

# THE CHECKPOINT -II-

Simon  
GRAIL

A  
sequel  
to  
THE  
CHECK-  
POINT



# **The Checkpoint II**

Simon Grail

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# Chapter One

‘Tell me the truth, Ms McBride,’ Captain Kubeck demanded once again. ‘Why did you really come to Barovia?’

‘For the music festival!’ Evelyn sobbed desperately. ‘We’re musicians... you can see that...that’s why we’re here.... that’s the only reason we’re here... ahhhh!’

Kubeck had jabbed his shock baton deep into the soft underside of Evelyn’s naked right breast, making it lift and distend around it. A bright flash cracked between the twin electrodes on its tip.

Evelyn convulsed, screaming in pain and jerking at the broad leather straps that bound her to the heavy black-oak ladder-backed chair. Small wheels were fitted to the feet of the chair’s back legs, allowing its helpless occupant to be positioned as required by her captors, since of course she could not move it herself.

Her arms were pulled down the sides of the chair and were secured by heavy cuffs about her wrists. A strap went across the top of the chair over the front of her throat, keeping her head up. More straps passed over her chest from the back rungs of the chair above her breasts and below them, also passing around her arms. Her legs were spread wide at the hips and held in place by straps from the chair seat frame bound over the tops of her thighs. Her legs were bent at the knees and her feet were pulled back underneath the chair where they were secured by chains and cuffs about her ankles. This posture completely exposed her naked groin as she rested on the open mesh seat of the chair.

Nicola Henderson, naked and bound to a second restraint chair as Evelyn was and positioned so close to her that their knees almost touched, shrieked at Kubeck: ‘Stop it! You can’t do this to us! It’s against the law... eek!’

Kubeck had swung round and stabbed his terrible electric baton into Nicola's right breast as well. Their joint sobs of pain and fear echoed around the grim stone walls of the interrogation chamber of Checkpoint One.

Kubeck said: 'Let me remind both of you once again that you are in Barovia and subject to our laws, therefore what I am doing is not prohibited. Although we have cordial relations with European Union we are not restricted by any of its rule or restrictions about the treatment of prisoners, especially those suspected of being terrorists. This may seem cruel to you but our laws have served us well for many years and I will employ them as I see fit to establish the truth when the security of our nation and the safety of its people is at stake.'

Evelyn looked at Nicola through misty tear streaked eyes. Through their terror and confusion they were both thinking the same thing now: how could this be happening to them?

For the last few days they had been innocently enjoyed themselves, travelling between the Duchy of Barovia and its neighbour to the east, Nove Kraznic and seeing the sights in between attending concerts. The twin capital cities were picturesque and the countryside surrounding them very attractive, with quaint rural villages nestling between vineyards.

The two tiny states lay between Austria, Slovakia and the Czech Republic and were situated on the line of low hills that formed the southern extremity of the Little Carpathians. In the nineteenth century they had been a principality with a single capital ruled from the castle they were now in. And then communism had advanced from the east and overthrown its ruler, followed by a fire that had destroyed the heart of the castle. It had been demolished leaving only the opposing gate towers and the ancient walled gardens intact. When communism finally retreated it had left behind the divide between what had become the rival capital cities of Strakesburg and Zilny which ran directly through the old castle's central courtyard which was now a no-man's land between the eastern and western gatehouses that now served as their respective border checkpoints and customs posts.

Several times Evelyn and Nicola had passed through the twin checkpoints with hardly any delay on either side, the officials merely

glancing at their passports and then waving them on.

But this morning for some reason on the Barovian side they had been stopped and questioned by a stern-faced young woman in the green uniform of the Barovain border police, who had introduced herself as Assistant Interrogator Corporal Ivanka Stefanik. Their instrument cases had been impounded and searched and they had been taken inside by more green uniformed guards to this grim interrogation room with its high, barred lancet windows. Here Ivanka had ordered them to strip naked and submit to a body cavity search. When they had resisted indignantly their clothes had been forcibly removed from them.

The guards had held them down over wooden trestles while Ivanka, putting on a latex glove, had probed their vaginas and anuses. They had never suffered such an indignity before and they had squirmed and kicked about. Ivanka had slapped their bottoms hard and told them to behave or else. Then she continued to feel about inside them until both women began to feel embarrassing wetness rising in their pussy mouths brought on by this intimate stimulation and shameful exposure.

‘You do not seem to be carrying anything else incriminating inside you,’ Ivanka concluded eventually, peeling off her now shiny and dripping latex glove. ‘But that does not mean you are free to leave. My superior officer will now question you...’

While they were still bewildered and naked, they had been strapped into these awful chairs that left them totally exposed and helpless, blushing both with anger and shame. When they had protested Ivanka had unholstered her own shock baton and given them warning jabs with it, muting their protests with dread even as their eyes filled with tears of pain. Then Captain Kubeck had appeared.

He was a lean, hard-faced man in his forties with piercing intelligent grey eyes, close cut iron grey hair and a thin, neatly trimmed goatee beard and moustache. He spoke in clipped and almost faultless English. And so their interrogation had begun...

Evelyn’s violin and Nicola’s viola and their cases lay on Kubeck’s

desk. The lining of the cases had been cut open and items had been extracted from them. Kubeck picked them up once again and waved them in front of their fearful tear-streaked faces.

‘You have what appear to be ordinary tourist maps of both Strakensburg and Zilny, but with key government and service installations for some reason marked by pinholes. Hardly places of interest to normal law abiding tourists, but just the targets terrorists might choose to sabotage if they wanted to create panic and confusion. And it goes very well with these...’ He held up sheets of paper covered in small print written in Barovian. ‘Calls for the death of all unbelievers and the overthrow of Zionist capitalism, praise for suicide bomb martyrs and advice on recruiting people to the cause. Did you think Barovia was ripe for the taking? A foothold in Europe, perhaps? Were these smuggled in to bypass internet security for copying and distribution inside our country to other local sympathisers? Who were they?’

Evelyn shook her head. ‘Nobody, I swear! I can’t explain them... I don’t know how they got there. They’re not mine, that’s all I can say.’

‘They’re not mine, either,’ Nicola added. ‘Why would I want to carry anything like that about with me? If I was a terrorist it would be a dead giveaway.’

‘You might be a stupid terrorist or an arrogant one or complacent about the seemingly innocent front you present.’

‘I’m just a musician like Evelyn! We’re not bad people, please believe us!’

‘Let’s go over your story once again then shall we?’ Kubeck said. ‘You claim you first met over ten years ago while studying music at Cambridge. Ah yes, where many famous British spies came from, is that not true?’ They said nothing. He continued: ‘You have kept in touch over the years, sometimes playing in the same quartets and orchestras. You are not married and have no partners at the moment and so you decided to come together to attend our classical musical Festival before going on to events in Salzburg.’

‘Yes,’ Evelyn sobbed. ‘That’s the only reason we came here. We’re not terrorists!’

‘And why did you carry your instruments into Zilny and back today?’

‘We met some people from Zilny at the concert last night. They invited us to sit in on a rehearsal of a small string orchestra. That’s all we did.’

‘What were their names?’

‘Er... Tobias and Milla... I don’t think they mentioned their surnames.’

‘Where did this orchestra meet?’

Evelyn and Nicola exchanged helpless glances. ‘I don’t know... Tobias and Milla led us there along little side streets. It was a small hall... the others didn’t speak much English... we just played with them for a couple of hours then came back.’

‘And you came back in possession of things like this?’ Kubeck persisted, waving the maps and terror pamphlet in their faces once again. ‘Or did you have them with you all the time? Perhaps these were left over after you delivered other copies?’

‘They’re not ours,’ Nicola groaned. ‘We don’t know how they got into our cases. Maybe somebody put them there as... as some kind of sick joke!’

‘Are you suggesting they are all the work of some practical joker?’

‘Yes... maybe who knows?’ Evelyn said. ‘Why can’t you believe us? We’re innocent, you stupid man!’

‘You will not insult me again,’ Kubeck said. And with that he jabbed his shock baton on deep into the wet cleft of her vulva.

Evelyn had never felt such pain before. Her pussy seemed to explode

and convulse and burn all at the same time, while a shocking wave of agony raced up through her body and slammed into her brain. Calculatingly Kubeck held the baton inside her, twisting it slowly in the soft pouch of flesh while it stabbed her with electric needles again and again. She shrieked aloud even as with a hiss a hot stream of pee spurted from her tormented pussy as she lost control of her bladder. It splattered over the baton and dribbled through the mesh seat of the chair and onto the ancient stained boards of the interrogation room floor.

Even as Nicola was opening her mouth to scream at him in rage and disgust, Kubeck twisted round and jabbed the baton into her sex cleft.

Nicola screamed and jerked in her chair so hard the straps and its frame creaked. He twisted and ground the baton into her slot until she also lost control of her bladder and disgraced herself like a careless child. After what seemed an age he pulled the baton out of her sticky, dripping, wildly clenching pussy mouth and she slumped twitching feebly in her straps like Evelyn.

‘From now on you will call me “Sir”,’ Kubeck told them. ‘We are a long way from your England with its soft, muddled, careless ways. While you are in this country you will obey and respect our laws and customs and while you are in this castle you will obey and respect me, do you understand?’

They were too cowed and shocked to defy him again. ‘Y... yes, Sir,’ they said meekly.

‘Say it again but louder.’

‘Yes, *Sir!*’

Just then the desk telephone rang. Ivanka, who had so far been standing to one side impassively observing their interrogation, answered it. She spoke a few words in the local language and then passed some message on to Kubeck who nodded his assent. He turned back to the two trembling women.

‘That was a call from Captain Luka, my opposite number on the Nove



Kraznic side of the border. Since you were found in possession of items that might compromise her countries security as well, she wishes to observe your interrogation. We shall resume once she arrives. While you wait you will be silent. You might take the opportunity to consider your position... ‘

He returned to his desk while Ivanka came over with a mop and bucket and cleaned up the pools of urine under their chairs. Evelyn and Nicola looked into each other's haggard, red-cheeked and tear streaked faces in utter misery, searching for some solace but finding little. Ivanka then wiped their tingling, urine-soaked pubic bushes clean with a wet cloth, making them flinch as their misery found new depths.

Fortunately they did not have to wait long. Inside five minutes the interrogation room door open to admit a woman of about forty dressed in an immaculate dark grey uniform. She and Kubeck exchanged rather stiff formal salutes and a few words in their own language, and then he offered her a chair.

Luka had a strong, firm-jawed face with high cheekbones, a full straight nose, narrow arched brows, deep dark eyes and black hair tied back into a severe bun. She showed no surprise at seeing a pair of naked bound women in the corner of the room and examined their bodies with disturbing intensity as Kubeck resumed the interrogation.

‘You must understand the serious nature of the accusations against you,’ Kubeck told them sternly. ‘When it comes to matters of terrorism we will have to inform Europol and your national police and security services, possibly even the CIA. Then your family and friends will fall under surveillance. There may even be early-morning raids on their homes. Your backgrounds will have to be meticulously examined and your known associates questioned. Of course your professional reputations may suffer as a consequence, but that cannot be helped. If you think you feel exposed and shamed like this, merely by having your clothes removed, then it will be as nothing compared to the exposure every detail of your lives will soon receive.’

He had managed to bring them close to tears once again without one jolt from his terrible electric baton. Their earlier physical shock and

humiliation had shaken their self-confidence to the core and now his grim description of what was to come had sickened them even as it had sent chills up their spines. The thought of their private and professional lives and those of their families and friends being picked to pieces was terrifying.

‘Please Sir, we’re just musicians, who came here to play and listen to music,’ Evelyn sobbed despairingly for what felt like the tenth time. In this insane nightmare world they seemed to have fallen into it was the only thing she was sure of.

Captain Luka spoke up in heavily accented but fluent English, her voice as clear and uncompromising as her face. ‘And we are supposed to accept that on your word alone, are we? Your instruments could simply be useful props and places of concealment for illegal items. Perhaps you were testing our border security. Next time it might be bombs.’

‘The trouble is,’ Kubeck said, ‘that there have been several example in recent years of acts carried out by people who had secretly been converted to the terrorist cause who have previously lead blameless, respectable lives. For all we know you could be more of them...’

Evelyn and Nicola sagged hopelessly in their straps. It was no use. No matter how often they protested their innocence nobody believed them.

Unexpectedly it was Corporal Ivanka who threw them a lifeline. ‘Perhaps, Sir,’ she said to Kubeck, ‘we could at least allow them the opportunity to prove that they are musicians as they say? We have their instruments here. Why don’t we challenge them to play something?’

For the first time that day a slight smile seemed to tug at the corners of Kubeck’s stern mouth. ‘Yes, Corporal, that is an excellent idea. We shall have a little recital. And if they have been lying we shall soon find out. Free their arms and turn their chairs so they face each...’

As Ivanka moved the chairs and unstrapped their wrists and arms, Kubeck took up their instruments and bows and handed them to the two women. ‘Play something for us,’ he commanded.

Never had they been asked to perform in such bizarre circumstances. They looked at each other helplessly. ‘What can we play?’ Nicola asked Evelyn.

‘The Mozart Minuet,’ she suggested.

And so, still confined to their chairs with their legs splayed obscenely wide, they played Mozart’s Minuet in D Minor for violin and viola. Fortunately it was a piece they knew well because unsurprisingly their bowing was far from smooth and their wrists and fingers were stiff from their confinement. And yet as they let its timeless rhythms take them over their nipples began to rise not only in response to the sweet music they were making but at the strange thrill and terror of performing in such conditions before an audience whom they had to prove themselves to as never before! They were mortifying aware of the display they were making and of their mutual nudity, which only made their nipples pulse harder. How perverse could this get? What must they look like playing a violin and a viola while strapped naked to torture chairs?

Evelyn was a slender thirty-two year old blonde, with lightly freckled light tanned skin, pale blue eyes, pale lips, level brows and straight centre-parted shoulder length hair. She had neat B-cup breasts topped by pale nipples with dimpled crowns. Her waist was tight and her spayed thighs framed a neat dark blonde wedge of pubic hair.

Nicola was the same age as Evelyn and of similar slender build. She had collar length brunette hair with a fluffy fringe, pale blue eyes and thin brows. She had firm, straight narrow slightly aquiline nose and a delicately curled upper lip showing white teeth. Her skin was a little paler and pinker than Evelyn’s and she had rounder breasts with darker nipples. Thin, fluffy brunette curls covered her pubic mound.

Did their music have any effect on their captors? As they played their eyes flicked about, hoping to detect some softening in their stern expressions. Was that a slight smile on icy Captain Luka’s lips?

Finally Kubeck halted them.

‘We accept that you are musicians,’ he conceded. ‘And in a better world it would be charming to believe that people who could make such lovely sounds could not be terrorists. However that does not negate this hard physical evidence...’ He held up the maps and pamphlet.

Their instruments were taken from them and Ivanka once again strapped their arms to the sides of the chairs.

‘We must pursue our enquiries further,’ Kubeck continued. ‘In the meantime your passports will be confiscated. Countries you have recently passed though on your travels must also be informed. You will be held incommunicado while investigations proceed further.’

‘I shall request one of them be handed over to me so I may continue to question her,’ Captain Luka said.

‘I’m sure that can be arranged,’ Kubeck said. ‘You can take Ms Henderson as she had the map with your installations highlighted.’

‘Thank you, Captain. I’m sure I can get the truth out of her. Faster than they will get it out of her associates in her home country, at least.’

Nicola and Evelyn found themselves whimpering like young girls. They were being parcelled out for more brutal interrogation while their lives would be turned upside-down at home. The prospect was appalling. Of course the investigations would find no evidence against them but what damage would it do their reputations in the process? Would there always be doubt afterwards?

‘Please Sir, isn’t there some other way to sort this out?’ Nicola pleaded.

‘None that feeble western women like you could take,’ he said with contempt.

‘They might be strong enough, Sir,’ Ivanka said. ‘And they did pay so nicely. If they are innocent it would be a pity not to give them the chance to save their careers.’

‘They are hardly fit to be judged by the old laws, Corporal,’ Luka said dismissively. ‘They would not last a day.’

Faint hope was growing inside the two women. ‘Please, what do you mean “old laws”?’ Evelyn begged.

‘Laws that date back to medieval times, long before war and outside forces swallowed up Barovia, but they are still legal,’ Kubeck explained. ‘Collectively they are called *permezatenci*, which means “permitted violation” and were created to punish or exonerate women when they had few other rights. Mostly we use them to discipline our more troublesome females, but they are occasionally used on foreigners in special circumstances at their request, because once invoked we are not be obliged to inform their homelands of their crimes until judgement is passed.’

‘We are wasting time, Kubeck,’ Luka interjected. ‘They haven’t got the strength or courage to see it through.’

Her contempt spurred them on and stirred the fragile remains of their pride.

‘Why not, Sir?’ Evelyn asked Kubeck. ‘What would we have to do to be judged by your old laws?’

‘That part is simple. You would just have to make a recorded declaration to the effect that you waived your rights to modern justice and submitted to them. But don’t think it would be what you call a *soft option*.’

Nicola said. ‘What would happen to us, Sir?’

‘You would not be interrogated but you would suffer. That is unavoidable. You would be kept naked, caged and chained, denied privacy and abused physically and sexually through ordeals of pain and humiliation. All this would be videoed and each day the recordings would be sent to one of our high court judges to confirm you had suffered properly. Also at the end of each day you would be asked if you still protested your innocence. If either one of you admitted your guilt you would both be handed over to Europol with all the evidence we have found so far. However, if at the end of the

testing period you had not broken, then you would be declared innocent and be freed without a stain on your characters.

‘During the ordeals you would be allowed to send and receive strictly controlled messages to your friend and families assuring them all was well. But neither then nor afterwards could you ever reveal anything of the process to anybody. If you did we would be obliged to let international law take its course once again, with all the consequences I have already outlined, so in effect you would be punishing yourself twice.’

By now their jaws had dropped in horror, totally appalled by this prospect. It was ancient and barbarous and utterly abhorrent. And yet... was it the lesser evil compared to having their entire lives turned over by modern security services? They looked at each other in hope and fear, trying to read each other’s minds based on years of friendship. Were they being hopelessly middle class in fearing scandal and suspicion? Was it preferable to suffer privately or publicly? Could they endure it? Silently they nodded.

‘How long would it take, Sir?’ Evelyn asked.

‘The period is flexible. How long were you intending to be away from your homes?’

‘About two weeks more, Sir.’

‘That might be considered time enough for a *permezatenci* ordeal,’ he mused.

Evelyn took a deep breath. ‘We wish to be judged by your Old Laws,’ she said.

‘I don’t want to waste my time with this only for them to break down the first time that they are put to the cock or whip,’ Luka said bluntly. ‘I wish to see their resolve tested immediately.’

‘Of course,’ Kubeck said. He looked at the women. ‘You will be given a taste of what is to come. If afterwards you still maintain your resolve to be tested by the old rules we shall proceed further. But if you do not have

the courage then within the hour we will have alerted your security services about our suspicions. This will be your only chance, do you understand?’

Evelyn and Nicola looked at each other again, gulped and then said together: ‘we understand, Sir.’

‘Corporal: prepare two spreading and impaling arrays,’ Kubeck commanded.

Evelyn and Nicola watched in horrified fascination as Ivanka went to a control box on the wall and pressed buttons. The whine of an electric motor came from the roof beams above them as two horizontal metal rods were lowered down out of the shadows on wire ropes. Each had a pair of thick leather cuffs on its end. Ivanka halted their descent when they hung a little over head height above the floor.

Then Ivanka, aided by a couple of the green guards, pulled a pair of what looked like heavy wooden planks with odd fitting on them out of the large cupboard in the corner of the room and dragged them across to rest underneath the hanging cuff bars. They were like thick broad floor planks a metre long with chains and cuffs on each end. In the middle of each plank were mounted hinged expanding rods that Ivanka unfolded until they stood up vertically, held in place by heavy springs. The two women gulped as they saw the rods were capped by huge studded black rubber dildos, shiny with grease.

Kubeck had been watching their growing dismay. Now he asked: ‘Do you want to change your minds?’

Nicola and Evelyn bit their lips and shook their heads.

‘Position them,’ Kubeck commanded Ivanka.

Ivanka came over to Evelyn and Nicola and said in quiet, not unfriendly tones: ‘If you resist me now than it is all over. You must be seen to do this willingly, do understand?’

‘We understand,’ both said, their mouths feeling very dry.

‘We understand, *Madam*,’ Ivanka corrected them. ‘You are now submissives seeking justice and you must accept the mastery of others over you as part of your ordeal to test your innocence.’

They had to collude in their own degradation. ‘We understand, *Madam*,’ they said obediently.

Ivanka unbuckled them from their chairs and let them over to the platforms. Unresisting they stood with their legs spread and arms up raised so she could buckle the cuffs about their wrists and ankles. When they were secured standing spread-eagled she bent between their legs and turned the screws on the telescopic rods on which the dildos were mounted, sliding them upwards until they forced their way into their vaginas and rectums. Evelyn and Nicola moaned and whimpered as they felt their passage mouths stretched unnaturally wide and then groaned in relief as the big ribbed slugs of rubber pushed through their entranceways into the hot, tight moist flesh-sheaths beyond, making their bellies and buttocks bulge from within. Ivanka tightened off the rods, leaving them both doubly impaled and trying to lift themselves up onto their toes to ease the pressure within them.

They squirmed, clenching helplessly on to the rubber dildos, their cheeks burning with shame at their own gross humiliation even as their nipples treacherously pulsed and hardened in response to this intimate stimulation. Surely it could not get any worse than this, they thought: but it could...

From the store cupboard Ivanka brought over two lengths of chain with spring clips on their ends and mid sections encased in rubber tubing. She clipped the ends of the chains to their nipples, making them wince afresh, and then pushed the rubber bit sections into their mouths so that they had to bite on them like horses did on their bits. The tension on the chains stretched their throbbing nipples upward, dragging their breasts with them and exposing the soft curves of their undersides.

‘They will give you something to bite on to stifle your screams,’ she confided. ‘Don’t drop them but also don’t try to be brave. Let what feels natural happen...’



While they were being positioned, Kubeck had taken a pair of long handled canes with rubber paddle blades on their ends from out of his desk. One of these he handed to Luka.

‘Perhaps you would like to test their resolve for yourself?’ he said.

‘Thank you, Captain,’ Luka replied.

The two captains took off their uniform jackets, neatly folded them over the backs of chairs and rolled up their shirtsleeves. Then they position themselves one in front and one behind the two women.

‘Are you ready to endure hardship to prove you are innocent?’ he asked them.

They both nodded, making their chained breasts bob and jiggle in time.

Kubeck and Luka swiped their paddle blades across their bodies. The sound of rubber striking flesh made startlingly sharp cracks that echoed about the room. Buttocks, bellies, groins, breasts and thighs all suffered a fusillade of half a dozen rapid strokes.

The two women shrieked and gurgled about their gags bits and saliva dribbling out from the corners of their mouths as their eyes bulged and filled with tears. Instinctively jerking away from each blow they vibrated to and fro between their cuffed wrists and ankles, making the dildo rods twist and pivot against their springs, pumping the dildos alternately in and out of their rectums and vaginas.

The rain of paddle smacks ceased abruptly, leaving them shivering with shock even as their bodies smarted from chest to thighs and scarlet blotches mottled their skin.

‘Are you still willing to do anything to prove you are innocent?’ Kubeck demanded.

Snivelling they nodded once more.

The two captains subjected them to another brisk hail of blows, this time a little harder than the first and concentrating on the tenderest parts of their bodies. Rubber smacked against their breasts so hard it made them leap about while their buttock cheeks clenched against impacts that made them ripple like jellies. Even the bulging clefts of their vulvas shivered as they were smacked. Evelyn and Nicola thrashed about wildly, churning the dildos inside them. Compared to the simmering, stinging pain covering the outsides of their bodies it was almost a joy to feel their presence within, hinting a dark pleasures even as they were humiliated by their presence. They clung even tighter to them with their anal sphincters and vaginal sheaths, as though trying to gain strength from their presence and brace themselves against the paddle blows. The added friction between flesh and rubber had its inevitable effect and their lubricating juices began to bubble about their vulvas and dribble down the dildo shafts. They knew it was happening and burned with shame at such a display but they could not stop themselves.

The paddle blows ceased once again. 'Are you prepared to do anything?' Kubeck demanded. They nodded, tears now dripping off their cheeks onto their unnaturally erect breasts even as juices from their pussies dripped down between their trembling thighs to the dildo baseboard. They could not give up now.

Smack, swish, crack! More paddle blows hammered into them from all angles, making them buck and writhe and twist about in a futile attempt to evade them. Their whole bodies seemed to be on fire, while their insides were being churned up by the terrible dildos. By now their thighs and pubic bushes were lathered with their juices and their bodies were shiny with films of sweat. Their loins felt heavy and potent with dammed-up unnatural desire.

Another pause in their beating, leaving them dangling limply from their wrist cuffs, twitching and clenching their thighs, their knees turned inward either trying to expel the dildos or trying to suck them deeper inside them, they were no longer sure.

'Anything?' Kubeck said simply

It seemed as though their whole existence had been reduced to that single word. And now they realized just what *anything* might actually mean.

They were being pushed to the limits of their endurance, both of pain and raw sensation. They could literally be made to do *anything*, no matter how degrading. There were no limits anymore.

They looked at each other through stinging, misty eyes and nodded wretchedly.

One final avalanche of paddle blows descended. They sobbed and shrieked and writhed. They wanted to escape the terrible torment and the growing pressure within their loins offered an insidiously tempting route to relief and delight. Could they abandon their pride and let it happen? No, no... yes!

With wild moans of despair and joy they felt the orgasms rip through them from top to tail, spraying their obscenely copious pussy discharge over the pumping, twisting, gouging dildos on which they rode. Then the pain was gone and for a few moments they knew no shame only unreal, blissful detachment.

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The next thing they were aware of was Ivanka slapping their cheeks to bring them back to the real world. Kubeck was holding a camera in front of them recording their sorry state, blotched and soiled by sweat, multiple paddle strikes and their own lustful juices.

Inexorable, crushing realization returned to them. They had both cum in front of these strangers! It was the most humiliating thing that had ever happened to them! It was the end! No, worse, it was just the beginning...

Ivanka pulled the sodden bits from their mouths and unclipped the chains from their stinging nipples.

‘Repeat after me...’ Kubeck said. And dutifully they did so: ‘I declare that I am innocent of the charges against me and I am prepared to sacrifice my body and my honour and embrace torment to prove my word,’ they said. Now they were committed to their ordeal.

Ivanka pulled the dripping dildos out of their sucking orifices and freed their arms and legs. They stumbled bow-legged and trembling off the terrible devices. Immediately their hands were cuffed behind their backs and chain leashes were put about their necks. Before they could protest Ivanka pushed ball gags into their mouths.

‘Get used to it,’ she said softly.

‘I shall take this one back to Zilny,’ Luka told Kubeck, taking hold of Nicola’s leash. ‘I shall keep you informed of her progress.’

‘And you can take this one down to Sergeant Hodza,’ Kubeck told one of the green guards.

Evelyn’s last sight of Nicola for the next two weeks was her shiny red buttocks twinkling away down a corridor as she was led off by Captain Luka like a dog on a leash.

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After they had gone, Kubeck said to Ivanka:

‘You played your role well, Corporal. Just enough sympathy to win them over.’

‘Thank you, Sir.’

He sighed. ‘But this has been the easy part. Now we’ve just got to convince Evelyn McBride that this is the best thing that’s ever happened to her. If we don’t then heads may roll... yours and mine included.’

## Chapter Two

At lunchtime a week earlier Rachel Langford had been in Kubeck's office in Checkpoint One totally naked and being soundly lashed and loving every moment of it.

Rachel had open, pretty face, framed by collar length dark hair, and large brown eyes that were now red-rimmed with tears. Her skin was pale and clear with a feminine fleshiness about her breasts, buttocks and hips that accentuated their curves. Her normally virginal pink nipples were swollen and flushed crimson. A thick tangle of dark hair capped her pubic mound, but it was trimmed well back from her deep pouting cleft

She was standing bent over at the hips within a tubular metal arch about chest high which mounted on a low wooden platform. Her arms were pulled backwards and up to the corners of the arch frame where they were securely cuffed. Her legs were spread wide and her ankles were cuffed to the base of the arch. A chain ran from the centre of the arch down to her neck which was encircled in a broad leather collar. Tension on the chain lifted her head up and pulled her shoulders back which forced her to compensate by thrusting her haunches out backwards, which was an ideal posture for punishment.

Kubeck, in rolled shirtsleeves, was attending to this with a long soft lash, the pliant thongs of which curled up between Rachel's thighs into every crevice of her groin and bottom, cutting deep into the tender pink valley of her cleft and the cleavage of her buttocks to caress the mouth of her anus. The crack of leather on soft flesh filled room, mingling with Rachel's sobs and moans of happy pain which escaped about the thick rubber bit that she clenched between her teeth.

A month before, Kubeck had saved Rachel from the stifling clutches of her stepfather and boyfriend when he had found she was inadvertently carrying incriminating material of a suspiciously terrorist nature. He had imprisoned her in the dungeons beneath Checkpoint One where she

underwent a medieval Barovian ordeal to prove her innocence. In the process she changed the course of life. She had not returned to England with her stepfather and boyfriend, but had stayed in Barovia as Kubeck's housemaid, servant and willing sex slave. She knew that some people at the checkpoint called her his *filuhund slavo*: his bitch slave, but she did not mind. In fact she was proud of such a title. After all it was perfectly true. But there was no shame in submitting to the domination of somebody as powerful and influential as Kubeck. Or rather there was shame, but of a delicious kind. She had learned to accept her masochistic and slavish nature and delighted that such a man had chosen to make her his personal sex slave.

Rachel had found her proper place at last and did not want to leave it. She was doing everything she could to make herself useful to her master, beyond whatever pleasures her body could offer him. In her spare time she was learning the Barovian language and was hoping to become a tourist guide next year.

And so the tears that dripped down her cheeks were happy tears and the pain she felt in her rosy buttocks was an exciting pain because she knew inflicting it on her gave her master pleasure. And he would soon demonstrate that by making use of one or other of her willing and eager orifices to plug with his manhood.

She could see that manhood now, thick and hard, as it jutted out from the open flies of Kubeck's uniform trousers. How well she knew every fold and curve of it. Would he push it up her simmering dripping vagina or perhaps the now always washed, greased and ready pit of her anus? Would he pull her bit out and thrust it down her throat? Or perhaps he would move it between all three of them? The choice was of course entirely up to him. Such delightful uncertainty was another thrill of being a total willing slave.

And then the phone on his desk rang urgently.

Muttering in annoyance, Kubeck suspended his thrashing of Rachel's simmering eager body to answer it. She saw him stiffen and frown as he listened. Then he spoke a few words in reply and put the phone back in its cradle with a scowl on his face.

‘I’m sorry, little bitch pet,’ he said to her, tucking his manhood decently away and re-buttoning his flies. ‘But I’ve been summoned to the Palace. We shall have to finish this later. Until then you better hold on to this...’

He returned to the frame and pushed the handle of the lash up into the hot sticky depths of her vagina. She clamped her sheath about it gratefully, making little mewling noises in her throat. He patted her on the head like a dog and then went to the hangar and took down his uniform jacket.

Immaculately dressed once more he went out, leaving Rachel bound and helpless with a stinging bottom and dripping with unrequited need.

A tiny part of her resented being left like this but then that was her fate and she had embraced it gladly. She was his to be used or left at his whim. Duty had called him away and of course it took precedence over her own feelings and even his own desires. She squeezed on the handle of the lash now lodged inside her and contented herself with the knowledge that within an hour he would be back to finish the job he had started. And then her orgasm when she was finally permitted to have it would be all the stronger for having been made to wait and simmer in her lustful juices.

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In a dungeon cell under the eastern gateway of the old castle, Nyala Veneto was suffering at the hands of her own dominator.

Nyala was twenty-four and of mixed Latin and African descent. She had olive brown skin, tousled dark kinked hair, deep brown bright eyes, flared nostrils and full lips. Her breasts were firm and high-set, with stand-up dark brown nipples. She had a well-defined stomach and dark tight pubic curls trimmed back from her sex lips. Her buttocks were full and rounded and her legs were lean.

She was lying naked on her back on a narrow raised padded board, held firmly down by broad leather straps that crossed her neck, chest, belly, and hips. Her wrists were cuffed beneath her and her legs were raised and spread wide, held apart by a spreader bar with cuffed ends that hung from a

ceiling chain. Her head was trapped between two padded blocks mounted on long screw bolts that held them closed tightly about her temples.

Mounted on a stand that pressed up against her buttocks, which overhung the bottom end of the board on which she rested, was a dual function sodomizer and stimulator. A heavy duty electric motor powered a reciprocating drive that relentlessly plunged a large greased black rubber dildo in and out of Nyala's rectum, making it bulge and suck with every stroke. Above this was a second powered arm with a rotating wheel on its end, fitted with an array of pliant rubber prongs, hooks and fingers. This rotated endlessly above her sex mouth, its probing appendages digging deep into her cleft and stirring up every fold and nub of flesh within, coming away slippery with her helplessly expelled juices that by now were splattered over her pubic bush and the insides of her thighs and were even oiling the dildo plugging her bottom hole.

Nyala moaned and sobbed as the machine remorselessly sodomized and stimulated her to the point of distraction. But of course all the settings for its speed and intensity were under the control of her tormentor and mistress.

Captain Luka prowled round Nyala's helpless body, her normally hard, controlled features alive with hunger and desire as she gazed down on her suffering captive. In her hand was a bamboo cane which she had already used on Nyala's body, cutting stripes into her breasts and stomach and the exposed undersides of her thighs and buttocks.

Luka was dressed only in her black uniform knee boots. Despite her forty plus years she had a trim waist and full hips and C-cup breasts with brown prominent nipples that showed starkly against her olive-tinted skin. Her dark pubic hair was trimmed severely back about her thick pouting sex lips, which had a glistening crinkled inner tongue of flesh poking out from between them.

Nyala's mother had originally come from the Sudan. She had managed to work her way up through Egypt and then across to Italy, finally getting herself pregnant by an Italian to help her claim to stay in the country. It had worked but Nyala had never felt fully at home in either country. As soon as she could she had begun travelling, looking for some place she would



feel she belonged. She had come to Nove Kraznic as performer in a world drama festival only to be arrested at the castle checkpoint and taken before Captain Luka.

At the time she had thought it was normal prejudice because of her east African ancestry with its suggestive Islamic terrorist connections together with some suspicious photographs on her camera she did not recall taking. Now she suspected it was simply because she had been an attractive single woman without close ties, which was the kind Luka liked. Had it all actually been a setup? She did not care any longer.

That had been over two years ago. Now she toured around Europe with various theatre groups, earning what she could, but every few months she had to come back to Nove Kraznic. At least the board was free in the castle dungeons and they were always happy to see her, after she had committed a token crime in the city which guaranteed her being sent up to the Castle for punishment which of course became a sado-sexual ordeal. It was a strange arrangement but it seemed to work. Perhaps Luka knew her better than she did. It was something she had to have purged from her system every so often.

By now combined effects of the sodomizer and pussy teaser were bringing Nyala close to orgasm. Her juices were pouring out from around the gouging prongs of the rotating wheel and dribbling down to further oil the plunging dildo. Seeing this Luka moved round to her head and straddled her face so that she looked along Nyala's body. She sat down, settling herself down so that the padded blocks on either side of Nyala's head supported her thighs. Then she leaned forward so that her plump sex lips ground hard against Nyala's face. Immediately Nyala began to suck and lick at the moist richly scented flesh cleft over her.

Nyala felt Luka's full hot breasts resting on her stomach and then her lips kissing the swell of her pubic mound, nibbling around the whirling prongs of the teaser wheel. Her hands reached round Nyala's raised thighs and her fingernails dug deep into the smooth curves of her buttocks, making her wince and lick even harder at the pussy that was dripping over her face. Any second now.

Then came a reluctant knock on the heavy dungeon door.

Luka cursed and then turned off the sodomizer, leaving Nyala feeling desperately cheated. Luka composed herself and then got off Nyala's face and went to the door. Nyala heard the diffident voice of Petra Zakas, Luka's Lieutenant. There was a brief conversation and then Luka closed the door again and came back to Nyala, looking down at her shiny, flushed face regretfully.

'I'm sorry, my dear, but I'm going to have to leave you. Something urgent has come up. But I'll let Petra finish you off. You know how she likes to get her hands on you when she can...'

In two minutes Luka had left the dungeon and Petra had taken her place. She smiled down at Nyala's helpless body and then began undressing. Nyala felt a delicious shiver of fear at the look in her eyes even as her pussy began to tingle afresh. Very soon Petra had also stripped down to her high black boots.

Petra had a sturdy build similar to that of her superior, although she was at least twenty years younger. She had short pale brunette hair, dark brown eyes with narrow brows, a straight pointed nose with arched nostrils, a tight mouth and a determined chin. Her shoulders were strong and carried her full rounded breasts well. They had distinct and highly responsive brown nipples that Nyala had learned showed her mood accurately. Her waist was slim and her hips womanly and she had a thin veil of pubic hair over her prominent sex lips.

Petra took up the bamboo Luka had laid aside, flexed it experimentally, then smiled. 'Now, how far had the captain got...'

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It was later that evening when Kubeck called his senior staff to join him in his office.

Ivanka met Sergeant Hodza down in the dungeons as the big man was struggling into his seldom worn (and by now a size too small) uniform jacket,

trying to make itself look as presentable as possible.

‘Do you know what this all about, Sergeant?’ she asked.

‘Now I don’t, Corporal,’ Hodza admitted unhappily. ‘But he said we’ve all got to be there so it must be important. I do know he’s invited Captain Luka and her top staff over as well, so it must be something important.’

‘What do we want with them?’ Ivanka said with surprise and not a little distaste.

She knew that their two countries, although supposedly still divided over history and politics, secretly cooperated on security matters concerning certain foreign visitors who passed through their gateways, but she still held the traditional Barovian sense of suspicion and distrust concerning their close neighbours and former countrymen.

‘You know why we need them, girl,’ Hodza said briskly. ‘The same reason they need us.’

Ivanaka did know the reason of course, and considered it as she and Hodza made their way up to Kubeck’s office, the place where Kubeck had himself explained the realities of their situation to her on the day she had applied for the post of assistant interrogator at Checkpoint One.

After the fall of communism which had left their two tiny divided nations adrift in Europe, they had to do everything they could to maximise their national income to help maintain their independence, fragile as it was. All Barovia had to offer within their cramped new borders was some pleasant scenery, quaint architecture, passable local wine and the novelty of a restored dukedom. So they had tried to attract as many foreign tourists to them by arranging and hosting as many festivals, concerts and conferences that their new Duke could open.

But it was still not enough. Somehow they had to extract more money from their guests while maintaining their reputation as a friendly tourist destination. So they took advantage of the fact that many of their visitors

were young unattached women from all over Europe making the most of their new wealth and freedom to travel. When some of them broke the law they were punished according to the old traditions, which could be arranged as into an amusing spectacle that other visitors might pay to participate in.

But this practice could not be taken to extremes or else the women would complain of brutal and sexist treatment when they returned to their homelands. Fortunately the advent of the so-called “war on terrorism” gave them the means to expand the project and also keep it secret. They planned more festivals that would appeal to younger female visitors and kept careful track of all attractive women between eighteen and forty who crossed into the county, looking for suitable targets. They then arranged for them to unknowingly acquire various suspect materials such as photographs, plans, charts and subversive literature which could then be “found” when they passed through a border checkpoint or else during a search of their hotel room after a “tipoff”.

For this system to work to its maximum efficiency they needed the cooperation of the Kraznicians, who operated a similar system. Soon each country’s border security force was setting up suitable women for the other to arrest.

Once in custody they filled their target’s minds with the horrors of what a full-blown international anti-terrorist investigation into every aspect of their lives would mean, and then, apparently quite incidentally, mentioned the “Old Laws” under which Barovian woman were judged by sado-sexual ordeal, and which if they chose would save them and their friends and families from all that public shame and suspicion. Less than one in a hundred of their targets refused that option. Afterwards they left Barovia almost grateful to Kubeck and their tormentors, feeling they had escaped a far worse fate, surprised by their own fortitude and yet powerfully motivated never to speak of what they had endured.

Naturally they never suspected that the many hooded men (and a few women) who had systematically abused them were not state employees but exclusive paying guests, who also paid high prices for videos of their sufferings, which might run to a hundred hours or more over a long ordeal under the “Old Laws”. Nor did they suspect that their ordeals were carefully

stage managed so that they were never actually broken.

Of course it was all totally unjust and illegal, but as Kubeck himself had pointed out, they were all attractive women from rich countries compared to theirs who had so many advantages that a few weeks inconvenience was a small price to pay. For some the intense sexual extremes which they were forced to the experience became the highlight of their holidays. A few even came back again the next year...

Ivanka and Hodza arrived in Kubeck's office to find him looking impatient and annoyed but he would not say anything more until the Nove Kraznic party arrived comprising Luka, Lieutenant Zacas and guard sergeant Pretski. Ivanka noted that Luka also seemed ill at ease. When they were all seated, Kubeck began.

'I have requested this joint meeting, with Captain Luka's full support, because an unusual matter has arisen which concerns us all. Earlier today our esteemed Duke and President Gorbovych had one of their regular unofficial luncheons, in the interests of maintaining cordial relations between our countries, you understand. They may have had too much wine with their meal because they got into an argument over the relative merits and successes of our operations concerning the exploitation of foreign women visitors, which they of course they privately support while officially know nothing about and would have to utterly condemn if it was ever made public knowledge beyond our borders.'

Hodza spoke up: 'The Duke didn't say anything about my dungeons, did he, Sir? Because I keep them clean and all my little girl piggies properly caged...'

'No, far from it,' Kubeck assured him. 'Both the Duke and President think we're doing an excellent job. They both praised their respective forces highly to each other. That's where the trouble started. We've impressed them so much in recent years that they now think that with sufficient effort and ingenuity we can turn any woman into a willing sex slave. I emphasise a *willing* sex slave, who can pass a final test where they must freely chose to subject themselves to an act of masochistic sex.'

Zacas said: 'But hardly one woman in a hundred is turned to that extent.'

Luka said: 'As we all know but our leaders seem not to grasp. And it gets worse... go on, Kubeck.'

'Unfortunately, in the heat of the moment, a bet was made between our two leaders: a small matter of a hundred thousand kolacs.'

Hodza whistled. 'That's a pretty sum, sir. Where are they going to find it?'

'From us, sergeant,' Kubeck said grimly. 'Or rather from our respective border police budgets. Possibly it was intended as motivation for us. If either of us fail to turn out a willing sex slave that's what we'll have to pay up as a donation to the UN's anti-trafficking and female exploitation agency. A little black humour there but its money we can't afford to lose. There would have to be cutbacks...'

He paused while that alarming prospect sank in.

'Anyway, their heads may have cleared now but our leaders seem to view this foolish wager as a matter of honour and will not back down. Captain Luka and I have agreed that it would be sensible to cooperate and save us both a lot of pointless and possibly mutually destructive rivalry.'

Ivanka thought of Rachel. 'Sir, we do know of one or two genuine submissive women, like you Rachel. Can we use them?'

Kubeck shook his head. 'Not eligible according to the terms of the wager, Corporal.'

'We have a few as well, Corporal,' Luka added. 'Indeed I was called away from enjoying one to be informed about this unfortunate business. They must be fresh subjects who have never visited either of our countries before.'

Zacas said: 'Then we shall have to pick them with care.'

Kubeck said: 'Unfortunately our leaders will be doing the picking,

Lieutenant. We shall have to send them the usual data on likely subjects and they will choose who to target.'

Hodza shook his head: 'Then I don't think we can do it, Sir. Given a few weeks I think I can teach pretty well any woman how to obey commands and maybe even have a bit more fun than she lets on, but only a handful of them are turned into proper masochist slaves. When they leave they tell themselves it could have been worse and then try to forget it ever happened.'

'It is like that with us,' Zacas agreed. 'The few who return for more have been rare bonuses.'

'And up until now that's been good enough for both of us,' Kubeck said. 'But now we have to achieve not one percent conversion, but a hundred percent first time.'

'But how, Sir?' Ivanka asked.

'Well, for a start, tomorrow Captain Luka and myself are going to seek professional guidance on how to best use pain and pleasure to turn ordinary women into true sexual submissives.'

'Who knows more about that than we do?' Hodza asked suspiciously.

'Doctor Wolfram.'

'Ah... yes, I suppose he does know a bit about that kind of thing, Captain,' Hodza conceded. 'But you know how touchy he can be. You're going to have to take some sweeteners along if you want to get his cooperation.'

'We've already thought of that, Sergeant. We'll each provide him with some tasty morsel to play with.'

'You mean Rachel, Captain?' Ivanka said.

'And a submissive girl of ours named Nyala,' Captain Luka said.

'But you can't tell either of them what the visit is really for,' Ivanka

pointed out.

‘No, Corporal, we’ll give them an edited version the truth,’ Kubeck said. ‘Then we’ll rely on their natural inclinations to take care of the rest. I just hope Wolfram will have some useful advice to give us in return...’



# Chapter Three

Rachel sat in the back of Kubeck's official car next to the black girl from Nove Kraznic who had been introduced to her as Nyala. Kubeck and his police guest from over the border, Captain Luka, sat in the front. Neither Rachel nor Nyala said anything during the short journey from Checkpoint One to their destination just outside the city. This was not simply out of automatic deference. They were both securely gagged and restrained, although this would not have been obvious to anybody who had looked in through the car windows as they passed.

Both were outwardly respectably dressed in light summer dresses with buttons down their fronts and on their shoulder straps. On their feet were high-heeled shoes. In fact that was all the clothes they were wearing. Underneath both wore slender chastity belts with internal probes that plugged their vaginas and anuses. They held their hands neatly folded in their laps not by choice but necessity. What looked like ornamental bracelets on their wrists were in fact cuffs, linked by fine chains that passed through the fronts of their dresses to their chastity belts. Concealed under their dresses were cuffs buckled above their knees linked by short chains forming hobbles. Discrete padlocks secured the ankle straps of their shoes in place. They did not speak because thick rubber rings were clamped about their tongues, filling their mouths and effectively muting them.

Her state of bondage thrilled Rachel. Her nipples were standing up thickly under the front of her dress, forming distinct cones in its fabric, while she felt her pussy juices seeping about the plug in her vagina and soaking through the thin material of her dress onto the car seat. From the scent wafting from beneath her companion's dress she suspected the same was true for Nyala.

When they had first met she had seen a look in the black girl's eyes that she herself had come to recognize when she looked into a mirror. They were both broken and compliant slaves and perfectly happy with their lots. It was obvious that Nyala worshipped captain Luka as Rachel did Kubeck.

Kubeck had explained the reason for their little journey and of course Rachel had been eager to please him, even though he warned her she might have to suffer in the process. That of course only made it more exciting. Suffering was her way of showing how much she loved Kubeck.

It seemed that both police forces were having problems with the ways certain foreign women responded to treatment under the old laws. They wanted to know more about the effects of their punishment and incarceration. They had to know what made some of them respond as Rachel and Nyala had, while others remained resentful to the point of being potential future security risks. Was there anything that could be done about such women once they were identified?

Apparently Doctor Wolfram might be able to give them advice about these matters. Unfortunately he was also a difficult character to deal with.

He worked in Barovia because of its liberal laws. His line of research was pain and its effects on the sexual responses of women and he experimented on criminals and sometimes on the wayward wives and daughters of Barovians, whose menfolk had a robust and straightforward approach female disobedience. Known sex addicts were also referred to Wolfram for assessment and treatment, together with women like herself who would simply be classed as contented consensual sex slaves, of which there were unsurprisingly more than a few in Barovia.

Rachel was delighted to help her master in any way possible of course. But she was doubly motivated to do anything that would maintain the status quo. As far as she was concerned Barovia was the perfect place to live for anybody with her tendencies. Nowhere else would be so understanding and accepting of her desires. Here openly submitting yourself to the will of a strong man (or woman) simply felt natural. She didn't want anybody to do anything to change that. Her own stepfather and brother had come close to destabilising the system only a short while before by threatening Barovia with unwanted media attention if she had not returned home with them. But this felt like home to her now and she would happily do anything to keep it safe... even if it meant a little suffering.

Wolfram's clinic was situated in a small converted chateau just

outside the city, discreetly withdrawn behind high walls and hedges. The big black official car pulled up in front of its imposing front porch and Kubeck and Luka got out. They opened the rear doors and Nyala and Rachel clambered awkwardly out after them and followed at their heels with small shuffling steps as they entered the building.

A pretty female receptionist took their names and confirmed their appointments. Then she led to them through to Wolfram's laboratory. Rachel watched her walk with fascination. Her dress clung so tightly was obvious that she had no underwear on and the swells of her buttocks were hypnotic as they rolled. But there was also something stiff about her stride and Rachel thought she could hear something clinking metallically as she moved. Once again she caught a waft of female arousal and wondered what tormenting fittings were concealed between her legs. Only in Barovia could she contemplate something like that so casually.

The large white antiseptic room looked very much like a standard laboratory, except that its implements were devices of pain and restraint and its research subjects were not fruit flies or guinea pigs but human females. It was divided by screens into several sections, each of which focused around particular devices. When they entered Doctor Wolfram was working on the one nearest the door and Rachel's eyes widened in horrified fascination as she looked upon his subject.

A full-breasted brunette woman in her mid-thirties was strapped naked onto a black vinyl padded examination couch. The number "17" has been written in broad black felt marker on her forehead, presumably for identification purposes. Her legs were raised, bent and spread wide in gynaecological stirrups while her arms were pulled up above her head with her wrists crossed. Broad transparent plastic straps about her neck and arms, across her breasts and around her waist and about her thighs, knees and ankles held her firmly in place. Clamps on either side of her head held it tight and encephalograph sensor electrodes were taped to her temples. A transparent mask was strapped over her nose and mouth, with a slot for her nostrils and a rubber plug between her teeth, stifling her moans of pain and pleasure.

The pain came from the electrical wires with their crocodile clamp

ends that were clipped to the most sensitive parts of her body. They were fastened to her large nipples, her earlobes and both inner and outer lips of her sex. One was also clamped to her engorged clitoris. A metal probe had been inserted into her anus also trailing electrical wires. All these wires were gathered together and fed into a control box mounted on a stand beside the couch. It had dials on the front which adjusted the frequency and intensity of the shocks it delivered.

The pleasure came from a ribbed vibrator with a transparent plastic head that was supported on an adjustable stand and inserted deep into her vagina. It pumped and buzzed away busily so that her juices dripped from around it and fell into a plastic measuring cup secured beneath the cleft of her buttocks. The head of the vibrator also contained internal LED bulbs so that lit up the slippery, ribbed pink interior of her birth canal as it shivered and clenched about the device. More LED bulbs were connected to the crocodile clips attached her body and they flashed red when current was passed through them. In this way it was possible to see the waves of stimulation passing across her, making her moan and sob and jerk against her restraining straps. But still the juices continued to drip from her doubly tormented vagina.

Dr Wolfram was standing over the woman making notes on a clipboard. He was small, bearded and slope-shouldered and wore a white lab coat and wire-rimmed glasses. He had a high domed forehead, looking as if it was pushing out from his receding hair line. His eyes were a washed out blue but very sharp.

As the frequency of the electrode lights increased the woman's sobs and moans reached a crescendo. Her body was shivering so violently that the couch creaked. Then with a despairing cry juices gushed from her vagina as it clamped fiercely about the pumping dildo and then her eyes rolled up and she went limp as if she had fainted. The vibrator stopped pumping and all the electrode lights went out.

Wolfram, still apparently not having notice them, made more notes on his pad. After a moment the receptionist said meekly: 'Excuse me Doctor, Captain Kubeck and his party are here...'

Wolfram looked around impatiently and scowled, but then brightened

slightly when he caught sight of Nyala and Rachel.

Even as he shook hands with Kubeck and Luka his eyes were looking over Nyala and Rachel with clinical interest that made Rachel shudder apprehensively, even as she felt her vagina clench a little tighter about the probe that filled it.

The lights flashed on the control box beside the examination couch and the electrodes and vibrator started up once more. Woman number 17's eyes flickered open feebly and she began to groan once again...

'You have a problem concerning submissive women that you want my advice on, I believe,' Wolfram said briskly as they walked away from number 17 as she began to moan again to a quieter part of the laboratory.

Rachel did not understand every word that followed as her knowledge of the Barovian language was still only at a basic level, but she grasped the gist of their conversation and was able to filling in the gaps...

'Yes Doctor,' Kubeck said. 'We want to know more about the responses of women to extreme forms of stimulation. Specifically what is it that differentiates women like these two here from most others. They have gone through regular ordeals under the old laws but they wished to come back for more, whereas most women do not. We did not try to influence them in any special way, it just happened. They are now both strongly masochistically inclined and what you might call "willing slaves". But why has this happened to them and not the others who underwent more or less identical ordeals?'

Captain Luka added: 'Very simply, Doctor, we would like to know if it is possible to treat our subjects so that they are more likely to exhibit such behaviour when we wish them to. Or is it simply a matter of their inherent natures and beyond our control to influence one way or the other?'

Wolfram laughed dryly. 'While it is possible, with months of intensive conditioning, to make a pleasure/pain addict out of almost any woman, you would not call her a willing slave at the end of the process. It would be an unstable and unnatural state and it might break down either

through counter conditioning or simply over time.'

'That would not be of interest to us,' Kubeck said. 'We want to know how long-term masochists are produced in just a couple of weeks.'

'Then it would most likely be down to their individual natures,' Wolfram said. 'But it is possible certain external factors may also influence and reinforce them, shading the odds, so to speak. But again it all depends on the individual.'

'Then could you examine these two girls to see if there are any common factors in their natures we might look out for in others?' Luka said.

'I think I could fit them into my research programme,' Wolfram said, rubbing his hands in anticipation, causing Rachel to shiver once again. 'Leave them with me for the rest the day. You can collect them this evening.'

'When we do perhaps you could suggest some strategies we might adopt to reinforce such factors in fresh subjects?' Kubeck said.

Wolfram's eyes shone as he looked Nyala and Rachel over once again. 'Naturally I'll give you whatever advice I can. Can I subject them to any procedures I choose?'

'Of course, do whatever is necessary,' Kubeck said. 'They understand what may be required of them and they are both ready and willing to suffer.'

'Ahh... the mark of true slave girls,' Wolfram said almost wistfully.

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Twenty minutes later Rachel was in one of the cubicles in Wolfram's laboratory confined in a hogtied position from a tubular steel crossbar to which her wrists and ankles were securely strapped. A chain ran from the centre of the bar to the back of the broad collar that had been buckled about her neck, ensuring she kept her head up. The bar was supported at each end by adjustable stands that were bolted to the big wooden plank-sided block on which her belly, thighs and chest rested. Her heavy breasts hung over its side

and were held tight against it by straps that went over their upper slopes, squeezing them tightly so that they bulged outwards beneath the strap.

She had sensors taped to her temples which were connected to a machine that recorded her brainwave activity. Plugged into her vagina and anus was a double shafted vibrator. Both shafts were heavily ribbed and pronged and as the powerful motor drove them alternately into her orifices they ripped and dragged at the flesh of her tight hot, wet inner passages and ground against her pubic lips and the tight sphincter of her anus, making each bulge obscenely in turn as they were filled almost to bursting point. Soon her backside, inner thighs and the mound of her sex were shiny with her splashed juices and the oil that was dripped from a lubricating pipe mounted above the vibrator down onto the twin pumping shafts.

Rachel sobbed and moaned about the plug gag that filled her mouth, dribbling saliva from the corners of her stretched lips. Her eyes were brimming with tears even as they rolled from side to side, following Wolfram's movements.

The doctor had his clipboard in one hand while in the other he held a spanking paddle with a studded blade. This he was regularly beating down on her strapped breasts so that the sharp crack of rubber on flesh rang out every few seconds. The force of the impact flattened her breasts against the wooden planks behind them while their upper-sides turned from pink to a rosy shade of red as they simmered and burned. He seemed to be recording her every yelp and whimper, alternating blows with noting readings on the display registering her brainwave activity.

'How would you feel if I said I would stop beating your breasts and take the phalluses out of you if you would beg to suck me off?' he asked Rachel.

Rachel hardly had to think about that. Of course she would rather pleasure Kubeck, but the choice between pain and sex, however humiliating and degrading and even with a stranger was a simple one. And yet it was not simply a matter of avoiding more pain. Her entire body felt hot and heavy with unrequited lust. Pain and maltreatment were like foreplay to her now, bringing her to the point where she needed to be satisfied with penetration by

some means or other. Having to shamefully beg for such release was the perfect means to do so. It felt so dirty...

She nodded her head as far as her collar allowed and made throaty pleading sounds. Wolfram pulled her gag out and she babbled: 'Yes... please I want to suck you off, Doctor. I want to taste your cock! I'll be a good girl and swallow everything down...'

Wolfram laid aside the clipboard and spanking paddle and pressed the button that stopped the powered vibrator. He opened his lab coat to reveal his trousers were fitted with double open fly flaps through which his thick cock was already jutting out stiffly under his slight pot belly, appearing out of proportion to his frame.

Rachel blanched slightly at the girth of it and opened her mouth very wide. Wolfram held her by the hair while he rammed the monster shaft down her throat. It was so thick that she had to choke and gasp for air in between thrusts. The fronts of his thighs ground against her strapped and beaten breasts as she pushed into her, adding to her suffering. A part of her knew she was being cruelly degraded and humiliated but at the same time she could not imagine being anything else. Yes, she was doing it to show her devotion to her master, but she was also doing it for herself. The thrill of being used and abused was an irresistible need. It made her feel alive. Would the sensors taped to her temples record this strange surge of excitement she felt as he screwed her gullet? It did not matter. This was what she was now and there was no escape from it...

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Nyala also had sensors taped to her temples.

They recorded her responses as she knelt on her hands and knees on the padded top of a low solid bench. Heavy cuffs buckled about her wrists and ankles held in place. A sprung pivoting padded bar angled up from the bench top and pressed across her stomach and hips to brace her body and keep her bottom held high. Behind her between her spread ankles was a motor-driven wheel connected to a rod and dildo which was plugged into her bottom. As it jerked her forward and back she rocked with the thrusts. The



base of the dildo had a transverse bar mounted across it with spikes on its sides. With each thrust these jabbed painfully into the coffee-brown globes of her buttocks. But riding the thrusts brought its own dual penalty. First, as she rocked forward and back her breasts were stretched by sprung cords clipped to her nipples and fastened at their lower ends to the bench top. Second as a final torment, a vertical post rose up the bench between her knees with a fan shaped blade of rubber on its top with numerous prongs on its rim. As she rocked to and fro this ground through the soft tight cleft of her sex mouth. By now it was soaked with her juices which had trickled down the post and were forming a puddle at its base.

Nyala grunted and moaned and bit on the rubber plug gag in her mouth as she was systematically abused and stimulated by Wolfram's cruel automated devices. Beyond the partitions that separated the cubicles she thought she could hear him talking to Rachel. She hoped he would not be too long because she was getting in desperate need of attention herself.

She thought of Rachel, the girl she had only met for the first time this morning as they sat in the back of the car. Apparently she was Captain Kubeck's pet. She seemed quite nice, if perhaps a little innocent and naive. But she had seen the looks she had cast at Kubeck and recognised slavish love when she saw it.

Was that why she was suffering now? To please her master? Or had she developed that strange need within her for mastery and abuse by any hand as long as it was a strong one? Or was that being too cynical? Nyala herself would not trust just anybody to dominate her. She knew what to expect from the hands of Captain Luka and Lieutenant Zacas. Perhaps she also loved them in a way. But it was not quite the puppy-like adoration she had seen in Rachel's eyes. She suspected the girl was a little younger than she was. In time perhaps she would learn to be her more of her own woman, although Rachel could never go back to living a totally independent normal life any more than she herself could. That first time in the dungeons over two years ago had broken a part of her beyond repair. Or was it better to think of it as opening a window on a dark part of her being that she had not known existed? Either way she would never escape the need for a strong hand to master her and make her feel complete.

The pressure within her became too great and Nyala sobbed about her gag as she orgasmed, spraying her juices over the tormenting fan of rubber in her cleft even as she clamped her anus hard about the cruel rod up her backside. For a moment the pain of the spikes stabbing into her buttocks was overlain by the joy of uninhibited release which it in turn fed, around and around, growing and reinforcing until she found her own private Nirvana of perfect contentment.

This was the paradox of a life of bondage and confinement. You could do the most outrageous things without a shred of conscience. She was expected to suffer physically and also experience intense sexual emotions and so she had known both pain and pleasure to the limit. It was the most intense assertion of being alive that she had ever known.

Some people climbed mountains or skydived to get such a thrill. She could do it merely by allowing the right people to tie her up and screw her. It was so much cheaper and simpler that way...

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As promised, Captain's Kubeck and Luka came back to collect them that afternoon. By that time both girls were feeling sore and thoroughly drained by Wolfram's devices and knelt wearily on the floor of his office as he gave results of this research to his guests.

'As near as I can determine from the results of my investigations, these two are what you might classify as natural born masochists,' Wolfram declared. 'Their original treatment while undergoing the traditional ordeals may have helped break down subconscious inhibitions that had up until then suppressed those desires, but I think it unlikely that any specific things you did to them actually turned them into willing slaves. They are largely the products of their own special natures.'

Rachel thought both captains looked despondent. Kubeck said: 'Then there's nothing you can do to help us, Doctor?'

'I did not say that,' Wolfram countered. 'May I ask what kind of life they have led beyond your dungeons?'

‘I permit my girl to roam about the city unescorted at times, discreetly restrained of course,’ Kubeck explained. ‘She also serves as my housemaid and pet.’

‘Mine comes and goes every few months,’ Luka said. ‘She travels quite freely around Europe but comes back to us when she feels the need for subjugation.’

‘That may be significant,’ Wolfram said thoughtfully. ‘Both of these subjects have a degree of freedom and the chance to play out their masochistic tendencies in the context of normal social surroundings. Very well, you wanted my advice and here it is. You will greatly increase your chances of turning any woman into at least a compliant slave by dominating her in more domestic situations rather than keeping her in dungeons alone. This is so that she learns to associate her subjugation with normal everyday objects and events. Also I advise that they see as many other women sharing their suffering as possible, so they understand that they are not being uniquely singled out for such treatment. Encourage them in every way to see it is possible to be a slave or submissive in the real world so that you diminish or negate any inbred cultural shame or inhibitions against such behaviour, which can be very powerful forces. This will not guarantee success, but I think introducing such biases into their ordeals will greatly increase the chances of them learning at least to become contented with their lot and so feel less resentment after the ordeal is over.’

The captains exchange thoughtful glances. Kubeck said: ‘Thank you very much for your advice, Doctor.’

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As Rachel once again sat next to Nyala in Kubeck’s car on the way back to Checkpoint One, content with the feel of her familiar bondage and the sensation of the plugs in her rectum and vagina put there by her master’s own hand, she also felt a new glow inside her. She now knew officially that she was in an important way “special”. And she hoped that night Kubeck would once again celebrate that specialness with her.

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A few days later Kubeck called Ivanka and Hodza to his office. Luka and Zacas were already there. He handed out photographs of two women, one blonde and the other brunette.

‘Our targets for the big wager have been chosen by our dear leaders,’ he announced wryly. ‘They are two single English women in their early thirties who have come here for the music festival before going on to the events at Salzburg. One plays the violin and the other the viola. Our rulers, guided by unspecified instincts, seem to think they might be “repressed English roses waiting to blossom.”

‘We can but hope so,’ Luka said dryly.

‘Anyway they are as good a subjects as any,’ Kubeck agreed. ‘They both come from a common background so it should be a fair contest. We’ll tell them that if either one of them fails the ordeals both will be handed over to the authorities as we normally do for pairs as additional motivation, but the wager will depend on each one individually submitting or not. Remember, we must be sure to apply the advice that Doctor Wolfram gave us at every opportunity.’

‘Yes, Captain,’ Hodza said a little grumpily.

‘No one is criticising your previous handling of any of our guests,’ Kubeck assured him. ‘These two are simply special cases and must be treated accordingly. In fact your genial uncle confessor act will be vital in getting our girl to feel at ease with herself... at least, as much at ease as possible collared and naked in a cage. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Captain,’ Hodza said, slightly mollified.

‘You will also apply everything we have discussed to our subject to put her at her ease, Petra,’ Luka told Zacas firmly, clearly not wanting to be outdone. ‘And if she shows any lesbian inclinations you will of course satisfy them at the earliest opportunity in such a way as to win her affections.’

‘Yes, Captain,’ Zacas promised.

‘The same goes for you, Ivanka,’ Kubeck said with a tight smile.

‘Yes, Captain,’ Ivanka said smartly.

Kubeck sighed. ‘Now all we have to do is to arrange for our two English roses to be found with something incriminating in their possession...’

## Chapter Four

The day after her submission to judgement by the old laws of Barovia, Evelyn was suspended naked from the ceiling of dungeon cell six deep beneath the Castle Checkpoint awaiting the first proper torment of her ordeal. Except that she was not Evelyn any more, she reminded herself, but “Fekujo Septo” in the local language, which Sergeant Hodza, her fat and unexpectedly jovial jailer, had told her meant “Little Pig number Seven”...

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The previous day, as she had stood before Hodza naked and trembling, still dazed by what had happened to her, he had chatted about such things even as he took great care harnessing her, getting all the fittings just right so that they would not slip or pinch,. He had begun by padlocking a broad heavy leather collar about her neck. Its weight was due to its internal metal reinforcement, several tethering rings and the numbered metal tag that hung down over her sternum bearing her shameful new name and number.

Hodza had flicked the tag. ‘That is how you will be called down here. Nobody who uses you will know you any other way, understood?’

She understood that she had been reduced to the status of a numbered animal. ‘Yes, Sir,’ she said miserably.

The collar also had hung from it a pair of gags strung on rubber cords: one a ring gag and the other a ball gag, which could be easily interchanged. Hodza showed them to her.

‘One is for when you are to make no noise, the other is when you are to hold your mouth open to give pleasure,’ he explained, pushing the ball into her mouth. ‘Also they are good for biting on when you are being whipped,’ he added. ‘After all, you do not want to bite your tongue or crack your nice white teeth, do you?’

Feeling sick Evelyn shook her head.

Her hands were encased in what had at first looked like small, thinly padded leather boxing gloves forcing them to ball up into fists. They locked into the sides of her broad wrist cuffs. It was only when she had them on that she realized they were stitched and shaped to resemble pig's trotters. Her legs were clad with high-heeled leather shoes with reinforced toe caps and straps that were padlocked about her ankles. The shoes felt heavy and solid and forced her to stand up onto her toes. They were intentionally designed to make running extremely hard while showing off her legs. They also had a cruel hidden secret. As Hodza demonstrated, a key could be inserted in a small socket in their insteps which released upward pointing spikes in their sponge insoles, which under pressure jabbed into the soles of her feet. Standing on them became agony and quickly she dropped down onto her hands and knees.

‘Now you are a proper piggy,’ Hodza had said, stepping back and admiring her humbled body. ‘You walk on two legs or four legs when we say, yes?’

She nodded miserably.

Then he had put her on a leash and almost proudly had shown her the dungeon facilities under their massive barrel vaults, assuring her that she would be kept secure but also clean and well fed. Evelyn saw the squat toilet pit she would have to use in front of him, with its enema hose and the shower head above that allowed it to double as a shower, the metal troughs she would eat at like an animal with the other prisoners, and the racks of chains and straps and lashes and instruments of phallic torture. All were perfectly practical in their context and yet utterly revolting.

Then Hodza had locked her away in her pen saying she should get some rest because she would have a busy day tomorrow. It was number seven in a row of low brick kennels each with a solid metal door and a straw mattress. He had hobbled her ankles and cuffed her wrists to the front of her collar so she could not touch herself while she slept. Once alone she had given in to her fears and had cried herself to sleep wondering how they dared to heap this further insult upon her by harnessing and housing her like an

animal!

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Yet now, twelve hours on, suspended in the torture cell, Evelyn thought that perhaps it was actually preferable to be confined by those perverse fittings and be known as FEKUJO 7. It gave her something to hide behind, and she had precious little of that. If she could convince herself that this was really happening to somebody else it might make it easier to endure. Of course treating her like an animal must be intended as part of the ordeal, to add to her suffering and humiliation, but maybe she could turn it to her advantage. She would soon find out if that was possible....

Early that morning she had been woken by Hodza opening her cell door. For a moment she did not remember where she was and had tried to scream around her gag and struggle against her cuffed wrists and hobbled ankles before she remembered. Hodza had freed her arms and legs and led her out of her kennel along to the combined toilet and shower where she had been made to squat and void her wastes in front of his critical eyes. Then she had been given an enema and washed over briskly. Hodza finished off by applying lubricant to her anus with a grease gun.

‘From now on I keep you nice and clean and slippery up there,’ he promised, ‘so a cock or rod goes up easily and will not hurt you... well, not much.’

Evelyn had eaten from the metal troughs alongside a dozen other naked women, collared, booted and gloved like she was. Their bare bottoms stuck up in the air in a very piglike way as they were forced to dip their heads low to eat their food, a kind of mash of unseasoned meat, potatoes and vegetables, compressed into golfball sized chunks, from the bottoms of the troughs. She would have liked to have exchanged a few words with her fellow prisoners for the sake of her own morale and find out if any of them spoke English, but with Hodza looking over them they all remained silent as they had no doubt been instructed. When they were done, Hodza had lined the other girls up along a wall kneeling with their legs wide and leashes hooked rings to await collection by their assigned tormentors, while he had brought Evelyn in here and hung her from the ceiling.



Her arms were bound tightly behind her back, held in place by a harness of straps buckled tightly about her torso. Her legs were pulled up high and wide apart in a tendon- straining fleshy “V”. The ends of a tubular bar, which was suspended by wire ropes from pulleys set in the ceiling, were hooked to her broad ankle cuffs while its middle was hooked to the back of her collar. Straps hanging from the bar were also bound about her chest, thighs and knees, supporting her weight even as they held her splayed wide. Her groin and buttocks, hanging at about waist height, had never been so tightly stretched or so totally exposed. She could feel the air on the pucker of her anus and the gaping mouth of her sex. She was utterly open and helpless to resist anything that her tormentors cared to do to her.

The instruments to do this were brazenly on display. From a small rack fixed to the wall hung an array of straps lashes and whips, together with rods fitted with sinister black rubber dildos and dangling chains which held screw clamps of different sizes. The thought of how they might be used on her was horrifying.

Almost as intimidating, was a coiled hose plugged into a tap on the wall next to the rack. The end of the hose had a flexible nozzle with a cup of transparent plastic about its base. She could guess its function.

‘The Captain will be along to give you your first session soon,’ Hodza had told her, giving her taut, dangling buttocks a parting slap before closing the cell door behind him.

Yet Kubeck had not come. Hodza had hung her up here what felt like an hour ago, although it was probably a little less, and then he had simply left her to swing slightly from her ropes as she squirmed in her bonds. At first she had been filled with the horror of what Kubeck was going to do to her and dreaded every passing minute. Then after a while she began to wish he would simply come and get it over with. Now she was desperate for someone or something to touch her, be it a hand or a whip or anything! Her blatant exposure demanded attention and yet she was being totally ignored. That was not natural. She expected to suffer...

The walls of the dungeon cell were whitewashed and its lights quite bright, presumably to assist the filming and assessment of her ordeal.

Concealed somewhere in the corners of the room amid the chinks in the brickwork she had been told were cameras for that purpose, but Hodza had advised her in his strange amiable way to forget about them as much as possible. That had seemed absurd at first and she had begun her incarceration in the cell by twisting her head around trying to spot any tell-tale lenses, blushing and feeling sick as she thought of what they would be recording. At least the search had taken her mind off the terrible devices hanging from the rack. But after a while, when she had found no cameras, she had given up. Now she just wanted somebody to put an end to her terrible waiting which was knotting her stomach...

And then the heavy dungeon door opened and Kubeck entered.

At least as she assumed it was Kubeck from his uniform. He had a black cloth hood over his head with only slots for his eyes and mouth.

‘This is how many of your tormentors will come to you,’ he said, confirming who he was by his distinctive voice. ‘Their identity is not important. They will merge in your mind to become one person who has absolute power over you. You will please them as you will please me, through enforced arousal combined with suffering ... unless you wish to confess your guilt now?’

She shook her head.

‘Then I shall assess your suitability for punishment and then conduct your first ordeal...’

He walked around Evelyn, examining her naked helpless body as though it was a fleshy ornament put up for his amusement. He pinched and probed her intimately and she bit on the ball gag that filled her mouth. Then his fingers slid into the gaping pink gash of her sex and she whimpered.

By now her vulva was hot and sticky. While she had waited she had gone over the vile things that might be done to her and her pussy had anticipated the inevitable and responded accordingly, lubricating to protect itself from what was to come. It made a kind of sense but it was deeply shaming and she felt her cheeks burning.

Unexpectedly, still with his fingers inside her, Kubeck leaned forward until his lips brushed her ear and whispered: 'Don't try to deny your responses. Your sex mouth is not betraying you. Orgasms are your friend. Likewise, if you want to cry and scream then do so as loudly as you can. You want to make it obvious for the record that you are suffering, or else this ordeal will be judged meaningless. Do not let shame inhibit you. Remember, if you endure to the end then no one will ever know that any of this happened...'

Then he stepped back and pulled his finger her out of her slot, leaving her momentarily disconcerted. Was Kubeck secretly on her side? Did he want her to prove her innocence but could not admit so officially? Dare she... could she, follow his advice?

Kubeck calmly stripped off his clothes, hanging them neatly on the hooks on the back of the dungeon door. In a minute he had was naked except for his sinister high black boots. He then selected a lash from the array provided and swished its spray of thongs through the air as he walked round Evelyn's trembling body.

He had a compact, powerful physique and appeared in fine physical shape for his age, but her eyes were draw helplessly to his stiff erect penis that jutted out with a dreadful purpose before him.

He saw the direction of her gaze and said: 'Get used to the sight of your master, because all cocks are your masters here. You will submit to them and do everything you can to satisfy their needs, whether that means you take any pleasure from it or not, do you understand?'

Wretchedly she nodded, her eyes filling with horror and pricking with tears.

'Now I'm going to beat you,' he told her simply. 'And I will continue to inflict pain on you for as long as it pleases me or until I decide which orifice of yours I will insert my manhood into. Whichever one it is, you will then do your utmost to give me satisfaction through it or else I will punish you further, do you understand?'

Disbelievingly, Evelyn nodded once again. How simple he made it sound.

He positioned himself before her, drew back his arm and swung the lash upwards under her bound body. Hissing through the air it cracked into the exposed cleft of her groin. Its thongs curled about the twin moons of her buttocks even as they also cut into their cleavage and through the soft furrow of her sex, ripping across the mouth of her vagina and the nub of her clitoris. She screamed and bit on her gag, hot tears filling her eyes.

Don't hold back he had counselled her. There was little chance of that.

Kubeck drew back his arm and swung again and again.

Hiss, swish, crack! Methodically he lashed her body, changing his position so that every part of her tasted the cruel thongs. Her loins suffered the worst but he did not spare her stomach, back or breasts. Carefully he painted a feathery web of burning scarlet lines across her pale skin until they merged into one huge simmering blush. As he did so she writhed and bucked as far as her straps allowed, spinning and swaying and bouncing from her suspension bar. Tears streamed down her cheeks and fell onto her burning breasts, adding to the misery. In between biting on her gag she sobbed and wailed about it, until spittle ran from the sides of the mouth to join the rivulets of her tears.

Suddenly a stream of hot fitful pee burst from her pummelled sex lips and hissed and splattered over the hard flagstones of the dungeon floor. Kubeck merely stepped aside and hardly broke the rhythm of his strokes, merely lifting them to her breasts while the last drips fell from her distended sex lips. Evelyn burned with this fresh disgrace.

And yet in midst of all this pain and humiliation she found that she was being strangely stimulated. Her nipples, although beaten down by each lash blow, were standing up hard on the soft simmering mounds of her breasts. The thongs of the lash as they tore through her gaping cleft were also coming away dark and wet as the juices continued to flow from her pussy, despite the terrible punishment it was undergoing... or perhaps a bit because

of it. It was after all stimulation of extreme kind. Perhaps there was not so much difference between vigorous sex and this as far as her most private and sensitive organ was concerned. It just knew it had to flow with soothing slippery juices that were already washing away the last traces of her shameful pee. And that was what she needed now: soothing by any means possible.

Abruptly Kubeck stopped lashing her, leaving her twisting and swaying in her bonds trembling and shaking. He allowed her a minute to compose herself and steady her breathing, and then he pulled her gag ball out.

‘Do you beg me to fuck you?’ he asked.

‘Yes!’ She was astonished at how forcefully she had said the word. ‘Yes... I do... Please screw me... anyway you want to... just don’t beat me anymore... ‘

Kubeck put his lash down and stood in front of Evelyn so that his cockhead rubbed the raw simmering lips of her sex. Reaching up he took hold of her suspension bar to steady himself. Then, with his hard masterful eyes shining out through the slots of his hood, he pushed his penis up into her gaping vulva and filled her vagina.

He drove into Evelyn with hard precise thrusts, making her sway and her haunches swing outward as she pivoted around the axis of the bar. Her body weight kept impaling her back down onto him as he pushed up into her. Kubeck’s hard chest, covered with a dark mat of hair, was grinding against her sore breasts, so that her desperately aroused nipples were almost ploughing through it. It was totally degrading and painful and utterly humiliating, and yet at the same time so startlingly different from anything she ever experienced before that she was not sure how to make the comparison.

The sheath of her vagina was clenching tight onto his cock shaft as he thrust into her. Was that a simple reflex or a pragmatic attempt to pleasure him so that he would not lash again? Should she be ashamed of that?

She had never been abused for the purposes of justice before. Was it meant to be this way? He had told her not to hold back or deny her feelings.

And so she sobbed and moaned and choked because she was suffering and being used and shamed. Yet at the same moment her deep instincts were telling her that the natural thing to do was to cum! Her exposure and thrashing had cruelly heightened the sensitivity of her pussy and now it was being stimulated from within by the most basic and primeval of means. There really was only one response.

And so with a confused sob and shriek of pain, Evelyn came over the cock of her masterful abuser, even as she felt his sperm spurting up inside her.

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Evelyn did not really recover her senses until she became aware of the hose and cup arrangement being used to flush out her vagina. The cold water flowing through her was a delightful shock and as it hissed and bubbled within the cup around the lips of her sex, taking the sting from her abused labia. But it was washing away his sperm, she thought in confusion...

She opened her crusted eyes and stared into Hodza's plump amiable face. Where had Kubeck gone? How long had she been unconscious? Oh God, had she actually fainted?

'Don't you worry, little fekujo,' Hodza assured her. 'I have cleaned up your pepee, you see...' With his free hand he indicated the mop and bucket resting against wall. 'Now I'm making sure you nice and fresh for your next visitor. Over this day several will come to you and use you for their pleasure. You will respond as comes naturally to you. When they are done the captain will return again and ask you if you still say you are innocent. If you confess then you and your friend will be handed over to the relevant authorities. If you say you are innocent then you will stay here for another day at least, understand?'

'Yes... Sir,' Evelyn said feebly. 'Did Captain Kubeck say... anything about me?'

Hodza looked puzzled. 'What should he say? He is just doing his job and you are here to be judged.'

He finished flushing her pussy out and re-coiled the hose. He gave her a drink of water, wiped her face off with a damp rag and then replaced her ball gag.

Ten minutes later the cell door open to admit the first of her tormentors...

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One by one the procession of masked and nameless men strapped, whipped, and lashed Evelyn, although never to the point of breaking her skin. They did not need to as the pain was terrible enough as it was. She overflowed with tears again and again, not even attempting to hold back. They pushed rod-mounted dildo's up inside her vagina and anus and then set her spinning about them. And when they had reduced her to begging to pleasure them, they thrust their hard cocks into her both front and rear and rammed and ground away until she felt their sperm boiling up into her.

During the course of that seemingly endless day, to her shame and confusion, she also came twice more.

And when each one had done with her they left and Hodza came and cleaned her up so she was fresh into ready for the next one.

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Eventually the next one was Captain Kubeck, looking as immaculate as ever.

He examined her as she hung, stiff, pale and trembling from her suspension bar. He ran his hands over her abused body and felt the soreness of her ravage sex and the gaping rim of her bruised anus. He pinched and lifted her sore nipples and then let her breasts fall back down again.

‘Now I have to challenge you for the record,’ said softly. ‘If you admit your guilt your torment ends but we will have to contact the international authorities and you know what happens then. If you want to see this through to the end and still claim to be innocent then you must say so.’

You understand?’

She nodded.

He took out her ball gag and asked loudly: ‘Evelyn McBride, do you still maintain you are innocent of plotting terrorist acts against the states of Barovia and Nove Kraznic?’

‘I am innocent, Sir,’ Evelyn said as forcefully as she could, although she realized her voice sounded cracked and feeble.

‘Very well, your ordeal will continue tomorrow...’

She did not know whether to feel triumphant at her own fortitude or appalled at where it was taking her.

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Evelyn had one further ordeal to endure that day.

After he had washed and fed her along with the other girls, Hodza had taken her into his personal corner of the dungeon, where a heavy chair suitable for his bulk nestled between a large table and big store cupboard. He had sat down and made her kneel in front of him. He fitted the pliant rubber ring gag into her mouth, forcing her jaws apart, and then he unbuttoned his flies and took out his swelling cock, which seemed as fat as he was.

‘Your bum and pussy holes have had a lot of use today, but your mouth has not been exercised. Now you show Uncle Hodza how much you are grateful for all the care he has given you by sucking him off, yes?’

Of course had no choice. Miserably, struggling not to be sick, she took the big cockhead into her mouth and began to pleasure it to the best of her ability. It was unexpectedly clean and fresh which was something, but still she tried not to choke as it slid down her throat.

As she bobbed her head and stretched her lips to suck his shaft, Hodza stroked her hair.



‘Have you been having fun today, Little Fekujo?’ he asked. He must have seen her eyes widen incredulously because he continued: ‘I know of course you have cried and suffered from lashing and spanking. But in between did you not have fun? I know that you came three times at least... ahhh, no... don’t screw up your pretty face like that! You are not a naïve little girl who might be embarrassed by such an idea. There’s no hiding from me. Do you think I, who cleaned your wet pussy out, could not tell you had enjoyed yourself? But this troubles you? Don’t let it! You think you are the first woman who found she could cum even when strange men were doing terrible things to her? Not at all! It is how women have always survived. And why not? Why should you not find any pleasure you can? That is not against any law. As long as you are *seen* to be suffering... think on that...’ He groaned. ‘Yes... now a little faster and harder... more... uhhhh...’

And his thick sperm spurted into her mouth and down her throat.

When he had finished using her mouth like a sexual organ, Hodza patted her head again. ‘You are a good girl,’ he declared. ‘I don’t think you can be evil, but you understand, we have to follow the rules. The law must be obeyed. But perhaps your time can be made a little easier. Would you like to be out in the sun more? Of course it will still be an ordeal, but out in the fresh air and light...’

Cautiously, his softening cock still in her mouth, Evelyn nodded.

‘Then I shall see what I can do. Maybe put a word to the Captain. See if you cannot go out and around. See more of our country, yes?’

Once he had pulled out of her, cleaned himself up and flushed out her mouth, Hodza sat Evelyn down at his table. ‘Now you will write some cards and send texts to a few friends telling them what a wonderful time you are having in our lovely country,’ he told her. ‘But I see them first...’

As she prepared her lies, Evelyn thought that both Captain Kubeck and Hodza had given her much the same advice in their own ways. It seemed they were both privately sympathetic but were constrained officially to following procedure.

But could she deliberately set out tomorrow to actually try to find some twisted masochistic pleasure in her abuse? That was another thing altogether. It seemed almost too perverse. But if nothing else the day had boosted confidence slightly. Perhaps she could survive this nightmare....

And then she felt a sudden swell of guilt inside her. All she been doing all day was thinking of her own situation. How was Nicola surviving just a few hundred metres away on the other side of the old castle in Captain Luka's power?

# Chapter Five

Nicola panted and sweated as she ploughed the field like a horse, but one that had been perversely bound to a cross.

That was what the girl-plough strapped to her back resembled. It was a solid wooden cross with a small coulter and mould board fitted to its weighted base. Her arms were outstretched and bound to its crosspiece by heavy straps about her wrists, elbows and shoulders. The upright of the cross ran down her back, secured by broad leather straps that went over her chest above and below her breasts and across her stomach just above her hips.

She had just enough strength to drag the plough blade through the, fortunately, much-turned earth of her small field. She was ploughing at right angles to the furrows presumably cut by the previous woman to have worn the plough cross and she would not be released until she had finished. She felt every bump and tug the plough made as it cut through the earth because there was one more intimate fitting connecting her to her burden. An angled bracket midway down the cross shaft supported a large rubber dildo that was plugged deep into her anus.

She alternately clenched the dildo inside her rectum and then tried to loosen her grip, pretending it was not inside her because it was so intimate and insulting. But of course ultimately she could not ignore it and its presence worked away within her in an insidious fashion, stimulating her to dark thoughts and strange feelings. She was aware that her pussy was slippery and wetter than it ought to be and she thought a few drops from it even felt to the dark earth of the field.

Of course it was not quite a full field she was ploughing. It was a walled garden in the middle of the old castle gardens that extended out on either side of the eastern gate which resided in Nove Kraznic territory. Once they must have been quite beautiful, until the overthrow of the old order and then the division of the country in two with its border running right through the Castle grounds. She could just see the top of the ugly concrete wall that

divided the gardens between what were now two tiny rival states; the Barovians with their restored Duke and the Kraznicians still clinging to their old socialist ideals. But it meant no difference to her. As a foreign terrorist suspect she would suffer equally on either side of the wall.

Captain Luka had reiterated this to her when she had brought out here this morning to begin her second day of ordeals. ‘We may be rivals with the Barovians in many things,’ she said, ‘but we still hold the old laws in common. They permit us to put you through these ordeals to discover the truth and we shall follow them to the letter. It is necessary that you suffer, do you understand, *Filuhund Dekatri*?’

That was what the metal tag on her collar read. It was her prisoner designation while she was in the power of checkpoint staff. She had been told it meant *Bitch 13*. All the women she had seen in the dungeons had similar tags. It was further reinforced by the details of her restraint harness. Her hands were enclosed in finger and thumb-less gloves that had been cut and shaped to resemble dog’s paws and her feet were encased in reinforced boots that had paw-like toe caps. Their heels were very high which either made walking difficult and humiliating, because of the length it added to her legs and the roll it added to her hips, or else totally impossible. A rod inside the heel could be freed which then jabbed a spike up through the sole of the boot into her own heel, forcing her to go down on her hands and knees like a true bitch. Presumably it was all part of the deliberate degradation process designed to weaken her determination.

Nicola had nodded in response to the Captain’s question. She had a plug-gag in her mouth so she could not respond in any other way, of course.

And then Luka’s stern face had softened slightly. ‘Unless you wish to admit your guilt now? Then you know we shall hand you and your friend over the international authorities to begin their investigations into your lives...’

Nicola’s face must have shown her horror at this suggestion because Luka smiled. ‘Very well we shall continue as we began yesterday...’

She had led her through the gardens with their many pathways and

high hedgerows until they came to the ploughed field surrounded by flaking brick walls. Once it must have been a leisure garden for a prince, perhaps ringed by statues. Now only empty pedestals remained around its perimeter. No doubt the statues had been judged to be too decadent when they chose to grow cabbages here instead of roses. Had they been classical nudes Nicola wondered? Well they had replaced stone flesh with the real thing.

On the way here she had glimpsed through archways and the gaps in the hedges other female prisoners being tormented, bound and stretched and bent. She could still dimly hear their sobs and moans as their hooded tormentors went about their grim work. She had been subjected to their cruel attentions down in the dungeons yesterday. Her pussy still ached and there were cane marks across her buttocks. How could something so mediaeval still occur in modern-day Europe? But she had been brave and not been broken. She hoped she would do as well today...

In a corner of the field garden, hung from hooks on the wall had been the strange and sinister device of the cross. Luka had made her bend over with her behind facing it while she had lowered it across her back and strapped it in place. Then she had been given her simple task.

‘You will plough this entire stretch of earth across the previous plough marks,’ Luka had told her. ‘If you fail to do so adequately then you will be punished.’ She pointed to the wall where iron restraining hoops were bolted to the brickwork in the shape of a spreadeagled figure and beside which hung a fearsome length of bamboo cane wrapped in bands of studded rubber. ‘I will return when you have completed this assignment. Then I will find you some fresh labour...’

Then she had left Nicola alone, simply shutting the big gate in the wall behind her as she left the garden. Nicola’s initial surprise was soon diminished when she realized there was no possibility she could escape to anywhere with such a device harnessed to her and the earth itself would testify to her progress and successful completion of her task. In any case she was sure she was not unobserved. As she had discovered down in the dungeons there were concealed cameras about her at all times, and there was no doubt a set focused on her at this moment. Of course that idea made her feel angry and acutely embarrassed and yet at the same time she understood

they were necessary. She must be seen to suffer to prove her innocence...

And so she sweated up and down the tiny field, bend over with the tail of the cross trailing out behind her, digging her reinforced boots into the earth as she laboriously churned furrow after furrow. It was exhausting and backbreaking work. Still it made a change from the gloomy dungeons and the horrors that lurked within them. Nobody was actually having sex with her at this moment, although the dildo up her rear was a reminder that her intimate passageways had not been forgotten. It looked as though her captors and tormentors could be just as inventive above ground as below it.

Soon her mind began to wander, dwelling on a strange and troubling aspect of her first day's ordeal. Of course she had hated the vile things that they had done to her and the liberties almost hooded men had taken with her body and wondered metaphorically if she would ever feel clean again, but what disturbed her most deeply was that there had been moments when she had felt seriously aroused by her treatment. That could not be natural! How could something like that possibly excite her? But she also knew what she had felt. In fact when one of the men had been screwing her she almost thought she had a mini orgasm...

Then she realised her thoughts were interacting with the constant twisting and shuddering of the dildo up her backside. It was, through the thin membrane of flesh separating us to passages, beginning to excite her clitoris. Oh no, this could not be happening! What was going on?

Instinct made Nicola stop and try to clench her thighs together so as to bottle up her arousal, but of course it did no good whatsoever. And bound as she was she could not even touch herself to relieve her perverse need properly, even if she had dare to in front of hidden cameras. But she could not just stand there on a half ploughed field looking ridiculous and she knew the penalties for slacking. So miserably she continued on, realizing that she was dripping lubrication from her pussy as she went.

She had finished about half the field and was in a state close to desperation when the gate opened and Lieutenant Petra Zacas came in. She was in uniform shirtsleeves and she was carrying a plastic water bottle and a cloth.

‘Come over here, I do not want to get my boots dirty,’ she commanded, pointing to the flagged path around the field. Glad of the excuse to stop tormenting herself, Nicola dragged her plough across to her. The path was raised above the level of the earth which allowed Nicola to straighten her back as she stood upright upon it edge with the plough blade still resting on the field. It was like bliss, even though she realized she was in effect standing crucified before Petra with her arms wide, as though offering her body to her.

Petra splashed water onto the cloth and wiped Nicola’s face over which felt wonderful. Then she pulled her gag out and fed her the rest of the water, which felt even better. Petra has overseen her evening and morning washing and toilet sessions down in the dungeons, which had been intimate and embarrassing but were at least thorough. Apparently she maintained basic twenty-first century standards of cleanliness amid this antique process. If she had been kept in true medieval filth Nicola did not think she would have lasted twenty-four hours.

Briefly she wondered why, if they wanted to break her, they had not thrown her in an oubliette with her own filth for a week. Were there rules about the nature of the privations she could be subjected to? She had not thought to ask. Or perhaps despite their proud protestations of independence, they could not shut themselves off totally from the modern world. A foreign prisoner dying of septicaemia or cholera or something would have been impossible to conceal and cause a scandal that might ruin their international reputation. There were limits. That was something to think on...

‘You seem to be performing adequately,’ Petra said, critically surveying the furrows Nicola had ploughed. ‘If you continue like this you will be finished by lunchtime. That is good...’

Then, while Nicola was still gulping down water from the bottle and feeling slightly heartened, Petra’s free hand ran down Nicola’s sweaty body and unexpectedly caressed her hot sticky sex mouth.

Nicola automatically tried to pull herself away but the tail of the plough dug into the ground, preventing her from doing so.

‘Why are you surprised by my touch?’ Petra asked her. ‘What do you

think I'm going to do to attractive woman in my power of who I am commanded to it degrade and punish by every permitted means possible?'

'I... I was not thinking, Madam,' Nicola said with miserable humility.

'Well think now. And open your legs wider...'

Biting her lip, Nicola obeyed, bracing herself in a tripod of her spread, trembling legs and the base of her cross which was digging even deeper into the soft earth.

Petra's fingers slipped further into Nicola's sex, twirling and teasing and making her bite her lip and whimper. No women had ever touched her like this before. She had already suspected Petra was a lesbian along with her boss. There was no doubt about that now. A whole new world of torment was being opened up which was so much subtler than an oubliette.

'But this pretty slot was aroused before I touched you,' Petra observed. 'Were you getting excited by your bondage or exposure? Or was it the phallic rod up your backside? Do those things excite you?'

'I... I don't know, Madam,' Nicola snivelled. 'This is all... very new and frightening to me.'

'So it should be,' Petra agreed. 'You did not expect to be untouched by any of this, did you?' Her fingers were digging in a deeper into Nicola's cleft. Her stiff first and second fingers were filling her vagina while her thumb was running up through her hot sticky furrow to massage the swollen nub of her clitoris. 'And do you want to cum now?'

'Oh... oh God yes I do!' Nicola admitted shamefully, even as she shuddered with barely controlled lust.

'Then do so.'

'But its... sick... dirty!'

Petra's deep brown eyes transfixed her with their power. 'What does that matter if it's what you want to do? Think of it as part of your punishment



if it makes it easier. I am shaming and degrading you by taking advantage of your helpless state. That is what the ordeals require. As long as that is what the camera's record the law is satisfied. Only you will know what you really feel. Now you will orgasm...'

Petra's experienced fingers dug and twisted deeper into Nicola's dripping sex, taking the matter beyond her control. With a sob and moan, crucified by shame and need, she felt her loins convulse and then something seemed to burst within her and she sprayed her juices across Petra's hand.

And Petra held it there and simply smiled.

When she was done, Petra wiped her soiled hand across Nicola's breasts and then pushed her fingers into Nicola's mouth and made her suck them clean. For the first ever Nicola tasted her own juices. Then as a final insult Petra wiped her fingers dry on Nicola's hair.

'Now get back to your ploughing, Bitch Thirteen,' Petra commanded sternly, pushing her ball gag back into her mouth.

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When the tiny walled field was finally ploughed, Captain Luka appeared once more to inspect her work. Had she seen Petra's intimate and humiliating treatment of her over the cameras, Nicola wondered? If she had Luka made no mention of it. Perhaps it was not worth commenting upon. Here that might be an everyday event. What a horrifying thought...

'You have completed the ordeal successfully,' Luka said. 'I admit that I did not believe you had the strength.'

For a moment Nicola almost basked in this grudging compliment.

But her pleasure was short lived as Luka continued: 'This means that I must now find you a fresh task which will be more challenging and painful...'

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The black-hooded man swung his cane across Nicola's bare rump again, urging her onward. With a yelp and sob she strained harder to wheel the barrowful of rocks along the garden pathway.

It was a battered metal barrow with a pair of large rubber wheels at the front. Her wrists were chain-cuffed to the ends of its handles which were also strapped firmly to insides of her paw-enclosed hands.

The task was simple enough in principle. Nicola had to wheel barrows of rocks from one end of the garden to the next. What made it more of a torment was that she was driven by the masked man with a cane who beat her if she dawdled. What made it almost unendurable was the extra fitting to the barrow that nothing she had ever seen at a garden centre had included.

There was a gear cog fitted to the axle of the barrow which turned a couple of lightweight tubular rods running backwards from it and which were connected through universal couplings to a sleeve in which they rotated and on the end of which was a large rubber-pronged ball. A pair of chains hung down over her belly to the sleeve from a supporting belt buckled about her waist, while a third ran from the back of the belt through the cleft of her buttocks and between her legs to the underside of the sleeve. The tension on the chains held the pronged ball pressed firmly into the mouth of her vulva. As the barrow wheels turned so did the series of rods which in turn rotated the ball. The prongs ground and tickled and teased at her clitoris and the mouth of her vagina while the soft lips of her labia were stretched wide and curled around it as though embracing its torment even as the prongs rippled under them.

Whether her suffering was greater or lesser than that inflicted upon the prisoners at each end of her run she was not sure. There were naked women like her chained one on each side of high freestanding brick walls with a pair of small apertures let into them at about head height. One had a battered metal funnel about its mouth and the other a chute running down to the ground, at the base of which was a pile of rocks.

The first time she had taken her barrow to be loaded Nicola gaped at the woman who heaved the rocks into it. She was chain hobbled and her wrists were linked by more chains to a heavy belt about her waist, allowing

just enough slack for her to perform her labours. But it was the device up her rear that made Nicola wince sympathetically despite her own tormenting fitting. It was a telescopic rod fitted to a ball and socket joint set on a metal plate bolted to the ground. As she moved around the rods expanded and contracted to follow her, always staying plugged within her, presumably held there by an internal plug too big for her to expel. If this was not uncomfortable enough a rubber tube emerged from the upper end of the rods just before they entered her rectum and curled up between her legs to her pussy. On the end of the tube was a rubber pronged wheel, held in place by cruel sprung clips clamped about the outer lips of her labia, which held the wheel so that it gouged into the pink wet gash of her sex. It must have been driven pneumatically as the rods expanded and contracted, because it spun one way and then the other as the girl moved about, sweating and straining as she heaved the rocks from the base of the wall into Nicola's barrow.

That it unwillingly aroused her was evident from the shiny insides of her thighs and the patterns of wet drips on the ground under her. To her dismay Nicola realized she could actually smell her intimate scent.

If that was not torment enough the woman's breasts were clamped within what looked like a set of miniature stock boards. These were two blocks of heavy timber hinged at one end and padlocked at the other and hung from a short chain hooked to her front collar ring. They had a pair of scallops cut out of each of them forming holes that closed about her breasts so tightly that they bulged out of them. The inside edges of the scallops, Nicola saw, were cut into saw-toothed ridges to ensure they did not slip off. As the woman bent and lifted the rocks the heavy boards swayed under her, tugging and stretching at her breasts.

When Nicola's barrow was loaded her driver flicked his cane across her rump and she wheeled it off along the winding path through the garden, tottering slightly and now suffering in her turn as the spiked ball churned in the mouth of her sex. On the way she glimpsed through the trees a naked woman identically chained to a torment barrow as she was and being driven by another hooded man toiling along the opposite direction.

When she reached the end of the journey she came to a woman chained to a wall and impaled and breast-clamped as the first had been. She

immediately began the task of taking the rocks out of the barrow and pushing them through the funnel-rimmed hole in the wall. Nicola could hear them rattling and banging down to the ground on the other side.

When Nicola's barrow was empty her driver made her wheel it back at double time to her starting point. Her bare sweaty breasts jiggled and bounced as she almost ran along.

The speed at which the pronged ball spun in her pussy on this return journey was nearly too much to endure and she came close to having an enforced orgasm. The stimulation was desperately crude but it was frighteningly effective when combined with her shameful heightened awareness of her restraints and helpless exposure and the stinging cuts of her driver's cane.

When she arrived back at the loading point she found a fresh pile of rocks waiting for her, ready for her captive loader to heave them into her barrow as she suffered in turn.

Then she was driven off back through the garden again.

Nicola soon realised there were four of them with barrows all going back and forth between the two dumping and loading stations crewed by their own quadruplet of captive labourers, one on each side of the wall, endlessly posting rocks through it to each other. They were all shuffling the same load of rocks around and around in some Sisyphean nightmare.

After a couple of loads Nicola's pussy was dripping freely, mingling with the sweat that was running off her through simple exertion. Her tormentor seemed to enjoy the sight of her straining, glossy body for in between caning her he ran his fingertips down her back and into her buttocks and over the mounds of her breasts, where sweat was actually dripping off the ends of her nipples.

By her fourth trip Nicola was in an agony of shame and desire. She knew she was going to come in front of this faceless, nameless stranger and she could do nothing to stop it. He was revelling in her pain and degradation, adding more quick cutting swipes of the cane across her buttocks or her

jiggling sweaty breasts as they bounced with the motion of the barrow.

On the return trip with the barrow empty and her speed at maximum it all overwhelmed her. She came to a halt convulsing as an explosion of hot lust in her loins ripped through her. She hunched over between the handles of her barrow, clenching her thighs together as her juices sprayed shamefully from her pussy over the terrible pronged ball.

Her driver laid half a dozen cracking strokes of his cane across her out-turned sweaty buttocks, adding a perverted mix of pain to her wild primeval delight. Then he un-clipped the groin chain from her belt. Reaching between her legs to the dribble of her juices from her hot pussy mouth he scooped some up and forced it into the ring of her already greased anus. Then he held her by her hips and rammed his hard cock up into her rectum and pumped away inside until he spurted his semen deep into her bowels.

For several minutes they remained in this strange conjoined tableau, with him lodged inside her rear and she bent over as though in submissive compliance, feeling desperately soiled yet also pathetically welcoming the rest it gave her. One of the other barrow girls trundled past them twice as they were still coupled but at that moment Nicola was beyond caring what she or her driver saw. If having a cock up her rear meant that she did not have to wheel a load of rocks about then, at that very special moment, she was content.

Finally her driver pulled his shaft out of her. Then he refastened her groin chain and flicked his cane across Nicola's bottom once more, indicating that she should continue...

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At the end of the most exhausting day Nicola could ever remember, she was finally unchained from her terrible barrow and was taken back down into the dungeons. Here Petra supervised her brisk wash and scrub down and the very necessary flushing out of her sore rectum. The sheer relief it gave her almost made Nicola feel gratitude towards the hard-faced lieutenant, even after her earlier humiliation of her, because she now knew her fingers had been gentler than the prong ball or her hooded driver's cock. Oh God, did

that mean anything?

Still confused but now at least clean, she was presented to Captain Luka again.

‘In a moment I’m going to remove your gag and challenge you to reassert your innocence or else admit your guilt,’ Luka told her solemnly. ‘Are you ready for this?’

Nicola nodded. Luka removed her gag. ‘Nicola Henderson, do you still maintain you are innocent of plotting terrorist acts against the state of Nove Kraznic?’

For a moment Nicola wondered if she had the strength to continue on. If she had been challenged like this half way through her terrible day she might have broken down and said anything to spare herself more pain and degradation. But she had had a chance to gather her resolve and now her pride would not let her give in. ‘I am innocent,’ she said firmly.

‘Then your ordeal will continue,’ Luka promised.

## Chapter Six

When Hodza had suggested that he might be able to put in a word with Kubeck to help get her out and about in the sunlight more, Evelyn had not imagined he had this perverted early morning trip in mind. But of course she really should have known better. They were not going to let her lounge in a deck chair with a good book as a trial of her innocence. She was going to be tested and tormented every day and this was just another variation on that terrible theme.

Under the command of Corporal Ivanka, a driver and a couple of green guards, she and half a dozen other naked prisoners were being taken in an official border force van out of Strakensburg to the outlying village of Ostrov where apparently the local inhabitants would have the pleasure of abusing them.

‘Such events take place regularly in the yard of a local government building,’ Ivanka explained as she had secured Evelyn in the van. ‘It is a way of showing the people that justice is applied to all, of whatever ranking in life. It also of course it serves as a reminder of the penalties they face if they break the law...’

At least if you were a female in Barovia and broke the law, Evelyn thought grimly. What punishments were there for men, she wondered?

Evelyn and the other captive women were strapped to the inside walls of the van’s windowless rear compartments standing upright like mummies. There were recesses between the ribs of the side panels which were lined with black rubber foam padding and hung about with broad straps. These were bound tightly across their bodies from neck to ankles, holding them firmly in place.

They were of course all gagged and so there was no conversation during the short journey. They could only stare out across the van, inspecting each other’s naked bodies out of the corners of their eyes, no doubt

wondering what their individual life stories had been that had brought them to such a low point. Evelyn was still curious to know if any of her fellow prisoners were English but she was also coming to realize the value of their animal names and numbers, however hateful, and the strange kind of anonymity their naked states and identical harnesses conferred. When this was over she did not want anybody to associate her name with such terrible experiences. *Fekujo Septo* had lived through all this, not Evelyn McBride.

The van pulled up at their destination and the back doors were opened. Then they were unstrapped, linked into a coffee and marched outside.

Blinking in the sunlight, Evelyn saw that they were in a large cobbled yard surrounded on three sides by some solid looking two story building and on the fourth by the high outer yard wall which held a large vehicle entrance gate with a smaller doorway beside it shielded by a canvas screen. Over the top of this wall could be seen trees and a few low rooftops but no other comparable buildings. Nevertheless she shivered at her sudden public exposure fearing unknown eyes peering out through the windows that overlooked the courtyard.

Currently however there was only one stranger in sight: a man wearing a Barovian policeman's uniform who was talking Ivanka. He did not appear to react to the spectacle of seven naked chained women being unloaded from the back of the van. Of course they were expected but even so were all Barovians that casual about such things even beyond the specialized confines of the Checkpoint, Evelyn wondered? How twisted were local values? Presumably it was just a question of what you were used to.

Down a long bare stretch of wall were set out what at first looked ominously like a row of ten wooden gibbets. But instead of nooses, large square open wooden frames the size of doors were suspended by wire ropes that ran over pulleys across the gibbet arms and down to windlasses bolted to the uprights. Each of the frames was well fitted with straps and chains. Low down on the inside face of each upright was a sturdy crossbar while built against the wall beside the gibbets was a small lean-to storage shed.

The policeman went back into the main building through a side door



while under Ivanka's direction the girls were taken across to the gibles. Seven of the frames were lowered until their bases touched the ground. The girls were then stood inside the frames and their arms and legs were spread out wide. Chains were hooked to their ankle and wrist cuffs, pulling them out into the corners of the frames. Straps ran across from the sides of the frames were then buckled about their waists. Pairs of chains bolted to the top rail of the frames were hooked to the rings on the sides of their collars, holding their heads upright.

While they were being secured, Ivanka had taken from the shed a bundle of simple ovoid chicken-wire mesh masks, like crude versions of those that fencers wore. She went along the line of woman pulling them over their heads so their faces were protected but were still clearly visible. Another crate yielded an assortment of items that looked to Evelyn at first glance like table tennis bats with round heads marked with black-and-white concentric rings so they resembled targets. Some of them had long straight handles with knobs on the ends, while others had curved handles with knobbed ends and others still had short handles with large wire cord rings on their ends. They did not look that menacing but she soon found the perverted use to which they could be put.

Ivanka went along the row of girls sliding the target disks with knob-handled ends up into their vaginas and anuses. The knobs held them in place so that the ones plugged into their pussies hung down between their legs. The ones with curved handles were plugged into their anuses. As they emerged they curved upward supporting the target in the small of their backs above the swell of their buttocks. Finally Ivanka fitted the target disks with the wire loop handles over the roots of their breasts. Twisting the handles drew in and tightened the wire cords, pulling them so tight that their breasts began to bulge out around them. When she had finished the targets disks jutted out sideways from their breasts beyond their chests supported by their handle rings.

By then Evelyn was biting down on her gag in pain as the wire cords bit into her breasts, and reminding herself never to underestimate the ingenuity of our captives. But Ivanka had not finished yet.

From the bottom of the crate she took out what looked like seven

target disks without any handles but with three sprung links of chain fitted around their rims. On the end of each chain was a large crocodile clip. She hung the target disks over their navels, supported by the chains, a pair of which she clipped to their nipples, while the last one, hanging vertically downwards, she clipped to their clitorises.

As the metal teeth bit into her nipples and clitoris Evelyn moaned and whimpered in pain, twisting about within her frame and pulling at her cuffs. But of course there was no escape from whatever torment Ivanka had planned for her and the other girls. The target disk hung over her navel trembled as she squirmed, painfully suspended from the three most sensitive parts of her body.

When they were all fitted with their intimate targets, the guards cranked the windlass handles and the girls were lifted into the air so that they hung with the bottoms their frames about a metre clear of the ground. Meanwhile Ivanka had taken out a series of traffic cones from the store room and set them out in a line about four metres in front of the line of gibbets. She then strung yellow tape from the tops of the cones forming a simple cordon. Then she brought out more crates from the store room filled with what looked like children's play balls made of sponge rubber in assorted colours. She laid them out in a line on the other side of the cones, one before each gibbet.

One of the guards went over to a garden tap and hose set in the yard wall. Unreeling the hose he brought it over to the crates and proceeded to spray each one of them down, soaking the sponge rubber balls within. Evelyn watched him with growing alarm. What were they for? What was going to happen to them in this country courtyard?

While they were being set up, the policeman had come out of the building again this time with his cap on. He had gone out through the small wall gate and Evelyn thought she heard the buzz of voices from outside. Now he came in again at the head of a small column of local men of all ages who looked the suspended naked women over with great interest as they made their way across to the tape line running down the middle of the courtyard. Once again they showed no surprise at what they were seeing, only hungry appreciation.

Evelyn felt a fresh shiver of acute shame as their eyes devoured her bare flesh. This was more like the exposure she had feared. But she and her unfortunate fellow prisoners were not there merely to be gawped at lasciviously. The men were paying coins over to the border guards who stood at each end of the row of crates and cones. Then they began taking up handfuls of the water soaked sponge rubber balls.

Evelyn screwed up her eyes as the first of them was flung at her. But the men were not, initially at least, aiming at her face.

The heavy wet sponge balls smacked into the boards arrayed about their bodies, bursting in colourful splashes. They must be tinted with dry paint or ink which had been activated by their wetting. Soon they were being showered by coloured droplets which ran in streams down their bodies. But this was the least of their worries.

The sodden balls transmitted the force of their impacts into the tender flesh in which the boards were either impaled or clamped about. As the boards on either side of her breasts were hit Evelyn yelped in pain as they were twisted outwards, tearing at the tight wire cords bound about her breast roots, pinching her flesh and making her mammaries bulge and shiver wildly. Then the natural elasticity of her breasts pulled the boards back level again ready for another blow.

The shots that hit her pussy board twisted the rod inside her sheath as though it was a hard bulbous headed penis being churned painfully within her. She clenched tightly to it in an attempt to limit the twisting of its head inside her, which made it seem as though she was trying to pleasure the terrible thing. Unwillingly she felt her juices began to flow as they tried to lubricate this unnatural friction between wooden handle and flesh.

She might have imagined that at least their bottoms were out of the line of sight of her assailants as they had their backs to the wall, but with a few deliberate shots on one side of their bodies or the other they forced their frames to turn slowly, bringing their buttocks into range. Then their bottoms were pelted. When their anal boards were hit the plugs within them pivoted, making their rings of their rectums bulged obscenely. The impacts made Evelyn instinctively clench onto her anal rod, which only amplified the pain.

Both her groin targets vibrated in their fleshy sockets after they had been hit, sending shudders through her flesh.

But the worst target of all was the one that hung over her stomach suspended by the chains strung between her nipples and clitoris. When that was hit all three chains jerked tight at once, stretching her nipples and dragging up her clitoris into unnatural cones of flesh and sending a jolt of pure agony through her. Then the springing pulled the chains taught again making the board vibrate between its fleshy anchors.

Soon the colourful streams caused by the bursting balls were merging with the tears flowing out under their chicken wire masks. The sound of these wet impacts echoed round the courtyard, mingling with the yelps and sobs and moans of the unfortunate women. They were given no respite. When one man had used up his quota his place was taken by another eager to try his hand.

Through her tears Evelyn could see that Ivanka and another of the guards were standing to one side with clipboards in their hands apparently taking careful note of what balls had struck the targets, aided by the different coloured splashes they left.

A few of the men did not seem to aim for the target boards but went directly after their exposed spread-eagled bodies. The wet sponge balls stung sharply as they struck her breasts and stomach and thighs, or her pussy mound and the swells of her buttocks, making them shiver as the force of the impacts rippled through them. The men who threw them seemed simply to want to paint their flesh in their shameful colours while making them sob and yelp and moan as loudly as possible as they writhed and twisted in their frames, their taut bodies bucking and swaying.

What did it feel like to pillory them like this, Evelyn wondered as she sobbed and snivelled and flinched? If the balls hit hard enough they might leave bruises on their flesh which would not fade for days. Was it their way of leaving their mark on their helpless victims: a sign that they had once had this power over them? Was that sick and perverse or deeply thrilling?

But as she was learning, even the worst torment eventually came to an

end. Finally it seemed that all the men who had queued outside the courtyard that morning for their chance to abuse them had taken their turn. The cobbles under the row of giblets were splattered in many colours and littered with spent sponge balls. Evelyn hung limp in her frame along with the other women, gasping for breath and crying softly. It had been terrible and a little frightening but at least it was over.

Or was it?

Ivanka and the guard who had been keeping score were comparing their charts while the men who had been taken part were waiting with evident interest. Then Ivanka went along their ranks singling out seven of them who appeared delighted. Then she gave a command to the other guards. They wound down the frames so their bases touched the ground and then they tilted them backwards, letting out more slack, until their upper ends rested on the crossbars fitted to the giblets uprights. Now the girls were lying on their backs at angles of forty-five degrees, their bodies prevented from sagging out of their frames by the straps supporting their waists.

A guard dragged the hose over again and used it on a spray setting to wash their bodies clean. Then Ivanka removed their target boards, making them wince as the big plugs pulled out of their vaginas and anuses. Unclipping the crocodile clips from their nipples and clitorises brought forth fresh moans of pain as blood flowed back into those pinched nubs of flesh. This was redoubled moments later when she loosened the wire bands about the roots of their breasts and pulled the target boards off them, leaving behind deep white impressions ringing their mounts which tingled with returning circulation.

Now they were naked, spread-eagled, dripping and shivering, bruised and tender, with their chained legs wide in unwilling invitation.

The winners of the target contest stepped forward into their frames, opening their flies and then stood between their legs as they heartily screwed them, taking hold of their breasts to steady themselves, squeezing their pliant mounds and pinching their nipples as they did so. In their suspended postures it was easy for the men to lift their bodies slightly so they could enter them by their rectums if they chose. The grizzled fiftyish man who used Evelyn

and who could have been a grandfather, did so choose, cupping and lifting her buttocks and forcing his penis into her sphincter. As she whimpered and moaned he rammed his stiff cock up into her behind with great relish, grinning as exposed a mouthful of uneven yellowish teeth. And so the courtyard filled with fresh sobs and groans and the creak of wooden frames as the winners enjoyed their prizes.

When her man finally pulled out of Evelyn, leaving his sperm to seep out of her ravaged anus, he and his friends buttoned themselves up until they look respectable and then filed out of the yard. A kind of peace descended once again.

Ivanka moved between the frames, using the hose to flush their orifices clean of their abuser's sperm. As she came to Evelyn she said in English: 'Now you may rest for a while...'

'Oh... thank god it's over...' Evelyn moaned.

'Over? No. That was only the early morning quota. There will be another at mid-morning then one at lunchtime and two in the afternoon...'

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Evelyn could hardly walk back to the van by the time the last batch of eager amateur tormentors had made use of her, some time after seven that evening when the sun was dipping in the sky.

They had been confined in their frames all day. When they needed to relieve themselves a bucket was passed around and a guard held in between their legs. Ivanka had flushed their soiled orifices out, re-greased them and fed them sandwiches to sustain them between their pillory sessions. When they were finally uncuffed Evelyn could hardly bring her stretched legs together and she sobbed as her arms were pulled round behind her back, twisting her stiff shoulders. But that was no worse than the internal torment she felt.

Once again, despite the crude indignities being perpetrated upon her, she had come while being screwed. What was the matter with her? Was it

simple respite from being pelted with those terrible wet sponge balls that made react like that? Was having any stranger's cock inside her so much better that she came with relief? Or was she actually being turned on by this treatment, as if it was a kind of foreplay? It was certainly stimulating, that was undeniable of course, but sexually arousing? Hodza had advised her not worry about it. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps it was just her body's way of finding any distraction from pain and fear. Both those were effectively blotted out by a good orgasm. Yes, it must be a simple survival instinct. That made sense...

Wearily, dragging their feet, she and the other girls were led into the van and strapped into their places for the return journey to Checkpoint One. Ivanka remained in the rear compartment with them while the guards and the driver took up their positions in the front cab.

As they pulled out of the yard, Ivanka went around giving the girls more water from a bottle.

She came to Evelyn, holding the web of her strapping to brace herself as she pulled her gag out. She said: 'Don't worry, I'll say in my report that you suffered properly.'

Evelyn looked at her in confusion.

'There were no cameras in the yard because ordinary people were using you not official tormentors,' Ivanka explained as she fed her the water. 'But I will make it clear to the captain that you suffered.'

'Thank you, Madam,' Evelyn said, although how could you thank somebody for relaying such information? It was surreal and perverse.

The van took a corner making Ivanka sway against her. Evelyn was aware of the warmth of her body. Her big dark serious eyes seemed to bore into her. Then Ivanka kissed her hard on the lips.

'I just wondered what you tasted like,' she said.

Her hand ran down Evelyn's body and gently fondled her pussy

mound. Her touch was so delicate compared to the use it had received all day that it took Evelyn by surprise. She could not pull away, of course, so she had no choice but to let Ivanka play with her even as her cheeks burned with embarrassment. They were no longer in the courtyard but her fellow captives could see everything she was doing to her. She could feel their eyes upon her, which was shameful and also exciting. How perverse and wrong was this? Yet that did not stop her nipples rising into fleshy thimbles, pressing against the swell of Ivanka's breasts through her uniform jacket. To her confusion and horror she could feel fresh lust growing within her loins that had somehow not been drained by her rough handling in the courtyard. Now Ivanka seemed to be teasing it out of her by gentleness instead of brute force. And incredibly she had one orgasm left in her...

'Uhhhh...' Ivanka smothered her groan with another kiss and kept her lips on hers while she came.

When Evelyn's flow subsided Ivanka pulled her fingers out of her sopping sex mouth and pushed Evelyn's gag back into place. She held up her hand so Evelyn could smell her own juices, and then, very deliberately, she sucked her own fingers clean.

'Don't be ashamed of anything,' she said.

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That evening Evelyn, now properly cleaned and fed, was presented to Kubeck for the formal challenge. After she had declared her innocence she added meekly: 'Please Sir, can I ask how Nicola is doing?'

'As far as I know she has endured today's ordeal successfully.'

'Can you tell me what kind of things she's been made to do, Sir?'

'The details of her ordeals are Captain Luka's concern. But you can be sure she has not had it any easier than you have.'

'Has Nicola asked about me, Sir?'



‘Yes, and she has been informed that you are also surviving.’

‘Did you think I would, Sir?’

‘I had my doubts at first. But don’t imagine it will get any easier. We are obliged to try to break you. And if we do that is the end for both of you...’

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Afterwards, when Evelyn was once more safely locked in her pen down the dungeons, Ivanka reported to Kubeck.

‘I drew her out as much as I could, Captain,’ Ivanka said. ‘I think she has secret desires we might make something of but she is still very inhibited. She has been well brought up with English reserve and manners.’

‘Well we don’t have long to turn her,’ Kubeck declared. ‘We may have to push a little harder, as I understand Captain Luka is also doing...’

# Chapter Seven

The Central Correction Hall was a converted ancient market hall in the middle of Zilny. Heavy beams black with age supported its lofty vault while dusty beams of sunlight angled in through its clearstory of high windows. Now it was a place where members of the general public could, for a price, amuse themselves with tormenting female prisoners of the state.

Dozens of paired chains dangled from the high beams like lianas in a rainforest. Each supported a suspended iron cage of a different design. Nicola goggled at them in horror as she and her fellow prisoners were led inside to serve a day's ordeal at the hands of the people.

There were tiny round cages, slender cylindrical upright cages, "Y" forked cages, star-shaped cages, dog-shaped cages and pear-shaped cages. All were shaped out of iron strips riveted together where they crossed and were fitted with rods, hinges and long screw bolts to hold their different segments together and adjust them as necessary to contain their prisoners to the maximum possible degree of confinement.

Petra Zacas was in overall charge of the day's events, but she personally led Nicola across the stone flagged floor of the Hall to a hanging cage shaped like an inverted "Y".

'You shall spend your first hour inside his cage,' she informed Nicola. 'Then we shall move you all around so that you are displayed differently. This is to provide the people with greater variety, you understand?'

With her mouth plugged by a ring gag, Nicola could only nod wretchedly. Beside each cage was a small freestanding rack holding a variety of rubber blade spanking paddles, canes and assorted phallic devices, not all of which she recognized. This was not going to be pleasant, she thought, but then of course that was the idea. She was here to suffer in public...

Petra opened up the double-panelled front face of the cage and made

Nicola stand in its back half with her legs spread wide so they slid into the forks of the “Y” and her feet resting on small rubber pads at the base of the prongs. Her arms, which had been cuffed behind her back, were released and pulled out through slots in the back panel and then cuffed together on the outside of the bars once again. There was a gap in the framework between her legs under her groin and behind her about her buttocks. Petra closed the front panels of the cage. They had gaps over her face, breasts and lower stomach. Then she began to turn the big wingnuts on their long bolts which tightened the interlocking segments of the frame about Nicola.

She felt the metal bars pressing ever tighter about her, digging into her flesh until it bulged out between them. Her breasts and buttocks swelled about the edging bars that surrounded them, further emphasising their vulnerability and exposure. The bars pressed up between her thighs and across her lower stomach, making the mound of her sex swell out. Her upper body was also squeezed tightly until the pressure between her back and chest began to make it hard to breathe. Screw clamps from the sides of the cage frame pressed against her temples, holding her head rigid. More bars went across her gagged mouth and the front of her collar, also pressing inwards. She had never been so tightly confined before. She began to panic, thinking that she would be crushed within the device...

And then Petra stopped tightening the cage and stood back, admiring her handiwork. Nicola was now utterly immobilised within the cage frame, hardly able to breathe let alone speak or move. And yet she was not static. The cage was hung from a pair of chains that diverged slightly as they ran up to big rings screwed into the roof beams. They were fitted to the sides of the cage around its centre of gravity wrapped about spindles fitted with pawl and ratchet gears so it could be raised or lowered and swivel joints so that it could be flipped over to present different aspects of her body. Petra flipped her now, turning her upside-down so that her widespread legs and naked pussy mouth faced the ceiling. Then she flipped her back upright once again.

‘The people who purchase time with you can use whatever implements they like and any orifice of your body for their pleasure,’ Petra told her briskly. ‘You will be refreshed as necessary after each usage and you’ll be expected to give satisfaction at all times, is that understood?’

Nicola could not even nod in reply. But then her acquiescence or cooperation was really not required...

All around the hall her fellow prisoners had been fitted and crushed into their cages, their soft bodies being forced to conform to their dimensions. Their vulnerable breasts, buttocks, and pubes bulged enticingly out through the gaps between the bars. Their faces showed a range of expressions from resignation to fearful anticipation and dread as they hung from the chains like some surreal display of bondage baubles.

Petra checked that all the cages were secure and then consulted to her watch. She signalled that the doors of the Hall should be open to admit the public with coins in their hands and lust in their loins...

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A red-faced fat man beat Nicola with a spanking paddle so that it rang against the bars as it flattened her bulging breasts and turned them from pink to rose. Then he swung it up between her splayed legs so that the paddle smacked into her defenceless pussy mouth. When she was sobbing in pain and tears were streaming down her cheeks he unbuttoned his flies and took hold of the cage and flipped it through ninety degrees until she lay on her back with her legs invitingly spread before him. He held onto its bars as he ground his cock into her vulva.

When he had done with her, a guard came up with a bucket, sponge and brass syringe and flashed her vagina out and re-greased her ready for her next violator.

This was a younger man who flipped her cage right over so that her head hung down below and then adjusted its height so that her mouth was level with his groin. He forced his cock between her ring gag-spread lips while he buried his face in her splayed sex and carefully nibbled on her clitoris until she sucked him off in desperation...

Her third visitor of the morning rush flipped the cage so that her bottom was facing up and then used a cane on it until her buttocks were rosy red. Then he rammed his cock into her trembling, clenching anus and filled

that with his seed...

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After an hour there was a welcome brief lull as all the girls were moved round between their cages. Stiff limbs were unbent and then contorted once again as they were forced into new positions. They were given water and allowed to relieve themselves. Then the public were permitted to resume their abuse...

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Nicola was hung in a pear shaped or teardrop cage. Her body was doubled over and her wrists and ankles were forced together and cuffed in the tapering top of the cage. This posture protected her sore breasts, but at the expense of her buttocks and pubes. The bottom of the cage had an ovoid gap into which her haunches settled so that her buttocks and pubic mound bulge out obscenely through it. The pressure on her thighs against her stomach made her pubic mound stand out beyond the taut curves of her thighs, while below it was the swollen crinkled pucker of her anus. Both orifices invited and received close attention...

One of the few women amongst the people in the Hall used a paddle to beat Nicola's pouting sex mouth until it burned and stung. Then she rammed her fingers into Nicola's vagina until she came. When she had spilled her discharge she mopped up her juices with a clean white cotton handkerchief from her pocket which she then carefully folded up and replaced....

A skinny man used one of the ribbed dildos on rods to push up her deep into her anus, bracing it in a crack in the flagstones on the floor beneath her. And then he spun her cage around with dizzying speed until she felt sick, even as she drilled the dildo up into her behind.

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A brief blessed interval followed when the girls were shifted once again. Now Nicola found herself crammed inside a slender cylindrical cage of

diamond latticework in which she stood upright with her arms pushed through gaps in the frame and fastened to its outside. The cage itself was then compressed about the rest of her body, squeezing every possible part of her through its latticework so that she bulged through it in every direction. It was almost impossible to couple with her inside this cage, but the people attracted to it did not want anything as simple.

She found herself at one point surrounded by three men using canes and paddles to beat her body, tanning the pattern of their blows into her flesh in a series of purple and scarlet diamonds where it was not protected by its bars. When they wanted a different angle they flipped the cage over so that she was inverted and they could reach the parts their previous blows had not.

It was midway through this beating that she finally lost control of her bladder, already under strain from the pressure of the cage across her stomach and she wet herself. With her thighs pressed so close together her urine sprayed messily out of her, partly through the bars but mostly hissing down between her legs to drip onto the floor beneath.

Her three abusers laughed with delight at her humiliating display and then continued their assault.

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Soon the faces of her abusers all blurred into one general purpose citizen of Zilny. He, or sometimes she, took delight in making her sob and cry while beating her and penetrating her from every angle possible. The taste of their sperm filled her mouth even as it dribbled from her vagina and rectum and there was no escaping them because she was utterly and completely helpless. Her flesh seemed to have fused with the bars of the cages and she was forgetting what it was like to have any freedom of movement whatsoever. All she could do was suffer and suffer.

No, she still had one freedom left if she cared to exercise it. She could allow herself to escape into orgasm when the pain and humiliation became too much. It was just a question of turning all that terrible stimulus in a certain direction and letting it fill her loins with perverted desire and need and the bubble over until it sprayed out of her sex and its ripples tore through her

body until fireworks burst in her brain. Then, briefly, she was free of her cages and was flying on pink tinted wings.

And so through that terrible day she flew again and again.

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When Nicola next came to herself she found that the room was oddly quiet. All the other cages hung empty. Where had the rest of the prisoners gone? And then she realized the angle of the light through the windows was almost the reverse of what it had been that morning and it was much mellower now. Was it evening now? Had she survived the whole day?

And yet she was still confined: compressed within one of the dog-shaped cages.

At least it was shaped like a woman on all fours locked into in a doggy position. She was clamped tightly within it except for the gaps about her dangling breasts and her exposed groin and buttocks. It hung from chains bolted to the frame about her hips, so it could also be flipped over as required. And she still had a tormentor... she blinked. The only person left in the room, was Petra Zacas.

The doors were all closed and bolted and Petra was naked except for her black uniform boots. Nicola eyed her strong but attractive body with a kind of detached fascination, feeling a curious tingle in her aching loins. She had been surrounded by bare flesh all day and what struck her most oddly was that Petra's was not confined in any way. It almost seemed unnatural.

But there was also something strange jutting from between Petra's thighs. It was a double ended black dildo that arched up out of the deep cleft of her sex. She was also holding a spanking paddle. As Nicola focused her bleary, tear-crusted eyes upon it, Petra swiped it up between Nicola's spread arms and into the dangling sorely abused flesh bells of her breasts, making them jiggle and bounce against each other. Nicola yelled loudly as a stinging pain burned into her and her frame swayed from its chains. She realized that for the first time that day her mouth was not gagged and she could speak freely.

Petra moved round her body and then brought the paddle down in a stinging blow across her bared and stripe-marked buttocks. Nicola screamed again. Then Petra swung the paddle up between her thighs into the red-lipped and already well-tenderised mouth of her vulva. Nicola screamed again... but she did not attempt to protest or beg for mercy. In fact the idea did not even occur to her.

Petra completed her circuit of Nicola's suspended body and took hold of her by the hair and lifted her head up until they were eye to eye. 'I want you to beg for me to screw you,' she said.

Oh, it was as simple as that, Nicola thought dizzily. Of course she could. That was easy, it was what she was here for.

'Please, Madam I want you to screw me! I want you to put that that big fat dildo up my pussy and ram it up me hard until you make me cum! Would you do that to me, please Madam?'

And so Petra did just that.

As she was holding onto Nicola's hips through the tight bars of her cage, thrusting the dildo hard up into her ravaged sex and making the dog cage rock to and fro, Nicola thought how very inevitable it all was. Of course Petra would want to make use of her. She was a citizen of Zilny wasn't she? It was her right to dominate... and Nicola's duty to submit.

And so once again she exercised the only freedom left to her.

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By the time Nicola had been returned to the checkpoint dungeons that evening, fed washed and cleaned up, she had more or less recovered from that strange and disquieting state of semi-delirium that had temporarily overwhelmed her in the Correction Hall. Of course it had been brought on by her relentless torments through the day, she understood that. But briefly she had known what it felt to be a mindless abject slave and it had been terrifying and deeply humiliating. It did not help that it had ended with a huge orgasm as Petra had skewered her with that big dildo. Now she could hardly look her



in the eye. All that happened to *Bitch 13*, she kept reminding herself, not me...

When Captain Luka gave her the usual challenge it took an effort for her to reply: 'I am innocent.'

Yes, of course she was innocent of the crimes they were accusing her of, but she was beginning to feel very guilty about everything else.

# Chapter Eight

‘I have brought this subject here to you today,’ Kubeck said, ‘so that you can see an example of the law in action in a complex case. She is a British visitor to our country who has been accused of a serious crime, which is why we are holding this class in English. Not as rhythmic and beautiful a language as our own but, useful to know. I understand you are all reasonably fluent in it so I hope you can follow what I’m saying. She has voluntarily chosen to be judged by the Old Laws and so this session today will form a legal element of her ordeals and will be taken into consideration when final judgement is passed on her...’

Evelyn had thought her grim session in the courtyard in Ostrov had been the pinnacle of her public humiliation, but it seemed she was wrong. Never in a million years, however, could she have imagined that her next trip away from the Checkpoint and its gardens would be to a school! At least, it was apparently a summer school class for graduate students of the Royal Strakensburg Academy. But even though all the participants were adults it felt as though she had been returned to school, terrifyingly with herself not as a pupil but a naked subject for demonstration and experimentation. She could still hardly believe it and might even have thought it was some twisted joke, except that Captain Kubeck himself was in charge of the session, and she did not think he was the type to waste his time on trivial jovialities.

And so she had been taken from Checkpoint One to the school naked, chained and hooded along with selected restraints and punishment devices from the Checkpoint’s large supply. Blindly Kubeck had led her by a leash along hallways that had the familiar institutional smell and echo while she had cringed within her hood, terrified at the thought of who was seeing her naked body. Of course the school was not in regular session so it was not packed with ordinary students, but the idea of exposure in such a place had already filled her mind with shameful dread.

She had been set up on display in a surprisingly light and airy classroom next to the teacher’s desk and traditional if rather old-fashioned

blackboards on the wall. Yes, she was truly on display so all could see her helpless naked exposure.

She was confined standing upright within a vertical wheeled stock frame: a kind of upright rectangular wooden frame the size of a bookcase which rested on its wheeled base with a gap between its lower shelf and the base itself where her feet rested. The frame was split vertically down the middle and hinged on one side so it could be opened up. Her head, hands and feet had all been positioned in semi-circular holes in the back of the frame at its top, sides and bottom corners. Then the front half of the frame had been closed and padlocked over her with its matching scallops completing the arrangement and confining her securely in place. It had the effect of framing her body and making it seem separate from its most expressive parts, namely her head and hands. It also made her feel doubly exposed and vulnerable as the top board of the frame going across her shoulders and under her chin prevented her from looking down at herself, as was no doubt the intention.

This meant she could not see the effects of the two internal torment devices which were fitted to the frame, although of course she could feel them only too acutely.

From the upper sides of the frame stretched a pair of horizontal chains that were hooked to broad leather straps, studded on the insides, which had been buckled tightly about the roots of her breasts until they bulged outwards and, under the tension of the chains, sideways as well until her flesh was painfully stretched. She imagined the exposed globes of her breasts were turning purple as they were starved of blood and they throbbed and tingled strangely, but of course she could not see this. That may have made it worse.

The second device rose up from the boards in which her feet were confined. It was a vertical adjustable rod with a large dildo on the end, on which she had been anally impaled. The dildo itself was so big that it had brought tears to her eyes when it had been pushed inside her and even now she could feel her bottom bulging around it while her anal ring was clenched tight about its tapering root. It further ensured that she held very still within her stock frame, although of course she was mobile in other senses.

Mounted on wheels she could easily be rolled about and positioned as

required, but this was of course completely beyond her control. Naturally she had her ball gag in her mouth so even if she had wanted to she could not protest about any of this. She might have been an inanimate object. She almost felt as though she had been turned into an erotic piece of furniture.

And now Kubeck was describing her antecedence...

‘As she has already endured several ordeals over the last few days they have had the effect of familiarising her with the process while not yet having caused her to break down and admit her guilt...’

He was speaking to a class of about a dozen intelligent looking, well-scrubbed, neatly dressed, attentive and serious students, both male and female. They appeared to be the sort of students any college in England would happily consider for their freshman intake. And yet here they were staring at her strapped and impaled naked body with evident interest and even perhaps even some enjoyment, and yet showing no sign of surprise or embarrassment, even while she burned with shame under their eyes.

What kind of place was Barovia really? How could she and Nicola have walked about its streets for days enjoying themselves without realizing that this kind of thing went on within its quaint old buildings?

‘I understand some of you are hoping to become law students,’ Kubeck continued, ‘so this should be an interesting case for you to study. As you can see she has been given the prisoner identification of Fekujo Septo, and that is how we will refer to her. Her real name is of course confidential so you may not ask for it or anything else specific to her background or the crime she is accused of. Just as the law is punishing her it also protects her anonymity. Today we are simply concerned with the effects of our system of justice and the process of punishment and confinement and use of traditional ordeals to determine guilt or innocence.’

‘Now you may question her briefly about her feelings before you have some hands on experience with putting a subject through an ordeal...’ Kubeck pulled Evelyn’s gag out and said to her: ‘You will answer truthfully and politely any questions put you, do you understand?’

He actually expected her to answer questions from a group of young people over ten years younger than she was while she was confined naked in stocks with her breasts half pulled off and a dildo up her backside? Apparently, yes he did. Was this the cruellest torment of all, or was it an example of civilisation at work? She no longer had any idea what was right or proper any more... but she did know what would happen if she defied Kubeck.

‘Yes, Sir,’ Evelyn said meekly.

A handsome blonde young man put his hand up. ‘What you think about our system of ordeals, Fekujo Seven?’

‘I... I would not be treated like this at home, Sir,’ Evelyn said carefully. ‘Back there this would be called barbaric treatment...’

‘But you chose it?’ a young woman interjected.

‘Yes, Madam I did,’ Evelyn admitted. ‘But only as the lesser of two evils, do you understand? I did not want this but I did not want the shame of my family and friends being investigated and questioned about a crime I did not commit even more.’

‘How have you been treated so far?’ another asked.

What a loaded question, Evelyn thought grimly. And yet she had been told to be honest... ‘I have been kept caged and naked. I have been beaten and humiliated and forced to have sex with strangers. It’s been the worst experience of my life!’

‘But you have not been broken?’

‘No... because I’m innocent!’

‘So from your own experience would you say it is a fair means of determining truth or guilt?’

Again Evelyn hardly knew what to say. ‘I... I suppose it is,’ she had to concede. ‘Unless I do not have the courage to keep on... I’m frightened of

giving in even though I'm not guilty.'

'That is why we do not challenge our prisoners at the height of an ordeal,' Kubeck interjected. 'It is a simple truth that anybody could be driven to admit anything under extreme duress. We allow our subjects time to compose their thoughts and feelings so when they answer the challenge they do so honestly.'

So that was how it was arranged, Evelyn thought. It made her feel oddly reassured.

Another girl put up a hand a little tentatively. 'Fekujo Seven, how do you feel about your ordeal being not just of pain but of sexual abuse?'

Once more what could she say! 'It... makes it all more intense and it certainly adds to my shame and humiliation. I think that would be true of any woman.'

'And... do you experience orgasms?'

How much more naked could she be stripped by their questions, she wondered? Down to her very soul? And yet why shouldn't she answer honestly? She had come so far and been forced to do such filthy things there was almost a thrill in admitting the dark truth...

'Yes... several of them... I can't seem to help it. Maybe that's all meant to be part of the suffering... or a way of escaping it... unless there's something unusual about me...'

Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Kubeck giving her a strange penetrating glance at that moment.

'These orgasms, are they more intense than normal?' a lad wondered, his eyes burning with curiosity.

Would he like to put his cock inside her right now, Evelyn wondered? Was he hiding an erection under his desk? Probably all the boys were. This was Barovia, after all. She felt her pussy growing hot and slick at the thought.

‘Yes,’ she had admitted, ‘I’d think probably they are... at least they feel very different... maybe they add to my suffering... maybe they spare me a little of it...’

One of the young men looked at Kubeck and asked bluntly: ‘Captain, can we see Fekujo Seven brought orgasm so we can judge for ourselves?’

‘Of course you can,’ Kubeck said easily. ‘It will be classed as part of her humiliation for the day. Treating her as a subject for legal experimentation is perfectly correct and proper, in the circumstances.’

Naturally Kubeck had a device ready for such a demonstration. It plugged into another of the holes in the baseboard of her stock frame in front of the one that held the rod for her anal dildo. It was basically a powerful vibrator mounted on an expanding and pivoting shaft which could be positioned so that it slid up her vagina, which it did with surprising ease. It had a separate wheel mounted on top of the main shaft with prongs on it that would simulate her clitoris.

‘I’ll just plug her mouth again in case she makes too much noise...’ Kubeck said, putting her ball gag back into place. Evelyn found it was almost a relief to be gagged again, so that she would not to be forced to expose herself further through words. They could make what they liked of her bodily responses. They were forced upon her and they could see she was not incriminating herself through them... or was she?

Kubeck set the vibrator going so that began to pump and buzz into Evelyn’s vagina at the same time that the wheel on top of it spun and gouged and tickled her clitoris. She felt a hot surge in her loins as a splatter of her juices pattered across her thighs and clamped her mouth about her gag and moaned and whimpered.

‘Concerning the value of sexual humiliation as part of her ordeals,’ Kubeck said to the class, ‘such treatment certainly makes her more compliant and fearful as she is aware of the greater range of torments she can be subjected to. Being made to perform such an intimate act before others reinforces the sense of our power over her. We are forcing her to respect us as her jailers and keepers and by extension the ways and customs of our

country. You can be sure, whatever the outcome of her ordeal that she will think twice before breaking the law in Barovia again...’

But Evelyn was hardly listening to his words. To her horror and amazement she found she is already getting close to orgasm. How could she have responded so quickly to the vibrator? Unless she it been simmering just below the surface all the time she had been in front of the class, aroused by her restraints and their eyes upon her. Had that Q&A session excited her so much? Or was it that after days of ordeals she was now perpetually on a sexual hair-trigger? Or was this the quickest way to get through the pain to the reward, or... whatever the reason in a few seconds she was going to... uhhhh!

There was some laughter, a few gasps of surprise and even a smattering of applause from the class as, with desperate sobs and moans, dribbling about her gag and with her eyes rolling up in ecstasy, Evelyn orgasmed in front of them.

‘As you can see,’ Kubeck commented, switching off vibrator and leaving Evelyn the hang limp and panting within her stock frame dribbling pussy juices, ‘she is adapting to her circumstances. I’m sure she would never have responded like this a few weeks ago in public, but now she can accept that it is, if not normal that then at least not unimaginable. It is at least as she said, the lesser of two evils. Of course we must take such modifications of behaviour into account when planning her future ordeals.

‘But now she has been humiliated and degraded, she must be punished physically. For that we will use the other implements I brought along...’

As Evelyn watched through misty, apprehensive eyes, at Kubeck’s direction the class cleared a large space in the middle of the room of desks and chairs. Then from the corridor he wheeled in the other device he had brought from the Checkpoint. It comprised a free standing waist high pole on a heavy base connected by an adjustable rod to what almost looked like a small oddly shaped hostess trolley, with a pair of widely spaced front wheels and a single swivelling rear wheel. The trolley had a padded top tapering down from front to back, mirroring its wheelbase, and it was fitted with



several straps.

Kubeck unfastened the studded cuffs from Evelyn's breasts, leaving pale bounds of indented flesh behind which stung and pricked with returning circulation, and pulled the anal rod and vibrator out of her. Then he opened up the stock frame and took her out. He cuffed her hands behind her back and then led her, stiffed legged, across to the trolley. He made her bend face down over it with her head and breasts overhanging the front broader padded end of its top and her haunches overhanging its narrow tail. He bound straps across her back and waist, holding her firmly down so that she lay bent over with her buttocks jutting out and her feet resting on the ground on either side of the tail of the trolley.

Then from a box he had brought in with the trolley he took out a dozen rubber-bladed spanking paddles and handed them to the class.

'Now form a ring about the circle the trolley is going to move in,' he commanded them. 'Have your paddles at the ready. The idea is simply to keep her moving by spanking her behind. There is no fixed time limit to this punishment. I might allow it to proceed until she is too exhausted to move further, or else... well we'll see what the alternative might be, shall we? All right, are you ready...? Go!'

And with that Kubeck smacked his hand hard across Evelyn's upturned rump. With a yelp she jerked forward, rolling along on the trolley. This brought her level with the first student in the ring who swiped his paddle across her bottom. With another shriek of pain she ran on another couple of steps only to be smacked again... and again...

Swish, smack! Round and round Evelyn went, scrabbling away with her legs to keep herself moving, as though in a hopeless attempt to escape her tormentors, although of course she knew that was impossible. But it was even more impossible simply stand still and let any single person beat her. She had to keep moving. At least it gave her something to do. And of course the motion did work her pussy mound against the padded lip of the trolley top a little. And some of the smacks up into her buttocks did kiss her wet pouting swollen lips... but it was not enough!

There was plenty of pain but where was the chance of reward? Didn't they usually go together? This was not fair!

Dizzy, sobbing and exhausted with her blazing buttocks trailing behind her, which she was sure by now must actually be glowing with the heat that had been beaten into them, Evelyn staggered on round and round. In the close air of the classroom the sweat was beginning to run off her, pooling stickily under her stomach and running from her swaying breasts and mingling with the desperate drips from her sex.

Suddenly Kubeck stepped in, calling out: 'Stop, enough...' as he took hold of Evelyn by the hair and pulled her to stop.

'You notice that this has been a punishment without any opportunity for direct sexual relief for Fekujo Seven, except for the shock and pain transmitted to her pussy by the paddle blows which has caused some stimulation to that organ as you can see, and is now causing her a different kind of torment. Now we can make her degrade herself in a subtler way. In view of her already demonstrated nature I think she will be receptive to penetration right now. In fact if we ungag her I think she'll beg for it...'

Kubeck pulled Evelyn's gag out. Almost unthinkingly she sobbed: 'please... Somebody screw me... please I want it!'

She was already beyond shame. She just wanted some kind of relief from her terrible need.

Kubeck said: 'Any of you who wish to make use of her sexually can do so: gentleman at the rear and ladies at the front, where you can induce her to use her tongue to your satisfaction. But you must do so in view of everybody else. You must be seen by your peers to be taking your pleasure from her without guilt or shame. This is not a clandestine punishment we are inflicting upon her, but one based upon some of our most revered and cherished traditions and laws. We take full responsibility for what we are doing to her. Never forget that. We are not barbarians!'

There was a moment's hesitation, and then one of the young men moved round to Evelyn's rear, undid his flies and pulled out his stiff cock and

then rammed it into her dripping sex mouth and began to pump into her. Then one of the girls reached under her skirt, slid down her panties and then stepped up in front of Evelyn. She lifted her skirt over Evelyn's head and she saw the gingery fuzz of her pubic bush and the deep cleft of her sex mouth and smelt its heady aroma. And then those lips were pressed hard against her nose and mouth and ground into her face, and automatically she began to lick and suck.

And so that morning, in the Royal Strakensburg Academy, Barovian justice was seen to be done.

## Chapter Nine

Nicola was not quite sure what she expected from the interior of Captain Luka's private apartment, situated in a block on the outskirts of Zilny. Of course she had other matters on her mind than the quality of its internal furnishings and decoration, but she did spare a few glances as she was led through it (naked, leashed and gagged, of course) to determine that it was the very neat and slightly austere, with white rendered walls and dark plain furniture. But there were also a few decorative items that gave a clue as to its owner's predilections, as if they needed to be emphasised any further. The few paintings on the walls were all studies of female nudes and there were also some delicate figurines of nymphs on a mantle shelf.

However none of this quite prepared her for the spare room, which was more like a dungeon cell beneath the Castle. Assorted restraining devices and implements of punishment were neatly folded up and hung about the walls, leaving a central space marked by a square of heavy duty rubber matting, which showed a variety of ominous stains upon it. Apparently Captain Luka liked to bring her work home with her...

But then what else had she really expected? When Luka had informed her that as she was nearing the end of her ordeals she would be taking her to her apartment that evening she did not think it was for coffee and a convivial chat. This was just another phase of her ordeal designed to break her. Well she was determined it wouldn't. She was almost at the end now and would not give up at the last hurdle.

But Luka was not going make it easy for her...

Nicola was kneeling inside a box frame of metal rods with her arms twisted at the shoulders back and up so that her wrists were chained and cuffed to the corners of the frame behind her. In front of her was a pair of horizontal rods that were fitted by sliding mounts to the uprights. The pair of rods had been slid together until they clamped about Nicola's breasts, making them bulge beyond where they were pinched tight. Attached by spring clips

to her straining nipples were large rings on which were hung a few of a selection of lead weights with hooked tails. The other weights sat in a box in front of her waiting to be applied as necessary.

She was kneeling astride a saddle-like device which concealed a powered vibrator unit. A pair of dildos protruded through slots in the top of the saddle which were buried inside her vagina and rectum. The saddle hummed and purred beneath her, pumping the dildos alternately up inside her. As an added twist the tips of the dildos were studded with electrodes, which sent jabs of pain through her hot clenching passageways at regular intervals.

Luka prowled about her, holding a shock baton in one hand and a cane in the other. She was almost as naked as Nicola, having stripped herself down to her black uniform boots. Nicola could not help thinking that she was in very good shape for her age. There was an undeniable beauty about her sturdy body and full breasts which did nothing to hide its underlying hardness. She had been impressive enough dressed in her uniform, now she was almost more dominating when virtually naked.

That she was a woman with passionate feelings was also self-evident. Nicola could smell her arousal and see her thick nipples standing up in erect cones.

As Nicola sobbed and moaned as she rode the pain and pleasure saddle, Luka taunted her: 'So, how did you like my little playroom, eh, my pretty filuhund?'

With her mouth filled by a large rubber bit gag and flinching and jerking with pain, Nicola could not give an intelligible answer, but of course the question was largely rhetorical.

'I like your breasts,' Luca admitted, 'they are not large but they are very shapely...' she brought the cane down on their bulging upper slopes, adding fresh cut marks to those she already inflicted. The force of the blow of course made her weighted nipples jiggle and bounce and set the weights hanging from them swing and jingle together, adding to her agony. 'And they do suffer most attractively...'

Sobbing and twitching, her eyes filled with hot tears, Nicola wondered desperately what she could do to shorten her suffering. She was sure Luka wanted her total submission as her prize. And she would have given it right now, not caring about her pride or self-respect, but how could she tell her convincingly? She had a terrible feeling that she was expecting some climactic event to signal her total submission.

‘But your nipples were not quite long enough yet,’ Luka observed, ‘I think they need to be stretched a little more...’ She picked up another pair of weights and hung them on the rings. Nicola gave a fresh whimper of pain as her nipples were stretched even further like fleshy elastic, while saliva dripped down around the corners of her stretched lips onto the upper slopes of her clamped breasts.

Luka walked around the frame, running the tip of her shock baton across her captive’s trembling body. She jabbed it into Nicola’s sweaty haunches with a crack and flash, sending a fresh jolt through them. Nicola jerked convulsively, tugging on her imprisoned breasts. Her bottom and thighs slipped and twisted about on the saddle as far as the pumping dildos allowed, lubricated by a thin film of sweat mingled with her slippery discharge. At some point she was going to come because the double stimulation of her passages was becoming overwhelming and she had learned the futility of fighting such sensations, but would that satisfied Luka?

Suddenly Luka bent across the frame, took hold of Nicola’s hair and pulled her head back so she could kiss her sweaty brow and red cheeks and even her stretched lips.

‘You are such lovely creature,’ she observed, ‘but have you learned your lesson now?’

Was this part of her own private sadistic teasing game that she played with any prisoners she took a fancy to, or was it really part of the official ordeal program? It no longer mattered of course. Nicola had to give the right responses if she wanted her agony to end. But what did Luka want to hear? And how could she signal that she was ready?

She could feel the lust filling her loins and knew she was getting close

to an orgasm. She hated the thought of it driven by all this pain and cruelty and yet she had learned not to deny it. Would it be enough? No, she had to do something spectacular. Something to show she knew her place at last...

And so as the orgasm took hold of her and tore through her and made her convulse and clamp her sheath and anus about the ravaging dildos and she sprayed her juices out over the saddle, she also surrendered her bladder control. She desperately and deliberately squeezed out her hot water so that it joined her orgasmic discharge, spraying messily over the saddle, hissing and spurting and running up through her buttock crack and down her thighs and into a shameful puddle that spread out from under her knees across the rubber matting on which she knelt.

‘You naughty girl!’ Luka observed as she disgraced herself. ‘What have you got to say for yourself?’ And she pulled the gag bit out of Nicola’s aching mouth.

Nicola was dizzy with the force of her orgasm and simmering with pain and yet she forced herself to say huskily: ‘I’m so sorry, my dear Mistress. I’ve been such a bad girl. But I want to make it right now. I want to show how much I love you... please let me make love to you. It’s all I’ve wanted to do for days...’

There was a terrible moment when she could not read the expression on her tormentor’s face. ‘Do you really want to show how much you love me?’ she asked.

‘Yes I do, Mistress,’ Nicola assured her with such intensity she almost surprised herself. ‘I’ll do anything to please you...’

Then Luka smiled down at her beatifically. ‘Then I’m sure that can be arranged,’ she told her...

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Nicola knelt on Luka’s bed.

That it had a heavy brass frame seemed entirely appropriate, but the

bed sheets were pink which suggested unexpected femininity. But she had little time to wonder at this dichotomy. She was here to please her Mistress.

Yes, *Mistress*, she told herself. For tonight she must behave as though Luka was in every sense her mistress. There was no escaping that. She had to play the part of a helpless devoted slave if she was to last another day. And if that meant making lesbian love to her, then she would do so.

A few weeks ago such a thing would have utterly revolted her, but after what she had been through it seemed perfectly sensible and pragmatic. She would do this to prove her innocence. That was all that mattered.

The fact that she was also feeling a strange thrill within her was something she could not entirely account for but she did not try to deny. She needed all the conviction she could muster.

Her hands were bound behind her back. A chain running down from a sprung ceiling pulley was hooked to a ring in the back of her collar. On the other end of the same chain was a large hook with a bulbous tip that Luka had inserted in her rectum. Also keeping her bent over in the proper position to serve was a large powered dildo on the end of a long rod which was lodged in her vagina. Its motor was clamped to the bars of the bed's foot rest. The control unit for the dildo was held in Luka's hands.

Luka lay on her back on the bed underneath Nicola. She was now totally naked. Her sturdy legs were widespread on either side of Nicola's knees so that Nicola's head hung over the full cleft of her sex mouth. She could see the gloss about its lips and smell its powerful musky scent. There was something about it that was almost intoxicating and also mystifying. She had been forced to suck many cocks over recent days and been made to submit to their thrusting, aggressive power, but at this moment she realized that a vagina could also be a symbol of power. It could suck her in and devour her if she was not careful.

Did that mean that it was the person who mattered and not their sex? Was she simply submitting to a powerful individual? She did not really love Luka of course, not in a romantic way, but in a desperate hopeless way she wanted to please her and she did admire the power she had wielded over



her. Perhaps there was no shame in this...

Luka pressed a button on the control pad and Nicola felt a warning jolt from the dildo.

‘Show me your love,’ Luka commanded.

Taking a deep breath Nicola bent her head and nuzzled and kissed her mistress’s hot, sweet sex mouth. Then she burrowed her face in deeper and began to lap and suck at its simmering folds, bringing its swollen clitoris to a magnificent erection. She felt Luka’s plump vulva streaming with delight and sucking about her face in turn and she did feel for a moment as though she could plunge right into it and happily lose herself in its depths.

Luka sighed happily, with her free hand clasping hold of Nicola’s hair and pressing her face even harder into her hot, demanding pudenda.

For a moment Nicola thought she was going to be smothered and yet for some reason that possibility did not frighten her. If necessary she would let it happen to prove how much she loved her powerful mistress. She would sacrifice everything for her. She had nothing else to give...

‘Are you a terrorist?’ Luka demanded suddenly, pulling Nicola’s head out of the wet fleshy canyon of her vulva.

‘No!’ Nicola wailed.

And then Luka’s strong thighs clamped about her head and her heels drummed on Nicola’s back as she squeezed and bucked her hips and then sprayed her lustful orgasmic juices all over her face.

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As they lay together quietly afterwards, Luka stroked Nicola almost tenderly and then said: ‘That was very well done. I think I will be sorry to see you go...’

And those words of praise at one and the same time thrilled Nicola to her core and yet also filled her with a strange and totally unexpected

sensation that she quickly quashed because it was absurd.

But just for a moment she had felt a pang of regret that this incredible experience would soon be over.

# Chapter Ten

After two weeks of being apart and seeing nothing of each other, on the last day of their ordeal Evelyn and Nicola were literally thrust together closer than they had ever been before and saw more of each other than they had ever imagined possible. They were back where it had all began in the interrogation room of Barovain Checkpoint One, hanging naked by their ankles from wire ropes face to face with their arms bound behind their backs.

They were staring into each other's tear-filled eyes so closely that they virtually filled their fields of view. They had no choice. They were both biting on the ends of a dumbbell-like double gag which plugged their mouths. This mirrored the double-ended dildo that was plugged into both their vaginas and held them in such close proximity that their pubic bushes rasped through each other. Their breasts were also mashed together, pulled close by their collars which were linked by a spring tether between their throat rings. Their nipples were also intimately bound by shared rings with double crocodile clips closed about them.

Their remaining intimate orifices were not forgotten. They had big rubber plugs in their rectums connected to ropes that ran up and outwards over pulleys and down to handles that dangled at a convenient height for Ivanka and Petra to pull on, thus setting them swinging to and fro. Their ankles were separately hung so that as they swung against each other their linked bodies ground intimately together in a friction of soft flesh.

Again as it had been on that first day, their active tormentors were Kubeck and Luka dressed in uniform shirt sleeves and each wielding a studded spanking paddle.

‘Admit you did it!’ they demanded: ‘Confess!’

Then they swung their paddles viciously against Nicola and Evelyn's bared bottoms, filling the air with the crisp crack of rubber on female flesh so that each blow was like a thrust of their hips that drove the double dildo deep

into each other's vulvas. It had not taken long for their sexes to respond to such stimulation and by now they were both streaming with juices matting their pubic hair into one tangled sticky clump before trickling down across their palpitating stomachs. Evelyn and Nicola shrieked into each other's faces about their gags as the stinging blows fell on their defenceless buttocks, making them jump and shiver even as they turned from pink to scarlet.

In lulls between beatings Ivanka and Petra pulled alternately on the ropes plugged into Nicola and Evelyn's bottom holes, making them bulge as their bodies were swung ever more violently to and fro like a fleshy bell clapper, grinding their thighs and pussies and bellies and breasts together, lubricated by the trickling stream of their love juices and a sticky film of sweat. And as they swung them Ivanka and Petra added their challenges to those of their Captains', repeating over and over:

‘Are you guilty?’

‘Are you terrorists?’

‘Have you plotted against our countries?’

In reply the women could only moan and shake their heads as far as their double gag allowed, protesting their innocence even in extremis. They would not break now however much as they beat or abused them. They had each other's presence to reassure and comfort them and they took strength from the closeness of their bodies. They could smell each other's sweet scent even as the waves of pain rippled through them and the blood pounded in their temples.

By now they also both knew, as they could read in each other's eyes, how to escape the worst of their suffering. There had been a frisson of shameful embarrassment as they had first been pressed together so intimately, but they had soon gone beyond that as they used each other's bodies to magnify their lust and feed the thrill in their loins even as they were being pumped by the dildo they shared.

Gradually the challenges of their tormentors faded under the roaring of blood in their ears as their world shrank to encompass only their bound

and joined bodies and the hot scent of sex that enveloped them as they swung and shivered and bucked and sobbed. There were going to ride the pain together until it brought them their reward. They were going to come over each other for the first time and achieve a closeness that they had never known before. It was a shared triumphal act of defiance in the face of suffering and adversity.

But the Checkpoint staff were not making it easy, beating them harder than they had ever done before, imprinting their buttocks with the stud marks of their paddles, driving them into each other again and again while their pussies and rectums were plugged dangerously full of intimidating, intrusive, pumping and sucking rubber.

Dimly they heard them shouting:

‘Are you guilty?’

‘Confess!’

‘Why did you do it?’

But they could not intimidate them now. They were in a world of their own and all that mattered was the lust and, yes, love, that they shared, which was filling them to bursting point...

Evelyn and Nicola convulsed, bucking and twisting against each other, their intimately joined bodies writhing like mating snakes as they sprayed their juices out from their dildo-plugged pussies. And then the internal pressure became too much and they surrendered the last vestiges dignity and added their own jets of urine to their lustful discharge, pissing into each other’s sex pouches and then spluttering as the hot stream flowed down between their bodies and over their breasts and across their faces and into their hair to drip onto the floor of the interrogation room. But to them, in their dizzy state of orgasmic intoxication, it seemed nothing more than mild, sweet rain.

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They hardly remembered being let down or unbound. The next thing they knew for sure was Ivanka and Petra wiping their bodies clean with sponges and buckets and applying soothing cream to their red raw buttocks. Then they fed them water and helped them to stand and hung blankets over their shoulders and guided them over to sit, gingerly, in ordinary chairs in front of Kubeck's desk.

Kubeck and Luka were seated opposite them. When they were sure that Nicola and Evelyn had regained their composure, Kubeck said: 'We declare that you have passed your final ordeal and challenge. Recordings of your previous ordeals have also been judged satisfactory. Therefore by right of the law of ordeal we declare that you are both innocent of the charges made against you.' He indicated bundles of their clothes and possessions on the end of the desk. 'You may dress and leave when you wish.'

Luka added: 'There will be a slight delay of a day or so while your passports are cleared and re-validated and then you may leave our countries entirely free and without any stains on your characters or record of what has happened during these last two weeks.'

Nicola and Evelyn looked at each other and then at their tormentors in a daze. They still could not quite believe it was all over.

'You do understand that you are free to go now?' Kubeck asked.

'Yes, Sir, we understand,' Evelyn answered automatically.

Kubeck and Luka both smiled. 'You don't have to address us quite so formally any more,' he said.

'Is there anything else you wish to ask?' Luka enquired gently.

Evelyn and Nicola blinked and again search each other's faces. They were not used to having such a choice. But then they realized that there was one question burning inside them...

'Please, can you tell us...' Evelyn asked hesitantly, 'why the ordeals were not so much harder and crueller?'

Both Luka and Kubeck appeared momentarily taken aback. Kubeck asked uncertainly: ‘You really expected them to be harsher?’

‘Yes,’ Nicola said. ‘You could have thrashed us until we bled, or done worse things that didn’t leave marks. Why didn’t you? It almost felt as though they were staged at times.’

As Kubeck looked lost, Luka said firmly: ‘Of course they were staged, Ms Henderson, because this whole procedure has to follow certain traditional rules and structures. And there are limits to what we can inflict upon our subjects...’

Kubeck cut in: ‘... because crude physical suffering does not guarantee the truth, which was what we were after. That is discovered by stripping away not just your clothes but your dignity and self-respect through carefully managed sexual humiliation until we uncovered your naked souls. It was through examining them and not listening alone to your simple protestations that we really decided that you were innocent as you said.’

‘A skill that takes many years of experience to master,’ Luka added, ‘which was why you were not aware of what we were truly looking for during your ordeals.’

Nicola and Evelyn nodded slowly. Yes, it did seem to make a little more sense now. In any case the most important thing was they had proved themselves and now they were free.

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After Ivanka and Petra had escorted the women out, Kubeck let out a long sigh of relief and turned to Luka. ‘Thanks for fielding that last question of theirs. I admit I was totally at a loss for a moment.’

‘Yes, I was a little worried myself,’ Luka admitted. ‘They’re both intelligent women and not easily fooled. ‘But I think we managed to satisfy their doubts.’

‘Now we’ve just got to hope that they have the courage and curiosity

to take the obvious next step,' Kubeck said.

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The next morning Nicola and Evelyn sat at a table under the awning outside Mirro's Café in Strakensburg's main square. This was where they had last drunk coffee before their fateful arrest. Now they sipped their coffee and chewed on their croissants while looking about them nervously, as though they could still not quite believe where they were. They were still feeling uncomfortable at not being restrained and wearing clothes. All their possessions had been returned and they were even back in the same hotel rooms they had before. None of the staff seemed to wonder at where they had been. Outwardly it was almost as though nothing had happened. And yet for two weeks they had lived apart from normal life without any control over their bodies. Now that freedom had been restored they could not decide what to do with it.

'I know it sounds crazy,' Evelyn admitted after a long silence, 'but does all this seem a bit, well anticlimactic?'

'Oh God, I'm glad you said that first,' Nicola admitted with relief. 'I feel the same but I didn't want to say.'

'It's crazy isn't it?' Evelyn agreed. 'I feel like I want to ask somebody what's the reward in simply going back to the way we were? All that suffering should have a payoff.'

Nicola made a wry face. 'I don't think we can ever quite get back to the way things were, not after what we've been through. But it does feel a bit of a, well, a letdown.'

'But how can we possibly feel like this? We're free and we'll be going home tomorrow.'

'Because we've had two weeks of the most incredible overstimulation of our lives, that's how!' Nicola said. 'We've been raced like bloody prize fillies at the Grand National and now we've been put back in the field along with the donkeys.'



Evelyn laughed at the odd metaphor but she knew what Nicola meant. 'I suppose it'll take time to adjust. It's probably amazing were not more screwed up than we are. Apart from all the other punishments we have been, well, violated dozens of times. And that's putting it politely...'

'I think what made it bearable was that it was all so official and organised. It made it feel, well, acceptable in weird way. At least, we accepted that this was the way they did things here. And it was our choice to be judged by the old rules. And it worked out all right in the end, so there's nothing to complain about.'

'Yeah, you're right. We showed them how tough we were. We'll soon get back to normal...'

'I didn't say that,' Nicola said glumly. 'I don't think we'll ever be quite normal again...'

It was then that a couple of younger women sat down at the table next to them.

One was pale-skinned with dark hair and the other might have been North African. That they were very good friends was suggested by the way there were holding hands and confirmed when they kissed quite openly. As Evelyn and Nicola tried not to stare the new couple turned and smiled at them unabashed.

'You're British, aren't you?' the white woman said.

'Is it that obvious?' Evelyn asked with a nervous smile.

'It is I'm afraid,' the woman said. 'We can never really pass as Continentals. By the way, my name's Rachel and this is Nyala...'

Mutual introductions were made. The two younger women continued to look at Evelyn and Nicola with intense interest. Then Nyala said: 'Excuse me, but have you recently been through an ordeal at Checkpoint One?'

Evelyn and Nicola both started and looked about guiltily. Under her

breath Evelyn asked: 'Is that obvious as well?'

'Oh yes, at least it is to other women who've been there. Both of us have so don't feel guilty. We know exactly what you're feeling.'

Nyala asked: 'Have you been out of the dungeons for long?'

'We only got out yesterday,' Nicola admitted.

'Then you must be feeling very confused. I know I was. Have you decided how you're going to make the most of it yet?'

'What you mean, make the most of it?' Nicola asked.

'You thought that was the worst thing that could ever have happen to you, but you survived,' Rachel explained. 'Don't you see, that means now that you can do anything you want.'

'We would never have dreamed of being lovers before we went through the Checkpoint dungeons,' Nyala explained. 'But that taught us not to let shame and inhibitions get in the way of doing whatever we felt like trying, no matter how crazy it might seem.'

'Right now you're all mixed up thinking about all those awful things they made you do and you're feeling a bit guilty because some of the time you enjoyed it,' Rachel said. 'You secretly got a kick out of being whipped and screwed and chained up and degraded, although you feel ashamed to admit it. And now it's over you don't know what do with those weird feelings and desires. Is that right?'

Evelyn and Nicola looked at each other, burning with embarrassment, and then slowly nodded. They could not deny it.

'In a way you've got addicted to pain and humiliation and bondage,' Nyala said. 'You can't simply expect to stop needing it overnight. You have to get it out of your system gradually. You may never be the same again, but I promise you'll find something in between what you were before and what they made you into now that you can live with.'

‘But how do we do that?’ Nicola wondered.

‘Well, do you want to see how we do it?’ Rachel asked.

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The club was down a narrow side street in Zilny. The sign over its small recessed doorway read *Klubo Vipo Katindo*.

‘That means Whipped Kitten Club,’ Rachel explained. ‘Don’t worry, it’s really very nice inside. At least it’s nice for people like us...’

Evelyn and Nicola allowed themselves to be led inside to a small lobby with the man behind a counter who smiled broadly as he looked them up and down. They all paid over a modest door fee and were given pink domino masks.

‘Put them on,’ Nyala said. ‘It’ll make things a lot easier, you’ll see...’

An inner door led to a large room with a raised curtained stage at one end. To one side of the stage there was a small lectern with a raffle ticket drum on it. The space was about half full of people both men and women, all of whom were masked. Nicola and Evelyn started to see some of them were leading naked collared female slaves about after them like dogs. Their bodies glittered with rings and straps and buckles.

‘You can stare at them all you like of course,’ Nyala said, ‘but don’t feel sorry for them or despise them. I’m sure it’s nothing that they didn’t make you do up at the castle.’

‘It just takes a little getting used to seeing it in a place like this,’ Evelyn whispered awkwardly.

‘We’ve only just got away from all that,’ Nicola added.

‘But the difference is here they’re doing it because they want to. That’s what’s important. Everybody chooses to do this because they enjoy it...’

‘And you think we would too?’ Evelyn said.

‘You were total sex slaves for two weeks. You can’t just stop being that. And anyway, you might want to celebrate it for yourselves.’

Evelyn and Nicola looked to each other uncertainly. Was it possible there was some truth in that?

As they struggled with their feelings they saw a man in a sparkly jacket climb up onto the stage and take his place at the lectern.

‘Keep your masks on and give any names you want,’ Rachel said. ‘That’s all you need to make it work.’

‘Just follow us,’ Nyala said. ‘We’ll go first and then you see if you want to have a go.’

‘Have a go at what?’ Evelyn asked.

But the two younger women were already making their way up to the stage. They had a few words with the man at the lectern and then vanished through a side door. After a moment he switched on the microphone and called everybody to order. Evidently he was to be the compere of the event, whatever it was. Then he made an announcement in the local language that Nicola and Evelyn did not understand but which seemed to bring forth approving applause from the audience. Then the curtains parted...

Nyala and Rachel were standing on the stage totally naked except for their masks. Behind them the back wall of the stage was hung with an amazing array of whips, canes, straps, lashes, rods and dildos, together with other larger restraining devices. Beside the girls in the middle of the stage were what a pair of pillories mounted on low platforms fitted with large castors. People in the audience called out to them and they waved back and struck provocative poses.

A couple of large men in body harnesses and leather trousers appeared from the wings and took hold of the two girls and hustled them over to the pillories. They were bent over at the waists and their heads and hands

were put through the upper boards which were closed and locked about them. Hinged arms set on the insides of the pillory posts were lowered so that padded crossbars on their ends pressed against the girls' stomachs and hips. Their feet were then pulled apart and forward so they could be slipped into the holes in a second set of pillory boards mounted on the post horizontally at ankle height. This left them bent over at right angles with their legs stretched forward and their haunches pushed out provocatively behind them.

The leather clad men spun the pillories about on their castors, showing the girls' bodies off at every angle to the crowd, which shouted in approval. They slapped their bare buttocks to demonstrate their softness, tweaked their nipples and pried open the lips of their sex mouths to expose their shiny pink interiors. Then the men withdrew, leaving Rachel and Nyala helplessly displayed before the crowd.

The compere spun the tombola drum and drew out a pair of tickets whose numbers he called out. A pair of men held up matching tickets and came forward, looking expectantly cheerful. They mounted the stage and examined Nyala and Rachel bodies for a minute, pinching a prodding them until they whimpered. Then they went to the array of punishment implements and chose a cane and a long-handled lash.

Nicola and Evelyn were looking on in horror. Their new friends had submitted themselves to a sadistic public ordeal of the kind they knew only too well. It was horrific and unbelievable and sickening... but they could not look away.

The men lined themselves up one behind each girl and then began to lash them. The cane and lash hissed through the air and struck their exposed buttocks making them shiver like jellies and leaving searing red lines behind. The girls shrieked aloud, not trying to hide their pain. The men changed the angle of their blows to swing up between their legs to catch their smooth thighs and even softer lips of their sexes. The girls screamed again as their eyes filled with tears.

The crowd were calling out things Evelyn and Nicola did not understand but it seemed to spur the men onto even greater efforts. Soon Rachel and Nyala's bottoms were covered with stripe marks and they were

sobbing and squirming wildly. The men reached between their legs and ran their fingers through their abused sexes and held them up to show to the crowd that they were wet.

And then suddenly Rachel and Nyala began to call out: 'Scrabo ne, scrabo ne!'

The men dropped their cane and lash, undid their flies to expose their straining erections and then rammed them into the girls' red lipped pussy mouths. The crowd cheered as they thrust into them again and again. The force of their thrusts made the pillory frames creak.

Suddenly Nyala and then Rachel sobbed in orgasmic delight and sprayed their juices across their abuser's thrusting members. The crowd applauded their display only to roar a moment later as the men also came, pulling their cocks out at the last moment to spurt their seed up the cracks of the girls' bottoms and across their backs in a display of mastery.

The curtains closed.

Evelyn and Nicola looked at each other in bewilderment, even as they clenched their thighs together.

'How could they do that?'

'I don't know.'

'We should get out of here.'

'Yes.'

'Is your pussy wet?'

'Oh, fuck yes!'

'Mine too... we're really sick.'

While they were still trapped by indecision Rachel and Nyala reappeared. They were fully dressed once again and looked flushed and red-

cheeked but happy.

‘Now it’s your turn,’ Rachel said.

‘You can’t you be serious!’ Evelyn exclaimed.

‘You know you really want to,’ Nyala said simply. ‘You just don’t want to admit it. But this place is not the same as the Castle dungeons. Here we *chose* what happens to us, that’s the difference. Just remember when you’ve had enough to call out: *Scrabo ne*. That means: *screw us!*’

‘Now go and have some fun,’ Rachel said.

And in a daze Evelyn and Nicola found themselves walking up to the compere.

‘What names shall I say?’ he asked in thickly accented English.

They did not know what to say as they had no idea what would be appropriate. They did not know any words of the local language. Well, that was not entirely true...

So they told him their names and then went through the side door and through the tiny wings space and onto the curtained stage. The two leather clad men grinned at them.

‘You choose,’ once said, indicating the range of restraining devices on offer.

Feeling baffled they looked about them. Then one device stood out. Something they could use together.

‘Can we use that one?’ Evelyn asked.

‘No problem,’ he said. ‘You take clothes off now.’

It was a lot easier for them to pretend that they had just been commanded to strip. That felt right...

They could hear the compere making his announcement, which ended in the words: "... Filuhund kaj Fekujo."“

The curtains drew back to reveal a shivering Nicola and Evelyn standing there naked except for their masks beside their chosen device. It resembled the double inward-leaning "A" frame of a playground swing set on a low platform, except that the horizontal strut side braces had been extended forward and back beyond the sloping frame sides. From the ends of these struts and the top linking crosspiece of the frame hung pairs of chains and cuffs. Mounted in the very centre of the platform beneath the crosspiece was a pair of adjustable dildo rods.

Evelyn and Nicola felt the eyes of the crowd upon their naked bodies.

‘This is crazy!’ Evelyn hissed.

‘I know,’ Nicola agreed.

And yet why were there the nipples throbbing painfully and their pussies swelling with hot slick anticipation and their stomachs churning with fear and excitement? Why were they feeling at that moment so alive?

The leather clad men took hold of Evelyn and Nicola and positioned within the frame, standing them back-to-back underneath the central crosspiece and pulling their arms up above their head so they could cuff them securely. Then they lifted and spread their legs, cuffing their ankles to the ends of the extended side struts of the frame. Now they hung from their upstretched arms with their backs pressed together and their groins totally exposed hanging at waist height. The men bent down and adjusted the dildo rods, sliding the fat ribbed ends up into their rectums until they were firmly plugged. Then they spun the whole frame around on its supporting castors, showing the girls’ bodies off. They wiggled their fingers inside their gaping clefts and flicked their hard nipples, making the crowd cheer. Then they stood back.

The compere spun the drum, drew out a pair of tickets and called out the numbers. Nicola and Evelyn saw a pair of well-dressed masked men, who looked to be in their fifties or more, step forward briskly and climb onto the



stage. Oh God, they were going to be screwed by a pair of grandfathers! They tugged at their bonds, trying to pull their widespread legs together, even as the sick thrill of it filled them with dark delight. A familiar sense of helpless resignation flowed over them even as their sexes begin to drip in anticipation.

The men selected their punishment implements: a pair of studded spanking paddles and took up positions in front of the two girls, one on each side of the frame so they could look into their suspended bodies with their legs gaping wide in invitation. The girls looked into their mask eye slits in horror. Instinct demanded that they should say: Stop, this has been a mistake! Their mouths were not gagged and they could do that. But instead they chose to say nothing....

The men began to swing their paddles up into the girls' open and exposed bodies. They might have been old but they knew how to deliver pain. The paddle heads smacked into their thighs and the thick pouting clefts of their sexes, coming away wet with their juices. They smacked against their stomachs and into the stretched mounds of their breasts. Their hard nipples were driven back into their fleshy pillows again and again, each time springing up for more punishment, while their plugged anuses clenched tight about their impaling dildos, which jerked and twisted inside them as they were beaten to and fro.

By now Evelyn and Nicola were sobbing and crying and moaning, but they were not calling for mercy. They felt each other's pain as the impacts ground their bare backs together. They were sharing in this madness...

Their bodies were simmering and stinging and marked with stud imprints and smack-blotches from thighs to chest. They could see the trouser crotches of their assailants bulging with lust. They were responsible for that. And now they would have to face the consequences...

'Scrabo ne, scrabo ne!' they screamed together.

The old men dropped their paddles, ripped open their flies and exposed their elderly but still stiff and potent cocks. They mounted the platform, took hold of the frame sides to steady themselves and thrust them into the gaping dripping sexes of their chosen victims.

Nicola and Evelyn sobbed as they were penetrated and pressed together and filled with living cock flesh once again, staring into the masked faces of their nameless users, now contorted with desperate needy lust. It was of course a gross and cruel violation of their bodies and yet it was something they also desperately needed. The crowd cheered on the pair of game old men as they screwed the two suspended young women who might be half their age. Nicola and Evelyn knew that it was perverse and obscene. It was so very wrong...

And then they came together in one huge orgasmic wail and sprayed their juices over the shafts of their masters for the night. And a moment later they spurted their semen up into the pair of clenching, eager pussy mouths.

The crowd roared and clapped and cheered and the girls were caught up in its elation.

It was so very wrong that it was right. Somehow they had come full circle, but not quite back to where they had started.

And then the curtains closed...

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Kubeck and Luka, both masked and in plain clothes, stood at the back of the club applauding with all the rest. Then Kubeck bent his head to Luka's ear.

'And they'll never know that the draw was rigged and that they've just been screwed by the Duke of Barovia and the President of the Nove Kraznic.'

'Yes, very satisfactory,' Luka agreed. 'I think the wager has ended as the English would say in a "win-win draw". Our budgets are safe for another year.'

'But did we make that happen or were we simply lucky with our choice of subjects?' Kubeck wondered. 'Were they really repressed masochists all the time?'

Luka shrugged. ‘With women you never know...’

# Encore

It was a month later.

A sign by the door of the Whipped Kitten Club read: “*Kit kaj Kat Prezentzo Doloro Muzica*” This translated roughly as: Kit and Kat Perform Pain Music.

The compere announced them and the curtains parted.

Nicola and Evelyn stood before the crowded hall stark naked except for glittery domino masks and a dusting of gold body-paint and glitter. Their pubic mounds were now both clean shaven. In their hands they held their violin and viola ready to play. They were standing on two small round motorised platforms with their legs spread wide and feet resting on their edges. Their stiff straight legs were strapped and padlocked to angled metal braces at the ankles, knees and thighs so they could not close them.

They began to play their own composition for violin and viola, with interruptions for smacked pussies and bums.

As they did so the compere worked a remote control set on his lectern and their platforms began to trundle and circle about the stage, twirling about each other to show their pretty naked bodies off from all angles to the audience. And then he drove Nicola close to the stage edge and turned her round so that her behind was facing outwards. While Evelyn continued to play, Nicola bent over, presenting her behind to the audience. They surged forward waving long-handled spanking paddles and swung them eagerly across her gold-dusted buttocks and up into the soft cleft of her pussy mouth.

As Nicola yelped and sobbed Evelyn played on, her friend’s cries punctuating her accompaniment. After thirty seconds the compere drove Nicola away from the front of the stage and she straightened up and resumed playing. Then it was Evelyn’s turn to be presented for punishment. The crisp smacks of the paddles that made her tender flesh shiver and blush and her

sobs and whimpers blended in with Nicola's accompaniment.

Then she was driven away and turned round again to rejoin her partner, picking up the melody once again.

Even with their eyes filled with tears and their bottoms and pussy lips burning and stinging they played on, making their unique sweet music. They were free from the waist up and imprisoned from the waist down, neatly symbolizing what they were now.

Their alter-egos and skimpy masks were all they needed to inhabit their other darker, more adventurous and lustful selves. Perhaps they had always been there waiting to be freed, or maybe they had just needed a nudge in the right direction at a certain crucial checkpoint in their lives.

**THE END**

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