

WILLING TORTMENT



Simon
Grail

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By

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Chapter 1

Chasten House was a stark, modernist rectangular slab of a building, its white smooth-rendered skin enlivened only by the dark slots of its windows. It was situated deep in rolling green Buckinghamshire countryside in spacious grounds that were protected by high boundary walls. Its main entrance gates were made of sheet steel with security lights and cameras mounted on the piers on either side. Beyond the gates was a gravel drive flanked by closely clipped hedges and trees as geometrically perfect as the house itself. The five young women who climbed out of the luxury private hire-car that had just pulled up by its main entrance looked about them with curious interest and a sense of misgiving. They had never seen Chasten House before, which had been a private residence of their former employer, the billionaire computing systems entrepreneur Sebastian Creed.

And now, aged just forty two, Creed was dead.

An attractive, blonde, thirty-something woman in a charcoal grey two-piece business suit and wire frame glasses was standing on the steps leading up to the big front door under its cantilevered awning. As the passengers descended from the car she stepped forward wearing a professional smile of welcome and shook hands with each of them in turn. Although they had never met her before she appeared to recognise them individually by sight.

‘Good Afternoon, Miss Turner... Miss Fairbrass, Miss Rodrigez, Miss Packard ... Miss Whitfield. I’m Elizabeth Chambers from Prendergast and Dowd, Mr Creed’s solicitors. I hope you’ve been getting to know each other a little on the way over.’

Despite their common association the five had only themselves met for the first time that morning at the country hotel where they had been instructed to gather to await their car. The day before had all received the same message: *“You have been contacted concerning the execution of the will of Sebastian Creed...”* The one fact they had established on the journey

here was what they thought of Creed: they had all despised him. Politely, however, they assured Miss Chambers that they were getting on fine.

‘Good,’ she continued. ‘Now if you’d like to follow me. Don’t worry about your bags. They’ll be taken care of...’

She led them through the big front door into the lofty, white-walled and woodblock-floored entrance hall. On either side of them twin flights of stairs led up to the first floor and a cross landing that linked corridors running down opposite sides of the building. In front of them sliding glass panels opened onto an enclosed courtyard that let light into the interior of the house.

They did not notice that the big front door swung shut by itself behind them. It was hung on triple heavy duty hinges and secured by a keypad lock and large bolts. The windows on either side of it were protected by security bars.

‘Do hang up your coats,’ said Miss Chambers, indicating the hooks by the stairs. As they did so, she continued: ‘I’m sure you’re all curious as to why you’ve been summoned here, so unless any of you are dying for refreshment I’ll get straight down to business.’

They were all intensely curious. None asked for a drink.

Miss Chambers led them from the hall through a door on the right with an oddly out of place large green sign stuck to that read: SITTING ROOM. It mirrored the door opening off the left side of the hall which was labelled equally boldly: DINING ROOM.

However it might once have been furnished, the sitting room was now echoingly empty, containing only a row of five basic tubular metal and plastic chairs, facing a large flat screen television mounted in the middle of the end wall. To the left of the screen was a second door labelled in the same curiously institutional fashion: KITCHEN AND UTILITY, with a bold red sign above it reading: NO ENTRY. Beside the screen was a sixth chair with a large cardboard box set beside it. The floor to ceiling windows on the left that looked out onto the inner courtyard were unobstructed except for white vertical blinds, while those smaller windows looking out over the gardens

were security barred.

Miss Chambers motioned for the women to be seated while she herself sat on the chair by the screen. She picked up a remote control unit that had been resting on the box.

‘The five of you are here because, as you were informed yesterday, you are all named in the will of Sebastian James Creed,’ she began. ‘No public announcement has yet been made concerning this matter and we are grateful to you for respecting this confidence. As you can imagine, the will of somebody as wealthy as Mr Creed is a complex document, but the section that is of interest to you comes in the bequests. Put simply, it states that, providing certain criteria are fulfilled, upon his death you will each receive the sum of five hundred thousand pounds.’

There was a collective gasp of disbelief from the women. The previous year in quick succession they had all resigned from their positions as his PA’s in disgust and he had known how they felt about him. So why was he now leaving them such a sum of money?

‘I can see you have many questions you’d like to ask,’ said Miss Chambers. ‘Perhaps it will be simpler if Mr Creed himself explains...’

She pointed the remote at the big screen. A caption appeared:

Message 1: To be replayed in the presence of Helen Turner, Laura Fairbrass, Maria Rodriguez, Tiffany Packard and Sophie Whitfield.

The caption was replaced by an image including very screen they were watching with a man in an electric wheelchair seated in front of it. There was a sharp intake of breath as they recognized their former employer, except he was not the virile, energetic man in his early forties that they remembered. Creed’s legs were covered by a blanket and his jacket seemed to hang off him. His hair had receded, his face was grey and drawn and cheeks hollowed. But from darkly shadowed depths his eyes still burned brightly as he looked out of the screen at them.

When he spoke his voice was cracked and thin, but his words were

clear.

‘So, here you all are my pretty ex-PA’s. Come to find out why I put you in my will after you all resigned the way you did, have you? Well, getting through the five of you in less than a year was a record for me. However, you must admit that I never behaved improperly towards any of you. All I ever required was that you do the work you were qualified for in a professional manner. My private lifestyle was another matter, and unfortunately none of you approved of those naughty games I liked to play...’

He steered his chair to his left and the camera panned to follow him. The viewers gasped. A naked woman in a glossy black gimp mask was chained to the wall next to the screen. A two metre diameter circle of eyebolts had been set in the wall and a web of chains had been strung between them. Caught in this like an unwary butterfly was Creed’s victim. Her back was pressed to the wall, her thighs were twisted outward and her legs were spread with knees slightly bent. Her bare feet were also turned outwards and held in place by the pressure of chains bound across her insteps. Her arms were bent at the elbows, raised and pulled back hard by chains wrapped about her wrists and across her biceps and forearms. More chains crossed her neck, upper thighs and stomach and formed an “X” between her heavy breasts.

It was evident that she had recently been punished. Red stripes showed across her breasts, stomach and thighs. A few stripes even crossed her deeply cleft and clean shaven pubic mouth.

To add to the shocking image, the captive woman had what appeared to be a wooden skittle with a black rubber shaft fixed to its top end inserted into her vagina, so that it hung between her legs. The skittle trembled as she strained against the pull of its weight to hold it within her. Its shaft glistened with her juices.

From the depths of her heavily stitched mask her tear-filled eyes sparkled. Only they and her nostrils and lips showed, and the latter were parted by a rubber plug with ring cap. A plume of blonde hair hung out of a tight hole in the back of the mask.

The watching women's horrified eyes flicked from the screen to the wall beside it, realizing that the circle of bolts in which the masked captive was imprisoned, which had previously seemed like some minor abstract decorative feature, were still there.

Creed drew a cane from a holster in the side of his chair and swiped it across the helpless body of his captive. She jerked in her chains, twisting and straining as far as they permitted whilst moaning sensuously.

The camera zoomed in on her smooth, pouting vagina, showing milky fluid oozing from between its plump lips about the shaft plugged within it. Disturbed by her caning the skittle shaft appeared to be slipping out of her passage, but by some intense inner contraction she sucked it back up inside her. Creed probed this weeping orifice with a shaking hand then brought his fingertips to his nose, as though to savour the scent. Then he turned to look out of the screen.

‘As you can see, despite everything I’m still having fun and so is my pretty sex toy here. And perhaps it’s not too late for you to have some as well, my uptight quintet. You all said some hurtful things about my little hobby back then. It didn’t matter to you that it was entirely consensual on the part of my toys. And what was worse one of you leaked some details to the media at a very bad time for me, which we’ll come to shortly. That was both a betrayal of trust and a sign of ignorance and blind prejudice. I thought that if only you had the courage to give my pastime a trial maybe you would be more understanding. And now, perhaps a bit late in the day for some of us, that time has come.’

There was an uneasy stirring amongst his viewers at that point and mutters of: ‘What?’ But the recording continued regardless.

‘Let me begin by asking a question. Have any of you yet wondered why your current employers allowed you all to take time off to come here at such short notice. No? Well I’m sure you heard about my dispute with Monsanto Intelcorp about their Pixon 2200 chip architecture last year. I accused them of having stolen key elements of it from a prototype we’d been working on. It went to court but I couldn’t prove my case and those stories about my private life were circulating by then which didn’t help. Cost me a

lot of money and Creed Cybersystems quite a few jobs. This occurred after the last of you left my employment, of course, but the key chip design elements I believe Monsanti copied were on file during the period all of you worked for me. Naturally they were encrypted and password protected but you're all better than average computer literates and you all had access to my private office. It's possible that one of you copied them and passed them on to Monsanti...'

Miss Chambers paused the playback. All five women were on their feet shouting at the screen, outraged that Creed should have dared make such a suggestion. 'Ladies, please, calm down!' she said sharply. 'I assure you it is in your best interests to hear the rest of the recording.' Reluctantly they settled down and Miss Chambers resumed the playback.

'I'm sure that right now you're all strenuously denying any involvement in the affair and if you are innocent I unreservedly apologise,' Creed continued. 'However there's enough evidence to cast suspicion on each one of you and that's what's been passed on to your employers. Of course while they don't want to employ potential spies, nor do they want to face an industrial tribunal if they dismiss you unfairly. So they've let you come here so we can discover the truth, one way or another.'

The women shrank back in their chairs, glancing uneasily at their companions. But Creed was chuckling.

'Except that we're doing nothing of the sort! What would the truth matter to a dead man? I've already told you what I wanted from you. This chip business has simply been an excuse to bring you all here together and provide an incentive for you to stay.'

'You see Miss Chambers has instructions to communicate either of two messages to your respective employers. One message exonerates you from suspicion while the other presents strong circumstantial evidence that you're guilty. Which one gets sent depends on how you respond to the offer I'm going to make you, so listen carefully.'

'By now you know that you're each due five hundred thousand when I die. But there's a catch. To be eligible you have to stay in this house and

play my kind of games...' he indicated the helpless, gimp-masked woman bound the wall behind him '... for one week. Every day there'll be a new and original challenge for you to endure and overcome. There'll be bondage, sex, spanking, pain, humiliation and shame and I hope many orgasms. You'll get a taste of what you so despised and I'm betting that one or two of you might even find you enjoy it...'

Miss Chambers had to freeze the playback again until the five women stopped screaming indignantly at Creed's image on the screen.

'I'm pretty sure you're saying right now that this is a vile, insulting and perverted offer,' Creed continued. 'You have your pride and you won't do this even for half a million. Well the choice is entirely yours, but consider this before you turn it down. Either you can preserve your pride and dignity and take a chance on your future, or else play a naughty game by my rules and leave with a clean slate. I'll tell you what, for old time's sake I'll give you one other way out. If at any time during the week any of you are smart enough to escape from the house and get outside the grounds, that individual is free and clear. But I warn you, if you're caught, you'll be punished. Right, I think that's all. Over to you, Miss Chambers...'

End of Message 1 flashed up on the screen, leaving the five women staring at it in stunned, disbelieving silence. Miss Chambers turned it off and stood up. 'Mr Creed left very specific instructions as to how you were to be prepared for your challenges, which start today. Unless any of you wish to leave now, knowing the consequences, I shall begin that process.'

'This is... blackmail,' said Laura Fairbrass angrily.

'Not at all,' said Miss Chambers. 'You have simply been informed of the consequences of two different courses of action. The facts are indisputable. Because of the privileged post you held you are all, though not the sole, suspects in the case of the alleged chip design theft. However not all findings of the subsequent investigation have yet been passed on to your employers. Were this done they may decide to review your positions with them, although of course that would be entirely their decision. What you must decide is do you want to take that risk? If you do then you may leave now, although I will first require you to sign a declaration to the effect that

you relinquish any claim on Mr Creed's estate and the five hundred thousand due to you. If it helps you to make a choice, remember that your employers, friends and families never need know what occurs in this house for the next week. Well, do you want to go?'

There was an awkward pause while the women made a mental calculation. A big stick was being brandished behind them while a juicy carrot was being dangled invitingly before their noses, but ultimately it came down to a choice between sacrificing their self-respect or their careers. The only redeeming feature was that nobody would ever know. One by one they shook their heads.

'I need you to be very clear,' Miss Chambers said. 'Do you each agree to participate in these challenges for the next week, abiding by the rules Mr Creed has stipulated? There can be no backing out once you are committed.'

One by one, with varying degrees of resignation, they said: 'Yes, I agree.'

'Very well,' said Miss Chambers. 'Mr Creed's first rule is that you are to be kept naked at all times.' As they looked at her in horror she drew out several black bin bags from the box at her side and handed them out. 'You will put everything in there, including phones, shoes, watches and jewellery. They will be returned to you at the end of the week together with your luggage.' She held up her hand to forestall a fresh wave of protest. 'You saw how Mr Creed likes to play with his female toys. You can hardly expect to be treated differently.'

'How can you possibly act for a man like that?' Carmine Rodriguez asked in disgust.

'It's not my place to pass judgement on the morals of others. My firm is simply employed to execute his wishes. You had the choice to refuse to participate but you chose not to exercise it. Now you must accept the consequences.'

'Can't we even keep our phones?' Tiffany Packard asked plaintively.

‘No, because you might change your minds about seeing the challenge through to the end and try to call for help,’ Miss Chambers said coolly. ‘Your respective employers know you will be incommunicado for this period and will handle any personal messages. Officially you are all attending confidential business conferences. Now, your clothes and possessions please...’

Miserably the five women began pulling off their shoes. Outwardly impassive, Miss Chambers watched them strip with interest, assessing the varied contours and tints of bare flesh as it was unwillingly exposed.

Helen Turner was a statuesque Nordic blonde with grey-blue eyes, almost invisible eyebrows and long flowing hair. Her well-proportioned breasts hung proudly, their glossy nipples only a few shades darker than her pale gold flesh. Her waist was trim and her hips wide. A sparse triangle of honey-blond curls veiled her pubic cleft.

Sophie Whitfield by contrast had long wavy brunette hair and pale cream skin. She had an open, friendly face and dark straight eyebrows. Her most striking feature was her pale firm breasts capped by distinctly tumescent uptilted brown nipples. An unfashionably untrimmed growth of thick, dark curls crowned the apex of her thighs.

Laura Fairbrass had a tumbling mass of black hair, dark arching brows over dark eyes, perfect red lips, a firm slightly retroussé nose and a determined jawline. Her figure was compact with broad shoulders and neat pneumatic breasts with small brown nipples.

Her pubic bush was carefully trimmed back into a tight “V”.

Maria Rodriguez was an even pale coffee brown all over. She had a mass of curling black hair, neat conical breasts with scooped upper slopes and jutting, turned-up tips capped by large domed aureoles. Her dark pubic bush was narrow and close shaven.

Tiffany Packard had large round, shy dark eyes, set in a pretty face capped by a bob of short silver-blond hair. She had neat round breasts, a pertly shaped bottom and a naked pink sex with a pouting tongue of inner

lips.

When the five of them were naked, their troubled and uncertain faces flushed with embarrassment, Miss Chambers gathered up the bags of their clothes. Then she pulled some new items from the box and laid them out on the floor.

‘Being slaves you will also need to be suitably controlled and restrained,’ she said.

They were five sets of metallic yokes, incorporating rubber lined collars and cuffs, with complex-looking motorized joints, pivots and telescopic sections built into the arm sections. Each yoke came with a matching pair of chunky padded ankle cuffs. The collars and cuffs were all split into hinged halves. Welded to their outer curves were several “D” rings, to which fastenings might be attached, and an identification plate stamped with one of their Christian names.

‘You will wear these at all times except in your rooms,’ Miss Chambers explained. ‘The yokes are powered and can be operated remotely to assume different configurations as required.’ She indicated an arrangement of tubes, straps and pads hung about the backs of the collars. ‘They also include integral adjustable gags. They and the ankle cuffs will be recharged each night while you sleep.’

Tiffany was staring at the devices in horror and shaking her head. ‘I don’t want to be collared like an animal,’ she said.

‘Really, and how did you expect a slave to be treated?’ Miss Chambers asked. ‘That is what you all are for the next week and slaves must be properly controlled and restrained at all times. You gave up your rights to choose when you agreed to this challenge. In fact wearing the yoke is part of the challenge.’

Laura took a deep breath. ‘We know what he’s trying to do to us,’ she said impatiently. ‘But putting these things on won’t turn us into instant slaves so let’s just get this pantomime over with.’

She stepped forward and held up her arms, bent at the elbows, so that her wrists were level with her neck. Miss Chambers fitted the yoke and cuffs with her name stamped on them, snapping the collar and cuffs shut about Laura's neck, wrists and ankles.

'There are locked electronically,' she explained. 'You can only remove them if your guards permit or when you dock them with the recharging units in your bedrooms. Instructions are provided.'

Miss Chambers pulled the gag device over Laura's head from where it had been hanging about the back of the collar and fitted it over Laura's face. Two rubber tubes extended from the sides of the collar to her cheeks where they plugged into large metal rings, a little like the cheek rings of horse bridles. Rubber straps run from these rings up over the bridge of her nose and under her chin, holding the rings in place. Slimmer "U" shaped tubes extended forward from the rings and curved around into the sides of her mouth and back to disks of pliant rubber that nestled between her cheeks and teeth.

'The gags operate pneumatically, inflating different sections of the inner cheek pads as required,' Miss Chambers explained. 'When inactive you will be able to eat, drink and speak virtually normally, but when activated your mouths will either be held open or plugged for silence as required. The use a slave's mouth is put to is not hers to decide.'

Glumly the other women followed Laura's lead and allowed the restraints to be fitted. They ran their tongues about the tubes and pads now filling the corners of their mouths. The tension in the control tubes attached to the back of the collar adjusted as they turned their heads, holding the cheek rings in place.

'You'll get used to them,' Miss Chambers assured them.

'But what can we do with our hands trapped like this?' Helen asked, clenching her fists and twisting her arms which were now confined on either side of her shoulders as though in the act of being raised in a gesture of surrender. The enforced posture threw her chest forward, emphasising her shapely breasts.

‘For the next week you won’t be using your hands very much,’ Miss Chambers said. ‘Don’t worry, every necessity will be taken care of for you.’

The rubber collar padding spread the load of the yokes evenly so they did not chafe but they were very conscious of the weight of them. It was like having Creed’s ghostly hands pressing down on their shoulders. They truly were now yoked to his will for better or worse.

When all the restraints were fitted Miss Chambers stood back to look the yoked women over with a nod of satisfaction. ‘As you see they have fastening so you can be attached to various other pieces of equipment as necessary,’ she explained. ‘They’ll also contain transponders that make it easier for your guards to recognize you individually.’

‘Recognize us?’ Helen exclaimed. ‘Who’s going to be guarding us?’

Miss Chambers smiled. ‘More correctly you should ask “what” is going to be guarding you. As a tribute to the technical abilities of his company, Mr Creed arranged that your stay here will be managed by a Creed LAH 9000 mainframe computer, which has already been installed in the house and controls all its services and functions. I understand LAH stands for Linguistically Augmented Heuristics, which means it has very sophisticated voice recognition and synthesiser systems. But you will simply call it “Master Sebastian.” It will operate in conjunction with mobile units called “housebots.” I’ll introduce you...’

She took the remote control handset from her pocket and pointed it at the Utility Room door. They heard a soft whir of motors as the door swung open and a strange machine rolled into the room.

It stood about man-height and had a rudimentary head, arms and torso formed out of polished metal cylinders, spheres and boxes. Its waist, like its neck, was covered by a ring of accordion pleated rubber and its hips were mounted on a small base carried by four fat rubber tyres. Its hands were metal pincers and its head was a sphere with a pair of glowing red camera lens eyes and a speaker grille for a mouth. On its chest was stencilled: HOUSEBOT 1.

As it came towards them it extended its arms and snapped its pincer

hands.

Alarmed and confused, the five naked women backed away from the machine instinctively straining their arms to try to pull their wrists free of their new cuffs. But the rubber linings made it impossible to slip out of them. With a sob Tiffany turned and ran for the door leading to the hall, only to skid to a halt with a yelp of surprise. A second housebot, identical to the first except for the number 2 on its chest, was rolling in through that door. As it advanced towards them it also extended its arms and snapped its pincers, driving Sophie back to join the others. With whimpers of fear they retreated from the mechanical menace until the two machines had herded them like sheep into a corner.

‘Remain where you are until instructed to move or you will be punished!’ Housebot 1 said, with a surprisingly human and eerily familiar inflection. It raised its right pincer and brought the tips close together. Shiny metal electrodes extended through their rubber lining and there was a flash and crack as a spark jumped between them.

‘There are twenty of these units about the house and gardens,’ Miss Chambers explained. ‘They’ll arrange each day’s challenges, ensure you’re properly fed and watered, and of course act as guards. As you can see they have the means to persuade you to obey. I suggest you do so.’

The huddled women shivered. ‘The... that voice,’ Helen stammered. ‘It sounded like Creed’s.’

‘Yes, they used Mr Creed’s voice as a pattern for Sebastian and the housebots,’ Miss Chamber’s agreed. ‘Do I really need to explain why? No, I thought not.’ She pointed her remote at Housebot 1.

‘Command received,’ it said. ‘Confirm autonomous operation.’

‘The house is now fully under Master Sebastian’s control,’ Miss Chambers said. ‘It will follow the programme it has been given while adapting to your individual reactions to the challenges you undergo. Its only function is to ensure you comply with Mr Creed’s wishes and you cannot argue with it or threaten it. In an emergency you can ask Sebastian to contact

me. But I warn you it had better be something genuinely important, otherwise Sebastian has orders to punish the complainant severely.’ She gathered up the plastic sacks. ‘Now, I’ll leave you in their capable hands... well, pincers. This is day one of your challenge. I’ll be back here one week from tomorrow with your clothes and luggage. I’ll review the records of your stay and then decide what communication shall be made to your employers. Good luck.’

She strode out through the hall door. Actuated by some hidden mechanism the door swung shut behind her and they heard its lock click. A minute later the five girls heard the front door close as well, leaving them alone in the house with their mechanical masters. They tried to stare back at them defiantly but you cannot outstare machines.

A third housebot rolled in through the utility door and gathered up the chairs, stacking them swiftly and neatly and then carrying back out again. It returned a minute later with five black rubber mats that it laid out in a row in front of the wall screen.

The screen came back to life, this time with an image of Creed’s head set against a black background. ‘Kneel on the mats,’ he said.

The housebots rolled aside and pointed with their pincers to the mats. The women hesitated. The robots’ pincers sparked menacingly. ‘Kneel on the mats or be punished!’ Creed repeated more loudly. Confused and frightened the women scurried forward and went down awkwardly onto their knees.

‘Press your faces to the ground!’

With their arms yoked they had to spread their thighs wide and thrust their buttocks out to counterbalance their upper bodies as they bent forward to obey, the nipples of their dangling breasts almost brushing the matting. Housebot 1 took up position behind them. Suddenly the screen split to reveal what it saw through its camera eyes: a row of five upturned bottoms of different tints, with dark bottom holes showing in the valley of their buttock clefts and a split peach purse of a pubic mound peeping from between their thighs. They groaned and shuddered in shame at the sight and clenched their buttocks in a futile effort to conceal their most intimate treasures.

Twisting her head on the mat Laura was peering up at the face on the screen and frowning. 'That's not a recording,' she whispered.

The other girls stared. Now they realised it was not the haggard and sickly Creed they had seen earlier but Creed as they remembered him. Or rather a computer animated simulation of his head, with slightly too perfect skin and hair and a subtle stiffness about its features. However the simulation of Creed's voice was synchronized with its lip movements giving an uncanny illusion of reality.

'What is it?' Tiffany hissed nervously.

The head turned its eyes and appeared to look down at her. 'I can hear you, Tiffany Packard,' it said. 'I am Master Sebastian. My speech patterns and vocabulary have been based on that of my maker. I am the face of the Creed LAH 9000, the ruler of this house and your master for this week. And you will address me properly!'

On the screen they saw Housebot 1's eyes zoom in on Tiffany's pretty pale bottom and its pincers stabbed out. Tiffany shrieked as they dug into her soft flesh with twin cracks. She jerked upright but Housebot 2 rolled forward, caught her by the neck with its pincers closing about the back of her yoke, and forced her down again, grinding her face into the mat until she held it there herself. Two pink dots now showed on the fleshy curves of her buttock cheeks.

'You will bow down like this before me whenever I am on this screen!' the computer voice thundered. 'When you are permitted to speak you will address me humbly and correctly. Do you all understand?'

'Yes, Master Sebastian,' they chorused.

'Repeat!'

'Yes, Master Sebastian!'

'For the next week I am your master. Who am I?'

‘You are our master!’ they said miserably.

‘Remember that!’ he said.

They would.

While they cowered on the mats a housebot came in wheeling a piece of apparatus that it set up on the middle of the floor behind them. It was an upright, square section tubular metal frame in the shape of an inverted “U”, mounted on a low wheeled base. The housebot extended the frame side posts until its crossbar almost touched the ceiling. Halfway up these posts were mounted small electric winch boxes, from which hung wire ropes on the ends of which were tubular screw-threaded metal sleeves from which extended rubber strip loops about fifteen centimetres across. A larger electric winch trailing a thicker wire rope hung from the middle of its crossbar. Attached by a ring to the end of the rope was a horizontal bar with hooks on its end.

‘This is day one of your week here and you will now face your first challenge,’ Sebastian told them. ‘It will be a race in the courtyard. There will be a penalty for the loser. Stand up and go out into the courtyard...’

They scrambled to their feet. A glass door panel slid open and, ushered on by the housebots, they stepped through it.

The courtyard was simply laid out with a few stone benches, shrub planters and a cascade water feature in one corner. Above them were the inner corridor windows of the first floor that overlooked the courtyard and a flight of external stairs that led up to a roof terrace. Five lanes had been marked out in yellow tape on the paving slabs down one side of the courtyard, crossed by red tapes a metre short of the end walls. At each end, between the tapes and the wall, were a row of five large milk-bottle crates. In one row of crates, well-spaced, stood a dozen wooden skittles. Each pin had a ribbed black rubber rod with a bulbous top screwed vertically into its tip. They were disturbingly similar to the one the gimp-masked woman in Creed’s recording had been holding.

Sebastian’s voice continued to issue from the speakers of the housebots that had accompanied them outside. No doubt he could also see

them through their eyes.

‘You will transport all of your skittles to the far end of the course, staying within your lane at all times, and fill the empty crate’ he told them. ‘Dropped skittles must be recovered. As an incentive the last one to finish will be punished.’

‘But... please, Master Sebastian, we can’t pick them up with our hands cuffed,’ Helen protested.

‘You are not going to use your hands,’ Sebastian said. ‘You will use your vaginas.’ The girls groaned in horror. ‘They will be getting plenty of use over the next week. Think of this as an exercise to loosen them up. Now choose a lane, pick up your first skittle and move to the starting line.’

Miserably the girls took up their positions in front of the ranks of skittles. Awkwardly, spreading their legs wide, they squatted down over the crates and cautiously settled down over a rubber plug, allowing it to slide up inside them. Grasping it with their vaginal muscles and gritting their teeth, they stood up and shuffled splay-legged forward to stand behind the red tape. The skittles hung grotesquely between their legs while they blushed in shame, hardly daring to look at each other.

Housebot 1 stood beside the track with an arm extended out in front of them. The girls tensed. ‘Ready, steady... go!’ Sebastian said and the arm dropped.

They shuffled forward, straining to hold the shafts inside them. The skittles swung from their fleshy sockets as they moved, banging against their thighs and knees. The girls’ eyes bulged as they discovered how disturbing the motion was as the shafts gripped inside them churned about in their passages. Whimpering in dismay they slowed down, spreading their legs even wider and trying to keep the skittles as still as possible.

But this was not permitted. Two of the housebots rolled alongside them, making warning snaps with their pincers. ‘Faster, faster!’ Sebastian shouted in stereo from their speaker grilles. ‘Remember the loser gets punished.’

Humiliated and sobbing with frustration they shuffled crab-legged onward. When they reached the empty crates at far end they squatted down over them and gratefully deposited their burdens. Then they dashed back down the track, the restriction of their yoked arms emphasising the roll of their hips and the heave and bounce of their bare breasts, to pick up another skittle.

By the time they were transporting their sixth skittles they were all sweating from effort of running with them while also carrying the weight of their yokes and the chunky ankle cuffs. But they had found their optimum pace and the best step length to minimise unwanted swinging of their burdens. Laura was beginning to pull ahead of the others, her face set in a mask of grim determination. She was closely followed by Helen and Sophie with Tiffany and Maria bringing up the rear.

But none of them could ignore the stimulation their efforts were inducing in them. They were all healthy young women with normal responses, accentuate by being naked and bound. Their nipples were standing up while their pussies were weeping with love juices. While they were plugged with a skittle phallus it was bottled up within them, but as they ran back to the start with their pussy lips still gaping wide they dripped dark splatters on the paving slabs between the lane tapes, at the same time filling the air with the scent of their unwilling arousal. They could see the trail they were leaving but could a computer, however sophisticated, recognise the signs?

It could.

‘I detect traces of female vaginal lubricant discharge,’ Sebastian said as they panted back and forth. ‘I have been programmed to say at this point: *See, this can be fun!*’

The girls sobbed and shook their heads and struggled on.

But as they lubricated more profusely it became more difficult to keep hold of their skittles. They had to stop and squat down half way along the track to push them back up inside them, taking care not to let them fall over. By now their stomachs were cramping with the continuous effort of

clenching the skittle prongs inside them. Laura, Sophie and Helen were a skittle ahead of Maria and Tiffany who were now struggling to keep up.

‘Come on, make a race of it!’ Sebastian said.

Relief filled the hearts of the leading girls as they ran back for their last skittles. Their shame briefly forgotten the three made a final effort as with breasts heaving and plugged pussies bulging they scrambled for the line. Laura dropped her skittle into the crate first while Helen and Sophie tied for second. Lathered with sweat, panting for breath but feeling perversely exultant, they turned back to look at Tiffany and Maria.

Pale cream thighs and rich brown ones were equally shiny with juices as they shuffled along with their eleventh skittles plugged between their legs. Maria was pulling ahead when her shiny skittle slipped from her neatly trimmed pussy mouth and clattered across the paving slabs. She shrieked in frustration and fear as she chased after it, using her toes to set it back upright and hastily squatting back down to plug it back inside her. But by now Tiffany had picked up her last skittle and was shuffling home to the finish.

Maria sank down onto her knees, trembling in dismay and exhaustion.

With sinister synchronicity all the housebots pointed accusingly at her.

‘Maria Rodrigez, you are the loser,’ Sebastian declared. ‘Now you will be punished!’

Chapter 2

With their arms still cuffed, the housebots led the girls back into the sitting room. Laura, Sophie, Tiffany and Helen were stood to one side while Maria, trembling and shaking her head, was positioned in front of the strange mobile frame. How can this be happening to me, Maria wondered? It was like a bad dream. An hour ago she had been a free woman and now she was a sex toy at the mercy of computer executing the wishes of a dead man! If only she's had the courage to reject the bargain. But she could not have taken the risk.

'Lie on your back, spread your legs and extend them over the base platform,' Sebastian commanded.

Sick with fear Maria obeyed. The electric winch whirred as the wire rope was run out. Housebot 2 slid its hooks through the rings set in the insides of her ankle cuffs. The rope was wound back in again, dragging Maria's legs up into the air. She gave a squeal of fright as her shoulders left the ground. The motor stopped when her feet were almost touching the crossbar and she hung twisting and swaying within the frame. Inverted, the cones of her prominent breasts stood out even more acutely from her slender chest while the yoke pressed up under her chin. Her face contorted with fear she wriggled and squirmed futilely. Housebot 2 took hold of one of the rubber strip nooses hanging from the left side of the frame. Maria twisted her head round to look at it and whimpered. The inside of the loop was studded with small metal points, like tiny pyramids.

'No, please don't!' she shrieked, wriggling and bucking wildly like a worm on a hook. The gag pads in her mouth swelled, forcing their way between her jaws and filling her mouth, the two sections meeting in the middle as they pushed her tongue down. Now she was reduced to impotent moans and whimpers.

Housebot 3 took hold of her from behind, its pincers clamping about her upper arms. Housebot 2 squeezed her right breast until it bulged and slipped the noose over it.

The robot twisted the noose sleeve, drawing in the loop which contracted about the roots of her breast. As the studs bit into her soft flesh Maria yelped in pain. The robot took no notice but fitted the second noose about her left breast. The winch motors whirred, winding in the wire ropes of the nooses until they grew taut, pulling her breasts sideways until they bunched up into mushroom heads of light coffee-brown flesh. Maria no squirmed but hung trembling and whimpering in terror, trapped by the terrible tension on her distorted breasts pulling her in two different directions. Her eyes filled with tears that ran up into her brows as the studs dug deeper into her skin. Was that sweat she could feel already building up slickly beneath the rubber straps or was it blood?

She had an inverted view of her fellow captives gazing at her in horrified fascination. What sort of nightmare was this? Why had she not had the courage to damn Creed's memory and reject his sick deal? Too late now...

A pair of new housebots came in from the utility room and rolled round in front of Maria. They were numbered 4 and 5. Instead of general purpose pincer hands they had a short whip fitted to their right arms and vibrators with bulbous heads fitted to their right. The whips appeared to be a plat of rubber cord and fine silver wires.

'You will now be punished,' Sebastian told Maria. 'And your companions will watch. You may also begin to discover that it is possible to experience pain and pleasure at the same time.'

While Housebot 4 positioned itself in front of Maria, number 5 move round behind her dangling body. The big screen split to show the rest of the women close-up images of the parts of Maria the robots were focussed on. Number 4's vibrator hand began to hum. It reached out with it and ran it through Maria's cleft, still sticky from its earlier usage, making her gasp. At the same moment Housebot 5 drew back its whip arm and sliced the whip across her upended buttocks.

There was a crack of rubber meeting flesh mingled with a sharper crackle of electricity. Maria convulsed with a shriek of pain, her buttocks clenching and her hips jerking forward, grinding the vibrator head into her

vulva and yanking on her tethered breasts. The whip had not delivered that a hard blow but the silver wires lace through it were electrified and sent a sharp jolt through her bottom.

Maria shrieked into her gag but the machines took no notice. Methodically and unhurriedly they beat and masturbated Maria. As Number 5 laid out a regular series of pink stripes across her rear cheeks with metronomic regularity, Number 4 rubbed the vibrator up and down through the deep furrow of her sex that was swelling and opening and running with fresh slick juices. Her jutting bound breasts jiggled and bounced as she writhed and twisted even as her large nipples stood up in hard pulsating cones.

Maria had never been treated like this before. She was a respected professional woman not some perverted sex toy. Except that here and now that was exactly what she had been reduced to. With her pride disintegrating by the second she shrieked and wailed and begged for mercy with her wide tear-filled eyes, but none was given. She began to believe it would never end. It was too much to take in. She'd never felt anything like this before. She could not think. It was all beyond her control....

Maria wailed as her bladder cut loose and a spray of hot pee rose almost to the ceiling and then fountained down all over her writhing body. It trickled between her taut thighs, through her bottom crack and over her sore buttocks, over her belly and under her breast straps, dripped off the swollen tips of her nipples and into her tossing, trailing mane of glossy black curls.

It was the most shameful moment of Maria's life and she wished the earth would swallow her up. Yet at the same moment she realized that the beating had stopped, leaving her bottom simmering gently. She experienced a sudden irrational rush of relief that for a moment almost made the shame of wetting herself seem worthwhile, leaving her dizzy with confusion and the pounding of blood in her dangling head.

'Your punishment is concluded,' Sebastian declared. His synthetic gaze swept across the other four women, looking on in a naked huddle. 'Let this be a lesson to you all. You will obey me at all times or else you will suffer in the same way. Do you understand?'

Shocked and pale-faced they said: 'Yes, Master Sebastian.'

Housebot's 4 and 5 rolled away through the Utility Room door to be replaced by Housebot 6. It was fitted with a drier and a suction sponge device fed by hoses from a reservoir on its back charged with warm antiseptic scented water. As Maria hung from the frame it sponged away the urine and blow dried her. Then the winch unwound and she was lowered to the ground. The gag pads deflated and she could speak once more.

Housebots 1 and 2 freed Maria's ankles, lifted her to her feet and put her with the other girls. They looked at her in sympathy mingled with embarrassment and fear. They knew it could have been any of them in her place. In turn she could see, despite their revulsion, that their nipples had been aroused by her punishment and were all standing up stiffly. Yoked as they now were their breasts were on permanent display and, as she now realized, they could no longer conceal their responses to the strange new stimuli they were being subject to, however inappropriate.

Sebastian, sounding like a Sergeant Major, suddenly barked: 'Parade drill! Form a line and stand to attention! Feet apart, backs straight, chests out, show those tits off like you're proud of them!'

Shocked, bemused and too frightened to refuse, the girls scrambled to obey, forming a line with their trembling breasts thrust forward. Housebot 1 rolled along their line, its camera eyes looking them up and down carefully, as though inspecting a company of soldiers. He flicked their nipples as he passed, as though testing their hardness. Maria found her own nipples stood up once again perhaps in fear, so that they bounced like India rubber when they were tested.

'That's better,' Sebastian said. 'You've all got lovely bodies so you must show them off. You must be proud to be my slaves! Now you have learned how to stand to attention, you will learn how to present yourselves for inspection. On the command you will spread your legs wide and bend over. I want to see your bum holes and pussy pouches fully displayed. Do it properly or you'll end up hanging on the frame like Maria. Ready? On command: Present!'

Groaning and biting their lips miserably the women obeyed. Housebot 1 trundled down behind them, examining each pouting pubic cleft and dark bottom hole carefully, inserting its pincer tips and spreading their buttock cheeks painfully wide. On the big screen they saw intimate close-up views of their own rears such as they had never seen before, with every anal crinkle and pubic hair visible.

‘Good,’ Sebastian concluded when the inspection was done. ‘Stand to attention!’

The girls stood straight again.

‘Now you will learn how to move from room to room in the house and about the gardens when you are allowed outside. On command you will mark time, which means marching on the spot. You will all lift your right leg first so your knee is level with your hips, as horses in dressage competitions do. You will keep your backs straight and tits out. Ready? On command: Mark Time!’

They began to march on the spot, lifting their knees high, their bare feet slapping on the wood block floor. Maria was only too aware of the spectacle they were making of themselves because they could see it on the screen. Accentuated by their raised arms, she was acutely aware of her own protuberant breasts jiggling with each step, while Sophie and Helen’s fuller breasts were distinctly bouncing.

‘Knees up, keep in time,’ Sebastian commanded. ‘Now you will turn smartly through ninety degrees. On command: Right face!’

Still high-stepping they swivelled to the right.

‘Make it snappy,’ Sebastian barked. ‘I want to see those tits swing about properly!’

He commanded them to “Face Front”, then “Left Face,” and “About Face.” He marched them round the room in a column with Helen in the lead, making sharp turns at each corner like soldiers responding to drill instructions. They were beginning to sweat but with the terrible punishment

frame standing in the middle of the room as a silent warning they dared not falter.

Sebastian commanded: 'Into the Hall, quick march! Keep those knees up!'

The door into the hall swung open and they pranced through it, followed by Housebot 1 who took over issuing Sebastian's commands. They made a right wheel toward the Dining Room door, which also swung open in front of them, and they marched through it into another sparsely furnished room. Like the sitting room its outside windows were security barred. There was a duplicate flat screen mounted on the wall by a door green labelled KITCHEN under another red sign saying NO ENTRY. Otherwise it was empty save for an odd device standing before the screen in the middle of a large circular rubber matt. It was cylindrical, about the height of a man and seemed to incorporate transparent hoses and several radiating arms folded up against its sides.

The wall screen came on to show Sebastian's computer face. 'This is where you will eat together twice a day,' he told them. 'Breakfast will be at eight in the morning, dinner will be at eight at night.'

They had no time to take any more in because they were marched round the device and then back out into the Hall.

'Mount the stairs!' Sebastian told them. 'Keep those knees up!'

They climbed with a thud of stamping feet in an ascending parade of bobbing breasts and soft shivering bottom cheeks, struggling to keep in step. What must we look like? Maria thought dizzily.

Housebot 7 was waiting for them on the cross landing, which had a door opening onto an external balcony overlooking the inner courtyard. From there a flight of steps led up to the roof terrace.

'Straight ahead,' the robot said, marching them down the left hand corridor. On the right was a long window that also looked down onto the terrace, while opening off on the left were three doors. The first was labelled:

HELEN, the second MARIA and the third SOPHIE. A door at the end of the corridor where one might have expected a master bedroom to be situated was labelled: COMPUTER ROOM and KEEP OUT.

They were brought to a halt and stood to attention. 'Laura and Tiffany will be sleeping on the other side of the house,' Sebastian told them. 'Dinner is at eight. A gong will sound ten minutes before. You will be in your yokes and standing ready when your doors are opened.' The three doors along the corridor swung silently open. 'Until then you will all remain in your rooms. Helen, Maria and Sophie: enter you bedrooms now.'

They obeyed. Maria's door swung shut behind her and she heard a lock click. Faintly came the sound of Laura and Tiffany being marched away and then all was quiet.

Before she took in the room properly the device fixed to the back of the door attracted Maria's attention. Under a bold sign reading: SLAVE HARNESS DOCK, was the outline of a female body with arms bent and raised as hers were. About the shoulders and ankles were splayed guide flanges and blunt tipped contact prongs, connected to a thick cable that looped about the door hinges and vanished into the wall. Beside it was a laminated notice that read: *With back to door engage contacts in yoke and ankle cuffs. Wait for cuffs and collar to open and then remove gag unit and step forward. To put harness on, reverse procedure. The door will not open for a slave out of harness.*

The idea of a slave obediently putting her harness on and off like you would a coat seemed like madness to Maria, but then it was in keeping with the theme of automated slavery which ran through the house.

Maria turned and pressed her back against the door, engaging the rods in slots in her yoke and cuffs. After a few clunks and whines the cuffs and collars unlatched and sprang open. Gratefully she pulled the gag pads out of her mouth and the straps off her face and stepped out of them naked and free while they remained latched to the door. Amber LED lights blinked on besides them showing they were being re-charged.

Maria looked round the room. She was alone and not under the

camera eyes of her computer master but she was still a prisoner. Still she had to admit it was a comfortable cell.

On the right of the room was a small en-suite. It had a duplicate Harness Dock on the outside of its door. Was it a backup or for a visiting slave to use? Within was a toilet, basin and shower stall. There were towels on its rails and in a cabinet a basic array of skin creams, Vaseline, a small selection of quality perfumes and deodorants, depilatory cream, comb, shampoo, toothbrush and paste and a large bottle of factor 30 sunblock. If she was going to be naked for a week and was out in the garden she had better use plenty of that. Absent was any kind of makeup, scissors or feminine shaving kits. Well she supposed it would not be sensible to allow them sharp objects, so she should be grateful for what there was.

Next to the en-suite was a large built in wardrobe and cupboard unit. It had a full length mirror on the front in which Maria twisted round to examine her tender bottom. She feared it would be a mass of welts after her whipping, but although it was red, sore and hot her skin was unbroken.

She looked inside the wardrobe but it was empty except for a couple of wire coat hangers and a forgotten penny in one corner. Of course if they were to be kept naked for a week there was no need for clothes. Beside the window was a dressing and tubular metal chair. To the left was a single bed with a duvet and pillow and a bedside table on which stood a reading light and a clock/radio. A small flat screen TV was mounted on a folding wall bracket over the bed. She picked up its remote and flicked it on. It had all the usual channels. It seemed she would not get bored.

Maria went over to the window. There were two opening window lights but they were restricted by safety sliders to a gap too narrow to squeeze through, even if one was not daunted by the drop to the ground. She looked out over the immaculate gardens and countryside beyond. Under the early July sun it looked lush and tranquil.

It was as she gazed out at the free world that Maria became aware of the soreness of her bottom and the ache in her vagina and lingering aroma of her own urine in her hair and the true enormity of what had been done to her struck home and she ran to the toilet and threw up. Then she slumped across

the lavatory seat and sobbed quietly.

After a while Maria pulled herself together, flushed the toilet and took a long hot shower, trying to scrub the memory of her shame from her. There was no hair drier provided either (because it was a potentially dangerous electrical device plus a cable, she supposed) so with her hair wrapped in a towel she laid on her bed thinking.

For the next week she would have to be strong, she told herself. The others had seen her humiliated and now she must show them that she could bounce back. She was in this situation because had decided, coldly and rationally, to put her career before personal considerations, that was all. And at the end of it she would be half a million better off. Raul, her boyfriend, would understand. They had already made mutual sacrifices in pursuit of their futures which meant they did not spend as much time together as they wished. Except, of course, that he must never know about this particular sacrifice. For this week she would try not to think about him. When she returned to the real world she would simply pretend that it had never happened.

The trouble was that something had already happened. Insidiously deep inside her, while she had hung on the frame being beaten and stimulated, Maria had felt a tiny part of herself responding. She had never experienced anything like such obscene torment and it overwhelmed her senses and she had not known how to fight it. Faced with a choice between accepting suffering or trying to find some slight consoling shreds of joy, however dark, her body had decided for her. The feel of hot urine hissing between her excited pussy lips and the release of tension it signified had been weirdly arousing. Desperately she tried to rationalize the event. She had surrendered a slice of her dignity and been rewarded by a cessation of pain. It was a strange kind of bargain; monstrously unfair, of course, but understandable. Yes, it made sense. She could live with that. She would have to.

* * *

Maria must have dozed because the sun was lowering in the sky when she was woken by the sound of a gong. The display on her bedside clock

radio showed 7:50.

Removing her towel she combed her still slightly damp hair through. On an impulse she sprayed on some perfume and dabbed deodorant under her arms. Whatever came next at least she could feel fresh.

Taking a deep breath she backed onto the door, fitted the hated gag, and then the yoke and ankle cuffs clicked back into place. She stepped clear and waited. After a minute it swung open and she stepped out into the corridor just as Helen and Sophie emerged from their rooms. Housebot 1 was watching them as they stood to attention in front of their doors. Sophie looked as though she had been crying while Helen was tight-lipped as though struggling to hold in her feelings. Maria flashed them a brief smile of sympathy.

They were marched out onto the landing where they joined Laura and Tiffany from the other wing. Tiffany hung her head meekly, also looking as though she had been crying, while by contrast Laura's chin was held defiantly high. In a column they descended the stairs, not an easy to do while lifting your knees high as Maria discovered, and into the Dining Room. The homely aroma of fresh cooking wafted over them, making Maria's mouth water as she realised how hungry she was. Sebastian's face was on the big screen looking sternly down at them.

'Stand to attention!' he commanded.

With Housebots 1 and 2 flanking them they formed a line and then stood rigidly to attention, their eyes flicking nervously between him and the device they had seen earlier, the arms of which had now been unfolded to reveal a curious mechanism.

'Before you are permitted to eat you will learn to greet each other like proper female slaves,' Sebastian told them. 'You will do so in this exact manner before every meal, morning and evening, and each time you retire to your rooms. Failure to do so will be punished. Helen, you will turn and stand in front of Maria.'

Helen did so and Maria found herself staring into her pretty but

troubled face, crossed by the gag straps and cheek rings.

‘You will hold hands, press close together so your breasts are in maximum contact and then kiss for ten seconds with open mouths,’ Sebastian told them.

Helen looked distraught. Maria shrugged helplessly. ‘We’ve got no choice,’ she said.

They interlocked the fingers of their yoked hands. Maria was acutely aware of the heat from Helen’s body as they edged closer and her golden breasts flattened against her coffee-tinted mounds, feeling hot and pliant. Their nipples slid across each other. Their gags made it awkward but their lips were unhindered and they met and kissed. Helen had nice sweet breath.

‘Ten seconds!’ Sebastian said.

They jerked apart flushed with embarrassment.

‘Helen will move onto the next in line,’ Sebastian said. ‘When she is done Maria will follow her.’

And so Helen moved on to kiss Sophie, Laura and Tiffany. Maria then followed her along the line kissing as she went and took up position beyond Helen, her cheeks burning. Sophie had responded in a friendly fashion, her large nipples very noticeable against Maria’s flesh, Laura had been business-like, barely concealing her resentment while Tiffany had giggled nervously half way through. Sophie then kissed Laura and Tiffany and finally Laura kissed Tiffany.

‘Each time you perform the greeting you will learn to appreciate your sister slaves bodies a little better,’ Sebastian assured them.

Maria tried not to think of this and instead turned her attention to the device in front of them. Now the arms were unfolded she could take it in properly.

At its top was a stainless steel hopper, feeding down into a drum like

section to the side of which were hung five flexible transparent hoses on folding brackets that ended in pink plastic penis-shaped nozzles. Maria saw there was a small nameplate above each hose outlet. Below them extending from the base of the machine were five radiating metal arms about a meter long lying flat on the floor on the ends of which were bracing pads and large pivot mounts supporting more slender vertical arms. These forked into a stubby anal plug and a more slender dildo with a rabbit ear clitoral stimulator bristling with soft rubber prongs.

As the others took in the details of the device they began to groan in dismay as they realized its function.

‘This is a slave feeding machine,’ Sebastian told them. ‘One of Creed Research’s less well known inventions. You will use it at breakfast and dinner. As you can see there will be no need for you to use your hands, although you will have to work for your supper. Mount the pump levers before your individual feeding stations.’

With barely controlled anger, Laura said: ‘You cannot expect us to... to have those things inside us while we eat, Master Sebastian.’

‘Don’t we get any time off, Master Sebastian?’ Helen added, trying to sound reasonable.

‘You will have free association time after dinner,’ Sebastian said. ‘But you must eat first.’

‘Please don’t make me use them, Master,’ Tiffany whimpered, blushing furiously. ‘Not in front of everybody.’

On the screen the image of Sebastian shook his head sternly. ‘Dissent is not permitted so don’t waste your time pleading with me. If you do not use the machine you will not eat, so you will mount the levers or else the housebots will make you.’

Housebots 1 and 2 rolled forward with their pincers raised.

Maria took a deep breath. ‘Come on, let’s get it over with,’ she said.

‘It’s no use arguing with a machine.’ Gingerly she stood on tiptoe and straddled her set of dildos, then spread her legs and sank down onto them, shuddering as the rubber prongs slid up inside her. The anal plug popped in past her sphincter while the vaginal dildo simply filled her passage, with the rabbit ear pressing against her clitoris, tickling it with its soft prongs.

For the sake of the others she forced a smile. ‘It’s not so bad.’

Miserably the others mounted their sets of dildos. Helen’s eyes bulged as she was filled while Laura clamped her mouth tight and let out only a slight grunt as she settled. Sophie and Tiffany both whimpered in evident distress as they were filled fore and aft.

‘If the anal plug feels dry I suggest next time you use the petroleum jelly you will have seen in your bathrooms to lubricate yourselves,’ Sebastian said. ‘It was put there for your comfort.’

Yes, she would have to do that, Maria thought. For the next week she should expect the worst and prepare for it.

The housebots unfolded the feeding tubes and positioned their penis-shaped ends in front of their mouths. Maria saw its tip had a larger slot than would be natural but otherwise it was realistically moulded. Cautiously she ran her tongue over it, finding it was made of soft pliant plastic. Behind the shaft and head was an accordion-pleated section which was connected to the supporting arm, presumably allowing it some give.

‘You will have to suck and press against them to draw the food out,’ Sebastian told them.

They groaned. It would be like performing fellatio. They would have to suck a fake plastic cock to eat.

A housebot came in through the kitchen door with a large steaming metal cooking pot in its claws. It tipped the contents, looking as though it was some sort of simple meat and vegetable stew, into the hopper on the top of the machine.

‘Begin pumping,’ Sebastian commanded.

Gingerly they took the ends of the penis heads into their mouths and began work their hips back and forth. They saw the stew begin to flow out of the machine along the transparent tubes and then they gasped and groaned. As they rocked the levers back and forth the vaginal dildos rose up and down, penetrating them deeply while rubbing their stimulator prongs through their furrows.

‘I did not mention that the vaginal phallus is connected to the pivot via a cam drive,’ Sebastian said. ‘It will reciprocate as you pump. You will pump and feed until you all orgasm.’

‘Hell no, I fucking won’t do it!’ Laura said.

Housebot 1 rolled forward and jabbed a sparking pincer into Laura’s left buttock, making her shriek and thrash about while impaled on the pump lever.

‘What word did you not use?’ Sebastian thundered, when the housebot had withdrawn its claw from Laura’s backside.

‘H... hell no, Master Sebastian,’ Laura groaned, blinking back tears from her eyes.

‘You will all eat and you will all achieve orgasm,’ Sebastian told them, smiling. ‘You are allowed an hour for dinner so there is no rush. But you cannot get off the machine until you have. This guarantees that you will all have at least two orgasms per day because the same rules will apply at breakfast. My maker wanted you to have fun. But do not pretend you have climaxed. There are sensors in the phalluses and I can monitor your physiological states. Why are you resistant to the pleasures of sex? It’s as natural as eating.’

‘But it not natural, not like this, Master Sebastian,’ Helen said. ‘It’s not normal.’

‘In this house for the next week it is both natural and normal,’

Sebastian said with terrible certainty. 'So you had better get used to it.'

'I know it's all disgusting but I'm hungry and we've got no choice,' Maria said pragmatically. 'The sooner we eat the sooner we get it over with. We're hardly going to tell anybody we did this, so let's just park our pride and get on with it.'

Taking a deep breath she clamped her lips about the rubber penis and began to pump and suck. The stew flowed along the tube into the head and she began to gulp it down. It was quite tasty.

She saw the others follow her lead and begin pumping and sucking, although their faces were screwed up in disgust.

'There, that's not so hard, is it?' Sebastian said.

No, it was not exactly hard, Maria thought, but it was horribly distracting. Out of the corners of her eyes she could see the other girls' groins with their vulvas bulging as the phalluses pumped away inside them. It was impossible not to stare at each other, making comparisons. With an effort Maria wrenched her gaze upward only to be arrested by the sight of the array of pretty, heaving and swaying bare breasts as they rocked to and fro. We've got great bodies, she admitted to herself. Whatever else you thought of Creed he could pick some pretty hot PA's. Then she realized they were glancing slyly at her, no doubt making the same comparisons.

She gulped down more of the stew to try to distract herself from the bodies around her as they steadily pumped and sucked, even though she knew that was counterproductive if she was going to have to cum at some point. She had to think about sex. Well that should not be too hard. Penetration. She was getting plenty of that. This was all about stuffing herself while being stuffed. Being filled to the brim... to the hilt... Oh God it was working!

She realized the others were also grunting and moaning, jiggling and squirming, gulping the comfort food down in ever larger mouthfuls. Their nipples were all standing up huge and hard and swollen, as though in a mini parade. She felt hers were going to burst. This was group masturbation, each stimulating the others. They knew what was happening to them but they

could not stop. Or was it something in the food? Had they been drugged? Or was it natural as Sebastian had said? Despite her show of pragmatism she had never done anything like this before and she was frightened. What dark depths were being exposed by this perverted game?

Maria could smell a more intimate feminine aroma mingling with that of the food.

For a moment it made her nauseous and she had to take another gulp of stew to drown it. The plastic cock in her mouth giving her sustenance was getting confused with the dildo she was riding. She could feel the other girls' body heat and was intensely aware of their naked, fleshy presence. Their pussies were engorged, wet and shiny. All impaled. All plugged. Slippery and dripping...

By now they were all groaning and rolling up their eyes and chewing and swallowing furiously while working their hips back and forth. Maria could feel the dildos plugging her getting slick with her juices. What was the film where a girl pretended to have an orgasm in the middle of a restaurant? Well they were going to do it for real...

With a helpless muffled squeal Tiffany came, stew dribbling from her mouth as she sucked frantically on her feeding cock, then Sophie followed, rocking back and forth wildly on her lever. Maria and Helen tied for third place. Laura stubbornly held out the longest and then orgasmed with a fierce long drawn grunt of angry delight. For a minute all five of them hung trembling and impaled on their dildo levers, shocked at how two of their most primitive and basic needs could be satisfied at the same time with all their orifices being used to the full. In the silence broken only by ragged breathing Maria could hear spilt juices actually dripping onto the floor under them.

Slowly they lifted themselves upright. Realization of what they had done flooded back into them, blushes spread across their cheeks and they could not look each other in the eye.

'You have all orgasmed,' Sebastian announced. 'You are free to leave the dining room. You may wish to watch television in the sitting room, where you will find armchairs and a sofa have been put out for your comfort. You

must have plenty to talk about. If nothing else you can swap tales of how terrible my maker was to work for. Or perhaps you are beginning to regret that you were not a little more forgiving when you had the chance? Free association time ends at eleven, when the doors of your rooms will be locked. Any girl found outside a bedroom after that will be punished. Tomorrow morning the gong will sound at seven thirty and you will be ready for your doors to open at eight.'

But tonight none of them were in the mood for socializing. They were humiliated and mortified beyond words, not simply because they had been forced into this act of mutual masturbation, but by the startling readiness to which they had responded. They pulled themselves off their dildos with the most embarrassing squelching sounds.

'I think we all want to go to bed early tonight, Master Sebastian,' Maria said miserably.

'As you wish. But you must kiss again.'

They had to line up and perform the same intimate ritual, which felt even more embarrassing than before as they tried not to look into each other's eyes while pressing their hot sweaty bodies together, mingling pubic bushes sprinkled with their juices. Then they marched with ragged high-steps from the room and back upstairs to their bedrooms without exchanging a word. Long before their doors automatically locked at eleven Maria had sunk into exhausted sleep. They had been reduced to helpless puppets acting out Creed's perverted will. And what would tomorrow bring?

Chapter 3

Helen was roused by the sound of the morning gong. For a moment, waking in a strange room, she did not know where she was. Then memory flooded back like a hammer blow and she had to fight back tears. If she had been waking up back in her own flat right now she would have been thinking of work or her forthcoming summer holiday. Venice this year with Simon... or perhaps Alexander, she had not decided. Either way it would have been her choice as a free emancipated woman. And now all choice about who or what had access to her body had been taken away from her. She wanted to pull the covers over her head and pretend it was all a nightmare.

Instead she forced herself to face reality and get up.

Helen bent and stretched and for a minute she stood at her window breathing in the fresh morning air of what looked like being a bright warm day. Then she washed and showered and combed her hair through until it shone. She was very proud of her long straight golden tresses. She had washed them the previous night and she was determined to maintain them despite everything Creed's machines did to her. She looked at the jar of Vaseline on the shelf and, gritting her teeth, applied a blob of it into her anus. For the next week that would have to be part of her daily routine.

At eight, imprisoned within her terrible yoke once more, she joined the others as they paraded downstairs to the dining room. The aroma of porridge and honey filled the air. Creed seemed to have a liking for traditional plain, wholesome food.

His computer image on the screen greeted them. 'Your breakfast is ready. You know what is expected of you. Will I need to use the housebots to force you to greet each other as you have been taught or mount the levers?'

They knew it was futile to resist, so reluctantly they kissed each other in turn, mashing their springy breasts together, and then they mounted the ends of the pump levers. As the dildos slid up inside them Helen said to the

others. 'Look, I know how we feel about this but don't give him the satisfaction of letting this get to us more than we can help. I'm bloody well not going to feel guilty about doing this.'

Maria shrugged and nodded. 'I'll do my best.'

Laura still looked rebellious while Tiffany snivelled and bit her lip.

'Is it all right to admit I was getting a bit turned on last night?' Sophie said with a half-smile, pleading for them not to disagree.

'Um, yes, if you couldn't help it. I mean we all got hot otherwise we wouldn't have cum. We just mustn't let it get to us.'

'What do you mean by "get to us"?' Laura asked impatiently. 'Is that the same thing as enjoying it so much we cum, because that's what he says Creed wanted us to do?'

'That is true,' Sebastian interjected. 'My maker wants you to enjoy yourselves.'

'So is it wrong to enjoy it even if we do?' Tiffany asked doubtfully.

Helen was getting confused. It had seemed a rather a proudly defiant act a minute ago. Fortunately just then a housebot came through from the kitchen with a steaming urn of porridge and poured it into the hopper. Taking a deep breath they began to heave on the levers, setting the phalluses pumping in and out of their clefts as they sucked at the penis spouts.

Helen discovered that it was even easier to orgasm while eating honey and creamy porridge that it had been stew. Her only consolation was that she was not alone. It was impossible not to respond to such stimulation. But in doing so were they being strong and sensible or weak and submissive?

* * *

After they had recovered and pulled themselves off their glistening pump lever phalluses, Sebastian announced: 'You will now take morning exercise. When that is done you will return to the Sitting Room where my

maker will explain your second challenge.'

Sebastian had the housebots form them into a column with Helen at the front and attached wire ropes to the collars of their yokes, linking them into a coffle. Then with Housebot 1 holding a leash connected to the front of Helen's collar, they were marched out into the hall, high-stepping as they had been taught. The front door opened and they marched outside into the sunlight and birdsong.

Helen felt a sudden renewed sense of her nakedness and shrank in fear of being seen. But the gardens with their continuous high boundary wall were not overlooked. At least it was a warm day.

Housebot 1 rolled across the lawns at a steady pace, weaving around the trees and shrubberies and along shaded paths to make a circuit round the house. They jogged along after him as best they could, their yoked shoulders swinging and breasts bouncing and throwing from side to side.

After ten circuits they were sweating and breathing heavily. Normally they could all have run further with less effort, but not yoked and with heavy cuffs clamped to their ankles. Housebot 1 stopped them on the front lawn where Housebot 2 was waiting for them. They formed the girls into a line standing shoulder to shoulder. Then their yoke motors whined, joints twisted and sections extended and their arms swung round in front of them. The elbow and shoulder joints were now loose and they could flex their arms with minimal resistance.

'You will now do ten press-ups each,' Housebot 1 told them in Sebastian's voice. 'And I want to see those breasts flat on the grass each time!'

Awkwardly they got down on their knees and took up positions, bracing themselves on their hands and toes with their body's rigid and sweaty breasts dangling.

'One!' Sebastian said.

They sank down, kissing the grass with their breasts, but they could

not raise themselves again. Gasping and groaning they could not lift the weight of the yokes as well.

‘It’s no good, Master,’ Helen panted. ‘They’re too heavy for us.’

The robots bent over them, jabbing their bunched buttocks with their electric pincers. The girls yelped and howled.

‘Try harder!’ Sebastian commanded.

Sobbing and trembling with effort they managed to lock their arms straight.

‘Two!’ said Sebastian...

* * *

By the time they were returned to the house their arms ached, they were lathered in sweat and red-cheeked from effort. They were allowed up to their rooms for half an hour to shower and freshen up again. As she quickly soaped her body over Helen wondered why they had not arranged the exercise before breakfast. Two showers in morning seemed wasteful. She was sure Sebastian had said they would be taken straight to the sitting room afterward. Had they crossed some cleanliness threshold? Presumably it was programmed that way, only it seemed out of place for a machine to contradict itself. Was there some subtle reason behind the change of plan she did not understand? Not that she was complaining.

Refreshed, deodorized and yoked once more, they descended to the Sitting Room.

The big screen was alive and showed the words: *Message 2. To be played to the slaves on the second morning of their challenge.*

Beside the five rubber mats laid out in front of the screen, five blue curtained booths, each about two metres square and built from light tubular metal frames, had been set up along one side of the room. A square table could be seen standing inside each booth. The girls exchanged uneasy

glances. Clearly the booths were meant for them, but what would go on within them?

The girls knelt on the mats facing the screen. Housebot 1 pointed at it and the playback began.

The sickly Creed appeared still in his wheelchair. Beside him on a low table with a padded top was the gimp-masked woman, now wearing a yoke like theirs. She was lying on her back with her legs up in the air and bent backward so that her feet were almost level with her shoulders. They were held there by three light rods clipped to her angle rings. One crossed between her ankles, keeping them spread wide, while the other two ran from her ankles to the ends of her yoke. The yoke itself was clipped to rings set in the sides of the table. The posture starkly exposed the smooth plump cleft of her pubes and the deep pit of her anus to the camera as they hung over the front edge of the table. The dark tunnel mouth of her vagina was clearly visible. On the table beside her haunches were a couple of large dildos.

Creed smiled feebly at them. 'I hope my alter ego has been looking after you properly,' he said. 'I had great satisfaction putting that programme together. Thinking about what he's doing to you now gives me a warm glow. And a hard on. Yes, I can still manage that.'

'Now, today I want you to take a close look at my plaything here,' he continued, slapping and stroking the taut buttocks and inner thighs of the gimp woman. 'Isn't she beautifully restrained? I think this is an excellent posture to teach a girl her place and present her treasures to her master. Also of course it's a perfect position for a standing screw.'

He took up one of the dildos and pushed it into her anus, making her ring of flesh bulge as it penetrated her. They heard her groan and sigh about her plug gag. Creed took of the second dildo, which was a real monster, and forced it into her vagina. Her whole vulva swelled and gaped as the shaft slid up inside her and she groaned and whimpered in pain as she was stretched unnaturally wide, trailing off into a final soft sigh of contentment as the phallus lodged deep within her.

Now the handles of the two dildos jutted out from between her thighs,

trembling with the tension of her flesh and rising and falling slightly with her breathing.

‘See that angle they make?’ Creed said, stroking the shafts. ‘That’s just right for a man standing between her legs to have either hole he wants. You had better get used to it because you’ll be getting a lot of that today. Just in case you thought you’d only be coupling with rubber dildos all week, today you’re going to get some real meat cocks inside you!’

They were all stirring in alarm and Tiffany was whimpering and shaking her head and trying to get to her feet. Housebot 2 rolled forward and pushed her back down onto the mat again.

‘We’ve contacted some of the men that bit of industrial espionage last year made redundant and told them you were all responsible in one way or another. So of course they were eager to pay their respects. They should be arriving about now. And I want you to welcome them with open legs. They’ve drawn lots as to which of you they’ll have. And they’ll be provided with spanking paddles to warm you up first, so that you’re keen to please them. You’re all healthy young women so you can handle half a dozen each without any trouble. Of course if by now you’re all protesting you’re innocent of the crime that may seem a bit unfair, but as I told you at the start, it’s only an excuse. I just want you to know what it’s like to live as a sex slave.’ He slapped the bottom of the triply plugged gimp girl. ‘My toy here would happily take on a dozen men just to please me because she’d learned the joy of total submission. Now it’s your turn. Accept what happens and find the pleasure in it. At least then if you ever criticise the bdsm lifestyle again, you can say you know what you’re talking about. See you tomorrow. Happy screwing.’

The screen went blank.

By then Helen and the other girls were all trying to get to their feet and more housebots had to be called into handle them. Their screams of outrage, fear and anger were muffled as their gag cheek pads inflated, pushing rubber tongues inward between their jaws and forcing them wide. They were dragged over to the booths kicking and struggling, making the housebots wheels squeal on the parquet flooring. There were sparks and

crackles as the robot's shocked them again and again until they were reduced to trembling, helpless sacks of flesh. Limply they were laid on their backs on the padded vinyl tables, with their heads that overhung the top ends of the table being supported by padded hoop extensions. Their yokes were clipped to the table sides, their legs were bent painfully up and over their heads and spreader rods were clipped to their ankle cuffs, joining them to their yokes and each other. Then the curtain walls between the booths were pulled across, cutting off Helen's view of the other girls and leaving only their doorways open. As she stared up at the ceiling she could still hear the others though, moaning and whimpering as with churning stomachs they contemplated what was to come.

It felt unreal to Helen because something this terrible simply did not happen to a hardworking, successful, attractive woman like her. Except that she knew with sick certainty that it was going to happen. How she hated Creed's memory and all his works. How could he have ever have imagined this would help them understand his lifestyle? He was sick! Well she'd show him...

Then she realised the trap.

It would be crazy to make this worse than it had to be, but if they found any pleasure in the experience then they would be making Creed's case for him. They could not win unless they wanted to suffer. But then of course they were expected to suffer. Decent women did not enjoy this sort of sick game, only sluts or submissive types or masochists. So why was her gaping pussy beginning to tingle and feel a little slick? That was just instinctive, self-preservation. It must also explain her hard nipples standing up so brazenly, offering themselves to whatever sordid purpose was to come.

Housebot 6 entered her booth. In addition to its suction sponge cleaner arm it now carried a nozzle and cup device connected the tanks of fluid on its back. It plugged the nozzle into her shamefully exposed anus and she groaned and rolled up her eyes as the sensuous flow of water flushed her rectum out.

'We want you to be clean and fresh for each of your visitors,' Sebastian said through the machine's speaker. The nozzle delivered a blob of

lubricant in to her passage before withdrawing. ‘That’s so they can get inside you easily if they want to use your rear. What do you say?’

‘Ank ohh, aster,’ Helen gurgled miserably through her gag.

The robot moved on to the next booth. She heard it service the other girls and then it all went quiet as they waited for their violators to arrive. She heard the others shifting in their bonds and Tiffany, she thought, snivelling softly. Poor girl, she was not as strong as the rest of them. After a few minutes Helen realized this was a torment all on its own. The anticipation was agony. Even if one of them had been careless with details of Creed’s private life this was still punishment out of all proportion. She hadn’t been the one responsible... although she had been tempted. Just get it over with, she wanted to shout. Screw me and be done!

Then she heard the footsteps of several people entering the room, followed by the curtains of her booth being drawn over.

With a thudding heart she craned her neck and looked down between the hills of her trembling breasts and the “V” of her raised and spread legs. A man in shirtsleeves with a hood over his head that only showed the slits of his eyes was standing in the door of her booth gazing down at her naked, splayed body. He had a spanking paddle in his hand that he began slapping against his other palm.

‘So you’re one of the bitches who screwed us, are you?’ he said.

Helen shook her head. Suddenly it felt worse that he thought she was guilty. Of course it would make no difference to what he was going to do to her.

‘One of you did, though. That’s what started the trouble. Mr Creed might have won the case against Monsanti except for that. You didn’t lose your jobs, did you? So unless one of you owns up we’ll have to screw the lot of you, understand?’

Miserably she nodded. She heard male voices rising in anger from the other booths and a squeal of female pain.

‘Looks like nobody’s going to confess,’ he said. ‘So you all get punished.’

He pinched a tuft of her golden pubic curls and pulled it until it stretched her labia lip and she yelped in pain, hot tears pricking the backs of her eyes.

‘Hurts, does it?’ he asked. ‘Well so it should. So will this!’

He swiped the spanking paddle across her tight buttocks and pouting pubic mound, making a sharp fleshy slap! Helen shrieked in pain. He struck twice more, forward and backhand. Then he brought the paddle down vertically so that it smacked the plump swell of her vulva, squashing her soft sex mouth only for it to spring resiliently back up again with a shiver, but now stinging and flushed with pink. Helen’s legs were jerking about as far as their confining rods allowed, as though she was trying to run away from her blazing bottom. The paddle descended again on her pussy and came up dark and wet with her lubrication which was flowing into her slot as though seeking her pain.

Perhaps she had escaped whatever pride she had left or he had just beaten it out of her, because in between her yells of pain she gurgled: ‘huck me!’ the gag slurring her desperate words: ‘crew me!’

He understood and granted her wish, unzipping and freeing his straining shaft. Taking hold of her hips he stabbed it into her gaping lovemouth, ramming it in to the hilt in one brutal thrust. Helen shrieked, but at least it was done. Then he began to pound away inside her, filling her vagina until his cockhead thudded into its end wall and rocking her to and fro with each thrust.

This was not lovemaking, this was punishment and payback and the assertion of the rights of the powerful over the temporarily powerless. He would leave bruises deep inside her to remember him by. It was crude and primitive and terrible and disgustingly exciting.

Filled with angry lust he came quickly. She felt him spurt inside her with a grunt of triumph and then he sagged across her body, his masked face

resting on her hot breasts. Shamelessly, while he was still lodged inside her, she tried to suck on his shaft with her sheath, trying to bring herself off. Just another minute...

But all too soon he rose and pulled out of her, his shaft slipping from her clenching tunnel, dripping spilt sperm onto the floor from its tip.

‘You want more, don’t you?’ he said with amused contempt.

Feeling like the worst kind of stereotype but unable to lie, she nodded. Later she would hate these feelings but right now she was trapped by her needs.

‘Well I’d enjoy screwing and spanking you all day, but the rule is one screw per girl. I’ve got to give the others a change. But maybe another time...’

With his cock still hanging out he came round the side of the table to where her head rested on its support hoop. Taking hold of her golden hair he twisted her head round and pushed his still hot slippery shaft into her reluctantly open and inviting mouth.

‘Now lick me clean,’ he commanded.

She did the best she could with her tongue. She tasted his sperm and her unwilling spent juices and she knew that combination would always be the taste of shame. When he was clean he used a handful of her hair to dry his shaft. Then he tucked it away and left her there: spayed wide with her red-lipped sex and burning buttocks on show for anybody who cared to look into her booth. A clamour of slaps and smacks and grunts and sobs came to her from the other booths, where her companions were suffering their own private torments.

In a minute Housebot 7 appeared and meticulously cleaned and washed Helen out. The warm douche was soothing but it also dampened the liquid heat in her loins, leaving her feeling perversely both soiled and frustrated. If she wanted release then she needed her violator to stay inside her for longer. Or failing that another user. She wanted more. Oh God, that

was madness!

She had to wait what seemed like ages but could not have been more than twenty minutes for her next user, also anonymous behind a mask. He did not speak to insult or quiz her. He looked her over, probed her slot which filled with her juices at his touch, and then beat her breasts with his paddle until her eyes streamed with tears and her hips were bucking and bottom bouncing as she pleased with him to screw her. Finally he loosed his cock and rammed it into her. He used her roughly, of course, but he was not hasty, savouring her humiliation. It was exactly what she wanted and this time she came with wild abandon.

Shocked by the intensity of her orgasm she thought for one dizzy moment: that was fantastic! She licked his cock clean almost with pathetic gratitude. And then he was gone and shame and reality returned.

It was during the wait for her next user, listening to the lusty sounds of forced sex taking place all around her, that the demons of doubt filled her thoughts. Hell, what had they done to her? How could she react like this? Or was she doing it to herself?

Her fourth man entered her anus, filling her rectum with a huge cock. He was brutally hard, stretching her tight passage to its limits. She was terrified he was going to tear her, right up until the moment she came again.

Again she was given time to recover after Housebot 7 dutifully flushed the sperm from her aching passage and reapplied the lubrication, which had saved her from who knew what additional torment. By now her mind was wandering and she found herself resolving virtuously to be prepared like a Boy Scout and never go anywhere without a well-greased bum hole. She shook her head. Oh, God, what was she thinking?

In due course a fifth man beat and screwed her and then a sixth, but by then she was feeling too tired, confused and overwhelmed her body's excesses to care one way or another, and she served them and licked them clean mechanically; aroused but knowing she did not have another mega-orgasm inside her. In another way that was amazing in itself.

And then there were no more cocks to have forced up her vagina or bum hole or to lick off with pitiful servility.

The last footsteps departed from the sitting room and the curtains were drawn back from the booths. Helen looked round, seeing the other girls lying limp on their tables, the knees of their numbed rod-braced legs turned out, breasts and thighs sore from their paddling. Hollow, disbelieving eyes stared back at her. Spent sperm and dribbled womanly juices lay splattered the floor at the foot of each table.

The big screen lit up to show the face of Master Sebastian. ‘You have each serviced your quota. Judging by the comments of your users that I monitored they were impressed by your physical appearance, contrition and efforts to please them. They particularly praised your tits and tight arses. Well done. You are free to return to your rooms until dinner.’

The robots released their ankles from the restraining rods and their yokes from the tables. The girls tried to sit up, unbend and lower their legs to the floor and screams broke it as they were assailed by multiple acute pins and needles and cramps. Apparently spending three hours on your back with your legs in the air being subjected to spanking and violent sexual intercourse was harder than it looked. Helen found she could barely walk let alone high-step and along with the others the housebots had to help her upstairs.

* * *

Helen did not believe that Sebastian could make them pump the feeding machine for their supper after what they had been through that day, but he did. He! It was a machine doing only what it was programmed and she had better not forget it. However they seemed to have lost a measure of their revulsion at being made to masturbate in front of each other and suddenly inert rubber dildos seemed tame compared to fickle live cocks. They would not go limp on them or pull out suddenly and they had a whole hour to enjoy them. Did she really mean “enjoy”? In any case they pumped them gently while they ate liquidized leek and potato soup and worked themselves up to gentle orgasms.

They had also overcome their mutual shame and embarrassment

sufficiently to want to talk over what they had experienced when Helen suggested it. Cautiously they investigated the sitting room. The booths had been removed and in their place were a couple of deep armchairs and a three seat sofa, all with extendible footrests, set around a homely deep pile rug. The wall screen showed ordinary reassuring banal television programmes and not videos of dead men or their computer alter-egos. It was almost cosy.

They sprawled out as comfortably as their yokes permitted, with their still aching legs splayed out wide, allowing their tender groins some ease.

Helen took a deep breath. 'When we were being gang-banged I came twice,' she admitted. 'They were fantastic orgasms and I'm not ashamed of them. That doesn't mean I accept how they were got out of me or say it was right. But there it is.'

The others were nodding.

'Me too,' Sophie said.

'And me,' said Maria.

'I couldn't help coming,' Tiffany said. 'I was feeling guilty. It's nice to know I'm not alone.'

They all looked at Laura. 'All right, I came too,' she said. 'But that doesn't make me a slut or something.'

'If it did then we all are as well,' Helen said. 'I just mean we've got to face things the way they are. It seems we can't help responding to these challenges in ways we probably never imagined. It may seem sick but we're getting turned on. Maybe it's being in close quarters so that our pheromones are setting each of us off, or something, like we're in competitive heat. I know that sounds gross,' she said, looking at their disgusted expressions, 'but it may be true. Nature has no morals. Anyway now we've got five days more of this to go. No point in making it harder than it is. Let's try to support each other and not feel ashamed about anything we're made to do. Above all let's not eat ourselves up feeling guilty.'

Sophie was looking troubled. ‘Actually there is something new I feel guilty about. Not what they did to my body so much. As I said I did get a kick out of bits of that. But one of my men said how he hated us for betraying confidences about Creed’s private life. Although I disliked Creed’s lifestyle, and at the time I think he was testing me out to see if I was interested, he never actually tried anything on me. Whichever one of us leaked that information it was wrong. Unprofessional at the very least.’

They were all nodding soberly. It seemed they had all heard much the same sentiments expressed by one or more of their users.

‘So is anybody going to admit they did it?’ Sophie asked.

They were silent.

‘I suppose you can’t blame them for hating us,’ Maria said. ‘If they think one of us might have sold the chip details and also spoiled their legal case.’

‘That doesn’t excuse what they did to us though,’ Laura said with feeling.

‘No,’ agreed Helen, ‘but it shows you always have to think about the consequences. It may have helped get us into this mess.’

‘Don’t start feeling guilty,’ Maria reminded her.

Helen forced a hollow chuckle. ‘I’ll try not to.’

‘This is still feels like a nightmare, though,’ said Tiffany.

Nobody disagreed with her.

Chapter 4

Laura scanned the gardens closely as they were taken on their early morning jog the next day. When she was returned to her room to shower she spent some time examining the frame of her window closely. Yes, she was sure it would work. After her disgusting experience yesterday Laura was determined not to remain in Chasten House a day longer. She had a responsible job to return to and a promotion in prospect and just because she had been made to orgasm by all those men ramming their cocks into her did not mean she was going to surrender her self-respect or ambition. She was going to escape and spoil Creed's elaborate revenge fantasy. But she'd need help.

When she lined up with Tiffany in the corridor outside she examined her fellow slave closely. As usual the girl appeared nervous and rabbit-like. She was not her ideal choice but there was no other alternative. Theirs were the only single bedrooms along this corridor. Then came what looked to be a large airing cupboard and a door marked NO ENTRY opening onto a flight of backstairs that led down to the utility room next to the kitchen. At the very end of the corridor was what might have been the door to a master suite that was now labelled MAINTENANCE ROOM and was also out of bounds.

The only advantage to this arrangement was they were the only human occupants on this side of the house and so were less likely to be seen or heard. As to the housebots she heard the night sentry making its regular rounds along the upstairs corridors and landing, but there were no windows it could see through looking outward over their side of the house. She had spent some time last night observing the grounds from her window and had seen no sign of outdoor robot patrols. Presumably with their slave yokes and automatic door locks and barred ground floor doors and windows they thought there was no escape. Even if somebody did get out into the grounds the perimeter wall was too high to climb and there were no apparent means of scaling it. There were no trees close to its inside face with overhanging branches nor growths of ivy thick enough to climb.

But Laura had seen a way. Of course it was a risk but she had to try.

First, however, she had to survive whatever perverted challenge Creed had planned for them today.

* * *

The five of them knelt on their mats in the sitting room while the recorded image of Creed beamed down at them from the big screen. To one side of the screen was a study chair with a high back and no armrests. Instead there was a swing arm mounted high up its back. This arm had a two crescent shaped horizontal plywood boards joined at each end by long vertical screw-threaded shafts. Light coil springs wound around the shafts kept the wooden boards apart. The protruding shaft heads were connected through gears to small electric motors. Beside the chair stood Housebot 10, which they had not seen before. It had a modified pincer hand the details of which they could not make out from where they were. Next to 10 stood their old friend Housebot 7 with its sponge and cleaning fittings.

Once again Creed had his gimp-masked girlpet with him. She was kneeling beside his wheelchair with her wrists cuffed behind her back gazing up at him adoringly.

He was holding the end of her chain leash, but it was not connected to her collar. The end of the leash forked into two short lengths with snaplink ends and these were clipped to a pair of silver rings that were threaded through her large brown meaty nipples. Creed was twitching the leash, stretching her nipples and jiggling her breasts and the slave was shivering and moaning with delight.

‘A woman’s nipples are wonderful creations,’ Creed said as he teased his pet happily. ‘Decorative, sensitive to the touch, a source of stimulation and expressive of her state of arousal. And very practical too as a means of intimate control. It was as though they were made to be clamped, clipped or pierced. Pierced nipples especially offer so many new decorative functions. They also remain almost permanently erect and are far more responsive to stimulation. No true slave is complete without pierced nipples and a pretty set of rings to go through them. I want you also to appreciate both their value and vulnerability, and so today you’re all going to have your nipples pierced. Housebot 10 has been fitted out and programmed to carry out the procedure.

Don't worry, he'll be very careful and do a neat job. Of course it will hurt a little but I'm sure you will all find the results well worthwhile. No worse than having your ears pierced and you've all had them done. And nipple rings are so much more practical and exciting, as you'll discover afterwards when your new rings will be put to the test. You'll wonder how you managed without them. Have fun.'

The screen blanked and then his image was replaced by Sebastian.

The girls had all stiffened at Creed's announcement and as they realised the function of the special chair. They bit their lips and Tiffany whimpered, but unlike the previous day they did not argue or try to resist. They knew that was futile.

Of course having pierced nipples was not as unusual or exotic as it had once been, but this was being done without their consent and for the primary purpose of tethering them like animals. It was another step into making them total slaves.

Sebastian spoke up. 'When your nipples are pierced the fistulas will be lined with bioplastic sheaths that will act as sealant bandages, reducing blood loss and promoting healing, while providing a protective layer against the friction of your rings. This means they can be used for practical purposes immediately. You will each be fitted with standard tethering rings for your challenge and be provided with a set of alternate rings that you will wear at other times. Any girl found outside her room not wearing appropriate rings will be punished. Helen Turner, you will be first.'

Helen gulped, got to her feet and went over to the chair. The screen changed view to show them what the robots were seeing through their camera eyes. The other girls watched in horrified fascination. It was impossible not to.

The housebots clipped Helen's yoke to its back and her ankles to its front legs. Then they swung the side rest into place, latching its free end to the other side of the chair. Now they could all understand its function. Its crescent inner edged pressed against her chest above and below her breasts so that her well-proportioned golden orbs with their slightly darker nipple cones,

slid through between them. The motors hummed, screwing the boards closer together until Helen gasped as her breasts bulged between them, trapped and held perfectly immobile. The robots camera eyes zoomed in and Laura saw another woman's nipples in sharp close up for the first time.

Helen's nipples were dark gold with symmetrical areolas that flowed into flat-topped, slightly tapering buds, with dimples in their centres. Housebot 7 wiped them off with antiseptic and then Housebot 10 moved forward. It clamped hold of her right nipple with its left pincer, which they now saw had tips formed into two small metal hoops hardly more than a centimetre in diameter that came together when it closed. Outside of this was a small powered arm with a curving needle-tipped gleaming bodkin poised to swing across and pass through the hole in the middle of the hoops. A little back from the tip of the bodkin was threaded a small tube of translucent pliant plastic with a flared flange on its end. On the other side of the pincer from the hoops was a curving tubular applicator matching the curve of the bodkin and large enough to slide over its tip. In its other claw it held a powered applicator loaded with ten three centimetre diameter silver split rings.

The clamping rings pressed on either side of the nipple until it began to go white and Helen whimpered. Pump motors hummed in her collar and her gag pads swelled, the smaller extrusions at the back forcing their way between her teeth, pushing her jaws apart, and then larger ones ballooning inwards, pressing her tongue down and meeting in the middle and filling her mouth. At least it gave her something to bite on. Her eyes screwed up in fear and anticipation.

Housebot 10's gleaming bodkin snapped across, passing through the tender flesh of her nipple and out the other side. Helen yelled. The tubular receptor closed over the protruding tip, rolling back the end of the fine plastic sheath. The bodkin pulled back, leaving the hole it had just pierced lined with the sheath. Keeping the nipple clamped, Housebot 10 used its applicator to feed the split end of one of the rings into the lined passage that now passed right through the bud of flesh and let the spring steel snap the locking tips together.

Then it left go of Helen's nipple and she gasped as circulation

returned. Housebot 7 dabbed it with a cool sponge but there was no blood. Housebot 10 now clamped her left nipple and pierced and ringed that with the same mechanical precision.

The breast press was released and swung aside and Helen's gag deflated. She looked down at her newly ringed nipples in wonder for a moment, then flashed the others a brave relieved smile.

'It's not too bad,' she said.

They freed her from the chair and she took her place back on her matt, her silver-ringed nipples shining. Sebastian said: 'Laura Fairbrass...'

Laura's stomach was churning as she took her place in the chair, but she tried not to show her fear. She had never been as aware of her nipples as she was now. They could all see them on the screen: goosebumped, brown and compact, with pale tips to their pointed crowns, set on firm, tightly rounded, glossy olive breasts. The gag swelling to fill her mouth was a relief because she could bite on it as the bodkin pierced them. It could have been worse. One quick, intense, ouch, followed by a throbbing burning which faded surprisingly quickly, perhaps due to the protective sheath lining her wounds. Then she returned to her mat with her nipples tingling and heavy with her new rings and Maria took her place.

On the big screen it was a nipple show. Laura had not thought of the variety of them until now.

Maria's were prominent, swollen brown halos that seemed like extensions to the tapering up-tilt of her neat, thrusting cone-shaped breasts with their scooped upper slopes. Tiffany's areolas were pink smudges on her pale rounded breasts, without distinct edges but with perky domed crowns. Sophie's upstanding brown cones contrasted starkly with her creamy pale skin. They had plump, domelike areolas with smaller nipple domes on their summits, like caps with buttons tops and virtually miniature breasts in their own right.

But whatever their colour or size, the robots delta with them all quickly and efficiently, ignoring the snivels and yelps of their owners as they

drove the bodkin through their tender flesh again and again. In ten minutes they were all kneeling back on the mat, acutely aware of the weight and cold immutability of the rings now threaded intimately through their pulsing, throbbing teats. It would perhaps have been more comfortable if their nipples were less tumescent, but, glancing along the line, Laura saw none, including her own, that seemed inclined to soften. Instead they stood up almost proudly, lifting the rings clear of the curves of their breasts. Had Creed been telling the truth when he said they stayed almost perpetually erect?

‘You will now be taken to the sunken garden to face your next challenge,’ Sebastian told them.

‘I thought this was it, Master?’ Tiffany said nervously, her straining pink silver-ringed nipples trembling as she spoke.

‘No, this has just been the preparation. As you will see, your new rings are an essential part of it.’

They were formed up into a coffle, collar chained and, led by Housebot 1, high stepped out into the garden. Laura winced as the weight of her rings accentuated the jiggle of her sore nipples. Every step made them pulsate. If only they’d soften up!

The sunken garden was a suntrap surrounded by walls and hedges. There were seats and a pool and small square of lawn where a new device awaited them.

Five sturdy man-high wooden posts set equally spaced in a ring as though at the vertices of a pentagon had been driven into the ground. Each post had slots cut down its sides which had been edged by metal strips nailed into the wood forming vertical channels. Fitted into each slot were a pair of small metal balls with eye bolts screwed into them so that they were free to slide up and down the channels but were too fat to be pulled out of them. Fastened to the bolt rings were short lengths of chain with snaphook ends.

Between each post was a metal plate on which was mounted a slender cylinder and piston, rather like an overlarge bicycle pump, with a stubby anal plug on the tip of its shaft. Next to this was a lighter vertical sprung arm with

a forked tip supporting a horizontal axel on which hung a black rubber ball thick with bristles, knobs and curling finger-like prongs of all sizes.

From the bases of these devices snaked rubber hoses that converged on the mechanism in the middle of the post ring. On an even larger base plate was mounted a tall transparent Perspex cylinder. It had a plunger the size of a bucket plugged into its upper end, with several rubber piston rings visible about its sides, ensuring a close seal. From a mount on the top of the plunger five lengths of cord ran up and over a set of pulleys and hung down the cylinder sides. Their ends forked in two and were tied to small hooks.

Even as Laura was assessing this curious set up, their robotic minds were unclipping them from the coffle and placing one of each of them between the posts. The upper set of chains running through the vertical posts channels were clipped to the ends of their yokes while the bottom set were clipped to their ankle cuffs, pulling their legs apart. This positioned them, unsurprisingly, over their dildo-capped piston heads. Laura grunted as the plug was forced up into her greased anus. The sprung rubber pronged ball now pressed against her groin, with its little fingers sliding into her slot. The robots took up the ends of the cords hanging down the sides of the central cylinder and hooked them onto their nipple rings. They winced but the cords were quite light and there was enough slack to allow them to hang in loops between them and their pulleys.

Addressing them through Housebot 1, Sebastian said: ‘When the valve on top of the counterweight is released it will begin to sink. The pistons you are mounted on are connected to the body of the cylinder. You can work them by alternately squatting and standing, pumping air into the cylinder to replace what is being lost. In the process you will also stimulate yourselves with the teaser balls. Whether you orgasm or not is unimportant. Your only task is to keep the counterweight plunger at the top of the cylinder or else your nipples will suffer. You must do this for three hours before you will be released.’

The girls groaned. Three hours? How much work would it take to keep the cylinder filled?

The robot reached over the top of the cylinder and twisted a valve.

They heard a hiss of air and saw the plunger begin to sink. As the robots withdrew to the corners of the garden into the shade of the hedges the cords began to tighten.

The girls began to pump desperately, their yoke chains sliding up and down the post channels as they squatted and thrust, rolling the pronged balls through their groins and making them shudder. As the cords drew taut and began to tug at their nipples air hissed into the bottom of the cylinder. The plunger halted its descent and slowly began to rise, slackening the nipple cords. When it reached the top they eased off.

‘Oh God this is going to be hard work!’ Maria exclaimed.

It was, but they had no choice. Their tender just-ringed nipples were standing up pulsating and vulnerable and their minds were filled with a horror of what would happen if they were pulled too hard. So they squatted and pumped and sweated to keep the cords tied to their nipple rings slack, even though the fading tingle of pain in their nipples was also darkly arousing. And of course the harder they pumped the more the pleasure balls teased their pussies with their prongs and curling fingers that slipped deeper into their clefts and tickled their vaginal mouths and clitorises, which were by now helplessly swollen. Soon the balls were shiny with their seeping juices which it rolled into their pubic hair, turning it sticky and matted. In between their grunts of exertion and enforced arousal they carried on a strange conversation that a week ago they could never have imagined having.

‘Master Sebastian said it wasn’t important if we came or not,’ Tiffany said, her cheeks shining and rosy with effort. ‘Does that mean we can... uhh... because I think I will be soon?’

‘Of course you can,’ Sophie said, blinking the sweat from her eyes. ‘Why shouldn’t we enjoy cumming? At least we... ahh... get some pleasure out of it, like a reward for going through all this.’

This annoyed Laura. ‘Don’t call it a “reward”. It makes it sound like Creed’s buying us off. We’re doing this because we have to.’

‘But there’s no point in denying ourselves a bit of fun,’ Helen said,

her breasts swaying rhythmically as she pumped. 'Fighting the urge only makes it worse. It's natural.'

'That's what he's been telling us,' Laura said.

'But it's true and if I cum it doesn't mean I'm being a traitor to the cause, or something. That's just making the best of things. And not wanting to have my nips pulled off.'

'As long as we all remember that,' Laura said. 'We've got to stay focussed and not let him grind us down. We're not being turned into his slaves.'

'I think we've got the idea that you're the strong one here,' Sophie said scathingly. 'Except I didn't see all that will power stopping that piercing needle go right through your teats earlier. We've got to accept things the way they are, that's all.'

'Look, just let whoever's going to come do it and enjoy it,' Maria said. 'The rest of us will keep pumping until they've recovered.'

And that was what they did.

Over the three hours they all came. Laura was pleased that she held out to the last. It felt like she had preserved some dignity and self-control. And holding off had made it more intense when it did come, tearing through her. But I chose when to let it happen, she told herself. Sophie and Tiffany were giving in far too easily. She was worried about them. Especially Tiffany. Could she rely on her?

* * *

It was early afternoon when they were allowed off the terrible device and marched, rubber legged and sore bottomed, back to their rooms. Laura's impulse to shower immediately was deflected by the small black jewellery box on her bed and a note which read:

You will wear these rings at all times. Keepers will be worn while in

your room and sleeping, silver tether rings during challenges and decorative rings, of your own choice, for dinner and recreation.

Inside were a set of nipple rings, all of very high quality. There was a space for the plain silver rings she now had on. In addition there was a gold set of keepers, small pearl drops, an emerald cluster, her initials highlighted with white diamonds, heart padlocks, a pair of small rings linked by a fine silver Celtic pattern chain, gold areola halos and delicate filigree pasties held in place with sliding bars and picked out with tiny rubies.

It was a complete set of formal jewellery for the pierced-nipple slave.

Despite herself Laura examine each piece with wonder. How much had this cost? Multiplied by five if, as she assumed, they all had an identical set?

Then she shuddered and shut the box. It didn't matter how much they cost, she had not asked for the things to be put in her. It was all part of a monstrous crime against her person and she would have as little to do with them as possible.

In the shower Laura gingerly fingered her rings for the first time, carefully turning them through the fistulas that had been cut through her flesh to check there had been no bleeding. By now the pain of piercing had subsided to a dull ache and the rings moved with surprising ease through her white tipped nipples which were still resolutely erect. At least it had been done cleanly. Now all she had to do was decide which one was the least showy set to wear for dinner. She may not have any choice about sticking bits of metal through her nipples for the next few days but she was determined she was not going to make any more of a spectacle of herself than necessary.

* * *

The nipple rings added a new dimension to their kissing ritual. Now all their nipples were hard and confusingly intermingled with hard metal and gemstones, which clinked together and dug into their soft hot flesh mounds: suggestive and perversely but inescapably arousing. It was only when they had mounted the feeding machine with burning cheeks that Laura got a good

look at the choices her fellow captives had made. Suddenly her simple pearl drops began to look very conservative.

Maria's now perpetually swollen brown nipples were capped by gold filigree cups. Tiffany had mixed and matched, hanging sets of her initials and a linking chain between her nipples, which seemed flushed a deeper pink than they had this morning. Helen's golden cones supported emerald clusters while Sophie's brown button-topped domes carried golden heart padlocks.

And as they rocked back and forth, working the levers that pumped food into their mouths and dildos up into their vaginas, Laura saw the others were unashamedly staring at each other's decorated nipples that accentuating the swaying of their breasts with their sparkles and jingles. They had nothing else to wear or show off to mark their individuality so they were reduced to admiring their new slave nipple rings! How twisted was that?

After they had eaten and achieved their required orgasms they retired to the soft furnishings of the sitting room where they began to debate and chatter about their choices, wiggling their breasts to show them off. Then they actually began laughing.

'Come on, Laura,' Sophie said to Laura. 'Don't look so miserable.'

Laura scowled. 'You realize we're losing control of our bodies. Creed's buying us off with trinkets from beyond the grave! He's fucking well accessorising us for his pleasure, not ours, but you're accepting it along with beatings and enforced orgasms as something to laugh about!'

'It's laugh or cry,' Maria countered. 'We know what he's doing to us – or trying to do to us – but we might as well have a bit of fun when we can. We've nothing left to be ashamed of and if we spend all our time wailing about how miserable we are he'll have won.'

'And you have to admit these are quality,' Helen said, looking down at the emerald clusters hanging from her proud nipples. 'Whatever else he was, Creed wasn't mean.'

'Do you suppose we can keep them afterwards?' Tiffany asked.

‘I am,’ said Sophie, the gold heart padlocks on her nipples glinting. ‘I think I’m due every bit of compensation I can get for going through all this.’

‘You don’t mean you’re going to keep on wearing these things?’ Laura said in horror.

‘Why not?’ Tiffany said. ‘It’ll be my body again and you can’t tell me how to decorate it or you’ll be as bad as Creed.’

Laura sank into a sullen brooding silence while the others settled down to watch television. She understood now that this free time was all part of Creed’s scheme to make their confinement tolerable. He could have their nipples pierced by force in the morning but, as long as they had comfortable chairs and a bit of mindless television to watch, by nightfall they’d be joking about it. Was she the only one to feel so offended by what they were enduring that she had could not bear to stay in the house another day? She had to escape! And she would do it tonight.

So Laura watched and waited.

At ten thirty, when the news from the rest of the normal world outside their strange bubble of perversion ended, the others began to stir. Sophie and Maria bade their goodnights, kissing the others dutifully. When Tiffany rose to leave Laura also got up, moving away from Helen so Tiffany had to come across to her to kiss.

As she did do Laura whispered softly but urgently in her ear: ‘This is important. Come to my room before lock down. Make sure none of the housebots see you and bring your undersheet!’

Chapter 5

Laura was ready to open the door when Tiffany knocked. She still had her yoke on so it opened freely. Tiffany, her fitted bed sheet rolled up in one hand, slipped inside and, after a quick glance down the corridor to check no housebots were in sight, Laura closed the door after her.

‘What do you want this for?’ Tiffany asked, dropping the sheet on Laura’s bed. She noticed Laura’s undersheet had already been stripped off. ‘What are you doing?’

‘Escaping, of course. And you’re going to help me. Dock your yoke on the bathroom door and I’ll explain.’

The security system must have seemed safe enough but there was a flaw she could exploit.

They could only remove their yokes in their bedrooms, which appeared secure. Outside their yokes identified them to the housebots and made it physically impossible to scale the perimeter wall, even if they could find something to serve as a ladder. It was possible to have an unrestrained guest in a room as the second yoke dock showed. No doubt it was all part of Creed’s scheme to allow them sufficient minor freedoms and luxuries to make the rest of their torment tolerable. Sebastian had not specified how many girls could share a room at night as long as they were all inside some bedroom. That trivial detail, together with a careless bit of housekeeping, would allow her to escape.

When they were both un-yoked, Laura began twisting Tiffany’s sheet diagonally and then tied it to the end of her own.

‘But we’ve only got a few more days to go,’ Tiffany said. ‘We’ve survived so far. Why not just tough it out?’

‘Because today it was having our nipples pierced, but tomorrow who

knows?’ Laura said grimly. ‘Pussy rings? Branding? Having God knows what new sex toy shoved up us until we burst? We’re on a knife edge, just being given enough slack to make it tolerable, but that doesn’t make any of this right. And the longer we stay the less will we have to escape. If we’re pushed too far we’ll all have nervous breakdowns. Do you want to risk that?’

Tiffany looked at her searchingly for a long moment. Then she shook her head. ‘No, I suppose not. What’s your plan?’

‘The undersheets are the only things around here you can make ropes of. The duvets are too thick to tie and the windows all have blinds. Two undersheets tied end to end will be long enough get down to the ground safely.’

‘But the windows don’t open wide enough to get through.’

Laura grinned. ‘They will if you can unscrew the plate holding the sliding latch bar. Somebody dropped a penny in my wardrobe and you can use its edge like a screwdriver. It took the screws out before you came. That window will open wide whenever I want.’

‘But even if we make it outside we still can’t get over the wall.’

‘I’ve seen a way we can, but it’ll take two people to do it which is why I need you.’

‘What, you mean standing on my shoulders? I still don’t think that be high enough.’

‘No, to make a sort of ladder. I’ll explain...’ she glanced at the glittering ornaments suspended from Tiffany’s perky nipples... ‘but first please take those things off! We won’t want to be wearing anything like that tonight...’

* * *

It was midnight by Laura’s bedside clock. She and Tiffany had been sitting in the dark so as to maximise their night vision. They had listened to

the faint burr of the wheels of the housebot on landing guard coming and going with clockwork regularity. No alarm had been raised when the bedroom doors had locked with Tiffany's room empty. Outside it was a mild, still, slightly overcast night with a quarter moon near setting.

Laura whispered: 'Time to go...'

Carefully they moved the dressing table to one side and placed the tubular frame chair under the window with its back to the wall. They looped the tied bedsheets through the top bar of its backrest and then shifted the dressing table against the front of the chair, wedging it against the wall. Cautiously Laura opened the window wide, letting in the cool night air. Laura had been worried that there was some alarm circuit connected to the window that she could not see, but nothing happened.

Tiffany climbed onto the chair, took hold of both ends of the bedsheet rope and edged her way backwards over the window sill. She slithered down to the end, let herself hang with her arms stretched above her head and dropped the short distance to the flagstone path that skirted the wall. Laura clambered out after her, letting herself down the makeshift rope to its end. Then, keeping hold of one end of the bedsheet, she let go of the other. As she dropped to the ground the free end slid upward, running through the top of the chair frame until the whole length fell back on top of her with a soft swish of fabric.

Laura bundled up the sheet rope. Then, keeping low and hugging the wall with Tiffany at her heels, she made her way towards the front corner of the house. There were no room lights showing on this side of the house and only two lamps shining on either side of the front door. At the end of the drive they could see a glow of security lights on the other side of the gates. Feeling a sick thrill of excitement and fear, Laura led their barefoot dash across the lawn to the nearest ornamental hedge, and then along in its shadows away from the house lights until only a short stretch of lawn lay between them and the shrubbery that grew up against the inside of the perimeter wall. Another dash and they felt soft earth under their feet and dew-damp leaves brushed their bare flanks. The perimeter wall loomed over them: three metres high and capped by a rounded copper security coping that formed a tube running down its length, giving no purchase to any hook or

grapnel that might be thrown over it, or hand reaching up from below. They shuffled along in the space between the shrubs and the wall until they reached the spot Laura had selected during their morning exercise run.

Before them was a slender cypress tree, standing over four metres tall, and clipped into a perfect tapering spearhead. It stood well clear of the wall and there seemed no way even if it could be climbed one could reach the summit of the wall. But Laura had a way of changing that.

She unrolled the bedsheet rope, passed it across the side of the cypress facing away from the wall as high up as she could reach and gave the other end to Tiffany. With their backs to the wall they heaved, bending the springy slender-trunked tree a little in their direction. The loop of improvised rope that was pressing against the tree slid up its side a little, improving their leverage. They dug their heels in and pulled harder. Gradually the tree top bent over until it was almost hanging over the top of the wall.

‘Can you hold it?’ Laura hissed.

‘Yes... but be quick.’

Laura passed over her end of the rope then scurried round the tree to its leaning side and began to scramble up it, adding her weight to Tiffany’s efforts. The slick sprays of evergreen leaves rasped across her bare breasts and through her naked pussy cleft as she straddled the girth of the tree, clasping it to her, ignoring scrapes and stabs, shinning up higher, bending the tree ever close to the top of the wall. She felt a thrill at her clandestine naked activity and the sweet promise of success. She realized her nipples were hard even without rings in them and her sex was wet. But then this was something truly to get excited about. When she was safely straddling the top of the wall she would hold the tree in place for Tiffany to climb. Then they would tie one end of the bedsheet rope to it and let themselves down outside the grounds. Then they would stroll along to the front gate, ring the bell and demand their freedom.

Clinging to the top of the tree with one arm, Laura reached out and grabbed the rounded coping...

An alarm sounded, cutting through the still air. Security lights sprang on all around the house and along the shrubberies, suddenly bathing them in a stark glare. Tiffany gave a squeak of fear and let go of the bedsheet rope. The cypress swayed away from the wall, Laura lost her balance, slithered round to hang under its leaning summit kicking wildly, then her grip failed and she crashed back down into the shrubbery.

Shaken and gasping for breath Laura struggled to her feet, clutching hold of Tiffany's hand. They had to run, to find somewhere to hide... but it was too late.

A dozen housebots were rolling out of the house and fanning out across the lawn. Their claws were raised, crackling and sparking menacingly. The voice of Sebastian echoed from their speakers: 'Stand where you are! You cannot escape. Resistance will be severely punished!'

The escape attempt had failed.

* * *

The gong had sounded through the house, rousing the other girls from their sleep. Yoked and bleary-eyed, they had been marched down to the sitting room. The chairs had been cleared away and in their place were Laura and Tiffany, bedraggled and smeared with earth and leaf mould, kneeling on the floor with a housebot standing behind each of them with its claw about their shockingly bare necks.

As she looked up at the dismay in their faces Laura felt sick with fear and yet consoled by a fierce sense of pride. At least she had tried. Nobody could take that away from her.

Sebastian's face appeared on the screen.

'These two slaves have been found attempting to escape from the house. They will be punished and you will witness their suffering as a warning. First I must play you this message from my creator...'

An image of Creed in his wheelchair appeared on the screen. Behind

him was his gimp girl. She was facing away from the camera strung out within an upright rectangular frame like that Maria had been hung from the first day, except it did not have the central winch but instead one at each corner, which were attached to broad cuffs clamped about her wrists and ankles, pulling them out so wide and tight that she seemed to be vibrating between them like a violin string. The posture emphasised the supple curve of her back, swelling into the fleshy double hemisphere of her magnificent buttocks. Their pale smoothness was marred by crisscross lattice of purple welt marks, some of which were bleeding.

Creed looked at the through the camera. 'If you are seeing this it means one of you has tried to escape and been captured. Congratulations on having the courage and ingenuity to try. But you failed so now you've got to be punished. You were warned.' He reached out and stroked his slave's abused bottom. 'Slaves must expect to be punished if they break the rules. That's why there are rules. She accepts her master's right to inflict pain upon her. Yet even a punishment can become an act of delight, for there is great pleasure to be found in seeing a pretty woman suffer to just the right degree. You may not believe it now, but it also strengthens the bond between master and slave. But that's for another day and this is a different lesson. You are there now to watch and learn that every decision we make has consequences and eventually we all have to face up to them.'

The recording ended and was replaced by Sebastian's face.

Laura said: 'I talked Tiffany into helping me, Master. She doesn't deserve this.'

'It does not matter,' Sebastian replied. 'You were both found outside improperly dressed in the act of attempting to leave the grounds. You will both suffer the consequences. We shall have a double whipping.'

Tiffany whimpered and hung her head.

Housebots 4 and 5, still fitted with their modified whip hands but with standard claws instead of their vibrator attachments, wheeled the frame they had just seen on the screen in from the utility room and set it up. It had also been modified and now had sets of double cuffs fixed to the wire ropes

dangling from the corner winches. There was also a lighter set of cords hanging from the top centre winch which had what looked like large double fishing hooks on their ends.

The housebots pulled Laura and Tiffany onto their feet and led them over to the frame. Laura did not resist and mounted the frame base and even held her arms out so the robots could snap the cuffs on them. Creed was right about consequences, now all she could do was accept them with as much dignity as possible. Tiffany however squirmed feebly and had to be dragged round to the other side of the frame to face Laura. Her arms were lifted and the cuffs were clamped about her wrists. Their legs were spread and their ankles were cuffed to the winches mounted on the lower corners of the frame. They now stood on the rubber matting frame base between the uprights almost nose to nose and nipple to nipple.

Deftly the robots then slid the sets of fishing hooks hanging from the top of the frame through their pierced nipples. They hung in pairs off common rings so each one could secure two nipples at the same time, one of Laura's firm olive brown white tips and one of Tiffany's pinker nubs.

'No, please don't!' Tiffany sobbed, as the metal hooks slid through her tender pink bud of flesh.

'What do you expect?' Laura said, gritting her teeth. 'I told you they weren't put there for fun.'

Their pairs of skewered nipples throbbed and rubbed together. Despite herself Laura could not stop hers from rising and pressing harder against Tiffany's. Was that sick or simply natural instinct?

A robot had brought in a large, curved, double-ended dildo. Reaching between their legs it pushed the ends up into their vaginas. Laura grunted as it was stuffed inside her. Shit it was big!

'No, don't put that thing into us, Master!' Tiffany pleaded as her vulva bulged. 'Not as well as the hooks and the whipping. That's too much!'

'This is about both pain and shame,' said Sebastian, 'with an option to

find a little solace if you can. But you must surrender your dignity to find it. You will get no external help. This is all in accordance with my maker's will.'

A housebot pushed a rubber ring, like a dog's playtoy, into their mouths so that they shared it between them, champing down on opposite sides.

'It may help to bite on this, unless you want to risk damage to your tongues or teeth,' Sebastian advised.

The winch motors purred, taking up the slack on the wire ropes. Their arms were pulled taut, lifting them off the ground and grinding their bodies together. Then the cords to the nipple hooks tightened, drawing their nipples out into pink and olive cones and stretching their breasts, which were now pressed hard against each other forming fat pancakes, upward until their shrieked. Their legs were pulled wider until their bodies grew drum-tight.

Tiffany looked into Laura's eyes in horror. Housebots 4 and 5 took up positions behind them. They raised their whip arms.

Hiss, crack, crackle!

It was worse than Laura had imagined. Searing pain exploded in her buttocks and they shrieked into each other's faces while they bit down on their ring, indenting it with their tooth marks. Her hips jerked forward by reflex only to bang against Tiffany's hipbones as she recoiled from her whip blow. Their vaginas clamped about the dildo inside them as if it was some protective talisman that might ward off the pain, driving it even deeper inside their distended passages. The convulsions of their bodies yanked on their nipple cords, jiggling their breasts like puppets.

Hiss, swish, crack. The machines beat them with perfectly even regular strokes, working their way across the trembling, shivering mounds of their backsides, scoring line after blazing line in their flesh that rippled and jumped under their cold camera eyes, relaying it to the big screen so that the watching girls could see every detail.

Laura had never felt such pain. Her arse flesh blazed hot and cold. Was she bleeding yet? She was sure the machines were cutting her bottom to pieces, but how much was due to the electric shocks and how much to the rasp of the whip itself? Whichever it was combined it seemed to slice through her backside and into her very bones. She thudded and ground and slithered into and across Tiffany's splayed body as it banged into hers, like two dancers doing the waltz of torment.

A film of sweat was growing between their writhing bodies, making their slip about against each other. Their breasts bulged and ballooned, their pubic bushes mingled damply while their bulging clefts kissed with desperate urgency, their hard clitorises grinding together. Laura's buttocks were clenching frantically with each blow, churning the rubber rod that joined their vaginas, which was now slick with their sweat and juices, deeper into Tiffany's hole. Tears splashed from their cheeks into each other's faces and then down over their jostling, glossy, tormented mammaries.

Tiffany gave a despairing shriek and shuddered violently, and Laura felt hot fluid hiss and splash from Tiffany's pussy mouth into hers, bubbling and spraying across their thighs and down their legs. As she did so Tiffany's red-rimmed eyes opened wide as though in wonder and disbelief and then rolled up and she went limp.

With disgusting intimacy Tiffany had peed over her cleft and then had cum! She had let go, surrendering her pride and dignity to the needs of her body.

Despairing Laura did the same, burning with inward shame even as her bottom burned, letting the hot pee gush out of her like a naughty girl, splashing into Tiffany's pussy hole. It was shameful and degrading and the ultimate illicit act, thrilling her already rampant clitoris with its hissing passage and tipping her over the edge. For a few seconds the pain was wiped away as an orgasm beyond any she had ever known coursed through her spread-eagled body.

When Laura's senses began to return the whips were no longer lashing her and Tiffany's hot sweaty body sagged against hers, seemingly gummed to her flesh, their nipple-hooked breasts rising and falling together

raggedly. She could hear Sebastian's voice. 'Kiss their bottoms, feel the heat of their pain, see and smell their juices...'

And Laura felt the lips of the other girls brushing softly across her cruelly welted buttocks. She groaned and shivered.

'You can always be made to orgasm, even in the worst circumstances,' Sebastian warned them. 'Remember that. This is what you are.'

* * *

Half an hour later Laura lay face down on her bed, shivering and hugging her pillow while her sore bottom, now covered in cooling skin cream, simmered. In the bedroom mirror the damage was not as bad as she had feared. She would heal in a week or two, but Creed's machines had still beaten her in every sense of the word. She had been deeply shamed.

To cum after having multiple sex with half a dozen men had been normal, in a sick kind of way, but coming while she was coupled with Tiffany while being beaten was not. It looked as if she was a lesbian and a masochist. And peeing like that! What must the others think of her?

But there was no escape now. She would have to swallow what was left of her pride and somehow survive the last few days of the terrible challenge uncomplainingly. But her self-confidence had taken a savage blow and she was not sure she would ever be the same again. She had failed, and she always achieved what she set out to do. If her nerve went she was frightened she might break completely and then they'd all discover the truth about what she'd done.

Chapter 6

Sophie could hardly bring herself to look Tiffany or Laura in the eye the next morning when they paraded for breakfast. But then they were both hanging their heads so there was not much chance of that. They did not even look at each other. In fact Tiffany appeared totally crushed, while compared with Laura's direct defiant manner of the last few days it was unsettling to see her now staring at the ground and hunching her shoulders nervously.

The ritual of the group slave kiss forced a degree of intimacy but Sophie closed her eyes before their lips touched. She whispered a quick: 'Sorry' and tried to be as gentle as possible holding them since both girls were evidently very stiff and looked drawn and tired. They had hardly been able to march down the stairs, with every attempt at a high step tugging on taut flayed skin and making them wince visibly. Their bottoms were twin blooms of scarlet crossed by lines of purple welts. But even worse than the pain they had suffered was the fact that they had seen them pee into each other's pussies as they orgasmed. That was too weird and dirty for comfort.

There was little conversation as they worked the pumps and sucked down breakfast. Beyond the glaringly obvious it was hard to know what to say. Fortunately neither Helen nor Maria were any bolder, so her silence did not seem unusual.

But Sophie doubted their embarrassment stemmed from quite the same reason as hers, nor carried with it quite so much guilt. Sophie did not want to risk giving away any sign of how excited she had been when she had watched Laura and Tiffany being punished. Yes, it had actually turned her on.

She recalled with shocking intensity the crack of the electric whips on their flesh, seeing the shivers ripple through their buttocks, seeing their pussies distorted by the double dildo as they were driven onto each other in a parody of copulation. She had clenched her thighs together to try to rub her own pussy. Fortunately she had disguised it as a cringe of shock. Back in her

bed afterwards she had masturbated as she recalled what she had seen. Did that make her a bad person? She felt dirtier doing that than having sex with those men. What was this place doing to her? A few times in the past an old boyfriend of hers had tied her wrists to the bedframe with a scarf and spanked her lightly. It had been a brief curious thrill, nothing more. Nothing like this. This was a glimpse into another world, and she was frightened it would drag her into uncharted depths.

* * *

Tiffany and Laura staggered around the garden during their exercise period. However when they returned from their showers to kneel on the sitting room mats Sophie thought they looked a little brighter. She hoped they recovered quickly, if only to ease her own guilty conscience. But the stakes had undoubtedly been raised by the events of the previous night and they all watched Creed's recording with both fear and intense concentration. No one else wanted to bring such punishment down on themselves through simple inattention. Sophie found herself expecting Creed to make some reference to the night's events, but of course this had all been recorded possibly months ago. The dead man's timetable of torment would not be deflected.

Creed had his yoked Gimp girl squatting on a table beside him. Her bare feet were balanced on a couple of wooden blocks with her back straight and her bent legs splayed wide. Her yoke was suspended from some attachment out of shot, keeping her balanced. Between the wooden blocks was a clear plastic bucket. Her eyes visible through her mask were fixed on her master.

Creed stroked the girl's smooth, deeply furrowed love mouth, making her squirm and moan softly and then looked at them out of the screen.

'A slave forced to break her toilet training or to pee in public, especially in a messy or embarrassing manner, is performing a submissive act,' he said. 'After all in our culture it is a bodily function normally performed in private by most adults. I forced my toy to drink a litre of water a while ago and by now she wants to pee badly. It's arousing her as well, of course, as it can with women...' Sophie noticed both Laura and Tiffany shudder at this moment '...but she's waiting for my permission. She has

surrendered control of her right to eliminate when she wishes to another. That is deeply exciting for both parties.’ He turned back to the girl. ‘You may relieve yourself...’

The girl closed her eyes blissfully as a jet of clear pee hissed from her slot into the bucket.

‘Decoratively a girl also may be seen as a living fountain,’ Creed continued, admiring the steady stream that spouted from his slave’s vulva. ‘You’ll learn something about what that feels like in today’s challenge and how arousing mixing sex and urination can be. You will also meet my slave. Treat her as she would wish. Good luck.’

* * *

They were marched out to the sunken garden again to find the posts still there but they now had bucket and with hosepipes plugged into their bases hanging from them. The device in the middle of the circle had also changed. Now there was a small transparent inflatable paddling pool and standing in it was a heavy round metal plate with an adjustable rod rising from its centre. Impaled upon it, with the rod buried deep inside her rectum, was the gimp girl.

Her mouth was plugged with a ball gag and her arms were bound behind her with rubber straps, binding her wrists and crossing her chest, separating her shapely breasts on which her ringed nipples stood up proudly, to wrap about her upper arms and hold them tightly to her sides. More straps were bound about her knees and ankles, securing her to the rod which rose up between her calves and thighs to plunge into the deep cleft of her buttocks.

As the girls appeared the gimp woman’s bright eyes flicked across them, although what emotion she was experiencing with her features largely concealed they could not say. Sophie automatically looked for the whip marks on her buttocks they had seen on the recording only last night, but they seemed perfectly smooth. Again that scene might have been recorded months ago. With her dying master... and all leading up to this moment.

The housebots arranged the girls in a ring about the pool with its

strange captive, lying on their backs with their heads and shoulders between the posts and legs pointing inward. Chains from the bottom of the posts were hooked to the ends of their yokes, securing them in place. Their knees were bent and spread and their ankles were chained to the yoke ends, holding them splayed with their exposed groins pointing at the pool.

As they were bound Sophie started at the gimp woman. What was she feeling? She had been Creed's personal slave, virtually his pet, uncomfortable as that was to accept. What was she doing her now? Did she still live in the house or close by? She must still be obeying her dead master's wishes. She must want them to do whatever was planned for them. Was she degrading herself in Creed's memory?

There were devices lying on the grass by each of them that now pointed up between their spread legs. They seemed to be vibrators with a motorized double clamp mounted on top of them. Power cables snaked away from them to the base of the posts. It was beside these that the hose pipes trailing from buckets hung high up on the posts were coiled, with odd fitting on their ends. The robots brought them over and the girls began to groan as they realized their function.

The hoses connected to plastic tubs that were fitted to middles of figure-of-eight plywood bases with dozens of tin tacks hammered through them. These bases were about the size and spacing of a typical pair of bra cups. The robots placed them across their breasts so that their upward pointing nipples could poke up through their centres. There were long sliding bolts mounted on the upper sides of the bases that slid across and through their nipple rings, holding the bases and tubs in place. The girls winced as the tack points pressed down into their fleshy globes, but the whole assembly was quite light and did not drive the tips hard enough to break their skin. A second thinner plastic hose ran from the base of the tubs up between their breasts. The robots pushed the ends of these into their mouths. Their gags inflated, closing around the hoses and holding them in place. They could still breathe through their noses but their mouths now only had one function, which they all could guess.

While the housebots were bustling purposefully about Sophie was aware of the gimp woman's eyes looking down on them. Was it hungrily,

eagerly, fearfully, resentfully? Perhaps something of all of them. She could see right up their open legs and into their cunts that were all pointing at her. Sophie blushed foolishly. And how was she looking back at her? She did not have to search her feelings far to find she was curious to know what it would be like to be bound like that.

The housebots now turned their attention to the devices lying between the girl's legs. They slid the vibrators up into their anuses until the clamps on their top ends were level with their pussy mouths. Then they closed the crescent-shaped jaws of the clamps about their inner labia, making the girls wince. The clamps hummed, folding together and pinching their flesh lips shut. Then they suddenly opened, unfolding like double doors being flung back, stretching their flesh petals painfully wide and exposing their clitoral hoods, vaginal passages and the tiny mouths of their urethras to the air.

The robots rolled out of the circle and the clamps closed tight again, sealing off their secret valleys.

Sebastian spoke to them through the robots. 'You will become a flesh fountain, a living water feature. You will squirt regularly every half hour when you are full and your pussy mouths are opened. You will do so as hard as you can so that you drench the slave. Don't worry, she wants this. It's what she lives for. If you can orgasm as you spurt all the better. It is not compulsory but you may find it hard to resist. You can also refuse to suck up the water and play your part but you will find it increasingly painful. The challenge will continue until the buckets are emptied.'

The robots went round the hanging buckets, twisting taps on the hose junctions. Water began to flow down them and into the tubs balanced painfully across their breasts. At the same time the vibrators lodged in their backsides began to hum.

They were not powerful but they were constant and they set the clips on their labia vibrating in sympathy, transmitting the buzz to their unnaturally enclosed clitorises. They squirmed on the grass and moaned. This could get hard to cope with. But they were soon distracted by the growing weight of the tubs, wobbling slightly on the fleshy cushions of their breasts, which began to press the pins down into their breasts in rings about their nipples, which were

perversely standing up harder than ever. They had no choice but to begin sucking the water out of the tubs and gulping it down, which only internalized the problem.

After ten minutes (Sophie guessed not having a watch) they all began to be aware of their bladders filling. The natural thing would have been to pee, but with their inner lips clamped that was exactly what they could not do.

After twenty minutes (perhaps) they were all shifting and squirming, grinding their buttocks on the grass and trying to squeeze their thighs together. Sophie saw the faces of the others screwed up in almost comic distress, and not just because of the direct pressure of the water inside them. The steady buzz of the vibrators stuck up their arses was being channelled by the resistance of their bulging bladders and concentrating on their throbbing clitorises. Everything was so complicated and close together with the female anatomy! Sophie could feel her slick lubrications building up in her vagina and seeping out under pressure from the lower end of her cleft. Her trapped clitoris was pulsing ready to burst on its own. If she let her bladder go she was frightened her clamped vulva would swell up like a balloon and burst, or else her pee would back up into her vagina like a sluice valve. If she allowed herself to cum the convulsions would set everything else off. This was agony. She could not last much longer. She tried to think of anything but flowing water except she had to keep drinking, even though the pain from the pins was actually a little diverting and maybe she could take more of that. What was a little blood on her tits after all? Except she could not take any more! It was driving her mad. She had to pee, she had to cum...

And then five sets of clamps opened perfect unison, exposing their hot sticky sexes so that their swollen clitorises sprang up proudly.

With sobs of relief five streams of hot pee hissed through the air in graceful arcs and splashed over the body of the gimp woman, who writhed against her straps in delight, rolling her hips about the rod on which she was impaled. Rushing pee trilled through their overstimulated pussies which went into spasm as orgasms tore through them, making the jets pulse and stutter and whip from side to side, but never cease.

Twenty seconds... thirty... forty...

At last the flows diminished to dribbles that ran down into their buttock cracks. The drips trickled down the body of the gimp woman into the pool. The clamps swung shut, sealing their inner vulvas up again. Only as the orgasmic haze faded did they realize their breasts were stinging as the tubs balanced on them filled unchecked. Desperately they began to suck and gulp them dry. They had half an hour to recover and anticipate before the next time the floodgates opened...

* * *

The bucket ran dry during their fourth session. After they had given their happy victim one last drenching the robots freed them and led them back to the house. The last sight Sophie had of the gimp woman was as she sagged limp and bedraggled in the middle of her pool of pee. Would they ever see her in the flesh again?

* * *

Meeting the gimp girl gave them something else to talk about at dinner. No doubt they had all been thinking about her during their afternoon rest, while putting cream on the circlets of pin marks that now decorated their breasts. But Sophie knew there was another matter they had to get out of the way first.

She made a point of kissing Laura and Tiffany warmly during the ritual and smiling at them while they ate and, incredibly, orgasmed once more. When they were all finally free to go through to the sitting room she said: 'Look, there's something important I've got to say that affects all of us. Will you listen?'

They sat down and looked at her.

Nerving herself Sophie turned to Laura and Tiffany. 'We can't go on being too embarrassed to say what we feel about your whipping. We're all sorry about what you both went through last night... especially the peeing bit... and the cumming at the same time. But I think we've got a better idea

what it feels like after this morning. We know you couldn't help it. So none of us should feel awkward. I say we mustn't judge the way any of us react to anything we're made to do here from now on.'

'Nicely put, Sophie,' Helen said.

'That goes for me to,' Maria said.

Laura and Tiffany smiled back with relief.

'Thanks,' Laura said. 'And I'm sorry I was being so intolerant about you having a laugh last night. You were right. I guess I learned my lesson.'

'No, I think it was very brave of you to try to escape,' Sophie said. 'I wouldn't have had the guts to try it. You've got to tell us how you got so far.'

They listened intently as Laura explained how they escaped from her room.

'That's funny, Maria said. 'There was a dropped penny in the bottom of my wardrobe.'

'And mine,' Helen said. 'And a couple of wire coat hangers.'

They all had pennies and two wire coat hangers.

'I thought of using the hangers to make a hook to help pull the tree down,' Laura admitted. 'A lot of useful tricks you can do with them.'

'You mean we were set up?' Tiffany said in dismay. 'They knew we were escaping. It was all for nothing!'

'Sorry,' Laura said.

'Or perhaps we were being given a sporting chance?' Helen suggested. 'It's the sort of thing Creed would do. He always played fair.'

'I still think he's a bastard!' Tiffany said with uncharacteristic vehemence.

‘But he must be something more than that,’ Maria said. ‘Or else why would the gimp woman have been here? It has to be of her own free will.’

‘Or because she’s a sad masochist,’ Tiffany suggested.

‘We mustn’t judge, remember,’ Sophie said. ‘That must go for her as well. We’ve no idea what she’s experienced.’

‘Just like we’ve no idea what Creed has in store for us tomorrow,’ Helen said.

Chapter 7

The next day was apparently designated ponygirl day. And they were destined to be the ponies.

Tiffany glared at the big screen in disgust where Creed had harnessed his gimp woman to his wheelchair. She was shuffling along on her hands and knees in front of him, her dangling ring-nippled breasts bobbing heavily and her buttocks rolling. A broad belt had been bucked about her waist with large harness rings on each side which were clipped to light shafts that ran back to the wheel hubs of Creed's chair. Her collar had also been replaced with a broader model with a pair of rigid metal rings projecting over her shoulders. Through these were threaded reins which Creed held. The other ends were clipped to her nipple rings, which he tugged on to control her.

'Using a slave girl as a beast of burden is a natural step in her training,' Creed said as the camera panned to follow him as he role about the room drawn by his human pony. 'Her body is dedicated to her master's comfort and pleasure so why shouldn't she be made to carry and haul as well?'

Tiffany noticed the other girls were watching the demonstration with disquieting interest. Surely their nipples did not have to be quite so stiff. True they had no choice but to learn what was expected of them but there was no need to look quite so absorbed in the degradation of another woman, even if she did appear compliant. Were they losing their will power or sense of pride? Well she wasn't. People mistook her outwardly shy manner for weakness and dismissed her as a pretty timid blonde, but that did not mean she could not think for herself. Creed would never posthumously suck her into his sick world, and certainly not with an invitation to play at ponygirls. Tiffany had never been that interested in ponies nor did she want to emulate one. She just wanted this whole business to be over and done with so she could get her compensation. The half a million due to her meant she could quit her current job earlier than she planned. Then she could go where she

wanted and do what she wanted and she'd never have to be anyone's PA ever again.

Creed brought his by now sweating slave to a halt by dragging sharply on both reins and making her nipples jerk upward. 'There is all the fun of breaking her in until she responds instantly to a tug of the reins, a flick of the whip or a word of command,' he told them. 'Reducing her to the status of an animal is deeply satisfying and an intense erotic experience for both parties. Normally this would take months but today you'll have a little taste of this life and what it's like at a ponygirl meet. Yes, there are such things. Prepare to be worked hard. If the weather's good you'll be out in the garden for several hours.'

* * *

The weather was good so they did go outside. So it seemed was every other housebot on the staff. They had never seen so many at one time. It was surreal and a little frightening.

The robots were arrayed about a figure-of-eight racetrack that had been laid out on the big lawn by the side of the house. It had straight ends with sharp bends at the corners and longer middle straights that crossed over each other. Starting and finishing lines had been marked across the middle stretches of each end straight. As they approached the robots began making clapping movements with their arms while recorded applause and whistles played from their speakers. Apparently they were going to have a lively audience.

Tiffany squirmed, suddenly made conscious of her nakedness by this pseudo-crowd gathered about this mock racetrack. She felt their camera eyes upon her, like racecourse punters assessing horseflesh on parade. Was that the idea? What would it be like performing as a ponygirl in front of real people? Her stomach knotted at the thought.

Beside the track a number of items were set out in sets of five.

Seated on a row of chairs were five half size mannequins dressed in jockeys' silks, caps and boots. Each was set in a racing posture on a model

saddle with hands grasping the ends of sets of trailing reins. Beside them and built to the same scale were five small lightweight racing traps with long shafts. There were also five wheeled dumper barrows, of the sort that might have been used with ride-on children's play tractors, in different colours, and five anonymous bubble-wrapped objects. By them were five piles of sawn logs. Resting on each pile was what looked like a version of a housebot twin-jawed clamp hand, except that it was attached to a pair of dildos. What was that for, Tiffany wondered?

They were lined up beside this odd array of objects and Sebastian addressed them through Housebot 1's speaker.

'You are going to take part in trials that will test your ponygirl qualities of speed, obedience and stamina. No times will be taken but you will be expected to perform to your maximum ability, therefore any girl who comes last in two events will be punished. For the first event you will be ridden like ponies with robot jockeys on your backs. Your yokes will be reconfigured to a more equine posture.'

The motors whined and their arms were swung inward until they were pointing straight ahead of them. Then the wrist cuffs twisted, bending their hands down. Now their arms were frozen in a classic "prancing pony" stance.

The model jockeys were hung on their backs, harness straps clipping onto their yokes with a strap round their waists to hold the saddle, with a scalloped leading edge to curve round their backs, in place. Their reins were hung over their shoulders and their ends were clipped to their nipple rings. A short cable with a metal and rubber plug tip was drawn out of the base of the saddles and plugged into their anuses.

Despite her feelings, Tiffany could not help grinning at the other girls and they responded in kind. They looked rather comical with toy jockeys mounted on their backs.

'You will be controlled electrically,' Sebastian said. 'Turning to the left and right will be signalled through stimulation of your appropriate nipple, while slowing will be signalled through shocks to both sides. The signal to go faster will be delivered through your rectal controller, like so...'

The girls yipped and dance about in pain as their nipples and rectums received sharp stabbing jolts of electricity. By the time the shocks stopped they were all misty eyed and trembling and no longer feeling at all amused. The jockeys might look like toys but they delivered serious pain. Creed's dead hand was still controlling them, even through such bizarre devices.

‘The race will be ten laps of the course,’ Sebastian said. ‘Take your places...’

Their gags inflated but in different sections than before. Rubber fingers pushed inward between their front teeth to meet in the middle, forming a bar across their mouths. Of course, Tiffany realised, they were mimicking horses' bits.

They lined up at the starting line, robot jockeys on their backs and their wired nipples standing up in helpless anticipation. They had no choice but to run. Once again they would simply have to make the best of it.

Housebot 1 raised its arm: ‘Ready... steady... go!’

Their anal plugs delivered electric stabs up their backsides and with yelps of pain they sprinted off and the robot crowd began cheering.

The course was much shorter than a regular athletics track but regular athletes were not normally hampered by running naked with a yoke across their shoulders and model jockeys strapped to their backs. The girls' breasts bounced and heaved as they had to swing their shoulders as one to compensate for the roll of their hips instead of pumping their arms like a proper runner. Whistles went up from the robot crowd as though approving of the spectacle they were making of themselves.

By lap two Tiffany was beginning to pant and sweat, sucking air in past her bit. Worse she was falling behind the others. This was going to be harder than the skittle race. If only she was not wired up. She could see where she had to run and did not need to be told to turn with the track. But the jockey pricked her nipples with its electric reins and she turned in obedience. This was not really about the race but conditioning them to respond to commands, however they were delivered. Well she would not be

brainwashed.

By lap seven the field was strung out, with Laura, of course, determinedly pounding along in the lead and Tiffany at the rear. Almost half a lap separated them and she had to dodge Laura crossing her path on the return loop as they passed over the intersection in the middle of the track. Tiffany's jockey was pounding her rear with shocks but she could not go any faster. All she could see through her stinging eyes were rolling glossy buttocks getting further ahead of her.

Finally a bell sounded from Housebot 1's speaker to signal the last lap. Ahead Tiffany saw two housebots holding a tape across the track. To cheers from the crowd Laura's proud taut olive globes literally breasted the tape first. Tiffany staggered in over the line ten seconds behind her to a desultory patter of applause. But at least it was over.

The jockeys were disconnected and removed from their backs for recharging. Their gag bits deflated. Laura was beaming with foolish pride at winning. The others also seemed quite pleased with themselves. What was the matter with them, Tiffany thought?

Housebot 1 announced the results and told them they had half an hour to rest before the next event. They were given drinks of water and rubbed down with towels. Then they sprawled on the grass.

The relief of finishing the race had left Tiffany and now she felt resentful. As they rested and the robot crowd fell silent they could hear the occasional car passing by along the country road that lay beyond the high walls of the estate but it might as well have been another world. Could those passers-by have guessed what sick games were being played behind those forbidding gates? How Tiffany wished she'd been the one who leaked those stories about Creed's secret hobby. She'd have done it properly and ruined him. Like he was ruining her...

Sophie looked at her despondent features. 'Don't worry. Better luck next time.'

'I'm going to lose twice, I know it!' Tiffany said.

Sophie glanced around at the others and then smiled and shook her head. 'I'm sure you'll do fine,' she said.

Sebastian announced through Housebot 1: 'The next race will be a ponytrap event over six laps...'

The recharged robot jockeys were put into the seats of the traps and whips were put in their right hands. Broads harness belts with tethering rings hanging over their hips were buckled about the girls' waists. Longer reins were put into the jockey's free hands and connected to their nipple rings. But at least they were spared the anal plugs. Would the whips be kinder?

They lined up at the start again. Tiffany gritted her teeth. She must not lose this time.

'Go!' Housebot 1 said. The jockey's whips cracked across their rumps and they sprung forward, jerking the traps after them.

The wheels of the traps banged against each other as they tried to round the first bend in a confusion of bobbing breasts and bunched thighs, and Tiffany almost fell. The robot crowd cheered wildly. Untangling themselves they galloped on, driven by the merciless whips of their drivers. Tiffany's bottom was burning. No, the whips were no kinder than the plugs.

Negotiating the traps round the corners slowed them all down and they remained fairly bunched, but Tiffany was still last. She strained to catch up along each straight with bottom burning and chest heaving, but she could not do it. She was probably the lightest built of all the girls. It was not fair. She was going to lose again. She'd be punished!

With only a lap to go Tiffany saw Sophie was slowing down, despite her jockey lashing her scarlet rear with his whip. Maybe she had a stitch or had pulled a muscle or something. Gasping for air, the sweat streaming off her, Tiffany managed to overtake her on the last bend and cross the line fourth while the crowd was still applauding. She was safe for the moment!

While they rested the other girls were asking Sophie if she was all right. She assured them she was. Meanwhile Tiffany was eyeing the log piles,

laid out on coloured groundsheets, and the curious mechanical grabs with the twin phalluses set on them. She had a horrible feeling she knew how they would operate. The tow bars of the barrows had bulb-tipped horizontal rods on their ends which were also painfully suggestive.

‘The third race will be a draft pony challenge,’ Sebastian announced when their rest was over. ‘You are to transport logs from this side of the course to the matching coloured groundsheet next to the opposite line. You will load the logs using the grabs provided in to the barrows, haul them round to the far side of the course on hands and knees and dump them. Then you will return along the other side of the course for the next load. How many logs you take in each load is up to you. The winner is the first person to move all their logs and return here with an empty barrow.

‘The grabs are spring loaded. You mount them with the smaller plug in your anus and squeeze the forward plug to open the jaws and pick up a log. To remove the grabs, trap them between your thighs while crouching and then straighten up.’ The shoulders of their yokes freed up and their elbows straightened. ‘The barrow tow hooks are to be inserted in your rectums. You will pull them on your hands and knees, only standing to dump them. If you drop any logs on the way you may use your hands to put them back in the barrow. Is that understood?’

‘Yes, Master Sebastian,’ they said in chorus.

‘Then take your places, insert the grab controls and await my command.’

They spread themselves out along the woodpiles, each straddling a grab. With sighs and groans they lowered themselves onto the twin plugs that controlled the devices, once more putting their most intimate orifices to unnatural purposes for the amusement of their dead master.

Tiffany grunted as the anal plug popped inside her well-greased rectum. That was clearly intended to take the weight of the logs. The longer plug that slid up her vagina was a thin tube of rubber with a bulge in the middle, tapering on either side of it. She squeezed hard with her vaginal sheath muscles and felt something inside the plug compress. As it did so the

jaws of the clamp opened. Why could they not simply be allowed to use their hands? But no, they had to degrade and humiliate themselves at every turn. It was disgusting and perverted but also inexplicably arousing.

‘Ready, set, go!’ Sebastian said.

With splayed legs and with the grabs hanging grotesquely between their thighs they squatted over their logpiles. Clamping a log they eased off the pressure and let the springs hold it firm. They shuffled over to their barrows, squeezed again and the log dropped into the barrow. Then they scuttled back for the next one.

When Tiffany’s barrow was full she squatted down and levered the grab mounting plugs out of her orifices with her thighs as she had been instructed. Going down on her hands and knees she dipped her hips and backed onto the tow bar of the barrow, which has an “S” curve lifting it clear of the ground. She grunted as its bulbous rubber tip plugged into her anus, feeling her bottom bulge to accommodate it. Straightening her legs she began to shuffle off along the track, accompanied by the cheers of the crowd, groaning as the weight of the barrow rocked and twisted the plug inside her.

Laura and Helen had already set off but she was pleased to see Maria and Sophie were still loading.

At the other end Tiffany backed the barrow over her target groundsheet and then slowly stood up, levering the tow bar. The logs clattered and tumbled off the back of the barrow, juddering the tow mount painfully inside her. Then she dropped back onto her knees and shuffled off again as fast as she could, the barrow bouncing lightly behind her about its bulging anal sphincter mount.

It took Tiffany four loads to complete the challenge. By the time she was done her vagina and anus ached horrendously from the strain. For once Laura did not win. She was too hasty and did not stack her logs properly and had a spill on a corner which cost her vital time. She came in fifth after Tiffany and appeared tired and angry with herself.

But they were all aching and exhausted by now.

Perhaps her failure told on Laura's pride because she begged Sebastian humbly through Housebot 1: 'Please, Master, could be have some icepacks for our groins, or else I don't think we can go on.'

Unexpectedly Sebastian said: 'Of course you can, ponies.'

Exhausted by their efforts they sprawled on the grass, legs splayed wide, with icepacks resting on their pussies or pressed into their buttock clefts, awaiting the last challenge. Why was Sebastian being so indulgent, Tiffany wondered? He could force them to continue until they dropped. It must have taken clever programming to allow for this eventuality. Sometimes he seemed almost like a real person.

After half an hour they were assembled for their last challenge. They looked on as the robots opened up the long bubble wrapped objects. Maria exclaimed: 'Oh, hell, look at them!'

They were adult sized versions of old fashioned children's wooden hobby horses: Carved and painted horses heads with side handles on their necks were mounted on long poles with saddles halfway down and wheels on the ends. But of course they had perverse extras. Each saddle had a fixed rear anal plug. Forward of this was a hole through which projected the tip of a slimmer phallus which was mounted on the rim of a wheel connected to a rod running up the side of the lower part of the pole from the wheels. By now they could recognize the mechanics of another reciprocating phallus.

'I don't think my bum can take much more stuffed up it today,' Sophie groaned.

'One last effort,' Maria said.

'You will ride these round the course until you each orgasm three times,' Sebastian told them. 'The faster you go the more rapidly you are stimulated. The loser is the one who reaches their third orgasm last. Again do not try to fake your reactions. There are sensors in the horses to tell me when you have cum. Now mount your steeds.'

Their yokes adjusted and folded forward, so that their hands were in

position to grasp the handles projecting on either side of the horse's heads. Cautiously they swung their legs over the shafts and settled onto the saddles, letting the rear plugs slide up into their rectums and the tips of the mobile phalluses nudge their pubic lips.

'This is the first time we're going to be made to cum in front of a crowd,' Sophie said, nervously. 'Well a crowd of sorts.'

'Sex riding round on wooden horses on a race track,' Helen said. 'Three times!'

Tiffany found herself giggling foolishly and bitterly. 'It's our first public cumming out! Fuck, I'm so tired. Let's just get this over with...'

They shuffled towards the line. As they did so the wheels set the phalluses plunging in and out of them. They gasped and looked down. Along with the phalluses that slid into their vaginas they saw little spiked wheels on sprung arms had slid out of a slot above the phallus and which rode up their clefts and across their clitorises.

'How blood appropriate!' Laura said. 'We may be riding the horses but we still feel the spurs.'

'How can they expect us to cum like this?' Helen groaned.

'But we will,' Maria said. 'You know that. Somehow we always do.'

'He's turning us into freaks!' Tiffany said.

'Come on, let's get out there and pretend we want to do this,' Sophie suggested. 'Forget the crowd and enjoy the sex, like it's a really mucky dream.'

They waddled over to the starting line, wincing and gasping. As they did so they saw a robot wheeling a score board up to the side of the track. It had their names on it and blank spaces for numbers under a heading: "The Cum Stakes."

'They're going to keep score!' Helen said.

‘What do you expect?’ said Laura. ‘It’s not a contest otherwise.’

They took their places and Housebot 1 raised his arm. ‘Ready... go!’

They attempted to gallop off but they faltered after a few strides, staggering about in circles groaning and whimpering as their pussies were doubly tormented by phallus and clit spur. But they were not allowed to stay still. A pair of housebots armed with whips set off along the course after them, flicking their electric lashes across their bare buttocks and driving them on. Miserably they broke into a crabbing kind of trot while the robot crowd laughed and whistled and applauded their indignity

And then the masochistic responses that had been instilled into them over the last few days took over. Their pussies began to lubricate and their clitorises swelled and the stinging pain of the spur wheels became a frightening stimulus they could not resist. Tiffany realised they had none of them cum yet that morning, which by the standards of recent days was a long period of abstinence. The log race with its clamps and plugs had left their loins simmering but their responses had been muted by sheer physical exertion. But the hobby horses were quite light and their only objective was to cum. Their loins began to heat and bubble towards the boil.

Tiffany’s cares melted away. Forget their mechanical masters. She would do this for herself!

The pumping phalluses and then their saddles became dark and wet with their overflowing juices. Their bulging vulvas grew flushed and swollen while their sticky lips spread in slovenly abandon. As they stumbled on round the track they began to rock back and forth in their saddles, pivoting them about their anal plugs, pressing their straining clits harder against the rising and falling spur wheels. The dark desire was upon them and they could not resist it.

Tiffany wailed almost in triumph as she came. Oh that felt so good!

A cheer went up from the crowd as Housebot 1 announced: ‘Tiffany has cum first!’ A number 1 appeared by her name on the scoreboard. For

once she was better than all the rest.

After that her recollections of that strange race were confused as her earlier exertions began to take their toll. Cheers went up as the other girls came but by then she was sweating and reeling about and it all seemed very distant. As the field got more strung out she saw the other girls staggering past her at the crossing point of the course riding their horses wildly as they were caught up in the throes of orgasm. She was sure the grass underfoot was getting wetter from their dripping juices. She could smell them in the air. It spurred her on to coming again and again.

How long they had stumbled round on that surreal racetrack she did not know. But finally somebody who was not her came with a sob and a moan and the robot crowd was cheering and it was over. The next thing she knew she was sitting on the grass drinking water and it was all over. She had survived the challenge of the day and she would not be punished. Except, as she should have known, it would not be as simple as that.

When they could all stand after a fashion, with their inflamed scarlet sexes still dripping and their thighs shiny with their juices, Sebastian addressed them through Housebot 1.

‘As none of you lost twice today, you shall all be rewarded as prize ponies should with rosettes.’

The housebot was holding a bunch of them in his claws: large red and gold rosettes with trailing ribbons. They had open pins in their backs. The housebot rolled down the line of them and stuck a rosette into the upper slopes of each of their left breasts. They whimpered in pain but were too frightened and exhausted to resist even when they saw it coming. Instead they said: ‘Thank you, Master Sebastian,’ and then stood there with the rosettes appearing to grow out of their breasts while fine trickles of blood ran down to their nipples.

If she had lost at least she would have been spared this, Tiffany thought. She could not win! Life was so unfair.

‘Sorry about that,’ Sophie whispered to Tiffany, blinking back her

own tears.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Didn’t you realize we were making sure you didn’t lose twice? You looked so down earlier. It seemed like a good idea. I mean we are all in this together, right?’

‘Of course,’ Tiffany said, snivelling. ‘I really needed to know that. Thanks for nothing!’

And there was yet another humiliation disguised as a reward to come.

‘As it’s such a nice day you may eat a picnic lunch outside,’ Sebastian announced.

A pair of robots wheeled a low circular metal trough out onto the lawn and proceeded to fill it with pellets of mashed pastry pie. To eat them the girls had to go down on their knees and bend over the trough with their bottoms sticking out and gobble up the pellets with their mouths. When the pie was gone it was replaced with fruit chunks and cream, which they ate even more messily. They winced each time their rosettes brushed the sides of the trough but none of them said a word.

Perhaps they were all too tired or resigned, but as she ate Tiffany raged inside. She thought this was even worse than sucking food from the feeding machine. They were being treated like animals which was degrading and insulting in the way the nipple ornaments were not. They at least showed her body off and were pretty and valuable and she had an individual choice of what to wear. Even having rubber cocks inside her, once she got used to it, had been arousing part of the time because she liked sex and had her own favourite vibrator at home. But this feeding trough was treating her literally like one of the common herd. Well she was not an animal and she was not common!

* * *

Later, in the privacy of her own room, Tiffany pulled the hateful

rosette from her breast and threw it out of her window. The wound it left was minor and she knew it would heal in a few days, but the emotion scar was deeper.

That evening they were so exhausted that they all fell asleep in front of the television in the sitting room and had to be roused by the housebots at eleven.

That night Tiffany huddled up in bed consoling herself with the thought that this nightmare would soon be over. Just two torments left. Surely they could not be worse than what they had already been through.

Chapter 8

The next morning they were still sore and aching from their exertions on the racetrack, and it showed as knelt stiffly on the mats in the sitting room to view Creed's latest recording. They were only slightly distracted by the fact that the booths were back in the sitting room. They did not have the tables in them this time but they did have upright frames on low wheeled bases with some odd fittings built into them.

Creed was sitting in his wheelchair facing them with his gimp-masked slave kneeling in front of him so that her bare backside was thrust out at the camera which was recording the scene from a low angle. Her head was bent between his legs and she was clearly sucking her master's cock with evident slavish delight. As she did so he patted her rubber clad head like that of a dog.

'If all has gone as planned, yesterday your pussies and bumholes got a lot of hard usage,' Creed said. 'So I thought today you might want a rest. No running about outside and you can let your mouths and tits work for you instead. You are going to meet my former employees again, but this time you're going to show them how much you've learned in the last few days and also tell them how sorry you are if anything you did while in my employment hurt them in anyway. Do not protest your innocence. That is irrelevant. They expect a show of humility. In fact you're going beg to suck them off as a penance. It's a skill every slave girl should be proficient in. Yes, you're each going to perform half a dozen acts of fellatio. You will be confined in suitable postures and your guests will have the means to encourage you to give maximum pleasure. Don't disappoint them!'

They groaned and felt their stomachs knot in anticipation, but the prospect of sex with multiple strangers was not the horrifying notion it had been the second day. They really had been changed in such a short time.

The screen blanked to be replaced by Sebastian. 'You will take your

places in the frames.'

They got to their feet and moved to their assigned booths.

The frames were formed of two sets of upright tubular metal posts, the front pair being less than waist high and the back pair chest high. The two sets were joined half way up by horizontal side bars and the rear set were joined together at the top by a longer crossbar. On these top corners were mounted a pair of twist handles with graduated radial scales marked on round plates behind them. Clipped to the bar between the handles was a small control box with a red button on it. There was room enough to kneel between the posts on the frame base which was padded with vinyl covered sponge rubber. The ends of their yokes were clipped onto chains fixed to the tops of the front posts where the side bars formed right angles with them, while their ankle cuffs were clipped to the base of the rear posts, holding their feet spread.

There were two fixtures built into the frames. Extending inward from pivot mounts on the lower inside faces of the rear set of posts were two short sprung arms with rubber paddle blades ends studded with tin tacks. In their squatting postures their buttocks now hung just above the paddles. Running across the front of the frames between vertical slots in the insides of the posts were a pair of square section horizontal bars, spaced about a hand's breadth apart, the adjacent faces of which were also covered by rubber strips studded with tack points. The girls caught their breath as their breasts were guided through the gap between the bars and their undersides rested on the sharp tack points. A chain attached to the front posts went around their backs, holding them in position with their chests pressed up against the spiked bars.

'As before you will each serve six men with intervals between them when the housebots will refresh you,' Sebastian told them. 'Your users will have the option to punish you if you do not give satisfaction. The handles above your heads are linked to the breast press bars and the spanking paddles. They may also make use of your nipple rings as they see fit. The red button on the frame controller box will cause your cheek gags to activate, spreading your jaws for oral penetration. Afterwards your users will report on your attitude and performance. Any of you who do not give sufficient pleasure will be punished. But you are permitted to make one request of them after they

have had their pleasure which they may grant you...'

And he told them what it was and they wondered how they could possibly be moved to humiliate themselves in that manner.

'Now prepare yourselves...'

The Housebots drew the curtains closing off the booths except for their doorways.

Inside each booth a girl waited with churning stomach for the first man she would have to pleasure...

* * *

'... and I want to say how sorry I am for what you've suffered, Master,' Helen said humbly to the hooded man who stood before. 'Please let me suck your cock as my way of making up for anything I've done that's hurt you.'

He took hold of her long golden hair and twisted it about his fist until she whimpered, forcing her head back so that she met his eyes.

'Are you really sorry, slut?' he asked.

'Yes, Master, really I am.'

With his free hand he reached down to her left nipple ring and began to twist it in its throbbing fleshy mount. Helen whimpered and hot tears welled up in her eyes, but she did not protest.

'How sorry?' he demanded.

'As sorry as you want me to be, Master,' Helen said, horrified and thrilled at her own words.

He grinned. Letting go of her hair he pressed the red button, activating her gag and opening up her mouth to him. Then he undid his flies and freed his stiff penis...

* * *

Laura nearly gagged as the cock was thrust deep into her mouth. She struggled to breathe while desperately sucking on the hard shaft that was pounding at her throat. Her instinct was to resist and spit it out but that was not possible. For today she would have to accept what she was, to allow herself to be invaded. She was here to be used.

Her throat relaxed and let to head of his cock in.

She glucked and gurgled as he ravished her gullet, snatching breaths between his thrusts while trying not to think of anything. Just let it happen.

That was a mistake.

He turned a handle above her head. The bars closed together about her breasts, squeezing her taut olive globes out into bulging mushrooms with brown and white tipped caps, even as a hundred tiny pinpoints began to dig into her flesh.

Laura shrieked and began to suck on the shaft sliding between her lips. She had forgotten that the cock in her mouth was the most important thing in the world right now and she must show it the respect and slavish love it deserved...

* * *

Maria's user could not stop pinching and squeezing her breasts, hunching over so he could handle them while she had his cock in her mouth.

'These are amazing tits!' he exclaimed, hooking his fingers through her nipple rings and jerking them up and down so that they bounced on the pin bar below them. 'Nipples like bloody torpedoes. And you like them being played with, don't you slut?'

Maria yelped at the pain of the pins jabbing into the undersides of her breasts and then groaned in muffled agreement as she pleased him. His intense male scent was helplessly arousing. Her nipples had never felt so

huge and swollen and sensitive to the lightest touch. She thought she felt a little blood trickling down from beneath them but at that moment she did not care.

‘Is your bum just as good?’ he wondered.

He twisted the other handle. The spring loaded paddle arms pulled back and then snapped upward.

Maria gasped as the pincushion blades smacked against her rump, jerking her upper body forward so that she rammed her user’s shaft a little deeper down her throat.

‘Yeah, you like that a lot,’ the man groaned. ‘Are you ready to swallow it all down like a good slut?’

Maria nodded.

* * *

Sophie could feel her man building to his climax.

He was grasping her hair in double handfuls, pulling her face onto him while his balls were climbing up into his groin as they gathered for their explosive discharge. She was choking and could hardly breathe, writhing about her pale breasts bulging like heavy balloons between the nipple bars that he had locked in place, stretching her big brown nipples to twice their normal size. The pain was terrible and she had to keep sucking on his cock like a comforter, trying to suck in a little of his raw pleasure for herself. If she was not suffering for some purpose then it made no sense.

He gasped and she felt the pulses of sperm race through his shaft and spurt out hot and tangy into the back of his throat. Desperately she gulped it down. None must be wasted. She had to show respect for this precious fluid he deposited in her or else he would turn the handle further and she was sure her breasts would burst. She hated him for that even as she reverently sucked on his majestic pulsating cock as he emptied his balls into her.

* * *

Tiffany licked up the last traces of semen from around the foreskin of her user and then waited patiently with his cock lying limp and softening in her mouth for him to recover. She had discovered today that not all sperm tasted the same, which was a piece of information she could have lived without. Now the messy part was over but there was the final part of the ritual of humiliation to endure which every user she had serviced today had taken delight in.

After a minute he pulled his shaft out of her mouth and wiped its end over her silky platinum hair, soiling her outside as he had within. She shuddered and closed her eyes in shame, which only pleased him further.

‘That’s right, you lovely slut. You feel what it’s like to be treated like dirt, eh? Was it you who talked to the press about Mr Creed?’

Tiffany shook her head. He pressed the button that deflated her gag and leaving her free to speak again. ‘Have I pleased you, Master?’ she asked pitifully.

‘You’ve done all right,’ he said.

He reached down and pulled her nipple rings, stretching her breasts through the narrow gap between the pin bars. She whimpered and bit her lip.

‘Thank you, Master,’ she sobbed. Then she nerved herself for the humiliating request she had to make because her poor, neglected, untouched pussy felt close to bursting. ‘Please would you rub me off with your toe so I may polish your boot with my juices, Master?’

Taking hold of her soiled hair he rested the heel of his right boot on the padding beneath her groin so the toe rubbed against her hungry cleft. Desperately she ground and rolled her hips, rubbing her straining clit against the polished leather, sucking on it with her love lips, debasing herself as she slavered after pleasure, while he looked into her contorted face and enjoyed this last surrender of her pride and dignity.

She came quickly, as though everything else she had done that morning had been foreplay, which she supposed it had.

After he had left her booth she felt a drip of lubrication fall from her sopping, tingling pussy to the rubber mat she knelt on. Treacherous thing, she thought bitterly. How could it possibly want more after yesterday?

* * *

Looking back it seemed the ordeal was over surprisingly quickly. Certainly it felt less traumatic than the first time.

True they had shed a few tears and suffered some pain, but less than before. They felt used and degraded but it was expected and manageable. Physically their breasts and bottoms stung but a wash and some cream soothed the pinpricks that covered them. They showered in their rooms, watched some TV, rested and came down to dinner at the usual time. Riding the feeding pump levers was almost pleasurable, releasing the frustrated tension that had built up through the day. After they'd eaten and cum they congregated in a surprisingly mellow mood in the sitting room, where they examined the pin marks on their breasts and buttocks and swapped observations about penis shapes and sizes...

* * *

'Sucking half a dozen men off was actually easier than I thought,' Helen admitted. 'I know I should be freaking out but I'm not. Is that good or bad?'

'Maybe it's just becoming routine,' Maria suggested, then frowned. 'Actually that's pretty frightening too when you think about it.'

'Or maybe the last few days have simply made us tougher,' said Sophie. 'We had to get used to it at some point. Yesterday was far worse, so by contrast today feels easier.'

'Do you mean we'd rather humiliatingly suck cocks than be treated like racing ponies and then pleasure ourselves?' Tiffany asked.

‘I just think the raceday was the top of a very steep hill: our longest day — or night, however you want to look at it,’ Laura said. ‘Now we’re coasting down the other side and things seem easier. We’ve got over the initial shock and we’re learning to cope and recover quickly.’

‘Today we came on men’s boots, our tits and bums were being treated like pincushions and we had dicks stuffed in our mouths,’ Tiffany retorted. ‘What does that say about us?’

‘That it’s lucky we’re getting out of here really soon,’ Helen said, suddenly sounding earnest. ‘Look, it doesn’t matter how we’re managing, be grateful that we are. It could be far worse. Now there’s only one challenge day left. If we stay cool we can do this. And walk away with half a million each.’

That was a cheering thought.

Chapter 9

‘The ultimate test of a slave girl is that she must delight in her own subjugation,’ Creed declared the next day, as they knelt before the sitting room screen.

His gimp slave was on her hands and knees in front of him. Just behind her stood a studded and perforated Perspex paddle blade set flag-like on a vertical rod which was geared to an electric motor mounted on a sturdy base. There was a motion sensor built into the device. Any object that came within a certain distance set the paddle arm swinging rapidly back and forth. The object in question was the gimp-woman’s rump. Every time she pushed her hips back a few centimetres the paddle began lambasting her.

Her buttocks were already cherry red and they could see tears in her eyes, but she held her posture, gazing up at her master awaiting his command.

‘A slave must accept and welcome pain solely for her master’s amusement and to prove her love for him,’ Creed continued. ‘Even if it has no associated erotic stimulus she will learn to enjoy suffering in its own right. Pain and pleasure can be the reverse sides of the same coin.’

He snapped his fingers at the gimp woman.

Immediately she backed her hips against the spanking machine. The paddle blade began to swing back and forth, flattening her buttocks with loud crisp thwacks! They saw the ruddy flesh briefly pale under the impact and it rippled through her haunches, setting her pendant breasts jiggling. As the blade drew back the scarlet blush flooded back into her cheeks more intense than before, speckled with darker spots where the studs had dug deep into her flesh. The clear blade now showed smears of blood. She rolled her head, her eyelids fluttering closed ecstatically, as though caught up in some strange twisted world of dark delight.

Creed snapped his fingers again and she pulled away from the machine, hanging her head and breathing heavily.

‘Today is your final challenge,’ he told the captives. ‘And I warn you it will be the most painful. In fact it will be an endurance test, virtually a marathon of pain. However it will not be without its stimulating aspects, if you can find them. You could not be expected to find pleasure in pure pain after a mere week’s training. You will be set a course to complete by a variety of different, painful, means. You must complete a minimum number of laps to avoid punishment, but I will not tell you how many. You will run it until you drop, until you have given your all. Then you might begin dimly to understand the joy my toy here feels in suffering for love.’

The screen went blank. Then Sebastian’s head appeared. ‘You will go up to the roof garden,’ he said. ‘Everything is prepared.’

They had not visited that part of the house before and, despite their fears over the challenge to come they marched up to the landing and then out onto the exterior roof stairway filled with curiosity.

The roof garden formed a continuous rectangular ring as broad and wide as the house itself, all rendered in white that shone in the sun. The outer walls were above head high, ensuring complete seclusion, while the lower inner walls that overlooked the courtyard were topped by tinted glass security panels. The terrace was stocked with many planters, pots and urns filled with a variety of lush shrubs and small trees. Laid out between them was winding path of what looked like blue pool liner plastic sheeting that ran around the entire terrace, with half a dozen housebots stationed at points along its length. Set out by the head of the stairs beside a white tape line that crossed the track was a table bearing a variety of devices, both large and small, that prominently featured spikes and electrodes.

At the sight of them Tiffany began to whimper but Laura said: ‘We can do this! We’ll show him how tough we are. Agreed?’

They nodded.

‘You will do a lap of the terrace while enduring each of five

torments,' Sebastian said through Housebot 1. 'Then you will be given water and the sequence will be repeated until you are exhausted. You will start with the electric dildos...'

These were double ended black rubber creations. One end was plain thick and ribbed rubber while the other was smooth and slender and banded with silver metal rings. There was a fat disk in the middle which was studded with electrodes on the smooth side. The thick ribbed end was plugged into their vaginas, leaving the slender banded prong sticking up from between their thighs.

'You will sodomise each other in turn in leapfrog fashion around the terrace. Three hard thrusts each time. The studs in the mid sections are pressure sensitive so the shocks will be delivered automatically. Laura will begin. The rest of you will kneel in a line on the track with your faces down and bottoms up. When Laura has finished she will take her place at the front of the line and the last girl will take her turn. Begin...'

Tiffany, Helen, Sophie and Maria knelt down behind the starting line in a row, head to toe, with their bottoms in the air. Laura stood behind them staring at the line of pretty naked anuses facing her like little dark eyes, all awaiting her attention. It was insane, frightening and deeply, shamefully, arousing. The tip of her dildo twitched as she started at them. Don't think about it, she told herself, just do it! And enjoy? If possible, why not? But be quick.

She knelt down behind Tiffany's pale backside, slid the tip of her rubber and metal pseudo-penis into her greased bottom hole and rammed it hard into her: once, twice, thrice! Tiffany shrieked and bucked under her as the electrodes shocked her rear cheeks and rectal sheath, but she held her place. Laura pulled her dildo out of her, got to her feet, steeped over Tiffany's trembling body and knelt behind Helen's golden hindquarters. Three quick thrusts between her smooth cheeks, making her gasp, and then onto Sophie's pale and by now trembling pale cream buttocks and the tight pucker between them. Finally she came to Maria's brown hills with their dark pit in the valley and ravished it thrice. Then she was done and took her place at the end, face down, breasts pressing against the plastic sheeting, bottom raised in offering, vagina clenched about her dildo plug in anticipation as

Tiffany set off along the line in turn. How comforting it felt to have the phallus inside her right now and also how hot and slick it was with her juices. She was getting turned on by buggering her fellow slaves! She wished it could go on longer. Three thrusts were not enough. This was sick and crazy but she could not help it.

Eeek! Laura shrieked as Tiffany rammed her electric dildo up her backside, sending jolts of pain deep inside her. Her own rubber cock jerked and strained, as though she was trying to force her essence into it like a man and pump it into erection. She wanted to ram it into a nice deep succulent hole and stay there. Ahhh! Now Helen was having her. No, stay in. Deeper, please. Sophie's prominent breasts brushed across her back as she plugged her rear. By the time Maria used her Laura was sobbing with frustration.

Then she was last in line and Tiffany's by now gaping, twitching anus bobbed trembling and inviting before her eyes. Laura shuffled forward to claim it and the leapfrog of pain and shame rolled on around the terrace...

* * *

Tiffany winced as the Housebot clipped the sprays of spiked balls to her nipple rings.

There were half a dozen of the balls all mounted on fine spring steel arms that curled back from their mount so that they pressed against the swell of her breasts in a ring about her nipples, trembling slightly. The weight of them tugged at her nipples. As she turned they bobbed and swayed, jabbing against her flesh and making her flinch. They were tolerable as long as she did not move. But of course that would not be possible.

After their shock dildos had been removed, the robots had set out five brightly coloured hopper balls on the terrace track. When Tiffany had first seen them she thought: how am I supposed to ride one of them with my hands confined by a yoke? But of course she was not expected to use her hands. Where the hoppers might have had horns or a ring to grab hold of they had a close-set pair of ribbed rubber plugs with slender necks and fat heads. Once all the girls had been fitted with the spiked nipple balls, they were mounted on the hoppers that the plugs slid up their front and rear passages.

‘You will complete a lap of the terrace as fast as you can,’ Sebastian told them. ‘You will not stop.’

They were lined up with the absurd hoppers clasped between their thighs.

‘Go!’ Sebastian said.

They made their first convulsive lunge and hop and gasped aloud.

The hopper plugs were hollow and swelled inside them as the great fat rubber balloons were compressed, poking far up inside them. At the same time the lunge set their breasts leaping and bouncing, starting the spiked balls bobbing wildly about on their spring mounts, smacking into their fleshy globes and jabbing their spikes into their skin.

Whooping and groaning they hopped again and again, ecstatically reaming out their insides even as they punished their jiggling breasts, dotting them with spots of blood while the torturous ornaments jerked painfully on their nipple mounts.

Oh, she could have rode these all day long, Tiffany thought... except for her poor tits being spiked!

Pain and pleasure were perfectly balanced. She wanted the lap to end and yet did not want it to end. The top of her hopper was getting slippery as she pumped out her juices across it with each bounce while her breasts were turning pink and scarlet. It was a perfect torment and she cursed Creed’s memory once again.

* * *

The thick rubber rings were about the diameter of dinner plates. They had three small castors screwed to their undersides. They were smooth outside but their interior faces were lined with inward facing spikes of hard plastic.

Helen sobbed as she lay down on her front over the pair of linked

rings that had been placed before her as Sebastian instructed. Her breasts slipped into the hollow interior of the rings and pillowed out as her ringed nipples pressed against the ground, swelling out against the spiked sides. The other girls sprawled about her gasped as they also lay prone with their breasts resting in their own sets of rings.

‘You will crawl round the track pushing the rings along with your breasts,’ Sebastian told them.

And so they crawled and scrabbled over the plastic sheet track like reptiles on their bellies, with their thighs turned outward and splayed wide, the ring castors rattling and juddering as they slewed from side to side. The vibration set their breasts jiggling and bouncing against the ring spikes, so that as they propelled themselves along they gasped and yipped in pain. Helen could feel her breasts getting sweaty where they pressed against the rubber, but there was also different hot slickness trickling down their burning sides. In her wake she left small spots of blood on the bright blue plastic.

* * *

The paddle blades smacked against Sophie’s pale buttocks as she ran, turning them blushing pink.

The twin pinwheels on which the spanking paddles were mounted were set on either side of a rod plugged into Sophie’s anus. On the other end of the rod that trailed behind her was a smaller heavier rubber wheel that ran along the ground. It was connected to the paddles by light drive belts running through different sized pulley wheels so that they spun at a faster rate than it turned.

As they pounded round the track the slap of their bare feet on the ground was accompanied by the rapid whack, whack, whack of paddle blades smacking down across their rolling, sweaty buttocks.

* * *

Maria’s plump nipples were stretched to their limits, drawn out into fat brown cones by the tension of her nipple rings. She sobbed as she took

another step forward.

Like the others she was hunched over. Her breasts were stretched downwards and together by the light chains hooked to their rings that joined a thicker chain that ran back over their bellies and through the cleft of their vulvas. It emerged tautly from between their legs and ran down to a bowling ball. A hole had been drilled right through the ball and the chain passed through this and was hooked back on itself, so that the ball turned about it in fits and starts like crude axel.

The heavy balls wobbled and jiggered about as they tried to tow them, jerking on their tender nipples and seeming every second to be about to snap them clean off like overstretched elastic. Their only distraction was the chains running through their pussy clefts, and soon the links rubbing against their hard clitorises were shiny with their juices. Flesh and metal in such intimate contact. The friction between them was... uhhh.

Maria shuddered as mini orgasm passed through her. She faltered for a moment and then she continued on.

* * *

After five agonizing laps they were given a drink of water, the electric dildos were plugged into them once more and they began their marathon of pain and pleasure all over again. One after another they began to have flash orgasms, as lust briefly eclipsed pain and growing exhaustion, leaving them dizzy with shock. These extremes were marked by the spots of blood, sweat and drips of cum juices that grew ever thicker on the plastic track under their feet.

They were driven on not by fear now but by a perverse desire to show they could do it. They had found their pride in suffering. But despite their will after over thirty laps of the terrace they were beginning to reel about, hardly able to see where they were going, muscles cracking, streaked with blood and sweat, dribbling juices down their legs.

It finally dawned on Laura that the others might be going on because she, the strong-willed one, was. But if she could hardly stand by now how

were they feeling?

‘Hold it,’ she croaked.

With her dildo hanging out of her sex, shiny with the anal grease of her sister slaves, she stopped in front of Housebot 1. The other girls clustered about her, all red-pussy lips, raw aching anuses, smarting bloody breasts and pulsing, stretched nipples.

‘That’s it, Master Sebastian,’ Laura declared. ‘I don’t care if we’ve done enough. We’ve done fucking amazingly. Now we’re finished ...’

She was swaying as she spoke, daring him to defy her, not sure how she would react if he said they had not exceed their unknown target. But instead Sebastian said simply: ‘Your final challenge has been completed.’

The terrace echoed with the sound of weary cheering.

* * *

Back in their rooms they showered and tended their abused bodies and then they slept for six hours solid. Roused by the seven-fifty gong, they came down to the dining room with their sore nipples re-hung with sparkling dress rings to find there was no feeding machine but a row of chairs down one side of a glass table with five housebots standing opposite.

‘Tonight, as a celebration of your success, you will be fed by the housebots,’ Sebastian said.

They sat in the chairs and the housebots tied bibs about their necks. A chopped meal was brought in on plates and set down before them. Holding plastic spoons, the housebots reached across the table, scooped up a portion and thrust it into their open mouths. They felt like babies being spoon-fed but they were also ridiculously happy. It was over. They had survived and won a victory of sorts. Weirdly it almost made their suffering seem worthwhile.

In the sitting room they found Housebots standing by like waiters. Glasses of champagne complete with drinking straws had been poured for

them. There was also a recording from Creed.

He was sitting in his chair facing them with his gimp slave standing behind him patiently holding the handles of the chair to which her wrists were cuffed.

‘If you’re watching this recording then it means you have all passed the final challenge,’ Creed said. ‘Well done! I hope this week has given you an insight into the world of submission and slavery and that, perhaps, if you’re honest with yourselves and each other, you will admit that it was not all bad and that you will think a little better of me in future.’

‘Tomorrow morning Miss Chambers will call at the house to review the recordings and confirm you have complied with the rules of our agreement. Then you will be free, if you wish, to return to your ordinary lives. But now, may I wish you all goodbye and good luck in your future lives.’

And the gimp woman wheeled Creed out of the shot and the image faded to black.

There was an uncomfortable silence.

For a week they’d lived with Creed’s image and with every aspect of their lives shaped by his will, and now they were reminded once again that he was dead. Suddenly they felt deflated and melancholic.

‘What’s wrong with you all?’ Tiffany said. ‘We should be celebrating!’ She sucked on her champagne. ‘No more running and spanking and having things shoved up inside us and we’ve got half a million each to come!’

‘I know,’ Laura said, ‘but it’s still sad, Creed dying so young. You have to admit he was a brilliant man.’

‘And a sadist,’ Tiffany pointed out.

‘Yes, but it was only with consenting women,’ Maria said. ‘Seeing his

gimp slave here showed he must have been, well, loved.'

'That's not the way you talked about him the day we met,' Tiffany reminded her. 'Remember what you said in the car on the way here?'

'Well maybe I was wrong,' Maria admitted.

'And we're certainly not consensual slaves,' Tiffany persisted. 'We're here because he wanted to take post-mortem revenge on us for his sadistic kicks.'

'We all agreed to this challenge,' Helen said.

'Out of fear for our jobs, not a sudden taste for masochism,' Tiffany said. 'Look at you, look at all of us! See those prickmarks on your tits. Are you sore and bruised inside? I am and I know who was responsible.'

'This weeks has changed us,' Laura admitted, 'you included. I think it's made you a bit less, well, timid and reticent as you were. Maybe that's not a bad thing.'

Tiffany looked momentarily taken aback, but then rallied: 'Well so what, at least I haven't been brainwashed!'

Sophie spoke up. 'I think it's true that I've hated most of it, except for some of the orgasms, which were pretty incredible. But now, looking back, it's also true that I wouldn't have missed it for the world, because I know now that if I can survive this then I can survive anything.'

'Yes, maybe he has taught us something,' Laura agreed, 'just not what he was expecting. Perhaps we should be grateful to him.'

'Well it's a bit late now,' Tiffany said. 'If you'd wanted to make Creed's day you could have played his sick slave games when he was still alive.'

Laura said quickly: 'I'm not saying that.'

'Forget it,' Tiffany said. 'Right now I'm going to drink until I can't

feel where you shoved your electric dildo up my backside. And tomorrow I'm out of here with five hundred K's in my pocket.'

'Well before you get totally pissed let's party first,' Sophie said with a grin.

'Let's get pissed *and* party,' Maria suggested.

'I'm up for that,' Helen said.

They found a music channel on the screen menu and danced. The housebots brought in more champagne and they drank. Their sense of shame and inhibition had been eroded over the past week and now the champagne dissolved their last remnants. Quickly the dancing became more intimate, like an animated version of their slave kiss ritual. With girlish giggles hard jewellery-hung nipples were rubbed together, hot moist lips met and merged, smooth hips ground pubic bushes into each other. They had survived their ordeal and now they were all but free, or at least in a limbo between captivity and freedom where anything was permissible. Soon the scent of arousal to which they had become so accustomed to over the past week filled the air.

They looked into each other's flushed faces and knew what would happen next.

'If we do this we do it because we want to,' Tiffany said firmly. 'We're not obeying Creed's orders any more. This is for us. Agreed?'

The others nodded.

'Fuck, why not?' Helen said. 'Who are we going to tell? Let's say tonight doesn't count.'

They sprawled across the sofa, chairs and rug, scented young female bodies squirming about over each other until lips now kissed love mouths and tongues probed hot tunnels of passion. And so they made uninhibited love, quite uncaring about the Housebots standing with mechanical patience in the corners of the room, watching over them with their camera eyes.

Chapter 10

The five of them tottered down the stairs the next morning in their yokes tired and moderately hung over but nevertheless content. As they sat down at the breakfast table they grinned foolishly at each other. It had been a unique night but by common consent they would never mention it again.

‘Miss Chambers will be here at nine,’ Sebastian informed them as they were fed. ‘Please wait in the sitting room.’

As they sat in the lounge, clean and tidy but still furnished as it had been the previous night, they kept looking at the blank wall screen as though expecting another recording from Creed to appear detailing a new day’s challenge. A rigid routine and absolute obedience was a hard habit to drop, even after only a week.

Laura was fidgeting in her chair, looking unhappy about something. Eventually she spoke up. ‘Look, there’s something I’ve got to get off my chest. It’s been worrying me all week. Only it’s not something I’m proud off.’

‘Go on,’ said Helen with a tolerant grin. ‘After the things we’ve done I doubt we’ll be shocked.’

‘Still, I don’t think you’re going to like it. You see I ...’

They heard somebody at the front door. ‘Miss Chambers has entered the house,’ Sebastian announced.

A moment later the sitting room door opened and Miss Chambers, cool and purposeful in her grey business suit, entered.

‘Good Morning, ladies,’ she said brightly. ‘I hope you’ve had an interesting week...’ she paused and frowned. ‘Why are you still wearing your yokes?’

‘Master Sebastian hasn’t let us out of them,’ Sophie explained.

‘I’m sorry, they should have been taken off last night after you finished your last challenge,’ Miss Chambers said. She turned to the wall screen. ‘Master Sebastian, interface please.’ Sebastian’s face appeared on the screen. ‘Why are the girls still restrained?’

‘They are captives of the house,’ he said. ‘They must be restrained at all times outside their bedrooms. Those are my orders.’

Miss Chambers shook her head. ‘Sorry, it’s clearly a minor programme glitch.’ She pulled her remote controller from her pocket and pointed it at the screen. ‘I’m resuming manual control of house systems.’ She took out a key and turned to Laura. ‘I’ll just remove these then I’ll review your records...’

She inserted the key in its recess in the yoke collar and tried to turn it but the key jammed. At the same moment alarms sounded throughout the house.

‘Prisoners are attempting to remove their restraints!’ Sebastian announced urgently. ‘Secure the sitting room area!’

The hall and utility doors opened and four housebots rolled in, their pincers clicking and sparking.

‘Sebastian, cease autonomous operations!’ Miss Chamber’s snapped. She took out her remote again and pointed it at the screen. ‘Confirm manual control is established.’

‘Manual control is not operational at present,’ Sebastian said. ‘LAH 9000 is operating in autonomous mode.’

For the first time Miss Chambers showed a trace of alarm. ‘Emergency shutdown code: Morpheus!’

‘Verbal Password not accepted,’ Sebastian said. ‘You are an unsecured prisoner. You are also improperly dressed. Housebots will subdue,

restrain and punish.'

'What! Don't you recognize me? I'm Elizabeth Chambers. I represent Mr Creed's interests. I'm not a prisoner!'

'My maker is interested in all prisoners. Therefore you are a prisoner. You are improperly dressed. Restrain and strip her!'

As the other girls scattered in alarm the housebots closed in on Miss Chambers.

She tried to dodge around the furniture. 'No, don't you dare touch me!' she cried, throwing a chair cushion at them.

But there was nowhere to hide. The four housebots closed in about her and caught her flailing arms in their pincers. They dragged her over to the coffee table and laid her down over it on her back. She kicked out wildly, her shoes coming off, but they grabbed hold of her legs and with a robot at the head of the table and one at the foot they held her immobile, rubber-lined clamps pinioning her wrist and ankles, spreading her arms and legs wide.

All of the cool blonde woman's poise had deserted her by now and she was reduced to miserable pleading. 'Please let me go!' she sobbed. 'I'm not one of them! Can't you see that?'

'Remove her clothes and then prepare her for punishment,' Sebastian said.

The two robots not holding Miss Chamber's down raised their right arms, and the watching girls saw that they were fitted with power shears. At the sight of them Miss Chamber's struggle ceased as hopeless fear paralysed her.

They sliced up through the fabric of her jacket, cutting its sleeves in two from wrist to collar and pulling the halves away from her and throwing them aside. Then they cut away her skirt, leaving her in a blouse, panties and stockings.

All this time the five captive girls looked on helplessly from a huddle in the corner of the room. So far the housebots and Sebastian had ignored them, perhaps because they were properly naked and yoked, or because they knew they were impotent. With their yokes on there was nothing they could do to fight the housebots, and they knew there were a dozen more who could be called in if they tried.

‘What can we do?’ Laura shouted desperately to Miss Chambers.

As the robots cut off her blouse Miss Chambers screamed at them: ‘In my jacket... Computer room key... everything’s controlled from there. Type in System Override: Morpheus and then: Global Shutdown.’

Laura darted forward, crouched and twisted and managed to snatch up the remains of the jacket. She heard keys jangle in a pocket.

‘Quickly!’ Miss Chambers sobbed. ‘They’ll try to stop you!’

The girls dashed from the room and pounded up the stairs. Behind them they heard Sebastian say: ‘Deny Prisoner access to computer room!’

There was a housebot on the landing but they just got past it before it reached the head of the stairs.

‘Slow it down. I’ve got to get the door open!’ Laura shouted.

Helen, Sophie and Maria ducked under the housebot’s flailing arms, jammed the ends of their yokes against the junction between its waist and base section and shoved with all their strength. The robot skidded backward, its wheels sliding on the polished wood floor. The rear set went over the lip of the stairs and it tumbled over backwards, smashing balusters to matchwood as it went. Its head flew off with a crackle of sparks and it came to rest in a tangle on the lower landing.

Laura reached the computer room door at the end of the corridor with Tiffany by her side. She dropped the remains of Miss Chamber’s coat to the floor and went down on her knees, scrabbling at the pocket and pulling out a bunch of keys. Each was neatly labelled.

‘The red one!’ Tiffany shouted.

Hampered by her yoke Laura fumbled to get the key into the lock. Even as she did so Maria shouted from the landing: ‘Hurry! There are more bots coming!’

The lock clicked, the door opened and Laura and Tiffany tumbled through it.

Within was what might once have been a master bedroom suite but which had been cleared out of almost all furnishings. Now there was a single swivel chair set before a large desk on which were set a keyboard, speakers, a desk microphone and an array of two dozen monitor screens hung on a heavy supporting grillwork. The central screen showed programme system data while the rest relayed housebot camera eye images. Four of them showed Miss Chambers stretched across the sitting room coffee table seen from different angles. The muffled sounds of her sobs and moans came from the speakers. To one side of the desk was a heavy steel ventilated cabinet that no doubt held the LAH 9000’s central processor unit.

She was naked now, save for a few shreds of stocking hanging about her ankles, and her eyes were wide in terror. Fine plump breasts with red nipples trembled on her chest and her smooth stomach rose and fell raggedly. Between her spread thighs was the deep cleft mound of her lightly haired sex. Robotic claws hovered over her, wavering uncertainly as though their guiding mind was distracted: trying to deal with two situations at once.

Maria, Helen and Sophie pounded along the corridor and into the room.

‘They’re coming!’ Helen cried.

They slammed and locked the door behind them. From the other side came thuds as housebots crashed into it, then the door shivered as they began to pound upon it with their metal claws.

The girls clustered round the console. Laura sat down and twisted her shoulders round so she could type one handed. She put in the shutdown

command and then pressed enter.

Invalid Code flashed up on the screen.

‘I did it correctly!’ Laura protested. ‘What’s wrong with it?’

Sebastian’s image appeared on one of the screens. ‘Prisoners are not permitted in the control room. You will be severely punished!’

They looked around them helplessly. The mainframe unit was too well protected simply to smash, there was no convenient power cable to unplug and the pounding of the housebots on the door was getting louder.

Miss Chamber’s shrieks of pain rang out from the speakers. A housebot was using an electric whip, lashing it mercilessly across her writhing naked body. It crackled and sparked, each shock making her back arch convulsively as though offering herself up to it. Scarlet lines appeared across her taut stomach and proud breasts, which shivered and rebounded under the blows.

Laura pressed the microphone switch. ‘Miss Chambers can you hear me? It’s not working!’

Through streaming eyes Miss Chambers looked into the camera of her assailant

‘There may be a trapdoor into the system... try anything...’ Her eyes swivelled to one side. ‘Oh God, no not that...’

What looked like a huge rubber screw thread came into shot, mounted on the end of a robot arm. It began to spin and then angled toward Miss Chambers’ slot. It bored between her full soft lips, making them quiver and ripple, tunnelling into her vagina until her stomach bulged. Her eyes were wide in horror as she shrieked and sobbed. ‘Make them stop! Please... do something!’

Desperately Laura typed into search: *Trapdoor*.

‘Will that work?’ Helen said.

‘Any better ideas?’ Laura snapped.

A red box came up: *Insert Code* followed by a row of sixteen asterisks

‘Sixteen characters,’ Sophie groaned. ‘That’s trillions of possible combinations. We’ll never guess it.’

The sound of wood beginning to splinter came from the computer room door.

‘Unauthorized access to LAH unit will be punished!’ Sebastian growled. ‘You will be whipped until you bleed. You will be hung from your nipple rings. You will be impaled and –’

‘Shut up!’ Tiffany screamed at him.

‘We’d better do something because we haven’t much time!’ Maria said.

‘It must be something personal and memorable to Creed,’ Laura said. ‘Trapdoor codes aren’t random. It was his house and he set the system up.’ She looked round the empty room seeking inspiration. If only there were some books here. ‘We all knew him. What would fit?

‘He liked abusing women and he was a sadist,’ Helen said. ‘Something to do with BDSM?’

‘Marquis de Sade?’ Sophie suggested. ‘No, it won’t fit.’

‘Whips, chains, spanking... it could be any of them in combination,’ Laura said.

On the screen Miss Chamber’s screamed. Her breasts were a mass of scarlet welts and bleeding while her vulva was loose lipped and spluttering juices as it vibrated about the drill head.

The door groaned and cracked under the pounding of the housebots

and began to bulge inwards.

‘Try: Rosebudsnowglobe,’ Tiffany said suddenly.

‘What?’ Laura exclaimed.

‘He liked Citizen Kane. It was the mystery clue nobody solved in the film. Just try it!’

Laura typed it in. The door burst inward, coming half-off its hinges. Housebots rolled into the room. The girls gasped and shrank away.

Access Granted flashed up on the screen.

The robots rolled towards them pincers crackling.

Laura typed in: *Global Shutdown* and hit Enter.

All the monitor screens went blank. The glow faded from the housebots eyes and their arms dropped limply to their sides. The sudden silence in the house was almost deafening.

The girls looked at each other in wonder. Then they began to grin foolishly. Then they started to laugh, dizzy with relief, until the tears ran down their cheeks.

‘So you were the thief, Tiffany,’ said a familiar voice, cutting through their joy like a knife.

As one the girls turned their heads in horror.

Standing in the shattered doorway with arms folded, stern faced, tall and commanding and very much alive, was Sebastian Creed.

Chapter 11

Before the girls could get their numbed brains into gear and think through the shock and confusion filling their minds, Creed clapped his hands together sharply and barked: ‘Strand to Attention!’

And so indoctrinated to obeying his voice had they become that they obeyed without thinking, forming a line, spreading their legs and thrusting their breasts out proudly. He looked over their naked, shivering, yoke bodies with approval.

‘You always were a pretty collection,’ he said. ‘I would have loved to make any one of you my toys but you wouldn’t play. Until now, anyway. This last week has been very satisfying.’

Laura licked her dry lips. ‘You... they said you were dead.’

Creed smiled. ‘And who said I was dead, Laura?’

They blinked, reviewing the exact phrasing of the communication that had brought them here. “*You have been contacted concerning the execution of the will of Sebastian Creed...*” No, nobody had actually said he was dead at any time. They had naturally assumed it was so, as they were intended to.

Creed had now fixed Tiffany with a look of contempt. ‘But there’s always one bad apple in the barrel. You stole the chip designs and passed them on to Monsanti, Tiffany.’

Tiffany had gone white as a sheet. ‘I... I don’t know what you mean.’

‘Don’t waste my time with denials. You’ve just proved your guilt in front of four witnesses. The trapdoor password to shut down the house computer was the same one I used in my office where I kept the chip files. Clever of you to crack it then, foolish of you to reveal it now, but then I was hoping you’d be too panicked and frightened to care or, believing I was dead,

thinking it didn't matter anymore.'

Understanding dawned on all of them.

'This has all been about discovering who stole the chip data,' Helen said.

'Almost all,' Creed admitted. 'The slave challenges were designed to soften you up and bring you all to this moment when the guilty one would make a fatal mistake. And it worked.'

'But... on the recording... you said it didn't matter to you,' Sophie said.

'I said it didn't matter to a dead man. But as I'm very much alive it matters a great deal.' He looked at Tiffany again. 'And now I know who the thief was, I can put things right. You are going to confess to what you did and help me take Monsanto back to court.'

Tiffany was recovering a little of her composure and her face took on a hardness the others had not seen before. 'But I'm not going to confess to anything. No court'll believe anything I'm supposed to have said or done, not after they find out how you've treated me, treated all of us, this week.'

'Treated you how?' Creed asked. 'You've all been at a confidential sales conference. All your respective employers will confirm that. You see they want to have confidence in the people they employ. They'll be grateful I've exposed you and won't care how I did it.'

'They will when we tell everybody how you tricked us and kept us as chained and beaten naked sex slaves!' Tiffany retorted. 'Nothing I'm supposed to have done here will count for anything after that.'

'But will anybody believe such a preposterous story?' Creed asked. 'Knowing what you're accused of, will they take your word alone?'

'They'll take the words of all five of us!'

'I don't think there is an "us",' Creed said. 'You see none of you

would have been here if it wasn't for you, and now they know it.'

The other girls were looking at Tiffany with contempt.

'Well, ladies,' Creed asked. 'Where have you been this last week?'

'Sorry, I can't tell you,' Laura said, 'it's confidential.'

'Did it involve sex, robots and lots of spanking?'

'What a ridiculous idea,' Helen said.

'How dare you suggest any such thing,' Maria added.

Creed flicked Sophie's nipple ring. 'But where did you get these?'

'That's my own business,' said Sophie.

'Exactly,' said Creed. 'Your private life is nobody else's business but your own.' He looked at Tiffany. 'But your past behaviour is other people's business: mine and you're current employers. Whether you deny it or not, they'll take my word that you're guilty. You'll never work in the industry again.'

For the first time Tiffany looked frightened, biting her lip. 'But what do I do? I'll be ruined.' She took a long shuddering breath. 'Oh, is that it? You want me to be your slave. All right, I can do that. Every weekend if you want. But please don't destroy my career.'

'Have you as my slave?' Creed said in disgust. 'Never! You've a lovely body but a nasty mind and I'm very particular about my choice of toys. For a start they have to be totally loyal. No, you are going to confess to what you've done and tell my legal team all the details about your deal with Monsanti. Push them hard enough and they'll probably settle out of court. As to your career, if you cooperate fully, I'll see you get a job in a Creed subsidiary. You won't starve.'

Tiffany hung her head, looking beaten. 'I suppose I haven't any choice.'

‘No.’

‘All right, I tell you whatever you want to know.’

Laura interjected, glaring at Tiffany. ‘Wait a minute. First tell us why you did it.’

‘For the money, of course,’ Tiffany said simply. ‘Monsanti paid me a packet. I’ve got it hidden away. I was going to wait a year or so before quitting my job so as not to arouse suspicion. This Will payout would have given me the excuse to leave early... only that was all part of the con, wasn’t it?’

‘No, you are all in my will, but obviously you won’t be collecting for a while,’ Creed said. ‘And you’re going to hand over Monsanti’s payment as well. It’s all evidence.’ Tiffany looked dismayed. ‘But as I said, you’ll have a job with Creed.’ Tiffany brightened slightly. ‘Yes, we own a small chain of travel lodges and they’re always looking for waitresses and cleaning staff. The wages are modest but the work’s honest. It’ll be a bit of a change for you.’ He took a remote handset from his pocket and pointed it at the computer screens. Sebastian’s face appeared while the housebots eyes glowed and they straightened, coming back to life. ‘Put Tiffany in the van that’s waiting on the drive. That’ll take her straight to my lawyers.’

‘Certainly, Mr Creed,’ Sebastian said.

A housebot took hold of a crestfallen Tiffany by the nipple rings and led her out of the room. ‘What about my clothes?’ she cried.

‘We won’t bother about them,’ Creed said cheerily. ‘Give the lawyers a treat.’

‘No, you can’t treat me like... mmph!’ The rest of Tiffany’s protest was muffled as her gag expanded to fill her mouth and she was dragged away to the stairs. Shortly afterwards they heard the front door close.

The other girls looked at each other and Creed in a daze, still trying to come to terms his resurrection.

‘I should have known it was Tiffany all along,’ Sophie said bitterly. ‘She was never properly grateful when we tried to help her.’

‘She was a self-centred bitch when you think about it,’ Maria agreed.

Looking troubled Laura spoke up. ‘There’s something I’ve got to tell you,’ she said to Creed. ‘I was the one who leaked those stories about your private life to the media. It was wrong and I’m very sorry. I’d understand if you wanted to take some action against me.’

‘Let’s say you’ve made adequate penance this week,’ Creed said easily. ‘Besides, I don’t think we need bother the lawyers with anything else right now. They’ve got plenty to do.’

Laura looked relieved. ‘Thank you.’

‘Lawyers!’ Helen exclaimed suddenly. ‘What about Miss Chambers?’

‘She’s fine,’ Creed said. ‘Come down and see...’

They automatically paraded down the stairs to the sitting room. Miss Chambers was still pinioned across the coffee table by the housebots. Her scarlet welted breasts rose and fell steadily while her red rimmed and wet pussy was still distended by the screw dildo lodged deep inside it.

Creed smiled down at her. ‘Enjoying yourself, Toy?’

‘Yes, Master,’ she said meekly.

He bent over and kissed her on the forehead. ‘Well done. A perfect performance.’

She beamed in delight. ‘Thank you, Master.’

The other girls were gaping at her in surprise. Then Helen exclaimed: ‘Oh, of course, she had to be in on it.’

‘A job I would only entrust to my most loyal slave,’ Creed said. He pointed the remote at the wall screen. It came on to show his sickly,

wheelchair bound image with his gimp woman kneeling at his side. As they watched the on-screen Creed pulled off his grey wig and tossed it aside with a grin. Then he reached down and stripped off his slave's mask to reveal Miss Chamber's bright intelligent face beaming out at them.

The screen blanked and the real Creed looked the girls over thoughtfully.

'Well, I suppose I'd better let you go now. You'll find your clothes in your rooms. But remember this was not only about trapping a thief. I hope you really do understand my little hobby a little better now and won't be quite so judgemental in the future. I know you had fun because I was watching you every step of the way from my suite in the Maintenance Room. Some of your orgasms were quite spectacular.'

They squirmed in mild embarrassment, but by now they were beyond serious shame.

'I certainly enjoyed having you all here in every sense of the word.' He grinned. 'You see I was one of your masked guests in the booths and may I say you were all delightful. Well, I could hardly ignore such an opportunity, could I?'

They shook their heads and shrugged, as well as their yokes allowed. Of course it was perfectly natural. Who wouldn't? For a week they had been very hot slaves.

Creed took out a key to their yokes and then paused. 'Unless of course any of you would like to stay on for a while as you are?' he said.

* * *

Six weeks later Laura Fairbrass was straightening her office desk when the intercom sounded. 'Yes, Sir?' she responded, pressing down the switch.

'Please come through, Miss Fairbrass,' her boss said. 'There's something I want you to take down.'

Laura picked up her notepad. 'Yes, Sir.'

Her boss was always very correct with her. Not like some people she had worked for in the past.

Laura went through the double doors to the inner office.

Her boss was seated behind his huge desk. She stood meekly in front of it. 'What was it you wanted me to take down, Sir?'

'Your panties,' said Sebastian Creed.

'Certainly, Sir,' Laura said.

She unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it and then slipped off her lacy white panties. Clad now only in stockings and shoes below the waist, Laura walked round to the other side of the desk. She now saw with a thrill that her Master's penis was already exposed and was standing stiffly erect and ready for her. She bent face down across the desk with her legs spread and her bare bottom outthrust submissively.

Creed stood, positioned himself between Laura's inviting legs and took hold of her hips. The head of his penis nuzzled the puckered mouth of her well-greased anus and then he rammed his shaft hard and deep into her rectum.

Laura grunted and sighed as the pain and pleasure enveloped her. She'd have bruises in the morning. Being Sebastian Creed's PA was a challenge. But then, as she had finally realized, she had always enjoyed a challenge...

THE END

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