eating up the glass dildo, as if it was hungry and had to be filled.

Emma watched, not required to move, as she lay on the floor like a doll and allowed the woman to 'play' with her. The play was rough though and she started to feel as if she were getting punched in the face with the brutal force that the woman was fucking herself onto the dildo.

The contrast between the woman having a loud and pleasurable romp on Emma's face and Emma herself, still and drowsy, her thoughts still fractured and broken, couldn't have been starker as the two bodies were bathed in the glow of the fire.

The woman started to move as if she were riding a horse at speed, small rhythmic swirls of her hips, smooth but very fast. Her hands stroked and rubbed all over her body as she moaned out her enjoyment at the feeling of the shaft rubbing and thrusting on the tunnel walls of her rectum.

“Oooh... my little asshole... you like me fucking your face don’t you?...
aaah... are you enjoying seeing my arse gobble up that cock?”

Emma made a noise through the gag but it wasn’t enough for the woman.

“I didn’t hear you... oooh... dirty tart”, she snarled, pinching Emma’s nipples and tugging on them cruelly.

Emma didn’t feel it as she should have but it still made her honk out an attempt to shout ‘Yes, Ma’am’ through her mouth-fillings.

The woman only laughed and kept on her attack on Emma’s breasts, slapping and pinching at them as she continued to swirl.

Emma started to hallucinate, seeing the woman’s anus smile at her then sounded as if it were laughing as it swallowed the glass cock. Emma’s eyes widened in shock, believing it were real.

She heard the asshole speak to her in some strange language, chanting like it was performing some kind of ritual. Drums seemed to beat in the background, in reality the slapping thuds of the woman’s bum. The woman above seemed to sing out her arousal louder and louder as the chanting went on, the scent of sex and fucked ass appearing as smoke in Emma’s addled head as she breathed it in, believing she could feel it intoxicating her and turning her into a Sappho.

The woman's hand dropped to her slit as she cried out louder. Emma could see the tips of fingers as they rubbed, almost a blur, over the place where the little nub hid.

She felt the build up of pressure like a metal pipe about to burst out water from a tap, her mind still caught up in the strange hallucination under the woman's bum.

The woman roared as the drum beats reached their loudest and the ground beneath her felt like it was shaking, then the whole apartment and possibly all London as she interpreted the woman's shudders of orgasm in her mind.

A gush of squirting juices from the woman's pussy spurted out and over her chest, covering her in a wet layer that the woman rubbed into her with her hands as she moaned out the aftershocks of her climax, continuing to swirl on the girl's face as she made the ecstasy continue for as long as she could.

Emma blinked as the anus and drums turned back to normal, whatever normal now was for her, as she watched the woman take her fill then slide the shaft out of its anal sheath and climb up off of her.

She remembered being helped to her room and being pushed onto her bed, then not much else as her body, not realising how exhausted it really was, lost what consciousness it had left and she fell into a deep slumber.

Her eyes flickered open. The scent hit her before the sight of it, sweet and pungent. She must have been breathing it in all night, smelling it deep up her nasal passages as she'd snored and slept.

It should have shocked her to see it. She could barely remember how it had been used but she could see from the smutty surface where it had been then had flash backs of the woman's bum slapping down hard onto her face.

She lifted her head up and looked down at her naked body.

Her throat felt sore and she had a sharp tummy ache right down low in her bowels as she tried to remember last night's performance, vaguely recollecting the faces of two puppets and seeing a shaft worthy of her nightmares ramming its broomstick-like length down past her lips which slipped helplessly over its saliva-wetted surface. The word 'spit-roast' came into her head as she felt around her bum and touched the knob of the butt plug, not remembering when it had been put back inside her but not surprised it was there.

She felt sick as she sat up but not at any of the predicament she had found herself in right then, more at what she had smoked yesterday afternoon.

As she unbuckled her mouth gag and allowed the heavy glass dildo to slide out of her mouth and onto her lap, she felt a pang of sadness as her mind sent her the one emotion it remembered the most yesterday, disappointment at not having being able to reach those dizzying heights of ecstasy she craved.

Her jaw ached badly and she couldn't move it for several minutes until it slowly eased and closed inch by inch and she could finally reach over to the water jug and relieve her parched mouth.

She guzzled at the water, letting it spill down her chin and trickle down her body, enjoying the cold, tickling sensation as it traced down her skin. Half the jug emptied, she burped out an air bubble and wiped her lips on her arm in an unladylike manner then sat cross-legged and waited for the woman to come and let her out of her room.

As she waited, she tried to piece together the gaps in her memory of yesterday, lifting the dildo up to sniff as she stroked a hand down over her slit, feeling it was wetter than it had been at the time the obscene things she had done.

Something niggled at her. Think back further Emma, before the pipe. Her brow knotted and she felt her head ache as she pushed her mind. Then it all came back - the room, the photos, and the girls.

She dropped the dildo and stopped touching herself as she gulped her sore throat and remembered the images she'd seen. This addictive fluffy cloud of debauchery and sex she had become wrapped in had a sinister side. Others before her in the same situation had apparently come to a grizzly end not long after the costume she had worn last night. One more, the native one, was left before a brutal meat tenderising... then sausages.

Her mouth fell open as she contemplated it. She didn't want to leave the woman but she also didn't want to leave life itself... and the gruesome pictures... what a way to go she thought, disgusted at herself at seeing her hand down between her legs again, pulling it away sharply just as the door was unlocked and opened.

“Don’t stop on my account, strumpet”, the woman said with a half-smile.

“Good Morning, Ma’am. I wasn’t... I mean-”, Emma stuttered then stopped, realising it really didn’t matter if she had been.

“You sound hoarse. How’s your throat?”

“A bit sore Ma’am, but only as much as the rest of me.”

“Yes, you took it well though. I’ve prepared a bath for you. That should help ease your aches. I need you clean and supple for tonight. Do your morning chores then get in it and wash. I have a meeting to attend but I’ll be back by afternoon to prepare you.”

“Understood, Ma’am. Thank you, Ma’am”, Emma croaked as she stood up, watching the woman’s eyes as she dropped the dildo and gag onto her mattress and stepped toward the door, stopped with a hand on her shoulder.

“Take it in the bath and wash it off. If I had more time, I’d make you clean it with your mouth but unluckily for me and you, I don’t.”

She leaned down and lifted Emma’s face up by her chin, tracing her tongue over the girl’s half-open lips, her eyes piercing into Emma’s before turning and walking out leaving Emma stood there, mind and body conflicted.

When she heard the front door shut and lock, she shook herself and moved, picking up the gag and dildo then walked through to the living room to make herself some breakfast.

Sure enough the woman had poured a bath and had clearly bathed in it, washing off the previous nights debauchery before leaving for her meeting. Emma didn't mind at all that the water was second hand and only mildly warm, knowing she had beaten her record for number of times in a tub in a year already.

Eating was hard when she had to swallow. Her throat had taken a pummelling and she could just about recall the sloshing noises inside her as it had pumped down her neck. She managed five spoonful's then set about tidying up the flat, wiping the table down, washing the pots and scrubbing the marks and stains of sex from the wooden floorboards, her plugged, naked bum swaying up behind her as she knelt and rubbed with the polish and hand brush.

Finished and having been and poured the pot out, she took off her leather collar and cuffs then climbed into the tub with the glass cock as the woman had instructed.

Just looking at it as she lay there gave her tingles as she thought of how it had been inside her and the woman. Her employer was clearly obsessed with assholes to the point where it was what she seemed to live for. Emma could never have guessed her own would be the centre of so much attention or that it could bring her the kind of pleasure she'd felt since she'd overcome her inhibitions and dismissed her thoughts of it being the hole to be avoided at all costs.

She was starting to see a lot of things differently, herself included. On the streets there wasn't time to explore your fantasies and desires, what turned you on and what made you feel tingles in your body but she was starting to learn so much about herself now she had the luxury of not having to constantly worry about food and shelter.

She lifted the dildo back to her nose and breathed in deeply. It was a filthy and vulgar thing to do but it made her lips curl up at the edges and her eyes flutter up into her lids as she smelled the sweet richness covering its surface and thought of the woman's pink pucker sliding around it. Her other hand slipped down between her legs. The plug knob pressed against the tub, making her bite her lower lip.

She imagined the woman wearing the dildo around her waist, looming over her in the tub as she lay there, snared by her own arousal.

There was nothing she could do. The cock was going in her mouth. The smutty shaft was about to fill her mouth. She moaned as she felt a finger slip up inside her pussy, then a second as she opened her mouth and sucked.

It tasted sweet and rich. Her mouth was just a replacement for its last hole, both pink rimmed, both dirty and made for sex, she told herself.

"Oh you fuckin' arse whore", she moaned to herself, taking a moment to degrade herself and make her body tingle, then shoved it right down her sore throat until she gagged.

She rubbed her bum so that the knob of the plug swirled the marble around in

her anus. Her fingers frigged quickly between wet, slippery pussy lips as she slurped the shaft into her mouth again and again telling herself what she was.

“Fuck my cock-sucker mouth, Ma’am. I’m just your little fuck tart.”

She imagined the woman ‘force-feeding’ her the dirty shaft, her ass and pussy also getting fucked by a re-imagined Archie and Wilfred.

“Shit, shit... I deserve this, Ma’am. I’m a foul little creature. Take all my tight holes”, she snarled, feeling the build up inside her as she rammed the cock into her mouth, making it hurt her sore throat as much as she could.

The pain was as much a turn on as feeling her small body getting ‘used’ and penetrated in all three holes at once, sparks fizzing and multiplying though her body like Guy Fawkes Night fireworks.

“Shit... Fuck.... Fuck... Aah... aaah... Grruuu!”

Emma roared out a loud orgasm, her head spinning as her body shuddered through the amazing feeling. This was for yesterday and her inability to get aroused under the influence of the opium. It had been her most painful and humiliating performance and she knew she’s missed out on a huge explosion of pleasure all because the woman thought she couldn’t take the rough act.

She let out a heavy sigh, letting the dildo plunge into the bath water as she licked her lips and washed the cum juices off of her slit, still feeling the tingles between

her legs as she enjoyed the wavy clouds of ecstasy making her feel relaxed and satisfied.

In her moment of euphoria, a thought struck her. Had the woman given her the pipe because she wanted to push her boundaries out for the audience or was it possible that she had done it to spare her from the worst pain of the cruelly deep spit roasting? If so, did the woman care for her... possibly more than the other girls before her?

She shuddered for a different reason as she felt herself literally sitting on their ghosts. They had all had the same plug pushed into their warm, soft anuses, stretching them out for the next performance or fuck. They too would have lain in this very tub and may have even brought themselves to climax, feeling the constant state of arousal that the woman kept them in.

Bloody hell, she thought to herself, what's wrong with me? I'm here giving in to my body while literally wearing dead girl's clothes.

Being in the middle of that thought made her panic and splash the water out of the tub as the front door latch was turned and the woman stepped back into the flat.

"Well that's quite a reaction, dummy. Most girls would just say welcome back, Ma'am."

"Sorry, Ma'am. Welcome back."

The woman walked up to the tub, water puddled around it as she gripped Emma's jaw and squeezed her cheeks.

"Stupid girl. You don't need to actually welcome me back. I've only been gone a couple of hours."

She held Emma's face, waiting for a response.

"Sorry, Ma'am."

The woman made that half-smile, like the curls of a snake's mouth.

"Now tell me you're a stupid girl."

"I'm a stupid girl, Ma'am", Emma said, her blue eyes looking up into the woman's to check for approval.

"Yes you are. Now open your mouth."

Emma obeyed.

The woman gargled in her mouth then spat right onto Emma's tongue.

Emma looked hurt and confused for a second and her brow furrowed but then she felt the pit of her stomach tingle at the filthiness and the humiliation of what she'd just been given.

“Swallow it, asshole”, the woman sneered, still gripping her jaw.

Emma gulped it down, watching the grey eyes stare at her knowing what she had to say.

“Thank you, Ma’am”, she mumbled out from her squeezed face. The woman nodded approvingly and released her. It felt like a test and she must have passed as she was rewarded with her next task.

“Kneel on the floor. I’m going to get out of these clothes then we begin practise.”

Emma wasn’t sure whether the woman had meant for her to put her heels or the leather cuffs back on but as she hadn’t been told to or even to dry herself, she sat on her heels still dripping, completely naked and waited.

Minutes passed one by one as she knelt, feeling the warmth of fire-heated room start to dry her, her eyes flitting to the door of the woman’s room, her head not moving and her back straight.

Eventually the woman came out, looking as if she had all the time in the world to return to Emma. She held a leather bag and was wearing her preferred white tights with nothing on top as she padded bare foot to Emma's tiny frame, frozen with obedience like a pale marble statue of a pixie.

She still got a hard slap to her head.

“That is not how a slave sits, dummy. You have to grip your forearms behind your back.”

“Ma’am”, Emma replied sullenly at having made the mistake she didn’t know she was making.

“Now I’m going to rub this oil over you. It’ll help reduce the marks and it will serve to make you look more exotic and foreign... which may be a bit difficult for you.”

Emma didn’t have the rich skin tone of an Oriental or Gypsy girl and couldn’t really have looked more English if she’d tried but the oil seemed to make her porcelain, pale skin a shade darker and glisten with the shine of someone that wasn’t born under the grey smog of London’s sky.

Every part of her covered, she was made to kneel on the soles of her feet and part her thighs then she was handed a cat-o-nine tails hand whip with braided leather cords hanging from the handle.

“Whip yourself”, the woman commanded.

“Ma’am?” Emma asked, looking over her shoulder.

“You need to practise pain and I want to see you apply some to yourself. Whip yourself, dummy.”

Emma flicked the whip in her hand over her shoulder and felt the cords lash lightly over her spine and upper back.

She knew she hadn’t done it hard enough. She wasn’t sure how much it would hurt so she had been a little too cautious. She apologised and immediately gave it a harder thrash.

“Aaah”, she breathed as the tails struck her skin.

“Again. Harder”, the woman said unemotionally.

Emma struck herself over the back again, snarling at the stinging feeling that seemed to cut through her body.

“Again. Harder”, the monotone order came again.

Emma felt the lashes burn into her flesh that time and the noise was like a dozen loud slaps all at the same time.

She hissed in a breath, her eyes wincing.

“Again... Again”.

Each time Emma lashed herself, she let the pain release through a hiss or a groan, her breathing getting heavier as her body tried to cope.

This wasn't her first whipping but it was the first time in her life that Emma had done so herself. The feeling of controlling the blows and yet having no say in how they were done was overwhelming and confusing.

“Tell me you deserve this. Again.”

“Aaah... I deserve this, Ma'am.”

“Why do you deserve this?... Again”

“Uuh... because I'm dirty, Ma'am”, Emma groaned all too honestly.

The woman laughed behind her then told her to whip herself again and to arch

her back more.

“Uuuh”, she groaned as the cords cracked over her oiled skin.

“Why are you dirty, asshole?”

“... Because I... Because I get pleasure from depraved acts.”

“Give me examples, dummy. Again.”

“I... aah... do Sapphic things with you, Ma’am.”

“And?”

“... And I take it up my bum hole.”

“Again. Do you like it, asshole? Do you like having your arse fucked?”

“... Uuh... Yes, Ma’am... Oooh.”

“I think there’s something else isn’t there, dummy?” the woman asked walking

around and crouching in front of Emma.

“Ma’am?”

Her hand slipped down to Emma’s pussy and then up to the girl’s face.

“You like pain.”

The hand was covered in sticky clear juices. Emma glanced down. The floor beneath her had a small puddle that had dripped down and her pussy looked as if it was drooling from the whipping.

“I... love pain, Ma’am”, Emma said, feeling freed from another chain in her head.

On an impulse, the woman leaned in and kissed her passionately, placing a hand around the back of her head as she pressed their mouths together.

When she came off the woman looked a little breathless, her eyes half closed, but she still managed to hiss the word.

“Again.”

Emma groaned as she thrashed herself as hard as she could with the hand whip then looked up as the woman walked over to a bag and took out a collar. It wasn't like the one that Emma had been wearing over the last day or so, this one was far more menacing with metal spikes running around it, sticking out like small nails about an inch apart.

It looked old and well used, creaking as the woman brought it over in front of Emma.

“This is- was my collar. One day I will pass it down to someone worthy of being my own asshole and she shall wear it to show that she belongs to me. Would you like to try it on?”

Emma had so many questions in that moment but she was taken aback at being asked. This was one of the few times in her life that she had actually been given a choice and that alone decided her answer for her.

“I would, Ma'am”, she said softly, looking at the flaked surface of the leather and the bronze spikes.

The woman wrapped it reverently around Emma's neck and then buckled it, pulling it tight until she could feel it pressing on her throat. It felt heavy both physically and psychologically, as though it carried the weight of its own history and the things it had witnessed.

“This collar has been passed down through my bloodline for almost a thousand years. I was the last of my family that had the honour of wearing it. Whoever it goes to next will have flesh and blood unfamiliar to it.”

She stroked the spikes as she spoke, staring at it with a sad look then snapped quickly out of it as she noticed Emma trying to make sense of the things she was hearing.

“Anyway, dummy, you can wear it for today. It finishes the look I’m after for the performance.”

Emma could tell the woman was lying, her eyes flickering slightly to one side. It was the first time she’d noticed a crack in the stony coldness that the woman exuded.

She was allowed to touch it, stroking her fingers on the creased leather that had lived through more than the Tower of London. It felt as if for that reason alone she should feel honoured for being allowed to wear it but there was something about it that made the woman look as though it was as much a part of her as one of her limbs.

The woman shook off the sad look, sighing as she picked a small chain with two metal-toothed clips on either end of it.

“Put these on your nipples, whore”, the woman snarled, her face moving back into the half-smile of sadistic lust.

“Yes, Ma’am”, Emma said, hesitating as she opened one clip around her small, stiff nipple. This is going to hurt, she thought as she braced herself.

“Pausing only makes it worse. The pain is less when you control your mind and accept it.”

Emma nodded and slowly, a little too slowly, released the clip.

“Owww ow ow”, she moaned.

“Close your eyes. Let me show you”, the woman said matter-of-factly.

Emma obeyed and waited, expecting her other nipple to receive a similar sharp pang of metal teeth biting into it but none came.

“Open”, the woman said.

Emma looked down between her legs. Only when she looked could she feel the stinging, like insect bites that had been scratched. A dull ache seeped into her body but having two metal clips attached to either side of her pussy lips wasn’t half as painful as she would have imagined.

The woman tugged at the chain connecting them, a devilish look on her face.

“Your mind is trying to make sense of all the things happening to your body at

once but it can't deal with it all. Pain and pleasure blends and becomes one and the same."

She leaned in, stroking a hand over Emma's chest, taking the other dangling nipple clip in her hand as she pressed her lips to the girl's mouth. She let a heavy breath out of her nose as she swirled her mouth over the parted pink harp-shape, wetting it so it shined when she pulled back to look.

"See?" she said with a snaky smile.

Emma glanced down, her head spinning from the kiss. The woman had put the dangling clamp on her other nipple, completing the pair, and she hadn't even noticed. She felt the dull throb pulse into her body and a feeling of giddiness as adrenaline pumped through her veins and her chest heaved in air through her mouth to cope.

She fought off an urge to run and get away from the situation, feeling the accomplishment at her self-control and mastery over her instincts. This was too good to let her old self win; the whore was in charge now.

The woman reached in as if she might be giving Emma a hug and she felt the larger breasts press like cushions against her but the hands went straight down to her bum, plucking the plug from her anus then leaning back again to suck it into her mouth, slurping and licking its surface as if it were covered in syrup.

After a moment of indulgently pushing the plug in and out of her pursed lips she spoke to Emma.

“Put a finger inside your ass”, she said, almost fiercely.

Emma had had the woman’s fingers up there regularly but never her own, ever... until now.

She reached around slowly. A new first was enough to make her a little hesitant despite her wall of inhibitions now lying as a crumbled pile of bricks.

She felt down her crack and found the rim. It was sweaty and slippery and felt open as if it was a little bird waiting to be fed.

She fed it. Her finger slipped in easily but she could feel the tightness of the clenching muscle like a ring, encircling it but stretchy and able to adjust to her digit.

It felt smooth and soft and, thanks to her own sweat and an almost constant coating of goose fat, slippery as she pushed it deeper.

She felt the other side of the muscle about a couple of inches inside her and then the softer, looser tunnel behind it.

Her eyes were filled with wonder as she probed and felt along the sensitive walls of her tunnel, loving the way her anus squeezed just enough to remind her it was there, suckling on her finger. The same tingles greeted her as ever but, with the

added sensation on her finger, it brought a smile to a face when she should have been grimacing in pain from clips and whips.

The woman's smile was like a snarl as she pressed her face in close.

"You're a whore", she hissed the statement as if it was a proven fact.

Emma's lips curled downwards, trying to hide her pleasure as she became ashamed for a moment.

"Push your finger in and out of your nasty little hole", the woman sneered, kissing her again as if unable to resist.

Emma moaned into her mouth as she pumped her finger in and out, feeling her anus accept and gobble it up each and every time.

"How does it feel?" the woman asked, her own breathing showing her arousal at Emma's predicament.

"Good, Ma'am", Emma said breathily.

For the correct response she received a sharp slap to her face.

“You dirty tart! Now taste your finger!” The woman barked.

Emma pulled her finger out without allowing herself time to think and hooked it into her waiting pursed lips, sucking on it and staring with her big blue eyes at the woman for approval.

“How does it taste?”

“Good, Ma’am”

“Good, Ma’am”, the woman sneered, tugging sharply on the nipple clip chain.

Emma gasped but held still.

“Describe it, you dumb strumpet.”

“It tastes delicious, Ma’am... like treacle”, Emma replied softly with her finger still in her mouth.

“Now shove two fingers up your dirty arse’ole and fuck yourself”, the woman said, putting on her cockney accent.

Emma obeyed. What else could she do? What else would she have rather done?

She couldn't think of anything as she groaned, feeling that wonderful clench on her fingers as they squeezed inside her sphincter.

"You love it don't you, you filthy strumpet?"

"Uuuh... Yes, Ma'am."

"Tell me you love it, whore."

"I love it, Ma'am", Emma groaned, frigging the two fingers in and out.

"Now taste yourself again."

Emma sighed as the fingers left her anus then quickly put them into her mouth and sucked on them, her eyes half-shutting as the flavour fed her ever-increasing lust.

"Tell me what you are, dummy", the woman snarled, her grey eyes intense and hungry.

"I'm a whore, Ma'am", she moaned.

A slap came. She was lucky not to have bitten down on her fingers and her

expression became sullen at having obviously made a mistake.

“Three fingers. Now!”

She obeyed, this time with a little whelp as if she had to get her fingers up there fast to avoid more disapproval.

She hissed and screwed her eyes as she pushed on up inside herself, forcing her anus to stretch out wide and accept her three digits up its soft tunnel. It was tight but she managed to just push them in as far as her knuckle, groaning and panting as she felt her muscle clench and release like a strange mouth trying to eat something.

“Now, tell me what you are.”

Emma knew what she was. She was stupid to have forgotten for even a moment. It was so obvious.

“I’m an asshole, Ma’am”, she said, panting at the stretching and the feelings it gave her.

“Yes you are”, the woman said, slapping her again but this time it was a reward not a punishment.

“You are nothing... except for that hole between your tiny arse cheeks.”

The woman pursed her lips and without thinking Emma opened her mouth. The spit that arrived in her mouth felt like a drug as it made her melt with arousal at the humiliating act.

“Repeat. I am nothing but my arse’ole.”

“I’m... Uuh, nothing but my arse’ole.”

“An asshole is not a person. It’s a thing... like a doll or a dummy... to be played with... dressed up and painted... ragged around... and if one feels like it... to break”, she hissed, tugging hard on the chains.

Emma clenched her teeth, staring through narrowed eyes at the woman that held the reins to all her pleasure and pain.

“Four fingers”, the command came, sounding almost off-hand and dismissive.

Emma gasped and her mouth opened into a circle, mirroring the stretched out rim chewing on her four digits.

The woman brought out another chain and threaded it through the ones dangling between the clamps either side of her slit and on her nipples and pulled them

taut. The clip on the end of this one wasn't lined with teeth and was bigger but still heavy and made of metal.

It was clamped onto her septum between her nostrils and served to pull her head down so that her chin touched her chest, pulling her head up fast would mean tugging painfully on her nose or her intimate parts.

The woman stood up and picked up a pocket watch from the bag.

“In twenty minutes time you are going to put your thumb up there and in another after that you're going to have your hand up to your wrist.”

Emma snorted a laugh. She couldn't help it. Fear and the incredulous belief that she could fit an entire fist up her bum after only days of it being taken for the first time was too much for her to believe.

“You'll need to try if you want to cope with the performance tonight”, the woman said softly into her ear then walked off and left Emma to stare at her clamped and curled over body.

Forty minutes passed in a dreamy, erotic blur. She couldn't believe that she had managed to squeeze her entire hand up her hole but somehow the progressive stretch and the woman's encouragement had brought her to a point she could never have imagined. Her hand was small but then so was her bum and her asshole had been completely untouched inside only a few days ago.

Her hand felt numb and her wrist ached and throbbed as it was bent around in the strange angle. The strain on her rim was making her drip with sweat as the

fist-filled hole pulsed with a dull ache. She couldn't lift her head as she panted, not caring as she'd drooled down onto her clamped chest.

Eventually the woman stepped around and crouched in front of her, chuckling as she put a hand under Emma's chin and tried to pull her head up, tugging on the chains and making the girl gasp.

"How does it feel having your arse this full?" she asked, smiling as she wiped Emma's brow with her hand.

"It... feels good, Ma'am", Emma breathed hoarsely.

"You mean it feels right. It feels satisfying and fulfilling, giving your hole purpose like this... having it reward you with that delicious ache."

"... Yes, Ma'am... I am nothing but my arse'ole."

"And you're only happy when you're full", the woman stroked a curled finger down Emma's jaw.

"... And I'm only happy when I'm full."

It was too much to hold in. Her eyes rolled up into her lids as she felt the hour long build up start to erupt inside her.

The woman's hand swiftly slid down between Emma's parts thighs and sloshed her fingers back and forth rapidly between Emma's soaking pussy lips, the wet squelching noise filling the room.

"Then it's time to feel pure ecstasy as your reward for being a dirty bum tart. Pull your hand out now and tell me what you are!"

The woman's hand frigged her so intensely that the muscles tensed on her arm as she moved, biting her lip as she bored into Emma's soul with her eyes.

It ached so much as she tugged on her rim and tried to stretch it back over her thumb joint, a feeling so intense that she had to pant and gasp as if she were in labour.

"Gggnnn", she growled as she unclenched her anal muscles to try to allow it to move over the widest point of her hand, trying her best not to pull her hole inside out as she slid her thumb out.

"Gggrrr... I'm an Arse'ole!"

"And who are you? What's your role?"

"An arse 'ore, Ma'am! An asshole!... Uuuuuuh... I'm an asshole!"

The feeling of the hand leaving her anus along with the gaping cave it left behind and the feeling of relief gave her the most intense orgasm yet with the woman rubbing her clit in rapid swirls.

“Aaaah!” she groaned and her head bobbed up, forgetting her clipped front and receiving a sharp tug on her nipples and pussy which only served to make her lose all balance and fall forward into the woman’s chest as her body went into sensory overload.

The woman could only laugh as she felt the girl gasping and snorting in her bosom, her body twitching and fitting as the orgasm rattled through her with multiple aftershocks.

There was something about how Emma was so vulnerable looking just then yet so slutty and fulfilled, her mouth open and wetting her breasts with saliva as she breathed with her eyes closed that made the woman hold her in a way she never thought she would a girl and feel a twinge of emotions she hadn’t expected she would ever experience.

She held Emma in her arms until the shudders subsided then gently removed the clips, feeling a twinge of guilt as her newfound feelings conflicted with her need to train her.

She leaned down and kissed her forehead on an impulse, getting a smile and have big blue eyes open like two blue gems, taking her breath away for a moment as they stared up contently.

She snapped out of the moment and pushed Emma gently away.

“Get dressed. The costume is on that chair over there. You’ll need to smoke opium again. This evening will be painful.”

“No, Ma’am. I don’t want to miss out on feeling things. I can take it”, Emma said, responding quickly, feeling her sexual energy make her more assertive and brave to speak up.

The woman brushed some curls off Emma’s shoulder, trying to look nonchalant as she stroked soft skin in the process.

“It’ll hurt. I’m going to lash you with a bullwhip and then... well, lets say your fist was only a warm up for what’s to come.”

“Please, Ma’am. I have to have my wits about me. That stuff made me feel none of the feelings, Ma’am”

“I’m impressed but you may regret it later.”

“If I feel sore and beaten it’ll remind me who I am, Ma’am”, Emma said softly. She had had little practice in the art of seduction but some natural instinct made her say the words as she sucked on each of her fingers and stared at the woman. The whole act was a little clumsy but it did the trick and the woman had to resist the urge to pounce.

“Fine. Dress, now. I need to take some more photographs before we leave”, she said, watching Emma as she got up and walked over to the chair.

She was quite sure the girl bent over on purpose, giving her a view of the still-yawning rim that was rapidly becoming her obsession.

She turned and focused on preparing for tonight. She'd have to change herself if they were to be ready for the performance and having a special guest in the audience would mean that everything would need to be as perfect as possible. There was little more that she could do to prepare Emma given the short time she'd been allowed yet there was something that set her apart from the other girls but she still wasn't sure whether that was a good thing or not.

She turned back to petite frame. She really was a doll and pretty too, not that Emma needed to be told that too often. An asshole had to be kept in her place. She knew that well from her own years in that collar.

She wears it well, she thought, looking at the heirloom around the girl's neck. She was the first she'd ever felt worthy of putting it on, her snivelling predecessors only serving to annoy her and remind her of her inability to pass on the role as she should.

She dragged her eyes away. No. She can't just become my asshole, that's not how it works. Besides, there's the arrangement. The woman shook herself. The camera. I need more photos, she thought, going into her room to fetch it and change into her costume. She put her feelings back in the place she was used to hiding them and focused. Tonight would decide whether she'd done her job.

Despite everything she'd said earlier, Emma was feeling nervous. The costume she had been made to wear was the same native one she's seen in the photos, with a small strip of loincloth material covering her chest and the same material hanging as flaps down the front of her crotch and bum from the beaded string around her waist. Her headpiece was adorned with tropical-looking feathers like a little crown of bright yellow, red and orange.

The collar around her neck was now attached to a rope that led down to the woman's hand as they stood behind the curtains, waiting for them to be pulled back.

Her mouthpiece and gag had been left back in the flat which meant that this was a role to be played that didn't involve her 'speaking' and, by the look of the woman's explorer outfit, it involved her being an imprisoned native of some jungle or other.

Lord Blackstone or Edwina as she was at that moment flicked the curtain aside and stepped behind it, the mane of hair making the statuesque figure look both ferocious and beautiful at the same time. Her steely blue eyes looked over Emma.

"How have I never had this creature in my dressing room yet to tongue my quim?" she asked in the high-tone of Edwina, sounding just as much the aristocrat as the non-drag Blackstone.

"Two reasons, Edwina. One, you don't have a quim and two you don't like girls", the woman replied quickly.

Edwina laughed and held her head closer to the woman.

“I might not like girls but for that one I might make an exception... as should you”, Edwina moved back, smiling.

Emma didn't dare to move her head but she glanced up and saw a flicker of emotion in the woman's eyes before returning again to her normal icy stare.

“Thank you, Edwina, but you know it doesn't work like that. Besides, its already arranged and she's sitting in the audience or you wouldn't have brought it up.”

“She is. Don't think I say it because I care about you, it's the waiting for your performance to start up again that's losing me money every time you...”

The sentence was cut short as Edwina glanced down at Emma.

Then, without another word between them, the woman took Emma by the rope and pulled her forwards through the curtains and onto the wooden stage.

The crowd cheered and seemed all the more excited at the costumes. It was as if they knew what to expect whereas Emma still only had a vague idea that it would involve a serious whipping and something big would be going up her bum.

They were hushed down by the woman's hand waving at them like a person blowing smoke away.

"I wandered for days through the forests of deepest and darkest Peru and what I found was a tribe of godless, uncivilised savages. This creature, who can barely be called human, was found eating the raw flesh of one my compatriots... cock and all", the woman paused for a ripple of laughter.

"Oh no. She gave him poison that had made him as stiff as a board then set about devouring him but only after sinfully engaging in sodomy with the poor fellow. What does one do to educate a wild beast that does such terrible things in the ways of civilized people?"

"Punish her!" the calls came almost all at once.

The woman tugged Emma's knot of curls that had been tied back in a length of rope, making her head bob about and her face screw up.

"This little native needs to learn she can't fuck and eat a member of the British Empire and get away with it. She needs to be educated how an advanced and civilized society deals with such depravity. I'll whip her within an inch of her life then I'll show her how we deal with sodomy-loving savages as is my duty as an English explorer."

The crowd cheered and jeered at Emma calling her all sorts of names that would have been improper had she really been a native.

She could feel the build up of bloodlust in the crowd. They wanted to see her, a slip of a girl in a tiny loincloth costume, actually get whipped within an inch of her life. The thought of how cruel and merciless their mob mentality made them in wanting to see a spectacle, something to shock and titillate them, sent a chill down her spine.

Soon her back would be lined with broken lines of lash marks, the most severe and painful whipping she'd ever taken in her life and the reason why her body would get damaged in this way was purely for the entertainment of the pink-faced perverts in the audience.

She wondered who these people were, what right they had to revel in her body getting beaten and fucked every night. Did they have families? Were they respectable ladies and gentlemen or the underbelly of London looking for some release for their pent-up frustrations?

Whoever they were, they were about to see something that would make their jaws drop and their usual taunts and jeers fall silent as Emma's wrists were shackled up into a strange wooden frame on wheels. Her bare feet, in keeping with the role she had been told to remove her heels that she'd walked to the theatre in, had to reach out to two blocks, splaying her legs out so that she made a stretched X shape with her limbs.

Trousers were being unbuttoned and dresses reached under as the woman took five large paces backwards and unrolled the bullwhip, Emma facing them on the vertical rack on wheels.

The first thrash caught her by surprise and she shrieked out a plaintive noise of

pain and shock, her mouth opening wide and her eyes screwing tightly as she tried to cope with a pain she hadn't expected to be so strong.

The crowd was almost silent as Emma heaved her chest and let out several moaning gasps, her face still stretched and contorted as she felt the sting cut through her body like a sword blow.

She'd never felt anything like it. Canes, crops and cat-o-nines were no comparison to this proper weapon of torture.

Tears ran down her cheeks, more from the shock than from self-pity at the burning sensation running all over her back and she'd barely had enough time to control her breathing before another blow lashed across with a loud crack of the whip.

"Aaaagghh!" she wailed, her body instinctively pulling as far forward as it could away from the blows, her arms tensing as she gripped the chains joining her manacled wrists to the frame.

She loved pain but this was something different. The woman had been right to offer her the pipe. It was as if someone that liked treacle had been thrown into the middle of lake made of the stuff, overwhelming and drowning in the sensations in her head telling her to panic and cry out for help.

She didn't. She wanted to prove herself worthy of the woman's love or whatever it was that she showed when she kissed her so passionately.

The third strike hit her thighs and felt more sexual in its agony, making her wince and groan but start to feel herself getting aroused.

The audience started the rhythmic movements of their various sex acts and masturbation, a writhing obscene mass.

She felt power over them. Her body, her pain, was their arousal. Despite having to suffer she felt them lust and leer at her doll-like body like monsters worshipping her sullied beauty, an angel in the pits of hell.

As her eyes rolled up and showed only white when another blow came, this time to her bum cheeks, and a mouthful of saliva flew out at a woman's face in the front row, Emma questioned her own innocence. This was her doing. This show, the woman working to give her the masochistic feeling she craved, the audience wanking off their cocks and fingering their pussies in a ritual of lust because she allowed it, she was the performer, and she was the star. Maybe she wasn't an angel; maybe she was the complicit devil at the centre of this sin-filled pit.

She basked in their lust, she fed off their looks and felt worshipped when she made them shoot their loads and cum.

This time she managed a twisted smile as the searing blow lashed over her skin, sending a shudder through her as she groaned in a guttural noise befitting her role as a savage.

The crowd, open mouthed, started to point between Emma's legs, making her look down to see a clear web of slippery juice dripping down from her slit.

Mumbles of “Fuckin’ ell”, “Freak” and “Masochist” were bandied about as they gasped at Emma’s body reacting to the brutal whipping as if it was being pleased.

The whole of her back half seemed to pulse with throbbing fiery pain as if it had been set alight and yet all she could think about was how much she wanted something up her ass, fucking her and adding to the sensations her body felt.

The woman ended on ten blows, the last ones coming close together and making Emma hiss out at each one, flecks of spit forced out from the sheer force of the lashes hitting her body.

She gasped, red faced and teeth clenched, managing the pain and trying to slow the signals travelling to her head.

The crowd were stunned, expecting Emma to have fainted or cried for mercy, their mouths open as a ripple of applause ran through the rows then turned into a roar of cheers and stomps.

A woman next to the one that had taken Emma’s spit in the face wasn’t clapping. She was looking around at the crowd assessing them as much as she had been Emma that evening.

The woman spun the rack around on its wheels, showing the audience Emma’s bloody lashes and making the stomps and cheers even louder.

The grey eyes seemed fired up with sadistic intent as she glared at Emma's back, looking half-crazed as she rolled up the sleeve of her explorer costume and rubbed goose fat over her fingers right up to her elbow.

The audience hushed down as she walked up in her boots, not needing to crouch or bend down as Emma was up on the rack then slid her hand over the girl's slit from behind then up, pushing the loin cloth aside as she pressed greased fingers up over the girl's soft skin. The fingers came to rest between Emma's ribs, the woman being bigger than her meant that the arm was half way up her body with the inside of her elbow joint bent around her wet pussy.

She could feel the smooth skin pressing onto her lubricated lips, parting them as the fingers clawed up her torso as if stretching to reach something.

"This nasty savage needs to be taught a lesson for enjoying the sinful act of buggery. We Brits only let our prostitutes and servants partake in such debauchery not some barbaric primitive. I will find what remains of my compatriot for a proper burial even if I have to pull him out of her stomach with my own hand."

The crowd looked almost as shocked as Emma was herself. She should have expected something even more than the practice... but this? Her body had been turned into a public display of sexual depravity and sadistic lust. She had become an anal whore for her mistress, the woman who had made her into her willing Sapphic sex slave in only days, and now she was about to have something happen to her that was beyond anything a girl like her should be able to take or ever experience.

“Shall I do a little more exploring and see what lies inside this savage, Ladies and Gentlemen?”

Emma gulped and tried to steady her breathing. Her back still stung terribly and she could feel the searing welts as if they were open wounds.

The string around her waist was untied and the loincloth fell. A show wasn't a show if the audience couldn't see it and the woman spun the rack around sideways on so that they would get a good view of her disappearing up Emma's bum.

The woman slid her hand back down and under Emma, stroking her pussy then bunching up her four fingers and pressing them over the practised rim.

She paused a moment, checking that Emma was still complicit in her own destruction then pressed the four tips until they pushed through the loosened rim and entered the girl's anus.

Emma's harp-shaped lips opened into a circle but it wasn't a pained expression, more one of concentration. Her small cheeks hid little of what the woman was doing to her from the side and all the audience could see as the thumb was squeezed in with the bunched fingers.

Emma moaned each time a breath left her heaving chest. She was being stretched wider than ever before, the ache as her sphincter was pulled tightly over her mistress's fingers throbbing deliciously up into her body.

She was the dirtiest girl in the theatre, probably the sluttiest tart in London, a depraved asswhore but she belonged to the woman she called 'Ma'am' and the only thing she could think about as hundreds of people watched her small bum perform a magic trick and take a large hand up its hole was how she no longer felt that panic and fear at being publicly exposed and debauched in such extreme ways.

She bit her lip and pushed back, groaning. Her rim felt as taut as a bowstring as it was pressed down onto the woman's knuckles.

"Fuck. Take me and fill me up", she hissed then gasped as tears fell from her eyes.

The audience cheered, some of them wide eyed, others open-mouthed as Emma helped the woman violate her body and shove her hand up her ass.

The woman was caught off script, almost as surprised as the spectators, as she felt her hand getting sucked up into Emma's body.

"Dirty savage. She's trying to eat me from her arse. Disgusting creature."

The audience were so entranced by Emma's pain-lust-filled face that they barely heard her quip as the 'savage' pushed on the woman's hand.

Emma let out a splutter of spit and a gasping cough as if winded as the hand finally plunged past its thickest point at the knuckles.

The rack was wheeled around. The woman crouched low to squat behind the body shackled to it, giving the crowd a view of her wrist and disappeared hand up between Emma's bum cheeks.

The hand was moved back and forth inside her, still wrist deep but moving in her tunnel in a fucking rhythm that sent tingles through her asshole.

Her eyes rolled up as she gasped and panted, her tearstained face a mask of concentration and pleasure as she focused on the sensations she was feeling.

It was as if no one was there, jeering and wanking off at her obscene torture scene, only the woman and her and she wanted to take as much of her lover as she could inside her.

The rack was spun around again, this time facing the audience fully as the woman slid under the gap between her legs like an exotic dancer, her fisting arm up vertical between Emma's inverted V-shape that her legs were making.

Her pants and the look of conflicting emotions on her face made the audience squelch and pummel away at their cocks and pussies and it started to sound like applause as it rippled around the theatre. Only the woman in the front row was restrained enough to just watch, examining and inspecting everything with her eyes. Emma didn't care, couldn't care as she was instructed to lift her legs up in the air, grabbing onto the chains to pull her knees up into an M-shape, her weight in part held by the woman's arm plunged inside her from below.

The effect was that her tunnel started to slide through force of weight alone down past the woman's wrist and half way along her forearm.

Emma groaned out a noise that sounded as savage as the role she was playing, more beast than human, but then her body had been treated in a sub-human way for the last hour.

Several women in the audience looked as if they might need smelling salts to bring them back to their senses as they wafted their faces and leaned back in their seats, swooning and moaning.

The men had looks of determination on their faces as they frantically pummelled their hands around their shafts, handkerchiefs at the ready to catch their soon to be spunked out cum.

Emma, worshipped by devils, felt the woman slide ever deeper inside her, the feeling so freeing and yet so overwhelming. Stabs of pain from her bowels made her think she might explode and yet the throbbing ache made her feel so intensely satisfied and full. She felt adrenaline flood her body with a need to cope with the extreme sensations. At one point she thought she might faint and had to shake her head just to stop from drifting off into the starry blur that her eyes were making.

She laughed out a snorting cackle, unladylike and more like a witch or a monster as she felt the thickest part of the woman's forearm gripped and clenched by her sphincter and felt the shape and surface of the arm all along her tunnel, deep into her rectum and beyond. This was amazing and surely impossible and yet she was managing it. The incredulousness made her feel drunk as she cackled some more and felt tears of strain drip off her face.

She had found her calling, her purpose, the thing that she was meant to be and had someone told her a week ago what that was she would have slapped them around the face for being so disgusting and ran away from the pervert that had uttered such obscenities. Now, here she was... Emma the asswhore.

She felt the pain stab into her as the woman near enough reached her elbow up inside her. It was like a medieval depiction of Hell. A girl, chained up and whipped until red marks lined her back and legs with an arm shoved up inside her ass right up to the elbow and yet it wasn't Hell, it was London and the audience, devils as they might be, were trying their best to soak in every part of this scene and keep it in their heads for a hundred wanks to come.

“You know what? I don't think she did eat my compatriot after all but being only a poor savage, it doesn't really matter. She still deserves to be taught a lesson. I'll just have a rummage around while I'm up here and see if I can find anyone else she might have consumed... apart from me and my arm that is.”

The audience were far too lust-filled to laugh at that and Emma was too far aroused and near orgasm to take much of the woman's slipping and sliding so deep inside her.

It was only after a couple of minutes of having the whole forearm and hand fucked and jiggled about inside her that Emma screamed out the loudest orgasm the theatre had ever heard. The noise was like a banshee as it bounced off the walls designed to amplify the sounds on stage.

“Aaaarrrrhhhh!”

She followed up with several deep-grunting groans as she sucked in air, heaving and hanging forward on the wrist shackles, unable to hold herself up as all her energy was sapped by her cries of ecstasy.

Her body shuddered and it didn't help when the woman started to slide her arm out, feeling the sensations of her tunnel walls and the empty space left behind in her bowels filling her with pleasure and overwhelming relief.

Her groan was long and animalistic as she growled out her pleasure at being released from her arm stuffing, her rectum and anus feeling as if they were fizzing with pleasure at being allowed to relax.

Drool dripped from her mouth, echoing the same dribbling cum juices between her legs, her eyes looking as drugged up as if she had been smoking the pipe and her heaving body covered in sweat and the evidence of what she'd been through.

She was still feeling the throws of orgasm as the curtain slowly closed. The audience had all leapt to their feet, clapping their handkerchief-filled hands furiously as they tried to get a look at Emma's debauched body right up until the last inch was closed off from sight.

The woman wiped her arm on a towel and shouted for the stagehands to tidy up, then she unshackled Emma and wrapped her in her overcoat, leading her off stage to a dressing room down the dark pink corridor, which somehow reminded her of her own stretched insides as she staggered into one of the rooms and was placed on a chair.

The woman looked as if she was about to speak but her head was turned by the door opening and the woman who had been in the front row, the one that had been watching keenly but not pleasuring herself, walked inside shutting it behind her as if she was keeping the rest of the world out there... or a secret in the room.

“Selena, darling”, she drawled, kissing the woman on her cheeks then on the lips followed by a hold of the hand that had been inside Emma.

Emma came to her senses, her feelings of ecstasy quickly turning to a queasy feeling as her stomach clenched and her head seemed to feel as if all the blood in her body had rushed up into it.

Her world exploded.

Selena.

The name rang in her ears as if echoing through a cavernous tunnel.

The woman, Ma’am, her lover, had a name. She hadn’t dared to ask it out of respect and fear. She hadn’t needed to use it. Ma’am was correct. Yet, the effect of knowing it, hearing it slip out of this woman’s mouth as if it was the easiest thing in the world to know made her head spin.

Selena. It was a beautiful name, exotic and bewitching. It fit but she couldn’t call her by it... could she? Mistress or Ma’am was fine but Selena? She’d need to be

her equal or better, which this woman must have been. No, she would tattoo the beautiful name in her mind, knowing now who she belonged to and treat it with as much mysterious reverence as she had so far.

The woman looked at Emma. Now, feeling her senses heightened by the revelation of her lover's name, Emma took in this stranger that seemed very familiar with the woman.

She had a square face, strong as if chiselled from marble but beautiful in a statuesque way, piercing blue eyes and dark blonde hair tied back in a tight ponytail. Her body looked to be thicker than the woman's, Selena's, and was an inch or two taller. By her voice and accent she was clearly from high society, possibly an aristocrat of some sort.

"So this is your latest attempt", she said staring down at Emma with cold, inspecting eyes.

"I see you've let her use your collar but then after tonight's performance I can see why."

The woman smiled then turned to look at Emma.

"It's only for tonight, Ada."

"Good. She hasn't earned the right... yet. Let me get a look at you close up", Ada said, stepping up to Emma.

She held Emma under the chin and turned her head as if inspecting livestock for imperfections.

“Not bad. A little doll-like and small but then that’s how you like them don’t you, my dear?”

“It helps with the show if they look the part.”

“Of course, of course”, Ada said, smiling as if she were hiding her true thoughts.

“We are going to all go back to Selena’s flat tonight where we’ll get well acquainted with one another. What do you say to that, girl?”

Emma looked up at the icy eyes and saw the same glint in them that the woman had when she wanted to fuck her.

“I’d say that’s lovely, Ma’am”, Emma said, her accent a complete contrast to the woman’s posh tone.

The woman had barely gotten her overcoat off when Ada pounced on her face, kissing her deeply as her eyes stared across at an angle to Emma who stood politely near the dining table and tried not to look jealous.

She eventually let the woman catch a breath and pulled off, moving to the table.

“Well, get naked girl. I don’t imagine your mistress allows you to remain clothed in her home this long, does she?”

Emma was surprised at being ordered about by someone else but Ada spoke as if she was used to giving commands and being obeyed.

“No, Ma’am. Right away, Ma’am”, Emma mumbled, pulling the overcoat off her shoulders then unstringing the costume and putting her hands around the collar.

“No, leave that on for tonight”, Ada said quickly. “Turn around. Show me the whip marks.”

Emma turned, standing naked apart from the collar, as Ada sat at the dining table.

“Did it hurt?” she asked.

“Yes Ma’am, but it was fine... I enjoyed it”, Emma said, looking at her employer with a look of forgiveness on her face.

“She didn’t use the pipe”, the woman said, sounding sorry that Emma hadn’t taken her up on the offer.

“Fascinating”, Ada said, her eyes widening. “Show me your arse hole, girl.”

Emma parted her cheeks and pushed her bum out, showing the complete stranger her now-public intimate part.

Ada moaned as if she’d just seen something she liked then commented as if assessing.

“A little sore and loosened but overall it took it well. My dear Selena, you’ve done well. Did she have much experience prior to meeting you?”

“A bit of cock gobbling, other than that, none. Her sexuality was made on what she’s done with me.”

‘How delightful and all the more impressive. Now I know how much you love the sausages made in my kitchen, Selena. I’ve brought you a dozen more. These have a particular oriental spiciness to them”, Ada said smiling as she took the sausages out of a compartment in her overcoat all wrapped in brown paper.

Emma almost made a squeal but held herself, looking like she was trying to hold in a burp as knowing smiles were exchanged.

“Whatever’s the matter, girl? You need good meat to keep your body strong. I mean look at you. We can’t have you getting any skinnier. I like girls with a good rump on them. They fetch a much better price.”

“Beggin’ your pardon, Ma’am. Yes, Ma’am”, Emma said, her face flushing and her pulse racing at being caught out by this perceptive woman.

The words flowed past her until her head caught them. Fetch a much better price? It sounded like Ada was talking about cattle at an auction. Oh fuck, Emma thought to herself, biting her lip. I’m going to end up just like the last girl and the others and get turned into sausages. How could my mistress... Selena... allow it? She cares for me... doesn’t she?

Her eyes darted between the two women, looking for something that could give her some hope. She’d never imagined a life as an asshole but now it was all she wanted to be, for her mistress at least.

“Show me how you fuck this new puppet of yours, Selena. Bend her over the table and give me a demonstration”, Ada drawled, waving her hand across at Emma dismissively.

Emma felt the tingling feeling at her not even bothering to look at her as she spoke. Being treated like an object was humiliating and that was arousing.

It didn't take long for the woman to strip down to her usual woollen tights and strap the glass dildo in its harness around her crotch.

Emma's asshole was still loose from the fisting and filled with a coating of goose fat so all she needed to do was to roughly push the girl over the short edge of the table, grab her tumble of curls in her hand and shove the shaft deep and fast up inside her rectum.

Emma let out a breath and parted her lips, her eyes glazing as she felt the forceful thrust inside her. It didn't hurt or feel like a struggle at all after having had half an arm up there only an hour or so ago but her sphincter did feel sore as the woman pounded the dildo back in for a second then a third sharp spearing.

Ada smiled. It was a cruel expression and filled with catlike curls that hid a savagery that hungered for more.

She took off her dress, revealing a solid physique. She wasn't fat but her arms and legs had a substantial thickness to them and her body solid and rectangular as if her bones were structured that way. Her skin was a pale pinkish colour as most aristocratic ladies were. A small trim of blonde pubes covered her crotch as she parted her thighs and placed herself lengthways on the table, her knees either side of Emma's head.

"Are you enjoying that reaming, girl?" Ada asked as she swirled her protruding pussy lips with her hand. Emma could smell the arousal as she sucked in air through her nose.

“Yes, Ma’am. It’s what I deserve”, Emma said, barely showing any sign that she was being so brutally pummelled.

Ada laughed. It was a cruel sounding tinkle of a noise as she plunged a finger into her own pussy.

“Wonderful! And why do you deserve it?”

“Because I’m a dirty arse ‘ore who does depraved things.”

“Mmm, what kind of things do you do, Arse whore?” Ada asked as the woman pumped and thrust behind Emma.

“I take it up me bum all the time... and... and I do Sapphic things with my mistress.”

“What kind of Sapphic things?” Ada drawled, chuckling.

“I... let her fuck me... and kiss me... and I eat her quim.”

“And eaten her arse hole out, girl?”

“... No, Ma’am. I aint done that.”

“Aint done that yet, Ma’am”, Ada said, slapping Emma sharply on her face.

Emma wondered what she’d said wrong as Ada tutted up at Selena.

“Oh that won’t do at all. An asshole has to eat arse holes all the time and never refuse. You can start by eating mine. Trust me, it’s delicious.”

Ada pushed her bum and thighs up and forward, resting on her lower back and amazing Emma at her flexibility as she grabbed her upturned legs and knotted them under her arms.

Ada’s star shaped pale pink pucker stared up at Emma, only a couple of inches away. Emma was nervous. Ada was a stranger. She had invaded the private space Emma shared with her mistress and now she wanted Emma to place her pretty lips on her rim and suck and tongue it the same way that Emma ate her mistress’s pussy.

It was one thing to taste her own asshole... but someone she’d only just met? Maybe this was a test, maybe if she did everything an asshole did and licked and ate Ada’s anus as if it was delicious pudding then her fate might not be the same as the other girls. Maybe they failed to do as they were told... after all why would the woman waste all this effort training her if she was to end up as someone’s dinner.

The time thinking was long enough for Ada to take over the hair tugging and Emma felt her cheeks redden for having hesitated. The woman now had two free

hands to pull her wrists tightly behind her and ‘restrain’ her as she fucked her hard up the bum.

Emma held her tongue out as Ada pulled her in, smiling catlike as she watched the harp-shaped lips part and ready for kissing her anus.

“By the goddess! Why have you never had this mouth on your pucker, Selena? She’s a fucking natural”, Ada gasped as Emma swirled her lips and slid her tongue in and out of the puckered rim.

It tasted of nothing much. A pussy was more pungent and flavoured than this. It tasted of the woman’s perfumed sweat and a slight tang of sweet earthy musk that made her want to dig deeper with her tongue and pull out more of it.

She was soon sucking her lips as she realised that the soft tunnel could taste even better when saliva was pushed into it and she was soon slurping and lapping like a thirsty dog, enjoying the delicate softness of the rim stretching around her tongue and the even softer tunnel inside.

“Aaah... Fuck... where did you get this one from?” Ada asked, sighing and panting as Emma hungrily ate her out.

“The streets”, the woman replied shortly as she pumped.

Emma felt the depravity of her situation once again send shuddering tingles through her body. She was being roughly fucked in her sore bum hole; naked

and held in place as she was made to eat the asshole of a woman she'd just met. Her back was still covered in the lash marks of the evening's performance and her body bore the bruises and marks from days of sadistic debauchery.

Her face was snapped up and pulled sideways. Ada rubbed her lips lewdly.

“How do I taste, Asswhore?”

“Delicious, Ma'am”, Emma breathed as her whole body was jolted rhythmically from the fucking.

Ada laughed then pursed her lips. Emma knew that this meant she was about to spit into her mouth so she parted her lips and waited like a little bird until warm saliva was splattered onto her tongue.

“Oh my, Selena. If I didn't know better I'd say she was one of our own.”

She absently slapped Emma across the face a couple of times, marvelling at how the girl's eyes seemed to ignite with lust on every blow.

“You really are a masochistic little tart aren't you? Would you say my anus tastes better than all those cocks you took down your strumpet throat on the street?”

Ada placed a finger inside Emma's mouth for a moment as if to illustrate her

point, smiling as her tongue and soft lips tickled her digit.

“Yes, Ma’am. Your anus is better than any cock I ever tasted.”

“And you sucked them all with glee I bet you little tart. Well get your tongue back down there and bury it deep up my shitter. You won’t eat another real cock in your life but soon you’ll be sticking your dirty tongue up more holes than you’ve had hot dinners. I dare say your mouth will taste like ass all the time.”

Emma took in what was being said, again a sign of hope that she would have a better fate than the others, if being made to do what Ada suggested was indeed better.

“Ma’am”, Emma mumbled as her head was pulled down again to eat at Ada’s glistening wet hole.

It really did taste a lot better than cock, she thought as she sucked with her lips and pushed her tongue into the ring. Now Emma had learned to embrace the ecstasy her asshole gave her, she could look past its other function and enjoy a whole different way of seeing hers and other’s.

Emma sucked and kissed Ada’s puckered rim as if her life depended on it. Ada purred and moaned as she watched Selena pumping back and forth.

“Let’s flip her over, Selena”, Ada said with a devilish grin, after she’d had her fill of the view.

It didn't take long for the woman to react as Ada shifted off the table, pulling the unaware Emma along by her hair to lie flat on her back on the place where she and the woman ate their meals.

"I bet you've missed making out with a real woman", Ada said to the woman as she climbed back up on the table and unceremoniously sat her large bum right down on Emma's face.

Emma couldn't move as Ada clamped her thighs either side of the girl's arms and all she could see was the woman's bum crack and back as she breathed in the increasingly heady aroma, her mouth pressed over the anus like two lovers pressing their lips passionately together.

She felt her legs get pulled up and hooked under Ada's arms and she soon felt the satisfying girth of the glass dildo easily slide back deep into her rectum where it was meant to be.

"You're such a tease, Ada", the woman purred, moving in on Ada's waiting mouth as she swirled her hips expertly against Emma's spread crotch.

"And you are part devil, Selena", Ada said before pushing her tongue into the woman's mouth.

"Takes one to know one, my priestess", the woman said breathily as she leaned in and allowed Ada to bite her nipples.

Emma was oblivious to most of what was being said up above her but she could feel the two women leaning into one another and that sent emotions racing through her that she didn't even know she had.

The woman, Selena, was her mistress, her lover, but she'd known her less than a week. It was obvious that she and Ada had a long and close relationship of some sort. Were they lovers? Maybe Sapphic women were freer with their bodies? She didn't know. She hadn't been a Sappho long enough to have found out. And why had she called Ada her 'priestess' just then?

She lapped repeatedly at Ada's bum hole like a kitten slurping up milk as she felt her rectum reamed and swirled into with the glass dildo, her asshole now feeling relaxed and cavernous as a warm glow emanated from it, blurring the usually pinpoint tingling sensation along its walls.

The confusion about this unexpected threesome made her feel vulnerable and that in turn made those butterflies she loved so much fill her tummy.

She realised in that moment that she was at least as depraved and perverted as these two women. Maybe she'd always been this way but she couldn't know the answer to that having only recently experienced what she had.

Emma pressed her nose into Ada's pucker like it was a rose and sniffed deeply, inhaling the scent as if it was perfume.

"She may look like she's a meal away from starving but I think you might have

found something quite special, my darling”, Ada said, laughing as she felt Emma’s tongue dig back deep into her anus.

“She’s a fast learner. More of a mind in her than the others”, the woman responded as she sped up her rhythm.

“I think you have a soft spot for her, Selena”, Ada purred.

“I just prepare them, as I have this one for you, Priestess”, the woman said with as little emotion as possible.

“Good because after she goes through the ritual I think she’ll fetch a good price. We’ll both profit well... Mmm... I can feel her body twitching. She’s cumming. Now, Selena.”

Emma’s eyes rolled up into her head as she shuddered. She snorted at Ada’s wet rim as she felt a feeling like hot water flowing up through her nerves into her head.

The dildo left her body as quickly as it had entered her and her legs were dropped unceremoniously as the woman climbed up onto the table and fed Ada the shaft that had been deep inside Emma, into her mouth.

Ada’s right hand friggd herself frantically as the woman chanted something in a language Emma couldn’t understand.

She could feel the hand moving like a blur just above her chin and hear Ada moaning as if she was devouring something delicious. As the woman's chanting got louder, Emma felt juices splatter over her chest from Ada's pussy.

The square-faced woman squirted the watery result of her orgasm over Emma, her body juddering as the woman took the dildo out of her mouth and the two of them spoke the same strange words.

“Koloe Latreia!”

But her long day of debauchery didn't end there. Near exhaustion, Emma was pulled up and made to lie flat on her stomach, unmoving and like a slab of meat as the two women feasted on her, digging in with tongues, fingers and the dildo until they eventually became too tired to continue.

They sat back onto the chairs, Ada's naked bum pressing into the wooden seat as she beckoned Emma to kneel beside her. As her finger curled round and the command came, Emma noticed the same strange tattoo on the inside of her wrist that her mistress had. It felt relevant and important but right then she was too intoxicated with hormones to want to think about it.

In that moment she was Ada's tame pet and she felt a contentment at the way she was commanded to come to heel beside her, her face and lips stroked idly as she stared with empty blue eyes across at her mistress. It felt good to blank her mind and just feel the sensations of her body and there was something about the way Ada behaved and touched her that made her just want to submit to her.

The two of them sounded drunk as they spoke, drawling slowly and contentedly.

“I want her at the House tomorrow, Selena. You’ve outdone yourself. She’s quite special. Have you paid her?”

“No, Priestess. But I can do it now if you wish”, the woman replied as she sat forward.

“No. We’ll do that tomorrow. She’ll have earned it after what she’s about to go through”, Ada chuckled, stroking a finger over Emma’s lips.

“Tonight we had better rest her arse and let it heal. Do you have some of the ointment I gave you? I’ll rub it up inside your little dummy’s hole then we can retire to your room so I can give you what you deserve for such a good find, Selena.”

Ada unbuckled the spiked collar and passed it to the woman.

“You’ll wear this tonight, Selena. To the High Priestess everyone beneath her is an asshole regardless of age or position. Now go to your room, lubricate your largest shaft and prepare the shackles.”

The woman bowed low.

“Yes, Mistress. Right away, Mistress.” Her voice was breathy and softer than Emma had ever heard it, as if the girl she’d once been had been brought to the surface from somewhere deep. For a moment Emma saw herself in the grey eyes then the person that Selena had once been until she glanced across at her, narrowing them as if she was about to say something to Emma but instead breathed out heavily and turned, leaving her alone with Ada.

“Bend over the table, asshole so I can administer your medicine then its off to bed with you. Tomorrow is going to be an exhausting experience and you’ll need every ounce of strength if you are to survive it.”

Emma did as she was told. She gulped as she tried not to think and be the dumb puppet she was expected to be but there was something about the way Ada spoke and the rough way she fingered the mixture goose fat and witch hazel up her that made Emma feel that everything she had experienced up until now was nothing in comparison to what was to come and that one way or another her fate was to be decided by this woman, the High Priestess, the true puppet master that controls the strings.