

# **THE DEPRAVITY EXHIBITION**

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## A beginning...

‘My name is Victoria Somersby, I’m twenty-three years old and I work for Globolink News Net. This is my personal presentation to the artist known as Belphegor...’

Victoria knew her voice was trembling and hesitant, hardly up to professional reporting standards, but then she’d never done anything like this before.

She was stark naked straddling a broom handle that was supported horizontally between the backs of two chairs that had been taped front to front. The handle had short segments of grey foam pipe-lagging taped about it, forming a sawtooth ribbed effect that pressed into her pussy mouth.

As she addressed the camera Victoria was bent over the broom handle pushing her behind back into a section of spiral ribbed fifty millimetre clear PVC hosepipe, which was mounted on a hammer drill that was wired to the chair back. The tip of the hose had a rubber ball taped to it forming a novel flexible dildo of huge dimensions that was lodged (quite uncomfortably) up her anus. Her discomfort did not end there. As she pushed backwards onto the dildo her breasts were pulled forwards by improvised ropes of heavy elastic bounds looped one through the other, which were hooked to the chair back before her. These rubber band ropes were fastened to her nipples by silver bulldog clips.

The clamping of her nipples was making her eyes water but bravely she blinked away the tears. She was using every asset at her disposal to do this, fighting back her acute shame and embarrassment as she did so and desperately trying not to let it show on her face.

Victoria had a slightly heavy nose balanced by good cheekbones and framed by blonde straight hair that felt halfway down her back. She had level narrow eyebrows, pale grey green eyes and an easy smile. Her skin was clear and she had a good figure with a tight waist and wide hips. Her breasts were high, rounded and noticeably pneumatic, with distinct plump brown nipples. Her pubic mound was bikini-line trimmed and quite prominent with a deep cleft. Her buttock cheeks were smooth, pale and nicely rounded.

‘I have built all this myself and I am abusing my body of my own free will,’ Victoria said. ‘I will suffer until I cum for your pleasure because I admire your work so much...’

It was all a lie! Actually she hated Belphegor’s so-called “art”. She was doing this for her own future prospects...

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It had begun two days before in Connor McDuff’s flat.

Connor was the editor in chief of Globolink’s London Bureau and the man with whom Victoria was having a long term affair. He was also a sexual dominant and mild sadist...

Looking back on it, Victoria thought it was almost inevitable from the beginning that she had fallen under Connor’s control. She had come to Globolink desperate for work and knowing she was trading on her looks rather than her skill as a reporter. She simply wanted to have a famous name and a face which people would recognise. Connor was ready to tutor her and accelerate her progress through the organisation... at a price.

And so Victoria lay spread-eagled across the plastic sheet that covered Connor’s large double bed with her arms and legs outstretched. Metal cuffs clamped about her wrists and ankles bound her to the bedposts. A plastic wrapped pillow under her hips lifted her haunches up to receive their quota of lashes.

Connor knelt on the side of the bed, swiping her trembling buttocks with a black leather lash. He was a fiftyish man with a lean, squash and gym-toned body, a blandly handsome face

and thick dark hair, only slightly greying at the temples. He was as naked as Victoria and his stiff penis jutted out from between his thighs, bobbing as she swung the lash again and again across her helpless buttock cheeks.

Even as Victoria whimpered and bit on the gag stifling her sobs of pain, she knew it had been a price worth paying. Connor had given her valuable advice on how to improve her analysis and presentation of newsworthy events and she had steadily been given more weighty assignments. Ultimately she wanted to become one of Globolink's prime news anchors. But of course that was still some years and many more of Connor's sadistic sex sessions away. For now she had to be his submissive, whimpering, whipping toy.

But even in the height of his passion he was careful never to mark her where it would show on camera. In his way he too was a dedicated professional...

Now Victoria's natural lust was taking over and she could stop pretending to be aroused. The beating on her backside had done its job and her pussy was streaming over the plastic sheeting. This was the point in all sessions with Connor that she could begin to enjoy herself. Her vagina needed to be filled and the means to do so was bobbing and straining above her.

Connor lowered his lash and felt the heat of her buttocks which were now an even rosy red. Then he thrust his hand between her thighs and stabbed stiff fingers up into the sopping, sticky mouth of her sex.

'You're just a hot cunt on legs, aren't you?' he declared.

Victoria whimpered and nodded wretchedly, wriggling her hips in shameful invitation as she twisted her head round as far as she could to plead mutely with her glistening, wet, tear-filled eyes.

'This is what you really want, isn't it? You have to get a good a beating from a proper man before he puts his cock up you.'

Victoria nodded again, flattering his vanity, pushing her hips back onto his hand as far as her chains allowed.

'Do you beg for my cock up you?'

Victoria tried to say she did, nodding desperately and practically bouncing her haunches up and down. The more he teased and tormented her the more her need became genuine. By this stage she would have screwed anything or anyone to be allowed to cum.

Of course Connor knew this only too well.

Slowly he positioned as himself between her splayed thighs and rubbed the tip of his cock through the sticky wet gash of her sex mouth. Then rubbed its head over her simmering buttocks, making them sting and clench in pain. Victoria moaned in desperation and tried to clench his shaft between her cheeks.

Connor laughed. 'What a slut you are! You really want it that much?'

Victoria sobbed desperately and nodded.

With brutal force he rammed his cock up her cleft and into the streaming hot passage of her vagina. His hips and belly ground over the tender beaten mounds of her buttock cheeks, making her shiver in pain even as her sheath closed about his plunging hard shaft and began to suck her pleasure from it.

They were both highly aroused and it did not take long for them to reach an explosive and highly satisfactory mutual climax.

Afterwards Connor lay sprawled across Victoria's hot back, using her helpless body as a living mattress.

Victoria endured his weight pressing down upon her. It was all part of her submission, but in truth she hardly felt capable of moving herself after an orgasm like that one. She could feel her expelled juices mingling with his sperm as they seeped under her belly and thighs between flesh and plastic. Whatever his other faults, Connor knew how to get the most out of a woman. How many other trainees had lain here before her? Well she would make sure she was the one who made it to the top.

She knew that she was also using Connor, substituting his assistance for her own lack of killer instinct. She wanted success but she was not by nature cruel or ruthless enough to claw her way to the top, and she knew she did not have sufficient raw talent to rise there on merit alone. And so she accepted Connor, and what keeping him happy required, as a means to an end.

Finally, with his flaccid shaft still lodged in her pussy, Connor pulled Victoria's gag out. Then he lifted himself off Victoria enough to reach across to a table by the bed and pick up a folded sheet of paper that had been lying their unnoticed.

'Something came in yesterday that you might be interested in,' he told her.

'Something that might do you a lot of good if you want...'

'What?' Victoria asked eagerly.

'You've heard of the artist who calls himself Belphegor?'

'Of course I have!' Victoria said sharply. 'I'm not stupid you know.'

Everybody had heard of Belphegor. Currently he was the world's most controversial and extreme installation and performance artist. His motto was: *"If I do not shock I have failed"*.

He kept his real name and antecedence a close secret, going by the name "Belphegor" after a mythical prince of hell, a demon of discoveries and diabolical inventions, which seemed appropriate in view of his work. He was reviled by many as a pornographer, a sadist and an exploiter of women and yet somehow he was still exhibiting around the world. All moves to ban his exhibitions ended in confusion and some of his most outspoken critics being exposed as hypocrites. Several notable political and religious leaders have come to grief this way and now they were wary of speaking out against him.

And yet the strange thing was that only a relative handful of people had ever seen his work.

His installations, if that was what you could call them, were un-reproducible because what he created seemed to exist only in the minds of actual physical visitors to a gallery, so reviewers could only describe them but never show an image or recording of any kind, which only added to their appeal. The only thing everybody agreed on was the content was deeply shocking and explicit and featured women being abused and mistreated as its subjects. People hated his shows and yet were so deeply aroused by what they seen that they often came back for more and so they were always sold out. Yet beyond crude sensationalism and controversy, nobody could quite analyse his appeal. Some people ascribed deep moral lessons to his work, or perhaps simply people enjoyed being voyeurs. And now he was putting on a show in London at the Catoptric Gallery which opened on the twentieth of this month, less than a week away...

Connor continued, unfolding the paper: 'Well this announcement was sent to all the major media companies with offices in London. It seems Belphegor is ready to give one reporter from one outlet an exclusive interview with him before the gallery opens to the public.'

'But there's no record of him ever having given an interview!'

'I know, but he's offering one now.'

Victoria felt her heart skip a beat. 'And you think I can get it?'

'Maybe, but there's a catch. Listen to this: *"Belphegor requires that the interviewer must be an attractive female aged between 18 and 35 who must first submit a solo recording of herself*

*naked and performing an obscene, humiliating or painful act of no less than 10 minutes duration, which she has created especially to prove how much she wants the privilege of an audience with Belphegor. Submissions must be received by midnight of the seventeenth of this month. The winner will be notified at noon the next day when conditions for the interview will be supplied, which will take place on the nineteenth at the Catoptric Gallery. Only the most outstanding performer will be chosen..."*

As Victoria's heart sank, Connor added wryly: 'You can imagine that everybody has dismissed this out of hand as a publicity stunt. Even if they accept that it's genuine they dare not take it seriously. Those reporters they've got who would qualify have their reputations to think of. But you're still enough of an unknown to get away with it. Think what a scoop the only Belphegor interview would be for Globolink!'

Victoria looked at him in horror. 'But... I can't do anything like that!' she exclaimed.

'It wouldn't be anything more than we've done dozens times in this bed before,' pointed out. He slapped her sore bottom, making her yelp. 'You already had plenty of practice. I know you're a hot slut who enjoys getting dirty and suffering for it. That's what makes you the ideal choice!'

Oh hell, I've really convinced him I enjoy this, Victoria thought in dismay. Aloud she said: 'B... but this is different. This is... personal and private. I could never film myself doing this and send it off to some insane artist!'

Connor scowled and took hold of Victoria by the hair, twisting her head round so he looked her square in the eye.

'Now listen to me,' he said menacingly. 'You wouldn't be doing this just for yourself. I'd be the one who set it up and that wouldn't do me any harm with the bosses either. One day a position is going open up at the New York Bureau and I want to be ready for it. You've got this far by trading on your looks and being able to read an autocue without tripping over your own tongue. Now use all that to show you've got what it takes to make a real reporter. A real star! That's what you want, isn't it?'

And even though the thought of it made her sick, she knew deep down it was what she wanted. But also she knew she had to be pushed into it. She would never have the nerve on her own. But then that was what Connor was for. He could make her do it despite her fear. This could be the big break of her career...

Her heart began to race and her stomach began to knot in anticipation as she said in a little voice: 'Well, if my man really insists...'

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Victoria began to thrust her haunches back onto the home-made anal dildo, desperately trying to get herself aroused before she lost her nerve. As she did so the power drill whirled into life and began to spin and pump the array of plastic and rubber in and out of her backside.

Her heavily greased anal ring parted about its rubber ball head and plastic ribbed sides as they plunged in and out of her. The powerful vibration they made as they rippled and popped through her sphincter set her whole groin buzzing while her bulging bottom shivered. Oh God that felt disgustingly exciting! And she clung to that thrill, trying to ignore the camera and the thought of who would soon be seeing her shameful display. She just hoped Belphegor appreciated the trouble she had gone to make this home-made super vibrator, with Connor's help of course.

As she ground her hips back and forward her dripping pussy cleft rippled across the sawtooth foam teeth taped to the broom handle, dragging them through her gash and teasing her

clitoris. With every backward thrust her full breasts were stretched out before her by the elastic band ropes, pinching and stretching the domes of her nipples, the tips of which were visibly turning purple as the bulldog clips squeezed the blood from them.

She was trapped on a pain and pleasure rack of her own devising and the harder she worked to please herself the more she suffered. But then that was apparently what Belphegor wanted, the sick bastard!

No, she must not think of him like that if she was going to interview him. He was an incredible visionary groundbreaking artist who had opened a door onto another layer of the human condition. And she was doing this because she admired his work so much she was ready to humiliate and degrade herself to prove it. She was offering up her body for his pleasure...

By now her tormented breasts were vibrating like rubber as they were stretched to their limits, her rectum felt raw and her pussy was streaming and dribbling over the broom handle, dripping onto the chair seats beneath as she rubbed it up and down. This crazy, obscene setup was working. She was seriously getting hot now. She felt the need bubbling up inside her and knew she was going to come. Quickly, before it overtook her...

'Please grant me an interview, Master Belphegor,' she choked out to camera. 'It would be the highlight of my life! I would do anything for you... anything!'

And then she came spectacularly over the broom handle, grinding her pussy frantically along it even as she jerked her haunches back full on to the pumping vibrator drill that was reaming out her rectum. As the spasms overtook her she arched her back, stretching her breasts to their limits until the clips were wrenched from her nipples, snapped away by the elastic bands, making her shriek in pain which mingled oddly with the ecstatic joy of her orgasm before she collapsed limply over the broom handle.

Connor stopped filming. 'That was bloody amazing,' he said. 'I'll bet nobody else has got anything half as hot as that. You really looked like you meant it at the end.'

Victoria screwed up her eyes and said nothing. Her crushed nipples tingled and throbbed painfully at the tips of her dangling sweaty breasts as blood flowed back into them. Now she was beginning to feel unclean. Connor was using her as much as she was him. And all to satisfy the perverted whim of some sick egotistical artist!

'I'll edit this and send it to the gallery,' he promised. 'Then we'll just have to wait...'

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Victoria did not sleep well that night. She really regretted what she had done now. Yes if it paid off she would get the scoop of her career, but how was she supposed to interview such a man? Even an experienced journalist or chat show host might struggle to connect with somebody like that. She might still below it. And if he didn't choose her then she had degraded herself for nothing. But then what other reporter would have been prepared to go such desperate lengths? She deserved that interview!

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Just before noon the next day Victoria joined Connor at the office phone he had given as a contact number with her submission. As the hour turned they both stared at it.

Victoria began to despair. She had been wasting her time after all...

Then the phone rang.

Connor took a deep breath and picked it up. 'Connor McDuff, editor-in-chief...'

He listened for a few moments and then said: 'But we can supply our own crew... all right... if he insists. We'll be there.'

He put the phone down and beamed at Victoria. ‘Tomorrow at nine o’clock you have an exclusive interview with the artist known as Belphegor...’

Victoria felt a strange thrill of elation and apprehension. ‘Oh...fantastic! Connor, I’ll promise to try not to screw it up.’

‘I’ll coach you,’ Connor said. ‘But there’s a proviso, non-negotiable. Belphegor will provide the film crew. You’ll be on your own...’

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Victoria did not sleep well that night either. Now her stomach was churning as she thought of what was to come next day. Connor had spent the afternoon coaching her on interview technique and what questions to try to get answers to. But they both agreed she was moving into largely unknown territory. They had no references to any previous interviews, only a few oblique statements Belphegor had made about his art, which managed to sound like the word of God from on high and yet be totally opaque at the same time. The only photographic references they had were equally unhelpful. They showed a large, dark haired, saturnine man in a black Nehru suit with a mandarin collar, with a close trimmed beard and his eyes concealed behind mirrored wraparound dark glasses. His expression was inscrutable.

In some pictures he was accompanied by a flock of his adoring female assistants popularly referred to by commentators as his “demonettes”. They had a slight punk-look and were almost identical and quite interchangeable, dressed in skimpy black rubber bikinis. They had dyed purple hair, heavy red eye make-up with red devil tails hanging from the small of their backs, spiked collars and piercings and small red devil horns stuck on their foreheads. Everybody agreed they were simply eye-candy advertisements for his shows.

The more Victoria studied what was known about Belphegor the more she wondered how he had managed to maintain such worldwide notoriety for so long. Who else could get away with holding art exhibitions nobody could properly describe or reproduce, whose notoriety could spread only by rumour and word of mouth? There had to be a trick to it somewhere. Maybe she could find out what it was...

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Connor personally drove Victoria to the Catoptric Gallery the next morning.

Before they even came in sight of the building they saw that Belphegor had already made his mark on London. There was an angry crowd of protesters being held back by a police cordon. They seem to be a strange mixture of religious, right wing and feminist protesters, waving a variety of banners and placards demanding that the exhibition be banned and some cases that Belphegor be tried for blasphemy and/or obscenity. Some ultra orthodox types were there objecting to his promotion of female homosexuality and offensive nudity through the many images of his demonettes circulating about the media.

‘Get some shots of that,’ Connor said, handing Victoria the camera he had brought along to film her entering the gallery. ‘It’ll make good framing and context material around the interview...’

As Victoria filmed the angry protestors Connor drove around the side streets. In the end they both had to show their press passes at another police line before they could reach the gallery itself. The imposing portico front of the building was hung with large banners advertising the exhibition: *Belphegor: Flesh and Depravity: The Pathways to Private Hells*.

As arranged Connor parked by the side service entrance to the gallery. He took up the camera and prepared to film Victoria going inside while giving her his final words of advice. ‘I think he’s one of these mercurial personality types who take offence easily so don’t blow it by

asking anything too controversial up front. Flatter him and make a connection first. Save the hard questions for the end when you've already got material we can use. Good luck...'

Nervously Victoria got out of the car and crossed to the solid green utility doors and pressed the intercom button beside them.

'Yes?' a female voice asked.

'Victoria Somersby to interview Mr Belphegor,' she said.

'That's *Master* Belphegor,' the voice corrected her.

'I'm sorry. I meant Master Belphegor...'

The door swung open and Victoria stepped inside.

Waiting for her in the large corridor beyond were three of Belphegor's demonettes, one standing well in front of the others. Victoria started as she saw they were not even wearing their rubber bikinis and were totally naked except for their strange accessories and high heeled red shoes with padlocked ankle straps. Their nipples were ringed and chains were strung between them, from which hung small silver bells. Their pubes were clean-shaven and their outer labia lips had been painted a bright red, while their hair was all bobbed, collar length and bright purple. But more shocking than their nudity was how at ease and confident they appeared. It made Victoria feel uncomfortable.

Beside the door was a clothes rack on wheels with empty hangers on it and only a pair of red high heels identical to ones the demonettes were wearing resting on its shoe rack base.

Before Victoria could say anything the demonette up front announced: 'These are the terms of the interview with the Master and they are not negotiable. If you reject them you must leave now. Do you understand?'

'Eer... Yes,' Victoria stammered.

'First, you will at all times address him humbly and respectfully as: "*Master*," do you understand?'

'Yes, of course,' Victoria said, thinking privately: what an ego maniac!

The speaker indicated the pair of demonettes who had been standing behind her. Now they stepped forward. One was holding a camera and the other a short boom mic and recorder.

'Second, these are your crew for the interview. The Master will review it when it is completed and will give you a copy when he approves. Do you understand?'

She did not like it but she had no choice. She supposed he was worried about his image and wanted to keep everything under strict control. 'Yes,' Victoria said.

'Lastly, you are not allowed clothes in the Master's presence, except for approved footwear. You will therefore remove all your clothes, together with your watch and phone, and leave them here before proceeding any further. He does not tolerate outside interruptions or interference from external media.'

Victoria thought she had misheard. 'What? You... mean I've got to strip naked to speak to him... the Master?'

'As you did for your performance begging this interview,' the demonette reminded her.

'But... you'll be recording me,' she said, looking at her brazen naked film crew in alarm.

'Yes, so what? Surely you're not ashamed to be seen naked in the Master's presence? He is the greatest connoisseur of female flesh in the world of art. You should be honoured to show yourself to him. Those are the terms and if you don't accept them you must leave now.'

Victoria thought furiously. When she was given a copy of the interview she could always have her body cropped or pixelated out. Nobody need know what she had done to get this story. She took a deep breath. This had better be worth she thought...



She stripped off her carefully chosen professional attire and hung it up on the rack. When she was totally naked she slipped on the red high heels Belphegor had provided. They were actually quite a good fit although the heels were higher than she liked to wear. The hostess demonette snapped their padlocks closed about her ankles. It was only then that she realized they were not decorative items but genuine small padlocks that really locked the straps of the shoes onto her feet. She felt a shiver of alarm that she hastily stifled. She had to play along otherwise all of this had been a waste of time.

The demonette said briskly: 'This way...'

Victoria followed her along the empty corridor, trying not to let herself be hypnotised by the rolling of her smooth pert buttocks with their cleft being intermittently hidden by the bobbing sway of her rubber demon tail. At Victoria's heels her naked demonette film crew followed along obediently. The click of four pairs of high heels echoed about them, accompanied by the spooky silvery jingle of their nipple chain bells. It seemed to be the only sound in the whole gallery.

Victoria shivered and asked: 'It's very quiet. Who else is here?'

'Only the Master's personal staff are present day,' the hostess told her. 'This is so the Master can make final adjustments to his installations undisturbed...'

Victoria felt slightly relieved. At least she would not encounter ordinary gallery staff like this. Making the most of her opportunity, Victoria asked: 'What is it like to work for Master Belphegor?'

'It is not work, it is my life,' she replied simply.

'Um... so you would say you are quite dedicated to him?'

'We are his, body and soul.'

What the hell was she meant to make of that, Victoria wondered?

They climbed a flight of stairs and emerged through a door into the main entrance hall of the gallery. And there was Belphegor waiting for her.

Immediately two things struck Victoria that had not been evident from the photographs she had studied. One was that he was bigger than she imagined. His chest was deep and his shoulders were massive. The second was that his suit was not simply black. It had a strange iridescent sheen about it that flowed across it like the shimmering of insect wings: distracting and disconcerting.

Behind her the demonette film crew began recording the scene.

The hostess demonette bowed low to Belphegor. 'May I present Ms Victoria Somersby, Master,' she said meekly.

Feeling her stomach knotting and the confidence draining out of her by the second Victoria stepped forward and held out a trembling hand which Belphegor ignored. Hastily Victoria dropped it and then for want of anything better bowed her head meekly and said: 'It's a great privilege to meet you in person, Master. Thank you for the honour of granting me this interview...'

She glanced upward anxiously and saw the corners of his mouth turn up in an approving smile.

'And it is a pleasure to meet one of my devoted followers,' he replied.

He had a deep rich voice like an opera singer. For the first time in her life Victoria knew what true charisma meant. His presence was simply overwhelming and she felt herself shrinking before him.

Belphegor reached out a big hand and lifted her chin, turning her head from side to side as he examined her profile. Then just as casually he dropped his hand to her breasts and lifted and tweaked her nipples, examining their pliancy. Victoria froze in horror, embarrassment and confusion. Perhaps this was normal for him. Surrounded by naked compliant demonettes all day, maybe he did this all the time! Did he imagine the recording she had sent to him gave him the right to be treated like this? Clearly he did, and perhaps with good reason. Oh hell, what had she done? She was trapped in an impossible situation partly of her own making: overwhelmed by his presence, diminished by her own nakedness and desperate for that career-making interview.

To add to her shame and bringing a further burning blush to her cheeks, she felt her nipples hardening at its touch while a line of warm slickness was forming between her naked labia lips. This was already turning into a nightmare and she had not even asked her first question yet! All she could do was bite her lip and let him fondle her tits!

Finally he finished his intimate examination and said: 'You are quite a fine object in your own right, Victoria, but you can still be improved. I will arrange this as we conduct our interview. I do this for just one subject in every city I visit. You will become Belphegor's London work of flesh art: a unique, a one-off. Do understand?'

What could she say? If she wanted to get her interview she had to play along. 'Um... thank you very much, Master Belphegor, but what do you mean by "improvements"?''

'You will find out for yourself as we progress. Of course if you wish to reject this privilege...'

Quickly she said: 'No no, Master Belphegor I would be... honoured.'

'Then let us begin. I am about to make my final round of inspection before the gallery opens tomorrow. I have some old works and some new ones. I would be interested to see your reaction to them.'

She was getting the exclusive tour! She would see some Belphegor works before anybody else. This was what would make her humiliation worthwhile. 'I'd be delighted, Master Belphegor,' she said humbly.

He led Victoria out of the main reception hall and along a corridor to the first of the exhibition rooms. Her demonette hostess and recording crew followed after them.

As they move she was again acutely aware of the clicking of their high heels on the polished board floors. Now it seemed like an accompaniment to Belphegor's progress, almost like a continuous patter of applause. It also called attention to their nakedness. He had four pairs of jiggling bare tits following him around: three of them dangling belled chains adding their jingle to their motion! It was crazy but it would make a hell of an image for her report... as long as she was cropped out of it.

The first exhibition room was a large white painted space almost filled by what looked to be a huge glass tank which reached almost to the ceiling and appeared to be filled with a gently luminous mist. Victoria knew this must be one of Belphegor's famous *limbo tanks* as he called them. She had seen pictures of them externally but what was inside could never be photographed or recorded by any means. Supposedly only a living mind could perceive the images contained within it.

As they walked about the tank, which was about eight metres long by four wide, Victoria saw small plaques on its sides which read simply: *A Chance Encounter*.

‘Touch its side and concentrate on what is within with your mind,’ Belphegor told her. ‘The only way to understand my art is to experience it. Until you do you cannot ask any intelligent questions...’

Nervously Victoria walked up to the side of the tank and laid her hands against it. It felt warmer and somehow more pliant than ordinary glass should but for a moment touching it seemed to make no difference.

And then suddenly the mist inside cleared and somehow she was looking into a scene set on a narrow country road at night. It was a strange tableaux: a frozen image of two cars, one a silver Volvo with a single occupant and the other a dark coloured Range Rover with three people just visible inside. Both were approaching each other with their headlights on and caught in the twin beams between them was a fox.

Victoria was so surprised at this sudden apparition that seemed too big to fit inside the tank that she flinched backwards and the image vanished again into the glowing mist.

Belphegor chuckled. ‘There’s nothing to be scared of, Victoria. The vehicles will not come crashing out of the tank into you, if that is what you are worried about.’

Victoria recovered and found her tongue. ‘But... but Master Belphegor, they look so real. I could see every detail. Are they holograms or models of some kind?’

‘I never reveal my methods. The characters in my scenarios are as real as you believe them to be, that is all you need to know. The male characters are merely supporting players. The females are the ones you can relate to most closely. Focus on them and you will know what they know and feel what they are feeling: their pain, lust, need, fear, shame and desire. You may not like everything you experience, but then life does not guarantee happiness...’

Victoria took a deep breath and touched the side of the tank once more, this time resting her forehead against its strange warm slightly pliant surface, trying to peer within at the strange tableau.

And suddenly she was not simply observing the scene but she was in one of the cars, the silver Volvo. And she knew she was Claire Preston, age thirty three, a financial analyst. She was travelling across Exmore to visit an old friend. But she had been delayed setting off that day and now it was dark and the road was twisting and she had just seen a...

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...Claire swerved to avoid the fox and her driver-side wing mirror clipped that of the oncoming Range Rover. Both cars came to stop, separated by 50 metres or so, while the fox disappeared into the darkness.

Claire got out of her car into the still mild night air and ruefully examined her broken mirror which was hanging limp from its mounting. Then she walked back along the road to Range Rover. Another bloody delay, she thought angrily. She’d never get to Elisha’s at this rate...

Three men had climbed out of the Range Rover and were checking its wing mirror, which seemed less badly damaged than hers. She now noticed that the lower half of the car was heavily caked in mud splatters, as though it had been off-roading.

As she approached them she called out: ‘Sorry about that. I swerved to avoid that fox. My fault. I’ll pay to fix any damage. Is it just the outer mirror casing?’

The three men turned and glared at her. In the reflected light from their headlamps and the illumination from its passenger lights shining out of its open doors, she saw they were all dressed in sports tops and jeans and had the build of rugby players. One of them was ginger haired, the second was blonde and the third had a chin-strap beard.

‘Of course, it had to be a woman driver!’ Ginger said loudly.

‘She’d rather hit us than run over a bloody fox!’ Blonde exclaimed.

‘What do you expect?’ Chin Strap said. ‘She’s probably another of those tree huggers...’

Claire was taken aback by their unconcealed annoyance and macho contempt for her. Three men together were properly not a good combination to almost run into. They felt they had to outdo each other in condemnation. ‘There’s no need to talk like that,’ she said. ‘I admitted it was my fault and said I’d pay for it. Just give me your details...’

‘You think you can buy your way out of taking responsibility just like that, do you?’ Ginger said.

‘I’m not denying my responsibility and I’m offering to pay for the damage,’ Claire said, clenching her teeth in an effort to continue behaving reasonably.

‘And then you’ll drive off again ready to hit someone else in case there’s a snail crossing road or something, will you?’ Blonde suggested.

‘What?’ Claire exclaimed.

‘You’d rather put animals before people, admit it,’ Chin Strap said.

‘Look, I only swerved by reflex,’ Claire protested.

‘And where did you learn that kind of reflex?’ Ginger said. ‘Have you actually got a driving licence? You should know how to choose between a fox and human beings!’

‘Look, this is ridiculous!’ Claire said. ‘I’m offering to pay for the damage but if you won’t give me your details I can’t, can I?’

Ginger took a step closer to her, his eyes narrowing. ‘You know this is not the first time a woman’s run into me. And they always have some bloody stupid excuse...’

‘I’m sorry for that, although actually statistically women are safer drivers than men,’ Claire retorted. ‘And I’m not giving any excuses!’

‘Except that foxes mean more to you than people,’ Ginger pointed out.

‘Or maybe foxes mean more to you than men?’ Blonde suggested.

‘For the last time, do you want me to pay or not!’ Claire shouted.

‘Oh, you will pay all right but not in cash,’ Ginger said. He looked at his companions and they nodded back, grinning. ‘I think it’s our duty to teach you a lesson about safe driving.’

‘Yeah, one you’ll never forget,’ Blonde added.

‘It’ll show you the difference between men and women drivers,’ Chin Strap said.

‘You know, I always wanted a fancy hood ornament, but they don’t make them any more,’ Ginger said wistfully. ‘But maybe I can have one for tonight.’

‘Yeah, I always thought woman looked better laying over the front of car bonnets instead of behind their wheels...’ Blonde said.

With a sudden taste of fear in her mouth Claire turned and ran for her car, but it was too far. They caught her before she was half way. She tried to pull out her phone to call for help but they tore it from her hand. She screamed and kicked at them but they were far too strong and out here on the moors there was no one to hear her from miles. Laughing they dragged her back to the front of their car and stood in the full glare of their headlights.

With them surrounding her Ginger said: ‘Now strip off... unless you want us to do it for you?’

Fearfully Claire looked into their faces, searching for some sign of mercy, tolerance or understanding. But they were in full arrogant chauvinistic mode, determined to humiliate this foolish woman who had fallen into their power and who had damaged their precious car. There was no escape. She would have to pay their price...

Biting her lip and feeling sick with fear, Claire undressed, aware of their eyes burning into her as she revealed more of her bare flesh to them.

When she was totally naked she stood in the glare of their headlights, trembling visibly, with her hands bunched into fists, digging her nails into her palms as she struggled not to show the full depth of her fear. Appreciatively they looked her over.

Claire had a lean physique with short collar length dark hair. Her face was strong and intelligent and her mouth was determined. She had neat high breasts with up-tilted nipples. Her waist was tight and her legs were slender, with firm compact buttocks. At the apex of her thighs her pussy curls were dark and closely trimmed.

‘Yeah, I think she’ll look terrific spread over the bonnet,’ Ginger declared.

‘But how are we going to keep her there?’ Blonde asked.

‘I think we’ve got everything we need,’ Ginger said grinning. ‘Get out the baggage ties and the socket set...’

They laid Claire face down across the bonnet of the Range Rover, warm from the engine heat, so that her legs were spread on either side of the radiator grille and her feet hung down against the outer ends of the front bumper. They dragged her arms forward and outwards until they reached the wing mirror mounts and used bungee cords and luggage straps to bind her wrists to them. More cords bound her ankles to the front recovery rings below the bumper. Now her head rested at the base of the windscreen while her bare bottom hung over the lip of the bonnet.

Then they opened up the socket set on the bonnet in front of Claire so she could see what they were doing. They put together an extension bar connected to a universal joint which was plugged into the ratchet handle, forming a right-angled assembly.

Ginger rubbed the chunky ratchet handle suggestively: ‘This end will go up your cunt,’ he told her with delight.

‘You can’t treat me like this!’ Claire snivelled. ‘I’ll tell the police! You’ll be arrested!’

‘And who will they look for?’ Chin Strap asked. ‘You can’t see our number plates can you? And if they did find us it would be our word against yours anyway. We can do what we want with you...’

Clair began to scream and curse them and so they tore off a strip of repair tape and sealed her lips with it. Then they slid the ratchet handle into her vagina, forcing it past her desperate clenching sheath. Then with lengths of wire from the toolkit they bound the socket set extension bar vertically to the front radiator grille, holding the handle in place within her. Then they stood back to admire their handiwork. Claire was now impaled over the bonnet of the car like some fallen figurine.

‘Now she’s properly mounted,’ Ginger declared. ‘Gentlemen: let’s drive!’

As so they drove the Range Rover off the road into the night, racing across rough winding moorland paths and tracks and spraying dirt from their wheels. Claire slid from side to side over the bonnet as the car pitched and bounced along, her bare breasts slithering over the metalwork, sometimes being lifted upwards and then slammed down against it to flatten like fleshy pancakes. This motion ground and twisted and plunged the ratchet handle into her vagina, churning it about as she was pitched from side to side, gouging into her with frightening force. Only the give of the universal joint saved her from serious harm, but even then she felt it pummelling into her, bruising her tender sheath and the lips of her sex. Its self preservation she felt her pussy lubricating desperately, trying to ease her suffering. A wet stain spread under her

pussy and across her thighs, making them slide all the more easily across the metal bonnet top and only adding to her torment.

As she shrieked and sobbed about her taped lips she could see the men's faces through the windscreen grinning at her discomfort. How terribly her instinctive act of compassion to one wild animal was being repaid!

By the time the car stopped some where out on the moors, Claire was hardly sensible. The whole front of her body felt bruised where she had been slammed against the bonnet and her dripping pussy mouth felt as though it had been attacked by a road drill.

Her tormentors got out and came round to examine her. They laughed as they saw how wet her pussy was and scooped up her slippery discharge and smelt it and wiped it across her bottom cheeks.

'I think she's been enjoying herself!' Chin Strap said.

'Now would you like to stop being our bonnet ornament?' Ginger asked.

Feebly Claire nodded her head.

'And if we untape your mouth are you going to swear at us some more or are you going to say how sorry you are for damaging our car?'

Claire shook her head and then nodded. Ginger ripped the tape off her lips.

'I... I'm so sorry I damaged your car...' Claire said feebly. She hated herself saying it but all the fight been knocked out of her. She just wanted this end...

'And are you going to give us some compensation?' Blonde asked.

'Yes... anything you want...' Clair croaked.

'That's great,' said Chin Strap. 'Because I think we'd all like to screw you!'

Claire gaped at him in feeble horror.

Ginger slapped Claire's cheek. 'That sounds fair, doesn't it?'

'Y... yes, that sounds there,' Claire agreed helplessly.

'We want to hear you beg us to screw you,' Blonde said.

She had no choice of course. They were going to do it anyway. 'I... I beg you to screw me,' Claire said wretchedly.

They untied her wrists and ankles, unsnapped the universal joint from the extension bar wired to the grill and pulled her off the car with the ratchet handle still jutting out of her pussy mouth. They dragged her across to a mound of coarse grass and laid her on her back. Ginger pulled the handle out of sex, which came free with a wet sucking sound, causing them all to laugh.

'She may be a rubbish driver but she's certainly got a juicy cunt,' Chin Strap observed.

With two of them holding Clair's arms down the third knelt between her trembling thighs and undid his flies.

And so, one by one, each of them screwed her bruised vagina.

She was almost too numb to feel them inside her but she could feel them banging against her clit, which seemed so perversely aroused, and feel them grinding over her tingling breasts and she could see their shadowy, wild, leering excited faces as they rammed their cocks up her, celebrating her miserable surrender.

When they were done with her Clair felt so utterly broken and exhausted that she lay limply on her back, dribbling her juices and their sperm from her ravaged pussy mouth onto the grass. They had no need to hold her down anymore. She was completely incapable of any resistance far less trying to run away from them. She was as helpless as a rag doll and felt just as broken and spineless.

‘Have you learned your lesson?’ Ginger asked.

‘Yes...’ Claire said feebly.

‘You admit you were driving like a stupid, brainless slut?’ Blonde asked.

‘Yes... I was... very stupid.’

‘And are men or women better drivers?’ Chinstrap asked.

‘Men, men...’ Claire sobbed.

‘Now would you like us to take you back to your car and your clothes?’ Ginger asked.  
‘It’s that or else walk a few miles naked over the moors.’

‘Yes, please.’

‘And we won’t tie you face down on the bonnet again.’

‘Thank you...’ Claire said wretchedly.

‘No, this time we’re going to tie you on your back and stick the ratchet handle up your arse!’

And laughing they dragged her onto her feet and carried her back the car and laid on the bonnet and bound her wrists and ankles to the wing mirrors and recovery rings once again. This time her bottom rested on the bonnet and her breasts pointed up at the night sky. Her gaping thighs exposed the gash of her dripping pussy mouth as it rested on the apex of the bonnet. Her juices lubricated her anal ring which helped when the ratchet handle was forced into it and slide up deep inside her. The universal joint was slotted back onto the extension bar which was still wired to the radiator grille and she was mounted once more.

Then they drove off back the way they had come with the car pitching and bumping, sending Claire slithering and rolling from side to side again with the ratchet handle churning inside her bottom.

And then as they went something strange happened: Claire began to get aroused again.

Perhaps it was the air rushing across her bare body and into her wet sex mouth that caused her clitoris to swell and harden once again. Perhaps it was the strange alien feel of the ratchet handle in her rectum which was bizarrely stimulating. All she knew was that her nipples hardened and she felt a perverse lust growing within her loins.

But how could she possibly feel like this after what been done to her? Or was this her only way of fighting back against those bastards? She had not come when they had screwed her, but perhaps that need had been stored within her? Could she actually get some pleasure out of this nightmare? As the car pitched and tossed and threw her about, forward and back, the ratchet handle pivoting about its universal joint ground and pumped within her and she clenched on to it, riding it for her own delight.

She could do this, she would do this! She was going to come... uhhhh!

Clair convulsed and sprayed her juices into the blast of night air and they blew back over her body and across the windscreen of the car like a splatter of sticky rain.

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Victoria jerked away from the limbo tank gasping and shuddering and it filled with grey mist again.

She sank to her knees clutching at her pussy mouth. It was hot and wet but it was not bruised from having a socket set ratchet handle rammed up into it, or from having been ravished by three hard cocks. She was panting and sweating and confused, as though she had just been riding the bonnet of an off road vehicle and then had cum. She could still feel the warm orgasmic delight within her...

Then she realized the demonette crew were pointing their camera and microphone on her, recording her reactions, while the demonette hostess was standing by Belphegor closing up a small bag...

'Oh... my God!' Victoria exclaimed. 'I... I thought she was me... I mean I was her... I was Claire! I forgot I was me. I felt everything she felt...'

'Of course you did,' Belphegor said. 'That's the purpose of a limbo tank. You are meant to form an empathic bond with the main characters within it. And because you are alone it was not shared amongst other minds. A crowd would only get a diluted sense of what you have experienced.'

Victoria tried to straighten her thoughts. It been the most wonderful, shocking and intense experience of her life. And she had thought Belphegor was some kind of con merchant. However he had done it, this was incredible.

With new humility she asked: 'How do you do that, Master Belphegor?'

'As I said, I never reveal my secrets,' Belphegor said.

'But all that seemed to fit into the tank, Master Belphegor. But it couldn't...'

'A tank is always as big as it needs to be.'

'It felt so totally real, Master Belphegor.'

'Inside the tank it is real. It is a segment of time and space preserved forever.'

'But were they real, Master. I mean Claire them those men? You didn't make them up?'

'No, they really existed... at one time.'

'So it's a kind of re-enactment, Master? Like a dramatisation from history?'

'In a way, perhaps.'

'But can you tell me what happened next, Master?'

'Perhaps they drove on safely and Claire was returned to her car, or perhaps they had another far worse accident, distracted by the naked woman tied across their bonnet who had just sprayed her orgasmic juices across their windscreen?'

What was he hinting at? 'Are you saying they died, Master?'

'It is possible. Many people come back to my exhibitions hoping to find out the answer. Only a few are successful...'

Victoria took a deep breath. What a way to get repeat visitors! 'It's incredible, but what is it all meant to mean, Master?'

'It is what it is. Whatever a visitor takes away from the experience is up to them. I never tell them what think afterwards. But were you impressed?'

'Oh yes, Master, I very impressed. It was amazing!'

He smiled in satisfaction. For all his assurance and charisma he was not beyond enjoying praise. Was that what she had been brought here for: to boost his ego even further?

It was only then, as the phantom aches and ecstasy left her body, that Victoria realized that her eyes felt odd. She rubbed them. Was it something to do with the tank?

'I said I would be improving your body, don't you remember?' Belphegor said.

The hostess demonette stepped forward taking a small mirror from her bag and Victoria saw that she now wore the same heavy eye make-up as they did: dark kohl-like lines about her lashes and over her brows with a flare of red on her upper lids.

They had done this to her while she had been interfacing with the scenario in the tank and she had not noticed? That was very disturbing.

But before she could say any more, Belphegor said: 'This way, Victoria. I have the rest of my exhibition to check over. I'm sure you will find the exhibits interesting...'



And he swept out of the room and Victoria click-clacked her way after him, followed by the demonette entourage.

The next room was just as featureless except for a slightly smaller, squarer tank.

‘Go on,’ Belphegor said, ‘see what you make of that...’

Nervously Victoria pressed her hands and face against the side of the tank...

Within was a small brown wood-panelled office with a desk, book cases and an old filing cabinet. Seated behind the desk was a small, greying, black suited, dog-collared priest, while in front of it sat a young woman in the grey habit of a novice nun. Her eyes were red-rimmed with tears. Suddenly Victoria knew, as if she had always known, that she was Bernadette and he was Father John, and Bernadette had been sent to him because she had a shameful affliction that was destroying her life.

She wanted with all her heart to serve Christ but she was having trouble with dark erotic thoughts and desires she did not understand. She had prayed and prayed but it was no good. So she had been sent by her Mother Superior to Father John for special therapy. Apparently he was an expert in such matters...

Dare she go deeper, Victoria wondered, and risk losing herself again in this strange scenario? Of course it was impossible to resist...

Victoria pressed her face harder against the side of the tank...

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... Bernadette snivelled and dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief once again.

‘I’m so sorry, Father. These terrible thoughts of mine must shock you. They are so vile and... disgusting! I swear I do not know where they come from.’

‘Now do not distress yourself, Bernadette. We shall put an end to these things. Wherever they come from we shall defeat them, do you hear that?’

‘Yes Father I do. But they are so very dark and frightening. Sometimes I... I think I must be possessed by some evil spirit!’

‘You believe in the reality of demonic possession?’

‘Oh yes, I do Father,’ Bernadette said sincerely.

‘Well, yes there is much evil in the world and sometimes it is the result of dark forces, sometimes of lesser causes. But whatever is the source of your affliction I promise I will not rest until you are purified. I will not lose you to evil. But I warn you, the process may be painful, do you understand that?’

‘I understand, Father. I will go through anything to rid myself of these terrible things.’

‘Tell me again about these dreams.’

‘Must I, Father?’

‘Yes you must. I must understand what we’re dealing with here before I can fight it...’

Bernadette took a deep breath, feeling the weight of shame descending on her shoulders once again. ‘Well... there are many dreams, but one keeps coming back. I imagine I am naked on my bed and there are tentacles reaching out of the darkness. They take hold of my arms and legs and spread me out, and though I fight them I cannot get free. And then they caress me and touch me in my most sensitive places... my... my breasts and... between my legs. And then one slides up into my... my birth canal and it feels so strange it hurts and yet it also pleasures me until I feel I’m going to explode inside. And in the mornings I am... wet... but not from my water. From... from my sexual juices. It was as though I had coupled with a man... only I hadn’t! But I feel soiled and dirty as if I had... ‘

‘I see. That must be very disturbing to you.’

‘But Father, I don’t understand how I can feel these things. I am... untouched... I’m a virgin. That was how I wish to serve Christ.’

‘And you still shall, Bernadette, I promise that. Be reassured I have handled many cases like this before. We will win through. See here, I have all the authority from the very highest office to do what is necessary. This is my warrant...’

From his desk drawer he took out a parchment heavy with curlicues and a script in Latin and English and laid it before her. She saw the red wax seal and ribbon it bore and automatically crossed herself.

‘You see you have him behind you as well, Bernadette. Take courage from that.’

‘I will, Father.’

‘Now you must come through to the next room where I have all the devices necessary to purge you of these dark feelings...’

He led the way into the next room through a set of heavy doors with a tiny lobby between them. The room was a blank white cell lit by a strip of high pebble glass windows. On one wall was a life-size wooden cross, but with strange fittings attached to it: straps and hinges and iron rods. Opposite this was a large glass-fronted wooden cabinet filled with devices that Bernadette could not make out. The only other furnishings were a set of low wooden steps, a couple of plain ladder-back chairs and a row of coat hooks.

Father John touched the big cross on the wall. ‘Do you believe in the power of the cross to heal, Bernadette?’

‘Of course I do, Father.’

‘And will you allow me to use its power to rid you of your dark thoughts?’

‘I will, Father.’

‘And will you obey my instructions completely and totally, no matter if they cause you pain and distress, Bernadette?’

‘Yes, Father.’

‘Then to begin you must be in a state of nature; the state that God created you.’

Bernadette did not understand what he meant at first. ‘I’m sorry Father?’

‘You must be totally naked, Bernadette. There must be no material trappings between your body and the cross. Nothing that these evil forces can hide behind, even your modesty, do you understand?’

Now Bernadette understood his explanation but the idea still shocked her. She had lived her life modestly and men, except for her father, had played little part in it. She had not felt the urge to find a boyfriend and she had always been treated by female doctors. No man had ever seen her naked. And now she was being asked to undress before a man who was a virtual stranger! And yet he was a priest and her superior and she had seen his warrant. Father John had the full authority of the church, to which she had chosen to dedicate her life, behind him, and there was no higher power...

Nervously Bernadette slipped off her shoes and grey knee length socks. Then she stripped off her veil and scapula and then unbuttoned her grey tunic. Beneath she wore a simple white cotton shift. Under that she had no underwear which might make her unnaturally aware of those parts of the body which were most receptive to stimulation.

Carefully she hung each item on the row of hooks and placed her shoes beneath them. When she was totally naked she turned trembling and faced Father John with her eyes lowered, feeling a shameful burning blush on her cheeks.

She was of compact build with fleshy curves. No longer covered by her hood and veil her face was open and heart-shaped. Her eyes were a soft innocent brown, matching in tint her straight collar length hair. She had pale skin and small but proud breasts capped by pale nipples. Her pubic hair was sparse, exposing her plump deep labial cleft.

‘Don’t worry, Bernadette,’ Father John assured her. ‘In this room of necessity your exposure is forgiven. Your body does not give offence to me, only those evil thoughts and desires concealed within it. And we shall drive them out of you! I promise you will not leave this room until you are pure in thought and your soul has been cleansed. But you understand your mortal flesh may have to suffer to achieve this?’

Bernadette shuddered. ‘I understand, Father.’

He pulled one of the plain ladder-backed chairs forward and reversed it.

‘Bend over the back and take hold of its seat. Before the cross I shall give those evil thoughts within you one last chance to leave your body or else face far worse.’

Trembling, Bernadette bent over the chair and grasped its seat. She was very aware that her naked buttocks were now presented in a humiliating posture. She could feel the pouch of her sex mouth slipping between her chubby thighs and peeping out between them. She was so very wickedly exposed! She bit her lip, feeling the strange stirrings within her loins once more. Instead of natural shame and revulsion that dark thrill of unholy passion was stealing through her.

Father John took off his jacket and rolled up in shirtsleeves. Then he went to the cabinet and took out a leather strap shiny with oil and riveted to a wooden handle. Its trailing end had been slotted and cut into finer thongs. He swished it through the air and it made an ominous hissing sound. Then he took up position behind her and stroked the lash across her pale buttocks which clenched in fear.

‘You do not need to be brave or keep silent, Bernadette,’ he told her. ‘No one can hear you in here. You can cry and scream freely. Let it all pour out of you!’

And he swung the strap across her buttocks. Bernadette shrieked as what felt like sprays of fire cut across her bottom, making her flesh shiver even as it burned. Its fine thongs curled around her contours, seeking out every curve to maximise her pain. Father John drew his arm back and swung the lash again.

Hiss, swish, crack!

He laid the strap across her bottom again and again, making it leap and shiver as he covered it from the apex of her buttock cleft to the soft heavy undercurves of her cheeks, turning it from pink to hot scarlet. And as he did so he cried out: ‘Be gone from this innocent child, you dark and carnal thoughts. She has chosen a path of modesty and not licentiousness! Unless you wish to suffer her pain then leave her in peace! Out I say, out...’

And Bernadette shrieked and sobbed with every blow, sometimes drowning out his words, but she did not rise from the chair even though her knuckles were white as they clung to its sides. Tears streamed from her eyes and dripped down her cheeks onto the chair seat. Her breasts heaved and jiggled with each swipe of the strap, as though to accompany the crisp crack of leather on flesh.

Finally Father John rested the terrible strap and took out a handkerchief and dabbed the perspiration from his brow. And then he felt Bernadette’s simmering bottom. She whimpered at his touch, her flesh feeling like hot sandpaper, but still she held her position. She felt his fingers slide between her thighs and test the lips of her vulva.

‘You are wet with unholy desire, Bernadette,’ he said.

He moved round to the side of the chair and reached underneath her and cupped her dangling breasts. To her horror she realized they were heavy and swollen with blood and her nipples were provocatively hard. And at the touch of his hand they seemed to pulse and grown even more stiffly erect.

‘You seem to be aroused instead of chastened, Bernadette,’ he said, sounding regretful and pitying rather than angry as he squeezed her hot breasts. ‘You are showing off your fleshly responses instead of denying them.’

Bernadette snivelled and choked out: ‘I... I am sorry, Father, I can’t help myself...’

‘I’m afraid you are still afflicted. I must use sterner means. Get up and come to the cross...’

Bernadette rose painfully, wincing as the flesh of her simmering buttocks was flexed. Biting her lip she walked over to the cross. Close to she now saw there were several sets of leather straps about its horizontal arms and upright. A pair of iron rods with cuffs bolted to their middles and ends were hinged on either side of the upright and hung down along it almost to its base which rested on a heavy corbel stone built into the wall. The lower half of the post itself had alarming fittings attached to it. There was a slot with the end of a thick rubber-tipped rod jutting up out of it at forty-five degrees. Below that a long vertical screw-threaded rod lay along the line of the shaft, supported by raised brackets with sleeves on their ends in which it could rotate. It had an electric motor connected to its base and its end was capped by a multi-pronged rubber ball. Mounted on the wall beside it was an electrical control box.

Father John moved the set of steps beneath the cross. They were low but quite wide, with room for two people to stand on their broad top plank.

‘Climb up and rest your back against the cross with your arms outstretched,’ he commanded. ‘The process will not be easy and you must be firmly secured.’

‘But Father, am I not mocking the saviour like this?’

‘No you are not, you are going to gain strength from his sacrifice...’

Trembling, Bernadette climbed up the steps and positioned herself against the cross. She winced as her simmering buttocks pressed against the thick upright post. Father John bound the straps on its transverse arms about her wrists and elbows. A strap on the vertical shaft went across the front of her throat, holding her head firmly against the upright. Another strap further down was buckled about her middle, pinching her flesh. He pulled her feet a little apart and bound the straps on the pair of metal rods hanging down the sides of the upright shaft about her knees and ankles. Then he pushed the rods outwards, opening them like a fan as they pivoted around their hinged mounts, clicking as they did so as if they were turning through a ratchet. When her legs were spread at forty-five degrees each from the central post he left them there, locked in place.

Bernadette shivered as she realized how completely exposed her groin now was, opening the ways to her private passages. Even as her cheeks burned with fresh shame she felt her nipples pulsing hard and her vulva tingling and seeming to swell as more slippery wetness seeped through it.

Father John worked a sliding bar set on one side of the upright. Bernadette felt the rounded head of the rod mounted in the post slot pushing up between the now open cleft of her sore buttock cheeks into the mouth of her anus.

‘Oh... no Father what are you doing?’ she asked in alarm.

‘You must be held firmly in place for this to work, Bernadette,’ Father John said, continuing to push the slider control. ‘I must also take control of your nether passageway. The rod is part of the cross. Think of it entering you to drive this evil out...’

The bulbous rod head popped through her stretched sphincter and slid up into her rectum. Bernadette whimpered as this alien thing invaded her back passage, forcing its natural contours to align with its rigidity. She tried to believe it was the cross within her but she could not suppress the dark thrill it gave her. It was like those tentacles she had dreams about sliding inside her...

When Father John locked the slider off her hips were held firmly pressed against the post while it felt as though she was impaled upon it.

Then he bent to the motor and rod that ran up the post towards her gaping pudenda. He turned a small handle and the rod was screwed upwards until the ball was pressed into the mouth of Bernadette’s vulva.

‘I’m going to excite these passions within you and lure them out until they are exposed and vulnerable,’ Father John said. ‘I will drain and exhaust your perverted lust and then they can be cast from you and you will be purified...’

‘I’m frightened what I might do... Father,’ Bernadette said. ‘It’s so dirty... and yet it feels so wonderful.’

‘I will control your pleasure...’ Father John assured her. ‘Do not fight these desires. It is necessary that you let them take over one last time...’

He pressed the switch of the control box and the motor began to hum, setting the ball vibrating. Bernadette shuddered and gasped as she felt vibrations coursing through her loins. Her nipples tingled and she felt that secret shameful nub of flesh at the apex of her vulval cleft also swelling and hardening. The vibrations filled her loins and seemed to cause the rod lodged in her rectum to resonate in sympathy, only adding to their intensity. She had never felt anything like this before. She knew motorised devices could be used to give women pleasure but she had thought of them as wicked things toying with the natural responses of the body. Now she understood their allure. A ball of liquid lust was forming within her growing hotter and more needful by the second, hinting at the most wonderful joys imaginable if only she would let it control her life.

Swish, crack! The sound rang back from the walls, mingling with her shriek of pain.

Father John had taken an implement consisting of a long bamboo handle with a rubber paddle blade on its end from the cabinet and had swiped it across her breasts making them jump and heave about like pink jellies. A second blow smacked down squarely on her hard nipples, driving them down into her soft hot hemispheres. But they popped right up again as though begging for more. The Father delivered it, swiping the blade across Bernadette’s chest from left and right and smacking her breasts so hard they bounced against and off each other like fleshy demolition balls.

And yet the pain was not enough to counteract the growing lust that was filling her loins. In fact in some strange way it acted only to highlight it. She knew what was going to happen and she could not stop it. She was being forced to do this wicked thing. She just prayed it would be her cure....

There was an explosion of raw joy within her belly, like those she dimly recalled from her dreams when she had woken to find her bed wet beneath her. She shrieked until her voice echoed back from the hard walls and jerked against the straps holding her to the cross, making its frame creak. She was aware of a splatter, almost a spray of rain spurting out from her vagina

over the vibrating ball and it felt wonderful. Then there was nothing except for blissful delight in her own existence and the throbbing vitality of her own sexual organs and the promise of so much more pleasure to come...

She must have fainted briefly because when she recovered her senses the ball had been withdrawn and Father John's fingers were probing the mouth of her sex. Still dizzy from her orgasm to her shame she tried squeezing and rubbing against them, to recapture some of the delight she had just experienced.

'I'm afraid you still have these dark thoughts and needs within you,' he declared. 'They are stronger than I first thought. But I believe I know the problem now.'

'W... what is it, Father?' Bernadette croaked fearfully.

He pushed his fingers into her sopping wet cleft until they pressed against her hymen, making her whimper in pain.

'Your maidenhead is bottling up this evil thing within you. Your pride in your virginity is the key. It is too precious and wilful. It is giving them shelter. I'm afraid it must be sacrificed.'

'No! Please Father no!'

'This will be done to save you soul. A small wound within the wound all women bear that lets evil into the world. This will cleanse you...'

'No, Father please I don't think I can stand a more this... Please let me down...'

'I cannot let you go free now, Bernadette. I see you really are possessed by evil forces that undermine your faith. You have to be cured by any means. I sorry but I must do this...'

He went to the cabinet and took out a broad black rubber strap with what looked like a rubber ball on a short thick stalk stuck to one face of it. He mounted the steps and pushed the ball between Bernadette's teeth, forcing her jaws wide until it plugged her mouth. He buckled its strap about her head, stifling any further words of protest from her. Now she could only plead with him through her red rimmed fearful eyes.

He removed the spiked ball from the rod and replaced it with a huge rubber screw thread the size of a banana with rubber prongs about its base. He cranked the thing upwards until its tip pressed between the soiled sticky lips of her shamefully expressive cleft.

'This will remove your maidenhead. Of course there will be some pain and a little blood but that it is necessary. Is that not a small sacrifice to make to be purified and so be able to serve your maker faithfully in the future?'

Fearfully Bernadette nodded.

He pressed the button and the screw began to turn, relentlessly driving its way up into her cleft. Its tip pressed against her maidenhead and drove onward, rupturing her thin membrane and screwing its way through it. Bernadette screamed about her gag and then bit on it as the terrible pain course through her. Hot blood trickled out of her cleft about the thread of the revolving drill head which still ground its way further up inside her, opening up her tight virginal passage to unknown pleasures. This was beyond anything she had ever felt or imagined before! This was what it was like to be penetrated to the full, to have her passageways stretched wide and completely plugged by something alien to her that seemed to bring pleasure and pain in equal measure.

Father John took up his paddle again and began beating her breasts calling out: 'Be gone from her! Flow out with her blood, unclean thing! Leave her body and spare her any more of you wicked carnal desires...'

But her despair and suffering and pain only made her lust return even more forcefully. She thought her loins were drained but she still had a reserve of passion within her that swelled once

more. The screw head had reached its maximum penetration and now its prongs were churning into the mouth of her sex, grinding over her throbbing clitoris and tormenting it cruelly.

Or did she mean wonderfully? There was nothing as wonderful as being touched in that secret place and being unable to stop it thrilling her. It just stoked the fire within her and brought forth the inevitable dam burst of delight.

She bucked and twisted on her cross of pain and came again, spraying her juices out mingled with her own virginal blood across the churning screw and over her inner thighs to drip down the shaft of the cross to the floor and once again she let the terrible sweet aftermath of an orgasm swallow her in its blissful caress...

Father John was slapping their cheeks to bring her back to full awareness. She was still impaled on the cross, shivering as the sweat dried upon her. She was aware of the sticky pink fluids trickling out of her gaping vagina. The screw had been withdrawn from it and it felt frighteningly empty. Even though it stung and ached from its mechanical rupturing, a part of her wanted it plugged once again...

He felt the hot soiled mess of her shameful pubes and shook his head sadly. 'You are still infected with dark thoughts and desires. This will take longer than I thought...'

He went to the cabinet and took out a cane ringed with bands of metal spikes and flexed it experimentally. 'I'm sorry, Bernadette, but this is necessary. Do you understand?'

At the sight of it Bernadette felt her stomach knotting in fear and then a strange desperate wild need to feel those spikes biting into her flesh. She had to suffer and she wanted to suffer. After all *He* had suffered. It would be an ecstasy of suffering. She nodded her head...

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...Victoria jerked back from the side of the tank in revulsion, Bernadette's thoughts and desires melting away as she became herself once again. The demonette film crew pulled away from her. She was back in the gallery once more. She clutched at her breasts and pussy as she felt phantom aches from beatings and orgasms she had not had...

She took a deep breath. 'Did this really happen, Master?' she asked Belphegor.

'Yes.'

'But how could he do that to her?'

'He believed he was saving her. So did she. You know that.'

Victoria nodded. 'I believed it too. But then I only knew what she knew...'

'The memories preserved in the tank are her memories not yours, so of course they take precedence over your own. It's only now that you can consider them objectively.'

Anger was rising within her. 'It's not fair! She was so innocent and gullible. She was not possessed. That has nothing to do with normal sexual urges.'

'Life is not fair. All that matters is that she believed it was wrong.'

'But I saw that... that spiked cane thing he was going use on her next. He might kill her...' The terrible thought struck her. 'That wasn't the end. Did he, Master?'

'It is possible. Or perhaps she was cured and served her God as she believed.'

'But she had nothing to be cured of, Master.'

'So you decide on the basis of logic and reason. But this exhibit can be seen as a lesson in the power of belief, to do both terrible and wonderful things beyond logic and reason. Or of course it is whatever else a visitor chooses it to mean...'

Victoria bowed her head in confusion and despair and a lock of her hair fell into her line of vision. It was no longer blonde but purple, the same colour as the demonettes! In sudden alarm

she ran her hands across her head and through her hair. It had been trimmed to collar length and somehow bobbed and dyed while her mind was in the tank!

She looked at the demonette hostess and the bag in her hands. Did it contain scissors, curling tongs and hair dye as well as make-up? 'You did this to me!' Victoria said accusingly.

'The Master willed it,' she replied simply.

Belphegor forestalled any further protests or questions. 'That style and colour suits you, Victoria,' he told her. 'You coordinate better, and artistic harmony rules above all else in this world. Now you must see the next exhibit...'

Victoria followed after him in a daze. How long had her mind been "in" the tank? How could she not know what was being done to her body? Part of her just wanted to get out of here. But with an effort she told herself that hair could always be re-dyed and grown out again. It was a small price to pay to get an insight into Belphegor's view of the world.

Exhibition Room Three held a tank entitled: *Trespassers*.

'I think you will find this interesting. This scenario was created a few years ago but it continues to be a very popular exhibit. See what you think, Victoria...'

Victoria was about to look into the tank when she hesitated. 'Master... are you going to do something else to me while I'm... er, viewing this work?'

'Of course. I haven't finished improving you yet.'

Her stomach heaved. 'What are you going to do next, Master?'

'The clay or canvass does not question the artist's intentions. It is there to be used, to be shaped and moulded and coloured...'

Victoria chewed her lip. 'When will you be finished... *improving* me?'

'A work of art is never finished, it is simply put on display.'

And that was all the justification she was going to get. Victoria took a deep breath and pressed her face against the side of the tank.

She seemed to be looking onto a gloomy stone spiral staircase, lit by a line of bulbs strung along a cable stapled to the wall. There were two young women in their late teens or early twenties descending the stairway cautiously. They were dressed in jeans and logo printed T-shirts, one sleeveless and the other long. They appeared both excited and apprehensive. And then Victoria knew without knowing how that they were Tracy and Gillian. They were old school friends on their first holiday together without their parents: nothing very exotic, a shared static holiday caravan in Somerset with Simon and Rick; their boyfriends. But after a week both Simon and Rick had been getting drunk and lazy, so the girls had left them for the afternoon to tidy up their caravan. On an impulse they had joined a tour of nearby Corfbay Castle because they thought it might be a laugh to get some culture and then mock the boys for being stupid slob. But the guided tour of halls and gun rooms and ridiculous bedrooms was incredibly boring. And then Tracy had seen the door marked PRIVATE: NO ADMITTANCE TO VISITORS. So of course they had to see what was behind it. And so down and down they went...

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... Tracy stepped out onto the dim dusty hall at the bottom of the stairs. There was a single large heavy black oak and iron-studded door in front of them. It was closed by a heavy latch and a massive lock with a huge key in it. She shivered; not from fear, she told herself, but because it was cool and slight damp down here.

'Go on,' Gillian said, giving her a nudge. 'Maybe they've got some treasure locked away or something...'



Taking a deep breath Tracy turned the key, finding it turned easily within oiled bearings. She tugged on the latch and pushed the heavy door open. It also swung smoothly on greased hinges. The space beyond was totally dark but Tracey felt around the side of the door frame and found a light switch.

The light sprang on and both girls broke into giggling delight.

Sinister hulking dusty devices of wood and iron and leather straps and buckles lurked in the shadows. Rusty chains and rings hung on the walls and dangled from the massive ceiling beams. There were sturdy posts with metal cuffs bolted to them and a row of low cages made of riveted iron strips.

‘This must be the dungeon torture chamber!’ Gillian said.

They wandered about the room touching some of the grimy devices daringly. There were spikes and the bars and crank handles ingeniously arrayed and clearly designed to do terrible things to human bodies.

‘The people who made these things must have been real sick!’ Tracy declared.

And then they came to a workbench brightly illuminated by fluorescent tubes and set out with modern tools: a huge bench vice, a vertically mounted power drill, a grinding wheel and a full rack of tools behind it. Beside it were some devices that looked as if they had recently been repaired and cleaned.

‘Does somebody still use these things then?’ Gillian wondered.

‘Must be some sad pervo getting his kicks,’ Tracy suggested.

‘Actually, I like to think of it as a hobby of mine,’ said a male voice behind them.

Both women shrieked and twisted about. The door to the dungeon they had left open was now closed and standing between them and it was a fiftyish man with a wiry build and greying hair, wearing a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches. But what was most alarming was that he was holding a shotgun and it was pointed at them.

‘I am Lord Hawkmore, the owner of Corfbay Castle,’ he said. ‘This part of the Castle is private and not open to visitors, as the signs clearly say.’ He added contemptuously: ‘Or can’t you read?’

Tracy’s initial shock gave way to resentment. ‘We can read, we’re not stupid you know!’

‘So you deliberately chose to break the law and trespass on private ground. That makes you criminals, is that what you’re saying?’

He took a step forward with the shotgun still pointing menacingly at them. The two women shuffled away from it nervously and found they had backed up against the workbench.

‘Who else is with you?’ Hawkmore demanded. ‘Have you any other friends wandering around my private apartments trying to steal my valuables and possessions?’

Tracy said quickly: ‘No, its just us. We got bored with the tour, that’s all. This just seemed like a bit of fun...’

‘So intruding on private property is what you call fun, is it?’

‘Look,’ Gillian said. ‘We’re sorry we came down here where we shouldn’t. We’ll just go back upstairs now, all right...’

‘Oh no,’ Hawkmore said, ‘you don’t get away that easily. I saw how interested you were in my collection of torture implements. Perhaps you’d like to try some of them out for yourselves?’

‘What?’ Tracy exclaimed in disbelief.

‘I have been looking for test subjects to try my restorations out on and now a pair of them have wandered into my dungeon all by themselves. You can hardly expect me to pass such an

opportunity by, can you? Now you will begin by undressing. The process is so much more satisfying and intense with naked victims... ‘

‘Naked!’ Tracy said in horror.

‘You’re a crazy old fart!’ Gillian said.

Hawkmore pointed his gun up at the ceiling over their heads and fired a barrel. There was an ear-splitting concussion in the confined space which reverberated back from the stone walls, while stone chips and splinters showered down over the two girls.

Tracy and Gillian screamed and cowered down with their hands over their ears, coughing as a cloud of dust and gun smoke enveloped them. Calmly Hawkmore pulled a fresh cartridge from his pocket, broke the gun open and ejected the spent one, reloaded and then pointed it at them again.

‘I assure you I’m in my rights to shoot where you stand,’ he said grimly. ‘You are the trespassers and I am simply protecting my property. I’ll just say you threatened me and I was only acting in self-defence. So you either strip off or I shoot!’

They looked into his hard grey eyes and saw he meant every word. Shocked and terrified, confused and covered in dust, the two women obeyed. Hawkmore watched them undress with an appreciative smile, the shotgun and never wavering as he did so.

Gillian was slender with lightly tanned skin and a shoulder length mane of frizzy, brassy blonde hair. Her eyes were blue and her nose was upturned. Her breasts were neat and high with clearly marked brown nipples. Her trimmed pubic bush was several shades darker than her hair. Her bottom was pertly rounded.

Tracy had thick brunette hair and slightly darker skin than Gillian. Her eyes were deep brown and her lips were red and naturally pouted. She had fuller breasts than Gillian with redder pointing nipples and her buttocks and thighs were a little fleshier. Her pubic bush was thick, dark and untrimmed.

When they were totally naked they stood trembling before Hawkmore. Both girls had the beginnings of bikini shadows where they had caught what sun they could during the first week of their holiday. Instinctively their hands crept across their breasts and groins to cover their private parts but the shotgun muzzle jerked in warning.

Hawkmore said: ‘No, let me see you properly...’

Biting their lips and shivering in the chill of the dungeon they stood with their arms by the sides digging their nails into their palms and squirming in fear and shame.

‘Turn around, let me see your backsides...’

Miserably obeyed, displaying their posteriors for his appraisal.

After a moment he said: ‘Not bad at all. Face front again...’

They turned back to face him.

‘You’ll do very well. But who will go where?’ He jabbed his gun at Gillian. ‘You will put your friend in the Screw Frame here and then we’ll see about securing you...’

He prodded them across to where a wooden frame about the size of a door frame stood on a low wooden platform. It was hung with sets of heavy leather straps and its side posts also held several sinister looking hinged arms carrying arrays of spikes and prongs. Halfway up the side posts were big hinges locked in place by staples and toggle pins. Hung on the outside of the frame were two sets of heavy brass cylindrical weights for both its top and bottom half, connected by fine chains and pulleys that were linked to the devices supported by the hinged arms.

‘It resembles the famous Iron Maiden but it is more open so the victim’s suffering is more visible and entertaining...’ Hawkmore explained as they cringed in alarm.

He made Tracy stand in the frame and raise and bend her arms so that her hands touched over her head and her elbows they were pushed into the upper corners of the frame. Menaced by Hawkmore, Gillian had to secure Tracy in place, binding straps about her wrists and upper arms and then down her body about her upper thighs, knees and ankles, pulling her legs out to press against the corners of the lower frame. As she worked Gillian looked Tracy helplessly in the face.

‘Sorry,’ she said quietly.

What else could she do with a shotgun held by a loony pointed at her?

‘That’s enough,’ Hawkmore told Gillian when she had secured all the straps about Tracy. ‘I’ll take care of the rest after I’ve seen to you...’

Hawkmore prodded Gillian across to another of the restored devices close to the workbench. It was a sturdy horizontal Y-shaped frame of heavy square timbers black with age mounted on posts set on a low wooden base with heavy iron wheels at its corners. The frame was fitted with several sets of leather straps and brass buckles, all oiled and gleaming. From the head end and feet of the Y-frame there rose a second set of slimmer posts that supported between them a lighter T-shaped wooden frame which hung above the Y. It supported a pair of what appeared to be large pendulum arms, like they had in grandfather clocks. Except that these did not have weights on their ends but what looked like triple arrays of spur wheels arranged in arcs. One of the pendulum arms was clearly positioned to swing transversely across the middle of main stem of the “Y” while the second one was arranged to swing at ninety degrees across its fork. Currently both were raised and held clear of the frame by securing hooks. Brass weights hung on the sides of the upper frame posts connected to the pendulum mounts by fine chains.

‘Have you ever heard of a gothic horror story called *The Pit and the Pendulum*?’ Hawkmore asked Gillian as she goggled at the device in horror.

Numbly she shook her head.

‘No of course you wouldn’t. Well this is my version of it with spikes instead of blades. Now get on to the frame. Buckle the strap over your throat and then stretch your arms out over your head...’ and he nudged her with the muzzle of the shotgun.

Trembling she clambered onto the Y-shaped frame and spread herself out along it. She fumbled with the thick leather straps and their brass buckle and closed it over her throat. Then she stretched her arms out above her head. Hawkmore put his shotgun aside and drew the heavy straps across her body, binding her wrists and then working his way down over her chest, above and below her breasts, across her middle and then over her thighs, knees and ankles.

‘That’s better,’ he declared when she was secured. ‘Now for the accessories...’

There were three brass rods, shaped like fingers, recessed into a slot in the fork of the frame. Hawkmore forced the larger middle one through the ring of Gillian’s anus and up into her rectum, locking it off so that she was impaled and held firmly in place. The two outer slimmer fingers he pushed into the cleft of her sex mouth and then spread apart and locked into place, so that her lips gaped wide, exposing her tender inner sex mouth.

When he was done Gillian was rigidly bound to the frame, hardly able to do more than wriggle her fingers and toes. Instinctively her sphincter clenched about the iron finger within her, trying to squeeze it out of her, but of course it was totally immovable. She stared up at the pendulum hanging above her. She realized now that it was lined up with her breasts, while the lower one was centred on her gaping pussy lips.

As the full implications of what the device was meant to do to her body sank in Gillian began to moan and shake her head. 'No, you can't do this to me! It's... it's inhuman! It'll kill me!'

From where she was confined within the screw frame, Tracy shouted. 'You're crazy! Whatever we've done doesn't deserve this!? Turn us in to the police you if you want but you can't treat us like this!'

'But I can and I will,' Hawkmore said. 'For years I've have to allow your grubby kind to roam about my property gawping at art you can't understand and history you can't comprehend, just to pay the bills, knowing that secretly you resent everything my family built over generations. My great-grandfather could have hired a couple of girls from the village lockup to try these machines out on for tuppence a day. And after they'd served their time they'd have probably come back for more. Well now you're in your proper place at last. It's where your kind belong!'

Oh God he is mad! Gillian thought to herself in horror.

Hawkmore smiled down at her and tapped the restrained pendulum blades. 'I'll set these going after I get your friend properly fitted up. I want you both screaming at the same time...'

'We'll be missed by our boyfriends and the police will come looking for us!' Gillian sobbed, desperately to find some threat she could use against him. 'If we're hurt you'll go to prison!'

'What if the police do come? If anybody does remember seeing you here I'll say as far as we know you came and went along with all the other visitors. Who can prove me wrong? That door you came through can easily be concealed. Nobody will find you down here...'

The full desperate horror of their situation now sank in. They really were alone and helpless at the mercy of a madman beyond reason...

Gillian began to scream at the top of her lungs: 'Help! Help us!'

Tracy joined her and they shrieked out their desperation, their cries ringing back from the walls of the dungeon.

'That's enough!' Hawkmore cried angrily. 'Nobody can here you down here, but I do not want to be deafened by your pathetic wailing. You need to be muted...'

From under the shaft of the Y-frame he drew up a hinged metal hoop on which was mounted an oval domelike cage of heavy wire with a prong on its inside capped by a large modern rubber plug. This he forced down over Gillian's head, containing and smothering its desperate shaking and twisting. The rubber plug ground against her lips as she opened her mouth and forced its way between her teeth, holding down her tongue and stifling her screams. The catch of the hoop clicked into place and Gillian was muted.

Hawkmore went across to Tracy and pulled a hinged arm round from the side of the frame. This held a face mask of beaten brass with holes for her eyes and nostrils. The lips were sculpted in but they were closed. On the inside of the mask was another rubber plug that he pushed into her mouth, stifling her screams as well.

'That's better,' he said. 'The plugs will still allow you to make some sounds but they'll be more in the nature of screams and moans of pain instead of insults and calls for the police...'

He began pulling more hinged arms across Tracy's body.

Two expanding circlets bristling with smaller rings of metal spikes were folded across and cupped about her breasts. Small arms with screw clamp ends across the middle of the rings were screwed down onto her nipples, making her whimper as her tender flesh was crushed but holding them in place. The rings of spikes stabbed into her soft globes indenting her flesh. Then he bent

down pulled more hinged arms round across her lower body. One carried what appeared to be a brass pear formed of several segments. This he forced up her bottom passage. Once it was in place he twisted a butterfly screw on its base and Tracey felt the device expanding within her rectum until it was stretched painfully from within and her bottom was bulging. She sobbed and whimpered, tears running down under her mask.

‘Is that tight enough for you?’ Hawkmore asked.

Yes, yes she tried to say desperately through her plugged mouth.

The last arm swung across her groin. It had a pair of outward-facing hooks extending front of it that he slid between her labia and hooked under them and then turned a screw to pull apart. Her pussy mouth was stretched painfully wide until it was more like a fleshy diamond, exposing the shiny pink valley of its interior and the mouth of vagina and the helpless nodule of her clitoris.

Between the hooks was mounted a huge brass phallus that he slid forward up her vagina until she was painfully tightly plugged, pressing through the narrow membrane that separated her passages against the expanded brass pear within her rectum. Set above this shaft was a spring-mounted spur wheel on a sliding arm that Hawkmore positioned pressed against her clitoris. Its sharp spikes jabbed into her most tender flesh. She whimpered even as she felt her clitoris throbbing and hardening under this strange and dangerous stimulation.

Hawkmore stepped back and looked from one to the other of his captives in satisfaction and anticipation. Then calmly he unbuttoned his flies and pulled out a swelling cock that he began to rub into full erection. ‘You both look most appealing. This is probably the finest use your bodies are ever going to put to in your common, humdrum lives. I hope you appreciate that...’

He stepped forward and twisted some latch behind the screw maiden frame. Slowly its heavy weights began to descend. He went to the pendulum-frame, unhooked the pendulum arms and lowered them until their spur wheels pressed against Gillian’s breasts and her gaping pussy mouth, then operated another switch. The weights hung on its side posts also began to move.

Powered by cogs and chains the mechanisms on the two frames begin to click and whirl and they seemed to come to life.

The pendulum spur wheel arms began to swing across Gillian’s helpless body.

The upper arm’s triple row of spiked wheels tracked across her sternum and the insides of her breasts, grinding into them as they built up momentum. The central wheels ran over her hard nipples while the outer ones cut across the fleshy mounds of her mammaries. Then the arm forced its way beyond the confines of her cleavage and swung up into the air beyond her right breast, only to descend again and strike its soft outer swell, grinding it down and ripping across her chest and then off the tip of her left breast. It reached its maximum height before dropping back to grind into the as yet untouched outside of her left breast, stabbing it with its terrible spurs.

Meanwhile the second spur arm, swinging up between her legs, was grinding its wheels through the stretched lips of her pussy and up its pink inner valley, jabbing into the mouth of vagina and the tiny pit of her urethra and the hooded nub of her clitoris before running up through her pubic hair, ripping out a few curls along the way.

Gillian’s desperate shrieks of pain mingled with those of Tracy as her imprisoning mechanisms began to do their worst.

The spiked rings encircling her breasts were being agitated by gears powered by the weights, twisting a quarter turn clockwise and anticlockwise in rapid succession. This ground

the tips of the spur wheels deep into her imprisoned breasts while the clamp arms pinched about her nipples, twisting them mercilessly to and fro.

At the same time the expanded pear plug sunken deep in her rectum was being twisted left and then right, adding its terrible pressure to her torment. Between her legs the phallus mount was pumping away, driving the brass cock shaft like a piston in and out of her vagina while the spur wheel mounted on top of it ripped through her clitoris and up into her pubic curls.

Tracey bit on her rubber gag plug and screamed in terror. Her tears overflowed the rims of her imprisoning facemask and ran down its cold hard brass exterior. She looked across at Gillian's prone body and saw the terrible swinging spur blades passing across her breasts and pussy mouth again and again. The indented tracks they left in her flesh began to turn purple and red and then spot and drip with blood.

Gillian rolled her burning tear-filled eyes about and peered through her face cage at Tracy and saw the wheels grinding about her breasts digging deeper and deeper and then trickles of blood began to run down her chest.

As they jerked against their straps and sobbed and suffered, Hawkmore moved between them, circling their frames and examining them from every angle, as he caressed his straining cock. He ran his fingers across their shivering flesh, dabbing into the spots and trickles of blood he was drawing from them and then rubbing his hands together in delight at the perfect operation of his devices.

'They are working just as I imagined,' he chortled. 'They knew how to build them in those days...'

Gillian and Tracy's pain-filled eyes met as they shared their helpless torment, each trying to draw strength from the other, seeing sympathy but no hope in them. They were utterly helpless and at the mercy of their tormentor. There was no escape from his terrible machines...

No... not quite. There was one brief means of escape from the agony which their bodies were seeking out instinctively. They just had to let go. Unable to speak they read each other's eyes and mutually agreed to take this perverse way out...

Despite the pain of spur wheels grinding across and around them their nipples were standing up hard and proud even though it only increased their suffering. Perhaps it was a strange act of defiance but they could use it now to boost their excitement. As the multiple spiked wheels and plugs sliced across or plunged into their stretched pussy mouths they began to throb and engorge, swelling and dripping with juices which ran pink as they mingled with their blood. Yes! It was so terrible that it was wonderful! The other side of the coin from pain was pleasure. They had to ride the torment and indignities they were suffering and turn it into a driving force behind arousal. They were exposed and naked as they would be for sex. They had to fill their minds with thoughts of lust and hard rutting love-making.

There was only one escape from this agony and they took it together. With desperate sobs and moans and with their tear-streaked cheeks burning in shame, Tracy and Gillian came spectacularly. It felt as though their loins were exploding as they sprayed their pink tinted juices out over the terrible stabbing spur wheels that ground so relentlessly into their sex mouths. And then briefly they slid into blissful semi-consciousness, escaping from the unendurable pain and hardly aware of Hawkmore's mechanisms as they whirled and clicked about them...

They were revived by Hawkmore throwing water on their faces from a flask.

They could not have been unconscious long but the machines were now silent. Their breasts and groins still stung and burned from the spur wheels but Hawkmore had used a damp cloth to wipe away the blood from them, which had seemed so terrifying. Now as they looked at

each other fearfully they saw only fine trails of pinpricks and some small gashes in their flesh. He unfastened Gillian's face cage and Tracy's facemask, pulling the rubber plugs from their mouths so they could work their jaws and ease their stretched lips. His cock was still jutting out stiff and hungry.

Before they could speak he held up a bamboo cane. 'If you say anything out of line or insult me I shall use this on you,' he warned them. 'From now on you will call me "Sir" and speak respectfully, do you understand? Now I'm going to give you a simple choice. If you do not want me to set the machines going again on the next setting up, so that the spikes cut right into you, all you have to do is beg me to screw you...'

Tracy and Gillian whimpered miserably but they knew what they would say. They had neither the strength nor pride left to resist. Anything was preferable to having the terrible spikes jabbed into them once again while their pussies were being stretched and pumped out.

'Please Sir,' Gillian said meekly, 'please screw me Sir...'

'Please Sir,' Tracy echoed, 'please screw me as well Sir...'

Hawkmore pulled the brass fingers out of Gillian's pussy mouth as it hung over the fork of the wireframe and rammed his cock into their place. She whimpered as his shaft parted her sore, spike-pricked sex lips. From her frame Tracey could only watch helplessly as her friend was screwed.

He must have been brimming with passion brought on by their torture because after only a dozen thrusts he came inside her with a satisfied grunt. But his cock was still hard. After a minute within her to savour her surrender and the clinging warmth of her vagina, he pulled it out of her, dribbling sperm and her juices, and strode across to Tracey.

'I want to sodomize that tight arsehole of yours,' he told her. 'What do you say to that?'

'I say... please bugger me, Sir,' Tracey said wretchedly.

Hawkmore pulled the phallus and spur wheel out of her vagina and then screwed down and withdrew the terrible expanding brass pear out of Tracy's rectum, leaving her anus gaping obscenely widely. Then he pulled the retaining pins from the hinges on the side of the frame and bent the top half of it forward, bending Tracy's body with it. He locked it in place again with her upper body hanging horizontally, presenting her naked buttocks and the sore cleft of her pussy mouth to him.

Holding onto the frame he rammed his cock shaft, still glistening with Gillian's juices, into her backside. She groaned as he slid out but she said nothing. She was beyond words now.

When Hawkmore was finally done with her and her bottom hole was leaking his spent sperm, he buttoned himself up again and once more looked like a respectable member of the aristocracy. He picked up his shotgun and said: 'I think with proper training you will both make quite pleasing sex slaves. Perhaps you can be taught to do tricks. I'll leave you as you are to think that over and I'll put you in cages later. I'm sure you'll decide that it's in your best interests to please me in anyway you can... if you ever want see the daylight again...'

He opened the door and then turned the lights out. The dungeon door closed behind him and they heard the heavy latch closing and the lock clicking. Then they were alone in the darkness with their fear and blood and pain. Then they began to cry.

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Victoria jerked back from the side of the limbo tank and sank to her knees shivering. Her own thoughts and memories were coming back to her and she struggled to free herself from the minds of Tracy and Gillian.

‘I was both of them at the same time,’ Master!’ she said. ‘It shifted about but I was inside both of them...’

‘Of course you were,’ Belphegor said. ‘Both had their own stories to tell.’

‘But not the man.’

‘He has not qualified for inclusion in one of my exhibits. Besides, I focus only on the emotions of women...’

‘What happened to them? Did he keep them locked up in his dungeon?’

‘Perhaps... or perhaps they escaped and returned to those useless boyfriends of theirs... That uncertainty is what brings visitors back. They want my little scenarios resolved.’

‘Are they, Master?’

‘There is always a resolution of some sort, but I do not guarantee it will be happy one...’

It was then that Victoria realized once again something had changed about her. Her ears felt odd... She reached up and felt and found that soft rubber extensions had been glued their rims which poked up through her purple hair until the tips were level with the crown of head.

‘Oh... what have you done now?’ she groaned. Fearfully she pulled at them but only succeeded in stretching her own ears until they hurt. They were glued on tight.

The hostess demonette came forward with her mirror and showed her what she looked like. She now had red animal-like extensions to her ears, shaped somewhere in between those of horses and rabbits they jutted up from the sides of her head alertly.

‘You’re turning me into one of them: one of your demonettes!’

‘No, I said you would be a unique work of art. But you must wait until the end of the process to see the results...’

‘Why, Master?’ she pleaded.

‘Because it pleases me to remodel your body into a more aesthetically pleasing form, that’s all,’ he told her.

It was then that she also realized her pussy mouth felt unnaturally hot and slippery, almost as if she had just orgasmed. Had she responded to Tracy and Gillian’s suffering so closely? She wiped her bush and found it wet not only with her juices but saliva...

‘My demonettes enjoy licking at a pretty pussy and you were very responsive and did not seem to mind...’ Belphegor told her.

All three of the demonettes grinned broadly at her and licked their red lips.

Oh my God, Victoria thought, feeling sick. They all had me while I was looking into the tank! How could I not know what was going on! Had it been timed to mingle with the orgasms she had experienced second-hand? She felt dirty inside. This was all getting too sick for words. She had to get away from this insane place and these mad people...

But then she would lose the recording of her interview. Somehow she had to subdue her personal feelings and start acting like a professional and begin asking hard questions. Remember this would be a career-making exclusive...

She took a deep breath. ‘Master, these scenarios are incredible. But whatever their purpose, what I’ve seen so far all features the sexual degradation of women. It seems like exploitation. Are you simply passing off women’s suffering as perverse art? Some people say you hate women. Is that true?’

She was worried that he might take offence at her direct question, but he replied quite calmly: ‘Of course I don’t hate women. Quite the reverse: I think them capable of so much more than men. That is why I make them the stars of my exhibition. They also attract attention to my work and they are more sensitive and expressive, so that visitors can empathise with their



emotions more strongly and powerfully... as you yourself have done. In fact I believe this next room will show you quite clearly what I think of women's courage and men's weaknesses...'

The tank in this room was labelled simply: *Revenge*. Victoria took a deep breath and pressed her face against it...

She was looking onto a wooded country lane at night, but not as bleak as the moorland in the first tank. There were lights and rooftops visible in the distance, but the road was not brightly lit. There was a woman on a bike riding along it. And she knew her name was Orla Fitzpatrick and she was a student making extra money with pub work after her studies. She looked young and healthy but she felt a terrible weight in her heart. Then behind Orla a little way down the road Victoria noticed a white transit van which somehow looked ominous. And then she realized that although it was frozen in the act of moving its headlights were off...

She pressed deeper into the tank.

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Orla heard the van's engine just a second before its bumper caught her rear mudguard.

The impact catapulted her off her bike onto the grass verge which she hit hard and rolled across before coming to rest in a ditch. Dazed, winded and shaken she struggled to catch her breath. Dimly she was aware of the van stopping and two dark figures piling out of its rear doors and running across the verge to her.

From moment she thought there were trying to help her, but one had a cloth hood in his hands that he rammed over her head while the other caught hold of her arms and twisted them up behind her back. Between the two of them they half dragged and half carried her across the grass and almost threw her into the back of the van.

She landed on something unseen that was springy like a mattress but covered in crackling plastic. One man held her down, his weight across her back and his legs spreading hers, pushing her face into this thing under her which muffled her cries. There came a metallic rattle and clatter could have been her bike being thrown into the bare floor of the van beside her mattress. Then the van doors slammed shut and a man called out: 'Go, go, go...!'

Orla's confusion was lifting and her strength was returning, boosted by desperate fear and she began to kick and struggle. But it was too late...

She felt tape being bound about her wrists holding them behind her back. Her hood was raised enough for a rag wad to be forced between her lips even as she opened them to scream. Another strip of tape went across her mouth and cheeks, holding the gag in place. Then the hood was pulled back down and drawn tight about her neck.

The weight of the man's body eased slightly as she was rolled onto her back. She tried to kick out but she felt a cold hard blade pressed to her throat.

He said gruffly: 'You keep still girl or else you'll get cut...'

Orla froze she as felt the knife blade slicing down through her blouse and the strap linking her bra cups and then across her sleeves, slashing the fabric.

A male voice said gruffly: 'What the fuck do you think you're doing with her?' The voice of the man holding her replied: 'Having some fun, what do you think?'

'He didn't pay us to screw her, just grab her and bring her in...'

'You saw what he's got planned for her. You know what he thinks. As long as she's not marked on the outside he won't mind. We'll just be warming her up. She was going to be stripped anyway so we might as well get it done here and now...'

What were they talking about, Orla thought in terror? Who was "he" and what did he have planned for her? This was not some chance assault...

The knife slid on, cutting through the waistband of her skirt and panties. Her legs were raised and her boots and socks were pulled off. And then she was naked except for her hood. Clinging plastic stuck to her sweaty bottom. She really was lying on a plastic wrapped mattress. She tried to close her legs but strong hard hands in what felt like leather gloves smacked her thighs in warning.

‘You keep them spread, girl,’ grated the man who had cut her clothes off. ‘Or else...’ And she felt the knife blade again pressed against the lips of her sex and then being stroked over her pubes. She froze in utter terror.

‘That’s better,’ he said. Then an unseen hand squeezed her breasts and jabbed hard fingers up into the cleft of her vulva. ‘Now that is not a bad piece of flesh,’ her captor declared. ‘What do you think?’

‘Yeah, so she’s a looker,’ his companion agreed. ‘We still weren’t hired to do this...’

‘Well I’m going to. She’s never going to be able to tell, is she? You can have sloppies afterwards if you want...’

She felt him squirming about and heard a zipper going down and then he lay between her legs. A hard cockhead slid over her vulva and then found her slot and was rammed into it with careless force.

Orla bucked and sobbed into her gag as he penetrated her. Limply she lay under him as he drove the breath out of her in between his hard thrusts which bruised her pussy lips and the head of her vaginal sheath. This was it... This was what it felt like: terrible and yet so impersonal. She was suffering and yet detached. She felt a faint stirring of primitive instinctive lust inside her loins that sent a little lubrication through her pussy lips, which eased the passage of his shaft slightly, but most of her could still not believe what was happening...

Finally the man grunted and spurted his hot triumphant seed inside her. With a chuckle of delight he pulled his shaft out of her and left her sprawled limp and soiled on the plastic covered mattress. She was too shocked and frightened tried to close her legs and she felt her juices and his sperm dribbling out onto the plastic sheeting under her bottom.

For the first time she became aware of the motion of the van. It was driving at a steady speed but as it took bends she was rocked about on the giving mattress. Where were they taking her?

‘Very nice,’ her violator declared. ‘Go on, have a go. What does it matter?’

‘I’m not screwing a hole you’ve just spunked into...’

‘Then have her up her backside...’ He rolled Orla over onto her front and slapped her buttocks. ‘Legs wide, girl... that’s better.’ She felt his fingers parting her buttock cheeks. ‘There, she looks pretty clean, doesn’t she? You could have some fun up that hole.’

There was a pause as the unseen man decided whether he would sodomize her or not. Then she heard him say: ‘Oh, fuck, why not...’

The other man laughed and rolled aside and his companion took his place between her spread legs. Another zipper came down and he caught hold of her hips and then a hard cock probed for her anus and forced its way up inside her. She gave a whimper and sobbed as her sphincter was opened wide and a stiff rod of flesh was driven unnaturally up into her rectum, stretching her in strange ways. She had only tried anal sex a few times before and had not liked it. That was no kind of preparation for this. But then nothing was preparation for this...

Her sodomizer took his time with her. She was not sure if that was a kindness or not. It meant she had longer being crushed under his weight with his cock up her backside and yet he was not quite as brutal and perhaps she was spared a few bruises. Should she be grateful?

Finally he came up her rear, filling her entrails with his hot semen and she was soiled and disgraced once again.

‘Fuck, she is good,’ he declared.

‘Told you so.’

Orla wondered what had been so good about what she had done. She had just lain there and been used like a helpless flesh doll. Did that count as good?

‘How long till we get there?’ her sodomist said, pulling his shaft out of her clinging hot back passage. He wiped his soiled cockhead across her shivering bottom cheeks and then zipped up.

‘Ten minutes,’ said his companion.

‘Better get her ready then...’

They bound more tape around her knees and ankles. Then they rolled her up in what felt like a length of carpet tied with string about its outside, leaving her struggling to breathe through her hood. Soon the van slowed and turned off the main road and worked its way along a series of winding lanes with many bends and turnings. Finally it came to a halt. The van doors were opened and the men shouldered Orla’s bound body and carried her across crunching gravel, through a doorway and up a long flight of wooden stairs to some interior space.

She was set down and unwrapped and then manoeuvred about until she was sat on what felt like the bare frame of a metal chair. The tape binding her knees and ankles was cut and her legs were pulled wide and straps were bound across her knees and ankles. She felt her bare buttocks hanging over a gap in a frame that only supported the sides of her thighs. Her taped wrists were cut and her arms were pulled out and forced down onto the arms of the chair when more heavy straps about her upper arms and wrists bound them in place. A strap went across her throat, pulling her upper body and head back hard against the upright back of the chair. Another longer strap went over her middle.

Now she was bound immobile to the chair and utterly unable to free herself.

A new older male voice said: ‘All right, that’s enough. Here’s the rest of your money... I’ll take it from here...’

She heard footsteps departing and a door close but sensed she was not alone.

The drawstring of the hood was untied and it was pulled off her head. She blinked, squinting against bright lights, getting an impression of rough wooden floorboards and a high shadowy ceiling with heavy beams spanning it. Then she saw herself...

She was surrounded by four full length mirrors, two on either side of her and two set a little in front of her chair and angled to face her with a gap between them. Between each side pair of mirrors stood a camera on a tripod pointing at her, while the mirrors themselves reflected her own image back at her as she sat helpless and bound.

Orla had dark curling hair and Celtic pale skin. She had a narrow face with a strong jawline, a firm strong nose and dark deep eyes which were at that moment wide with fear. She had full breasts for her slender chest, capped by red plump nipples. A narrow wedge of black curls formed a chevron at the top of her naked pubic cleft, which was starkly exposed by the wide splay of her thighs. Her bound legs were lean and strong and her pale buttocks, hanging over the empty chair seat, were narrow and deeply cleft.

The chair to which she was strapped was a black metal frame with no seat so that her buttocks and pudenda were unsupported and frighteningly exposed. There was some device under the chair which had shafts jutting upwards from it but she could not make it out properly. All this was sat on a black plastic sheet. Beside the chair was an electrical transformer box

trailing several coiled plastic coated cables like car jump leads with big shiny crocodile clamps on their ends.

Standing in the gap between the forward set of mirrors and peering down at her was a man in his fifties perhaps with a lined face and thinning grey hair. He was dressed in a blue boiler suit. His careworn face was creased into an expression of triumph and deep satisfaction.

Still gagged she could only blink at him in horror and disbelief. This was the man who had arranged her kidnapping. But why?

‘You don’t recognise me, do you, Orla?’ he said.

Orla whimpered and shook ahead.

‘Well that’s not surprising. You were only a kid when I last saw you. But I would have thought your old man might have mentioned me...’

And then she knew who he was. She had seen photographs of him but they had been nearly twenty years old. Her eyes widened in horror and she made desperate mewing noises as she tried to speak.

He stepped up to her, ripped the tape from her cheeks and pulled the sodden rag gag out of her mouth.

‘No reason why you can’t speak now. Of course you know there’s no point in calling for help. Nobody can hear you in here...’

Orla licked her dry lips, forcing herself to speak clearly despite her terror. ‘You... you’re Reggie Smethurst.’

‘That’s me,’ he agreed. ‘And you’re Orla Fitzpatrick, Sean Fitzpatrick’s daughter: the man who cheated me out of over three hundred thousand pounds and got me put in jail for a crime I never committed!’

Orla gaped at him in disbelief as anger and indignation briefly rose above her fear. ‘No... he was your partner and you tried to swindle him! You were arrested. You were tried and sentenced for deception, money laundering and evading taxes.’

‘All lies!’ Smethurst rasped. ‘Your father was the criminal! And what he did to me cost me my family!’

‘My father is an honest man!’

‘Of course he’d make sure you believed that wouldn’t he? The truth is he set me up to take the fall. And it’s taken me all this time to get myself back into the position where I could take my revenge on him.’

‘I don’t believe you!’

‘It doesn’t matter what you believe, Orla. I’m the one who has the power now. And I want my pound of flesh...’

Orla shuddered. ‘Well whatever you want you’re too late. My father’s in a hospice. He’s got cancer. He’s probably only got a few months left. He spent most of his savings on private treatments but they didn’t work. And I haven’t got any money. I’ve been doing bar work to help get me through university. He hasn’t got anything left!’

‘Oh, I know all about his cancer. Maybe that’s a kind of justice and I want him linger and suffer as long as possible. But you’re wrong when you say he’s got nothing else left. He’s got you, Orla. That’s what he’s got to lose! That’s why I’m going to send him pictures of you naked being tortured and humiliated and degraded until you beg for mercy and curse his name...’

The full horror that she had been struggling to suppress now took over and she shook her head and began to cry. 'No... please you can't. I don't know anything about this. I was just a kid then. You can't do this to me...'

'It's the only revenge left to me, Orla. I probably haven't got that long myself, except in my case it's my heart. Before we both go he's got to know what it feels like to have the most precious things taken away from him...'

He moved up to the chair and picked up the electric cables. As Orla sobbed and shook her head he lifted and squeezed her breasts.

'Nice tits. Let's see how they respond that having a few volts shoved through them...'

He stretched out her nipples and then closed the heavy clips about them. Orla shrieked as the sharp metal sawtooth jaws bit into her flesh, the weight of the cables bending her nipples over and dragging them downwards.

Smethurst reached between her legs and fondled her pussy mouth. 'More nice stuff here...' His fingers came away sticky. 'I see the lads I hired had some fun with you. Can't say I blame them. Did you enjoy it?'

Orla shook her head.

'Well I think you'll find that was a picnic compared to what's coming...'

He clamped the second set of jump leads onto her outer labia. Orla had to bite her lip to stop from shrieking aloud.

The third pair of cables were clamped to the soft flesh of her inner thighs, which Smethurst pinched and stretched to give them something to bite on to.

'Now that just leaves your cunt and bum hole. Mustn't ignore them must we?'

He squatted down and worked the object underneath her chair. Shining rods rose upwards and slid up into her sperm-soiled vagina and rectum, skewering her with their hardness. She now saw reflected in the mirrors that cables ran from the device on which they were mounted to the electrical transformer. Helplessly she squeezed her sheath and sphincter about them.

Smethurst got up again and pulled something round the back of the chair over Orla's head. It was a big black rubber bit strung on elastic cords. He pushed it into her mouth so that it parted her teeth and she clamped down upon it.

'This is going to get a bit fierce and I don't want you to break those pretty teeth or bite your tongue in half. Not yet anyway...'

He moved round to stand between the forward set of mirrors and took up an electrical control box with trailing cables that ran across the floor around to her chair.

He pressed a button on it and the camera operating lights came on.

'Hallo Sean,' Smethurst said loudly for the cameras. 'I got your girl here. And I'm going to use her to make up for what you did to me.' He winked at Orla. 'Now say hello to Daddy...' and he pressed another button on the control box.

It was worse pain she had ever known. It was as if crackling electrical sledge hammers were beating her nipples and thighs and vagina. At the same time the electrical rods on which she was impaled seemed to grow into spikes of raw pain, stabbing through her loins and pussy so that they felt as if they were bursting and then sizzling up her spine and exploding in a brain. Her whole body convulsed and jerked at the heavy straps that bound her to the chair. Her bladder cut lose and she spurted her pee over the impaling spikes and across the plastic sheet beneath the chair. Her lungs emptied in an ear-splitting shriek of pain even as she bit down on the rubber bit in her mouth. Tears ran down her cheeks and dribble trickled from the sides of her gagged mouth.

Then the sets of cables began to shock her in sequence: first her nipples then her dripping labia and inner thighs, finishing off with the electrodes lodged in her rectum and vagina. And she writhed and bucked and shook, making the chair frame shake and creak.

And it went on and on and on...

The last thing she recalled before she fainted was the look of delight on Reggie Smethurst's face...

When Orla woke sunlight was coming in through high grimy windows, illuminating a bare brick-walled, dusty, loft-like space beyond the mirror panels surrounding her chair. The sunlight was warming the still air in the room but she still felt cold, stiff and wretched. Her, nipples labia and whole groin still pricked and simmered. The electrode rods were still stuck up inside her. Rolling her eyes downwards she saw they were trickles of blood around her breasts and down her front where she had bled from the sharp teeth of the electrical clips. She shuddered and moaned.

Smethurst appeared between the mirrors grinning broadly.

'Good morning, Orla. I hope you slept well. That was a great show you put on last night. And you're going to do an encore today. But in between, since you're going to be here for some time, I've got to keep you exercised. Never had much time for pets in the past, certainly not while I was in prison. That's another thing you can make up for. You can be my pet, eh?'

Orla gazed at him in helpless horror and despair.

He had a choke chain collar and leash that he slipped about her neck. Then he pulled some thick black rubber sleeves closed at one end over her hands and feet, as if they were mittens and socks, which he secured with tape about her wrists and ankles.

He pulled her gag out but her jaws were so stiff and over-stretched that she could hardly close her mouth, far less speak.

He removed the starter cables from her nipples, labia and thighs, and she shivered as the blood flowed back tingling and pricking into her purple pinched and blood-spotted flesh. Then he withdrew the electrode rods from her bottom and pussy mouth, which dripped as it was unplugged. He un-strapped her from the chair, took hold of her by the hair and jerked her cold stiff body out of it. She half fell to the floor in front of her, going down on her toes, knees and palms. Immediately she shrieked in fresh pain as dozens of pinpricks stabbed into her hands and feet.

'Yeah, I should have mentioned that those rubber sheathes have got drawing pins inside them pointing inwards. The shafts are contained in the thickness of the rubber but put any weight on them and you get pricked. They should also discourage you from thinking about trying to hit or kick me. You just shuffle about on all fours on your knees and elbows like a dog, right?'

He gave her choke chain a tug and wobbling and swaying she obeyed. Slowly he walked her couple of times around the room, and grinning at this new degree of mastery over her.

Her posture was grossly humiliating. As she shuffled along, grating her knees and elbows on the rough plank flooring her bare buttocks bobbed high, exposing the sore lips of her sex, while her heavy breasts with their clamped-chewed nipples bobbed and swayed beneath her. The only compensation was that at least she could move her stiff limbs and she now saw parts of the room the mirrors had concealed from her.

There was a single heavy door fitted with large bolts and a big lock with a large key sticking out of it. The windows were too high and grimy to see out of, so she had no idea of her surroundings. In one corner there was a sleeping bag, table and chair where Smethurst obviously

rested. Near it was a small bottle-gas cooking range and a pile of cartons and boxes under a window clearly contained provisions.

In another corner was a chemical toilet. After a few circuits to loosen up, Smethurst led her across to it made her clamber awkwardly up onto it, trying not to jab pins into her hands and feet again, squat down and relieve herself. It was a desperately degrading process. Then he wiped her clean. Orla shuddered at its touch, but at that moment he seemed more interested in humiliating her than taking sexual advantage of her helplessness.

Then he led to over to the small table in the corner and made her kneel in front of it. Using the gas range in a few minutes he had heated up a bowl of baked beans and potatoes and a few chopped vegetables which he spoon-fed her. It was another humiliation but she had to eat to keep her strength up so she accepted each mouthful.

As he fed her Smethurst said, almost casually: 'There's a chance of course, once your father sees these recordings of you suffering, that he'll confess what he did and clear my name. Then you'll know the truth...' '.

By now her lips and jaw were loosened enough to allow her to speak. Her instinct was to swear and curse at Smethurst, but she knew that would be pointless. Instead she tried to sound reasonable, although her voice trembled as she spoke.

'He might do that anyway if he thought it would save me. But that still doesn't mean what you say is true about him being guilty.'

'I know, which is why I'm not counting on it. He'll need hard evidence to prove it, but he probably destroyed all that years ago, which means you're just going to keep on suffering. I've got to keep hurting you because that's the only way I can hurt your father. It's nothing personal...' He grinned mirthlessly. 'I tell a lie: it's all personal. That's all there is left...'

When she was fed he put her back on the chair and strapped her down again. He reconnected all the starter cable clips and electrodes to her body and then he took up the terrible control box once more...

The next day he did the same thing to her. And the day after...

By the fourth day Orla did not know how much longer she could survive. There were only so many times she could shriek herself hoarse with unendurable pain and faint under the relentless electric stabbing and pounding of the chair. By now Smethurst had recorded hours of her screaming and jerking and peeing herself and blacking out. Would he never be satisfied? Even when she was not being shocked her body ached and shivered and trembled. What damage was he doing to her nerves? She could hardly crawl around on the end of her leash. She was not sure she could actually stand unaided far less run. She had to something. She had to escape!

But what did she have to use as a weapon or tool? She was a physical and mental wreck and her pride and self-confidence had been shattered. Smethurst had broken her will to resist. She was terrified of him and crawled around after him like a beaten pet. And he enjoyed her total naked humiliation almost as much as her suffering on the torture chair. Perhaps that was it then. That was what she would use...

That morning as he fed her, Orla said carefully: 'If you keep this up much longer then I'm going to die. I mean it. You shock me any more and I have a heart attack or a stroke or something. I know you wanted your revenge but are you a murderer?'

She saw Smethurst frown uncertainly and pressed on: 'But if you still want to hurt my father...' she took a deep shuddering breath and forced the words out: '... then film me being screwed. You fuck me! That'll hurt him... and I'll last a little longer...' Tears welled up and flowed out of her eyes with frightening ease. 'I don't want to die...' she said simply.

Smethurst looked at her intently. 'Are you really asking me to screw you?'

Orla snivelled. 'I'm begging you. Fuck me any way you want to...Sir, please. Or else I'm not going to last another day.'

Smethurst considered her kneeling shivering, wretched and unkempt in front of him thoughtfully. And then he said: 'I think I'll take you up on that offer, Orla.'

He placed her reversed and standing facing the chair with her legs splayed and thighs turned outward and her shins pressed against its front legs, strapped in place at her knees and ankles. She was bent over with her head and shoulders pushed through its open back and her arms twisted and bent upwards and her wrists strapped to the top sides of the frame. Her breasts dangled freely beneath her. This posture presented her buttocks and pussy in a convenient position for screwing.

'See this, Sean,' Smethurst said to the cameras as he held her hips and rammed his cock up into her vagina. 'See me screwing your precious daughter...'

His thrusts into her sore and bruised pussy made her wince and caused her dangling breasts to jiggle and bounce. But Orla horded the pain and wallowed in her shame and let her primitive instincts take over until she came over his cock as he spurted inside her. Triumphant he pulled out to show her dripping with his sperm and her orgasmic juices.

'You see, Sean,' he said to the camera, 'I've made her cum!'

He was taking the bait...

After a rest to recover he had her again, this time up her backside. And he accompanied his violation of her by slapping her bottom and reaching under her and pinching her bruised nipples. It was disgusting and degrading but it was nothing like as painful as the shocks had been. It was not so hard to cum again.

And afterwards she thanked him! She made herself do so in a meek, small, broken voice. And he patted her head as though she was a dog who had mastered a very difficult trick. 'You're a hot bit of stuff, aren't you?' he said.

She hated it and felt soiled within and without, but she been spared the shocks and the numbness and tingling was fading.

The next day he screwed her again. And she cried as he did so and squirmed and pushed against him, squeezing her sheath tight as if trying to keep him out, so he pushed into her more brutally. And he enjoyed mastering her body and feeling his cock deep within her, forcing her orifices to accept him until she gave in to her passions and came helplessly. And yet while he was doing that he was not shocking her and she was getting a little stronger...

The next day, as he was walking her round the room during one of her exercise sessions, Orla suddenly stopped and pushed her bottom further up into the air and said, as though the words had been forced unwillingly out of her: 'Please, Sir, I can't wait for the camera... I've got to have you up inside me now!'

Smethurst grinned down at her. 'So, a bit of a secret slut are you? I wondered what kind of child Sean would spawn. Now I know...'

He moved round behind her and she spread her legs eagerly. He knelt down between her knees and shafted her vigorously. She squeezed tight onto him and pushed back hard until he pumped his essence up into her.

She did not give him time to recover. While he was still grinning and blissfully drained she pleaded: 'Can I lick you clean, Sir? Please let me lick your cock...'

Smethurst groaned and said: 'Yes... you do that Orla...'



And he let her pull herself off him and turn around and eagerly take his cock into her mouth...

Orla bit down hard on his cock and he screamed and she tasted blood.

She spat and jerked her leash out of his grasp as he doubled up clutching at his groin. She scrabbled across to the door and rose up onto her feet, gasping as the pins stabbed into her soles and clumsily pushed the bolts back with her mitten-clad hands. And then she tried to turn the big key in the lock, but she could not get a grip even as the pins stabbed her palms and fingers. She bent over and clenched the key in her teeth and tried to turn it that way but she could not get enough leverage

Meanwhile Smethurst had staggered to his feet. He was clutching his groin with one hand while with the other he was reaching out towards her saying: 'I'll kill you! I'll kill you...!'

There was only one way out now. Orla ran sobbing across the room, every step driving the pins into the soles of her feet. Screaming in pain she dodged Smethurst and reached the cartons piled against the window. She scrambled up them like a stairway and threw herself against the glass...

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...Victoria tore herself away from the side of the tank and sank to the floor, clutching her feet which she still imagined were stabbed through by drawing pins. For some reason she heard a bell jingling behind her...

'Oh God that was awful!' she gasped. She focused on Belphegor who was looking at her with intense interest. 'Why do you have such things in your exhibition, Master?'

'Perhaps because I allow people to experience the unthinkable and the terrible at first hand. You fear and reject them and yet they draw you to them like a dark craving.'

Victoria clutched her head, trying to sort out her own self from the lingering traces of Orla's thoughts. Then she realized something. 'But all that took days. I was in her mind all the time and yet...I haven't been there the days have I?'

'No,' Belphegor assured her. 'It is like holding the memory of an entire event. The time it takes to form bears no relation to the time you might spend reviewing it.'

There was something she had to know. 'Master, what about the window? Did she escape?'

'It depends what you mean by "escape". It was on the first floor...'

Victoria shivered. 'You mean... she made the ultimate escape...'

'At least from mortal life. But you can never escape art. Remember: *ars longa, vita brevis*. Art endures, life is short...'

It was then that Victoria realized she was sitting on something that should not have been there. Fearfully she felt behind her, twisting her head round at the same time.

She now had a purple tail jutting out from the base of her spine, glued in place by a pad glued to her skin. A springy wire brace emerged from this pad and curled around between her buttocks and went deep up into her rectum where she felt its end curled about into a ring. The tail coiled over at its tip from which hung a silver bell.

In a panic Victoria pulled on the tail but it would not move, tugging on her skin painfully and jerking on its intimate brace buried deep inside her. All she did was make its bell jingle merrily. It felt like it was part of her.

She looked up at Belphegor miserably. 'When will it end, Master?' she begged.

'It never ends, it is just displayed...' Belphegor reminded her. 'But come along to the next room and you shall meet somebody who sought answers to questions just like that.'

Miserably Victoria followed after him. Now in addition to the click of her high heels she also accompanied Belphegor's progress with a jingle from an intimately mounted silver bell. She felt it wagging in time with the roll of her buttocks as she walked.

The limbo tank in the next room was labelled: *The Path to Enlightenment*. Victoria took a deep breath and pressed her face against it...

She was looking out over a mossy green hollow under the shade of a tree with delicate branches covered with pale pink blossoms. On the rim of the bank from which it grew was a tiny shrine at the centre of which rose the mouth of a golden funnel. From side of the bank beneath it a bamboo tube emerged that extended out across the hollow, supported by short bamboo posts, to end in a tapered lip under which was a golden cup. In the cup rested a large golden egg.

The egg sat between two people. One was a white woman perhaps in her late twenties dressed in a loose white cotton dress with puffy sleeves, colourfully embroidered about the collar and hems and gathered in with a tasselled waistband, and hung with a wooden bead necklace. Her blonde hair was tied back by a beaded headband. She was seated cross-legged before a saffron-robed and venerable white bearded Oriental, who had a gnarled walking stick laid across his knees.

Behind them was visible the heavily ornamented pagoda roof tops of the Yellow Lotus Monastery and Retreat in northern India at the foothills of Nepal. Behind the monastery rose a conical peak up which the pale thread of a narrow pathway zigzagged. On its summit was a tiny cupola.

The woman's name was Blanche Denver and she had sought out the monastery's leader, Master Li Tsien, philosopher and mystic, seeking eternal answers...

Victoria looked deeper...

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'... Are you prepared to follow the path to understanding even though it is a hard road?' Master Li asked Blanche, speaking in careful, precise English.

'Yes, Master Li,' Blanche said sincerely. She could sense the air of wisdom that seemed to hang about him. He exuded an unhurried calm and quiet certainty. This was where she would get satisfaction, she was sure of it. The golden egg in its golden cup had something to do with it, she was certain, but Master Li had not mentioned it when he had invited her to sit down. If it was solid gold how much was it worth? Or was it a trap for material thoughts? It was all she could do to keep her eyes off it and on his face, hoping for some insight. But his next words did not give her much encouragement.

'I know you Westerners,' Li said regretfully. 'You have come here in your thousands in recent years seeking enlightenment and understanding and an escape from your material civilisation, but so many of you do not have the courage to see your quest through to its end. You seek easy answers but there are none. The road to understanding is long, winding and hard, with many pitfalls along the way.' A brief smile flickered across his serene features. 'It cannot be achieved by sitting cross-legged for a few hours chanting some mantras. Do you understand?'

'I do understand, Master Li,' Blanche assured him. 'And I do not expect easy answers. But I feel unfulfilled by my life. I have money and a comfortable home but all my relationships have... well, gone wrong. There must be more to it than that. That's why I have come to you.'

'So you are prepared to work hard and suffer to achieve a greater insight into the way of the world?'

‘I am, Master Li,’ Blanche promised.

‘Whatever it requires?’

‘Whatever, Master.’

The sage regarded her closely for some moments and then he said: ‘Life may be seen as a series of tests and I have a small one for you. If you fail it then you must leave here and not look back, do you understand?’

‘I understand, Master. I’m ready to undergo any test...’

‘Really? Then take your clothes off.’

Blanche thought she had miss-heard him or his excellent English had suddenly failed him. ‘I beg your pardon, Master?’

‘My words were simple: take your clothes off. I wish to see you naked. If you can’t do this easy thing then you are not fit to receive enlightenment...’

It was a test of her determination. If she was going to be overcome by shame or modesty now she was not fit to go further. Blanche took a deep breath, stood up and pulled her dress up over her head....

In a minute her clothes were lying on the mossy ground and she stood naked before Master Li. Instinct told her to cover herself up, but she forced herself to stand as calmly as she could manage before him. It was not that she was ashamed of her body, quite the reverse. But she had never bared it to an old oriental mystic before...

Her natural skin tint was pale pink but Californian sun and beach life had given her a bronzed lithe body with strongly marked bikini shadows. Her natural blonde hair was further sun-bleached and almost white in streaks. She had full breasts with alert pink nipples, a tight waist and wide hips. Her pubic curls, framed within a triangle of pink flesh, were thick and golden. Her buttocks were well rounded and her calves were strong.

All this Master Li appeared to take in calmly without any sign of surprise or embarrassment. Then stiffly he got to his feet and walked around her, looking up and down from all angles. And then suddenly without warning, while he was behind her, he swiped his stick sharply across her buttocks.

Blanche gave a yelp of pain and surprise and clutched at the bottom, twisting round to glare at the sage.

He raised an eyebrow: ‘Have you anything to say, supplicant for enlightenment?’

Blanche stifled her instinctive reactions and lowered her hands. ‘No, Master.’

Lies shuffled round her to her front once more. And then his stick flicked upwards again with surprising speed, this time catching the heavy under curves of her breasts.

Blanche yelped as they bounced heavily and a stinging crimson stripe appeared across them. But she said nothing, bit her lip, clenched her fists and stood still.

The old man’s stick ran down across her belly, making her squirm, and then its tip whispered through the thick bush of her pubic curls and slid between her thighs and into the cleft of her vulva. Slowly it began to saw back and forth, its polished knobs and bumps rubbing deep into her and stirring her clitoris into surprised arousal.

Blanche’s eyes bulged in disbelief as she felt her nipples filling and springing up and her sex mouth flowing was sticky lubrication. Oh mercy, what was he doing to her? And yet his face was filled only with intense penetrating concentration as he studied her features. What kind of test was this? He had asked if she was ready to do anything but she never imagined something like this. But then of course that was the whole point of it. It was only by presenting

her with the unimaginable and seeing how she coped with it that he could judge if she was worthy of true enlightenment.

She shuddered. Was she meant to resist her natural impulses or go with them? If he was trying to judge her determination then perhaps a show of resistance would be appropriate. But if he was trying to read her true nature then she should bare it along with her body.

However the choice was soon taken out of her hands. Her body was responding naturally and inevitably to her exposure and the subtle and insidious delights of Master Li's stick as it rubbed through her vulva, setting her soft pink lips rippling and bulging as they were stretched to accommodate its many strange contours. Was there something mystical about the stick? Had it been specially shaped and crafted for this purpose? This was the East they had strange and arcane knowledge going back for thousands of years. That was why she was here and why she was enduring this test.

Although *enduring* was not quite the word by now, because she felt her loins filling with the familiar and pleasing sense of anticipation. Oh God, she was actually going to have a climax in front of this old man! But then what did he expect? Perhaps that was the whole point. She had to free herself of Western conventions. She had to show she was worthy of enlightenment...

'Uhhh!' Blanche cried out in helpless delight as she came, spraying her juices over Master Li's walking stick. He pulled it away from between her thighs and she sank to her knees, clutching her hands about her overflowing pussy mouth.

'Hmm... interesting,' Li said, half to himself. He resumed his seat and held his stick out towards Blanche.

'You have wetted my walking stick with your outpourings. Now dry it with your hair...'

Still dazed and blissful from her orgasm, Blanche had to struggle to understand him. Now he was degrading her further. But then this was also part of the test... or the next test.

Shuffling forward she bent her head over the stick, clutched a hank of her long blonde hair and carefully wiped its gnarled contours, which she had already come to know was so intimately, dry.

When she was done he pointed to her heavy bead necklace that lay on the pile of her discarded clothing. 'Bring that over to me,' he commanded. Blanche obeyed. He said: 'Turn around and cross your wrists behind your back. Again she obeyed and he bound her wrists with her own necklace. Then he pointed to the golden egg. 'You will pick that up, carry it over to the shrine over there and deposit it in the funnel. But you are not to use your hands or your mouth to do so...'

The implications of what she was saying sank in and Blanche's eyes widened in dismay. This was getting so intimate. But he said it would not be easy...

Taking a deep breath she squatted over the egg in its golden cup and forced its pointed end up into her slippery vagina, wriggling and bearing down until her sheath had closed over its widest part and she could suck the rest up inside her. It felt incredibly heavy within her but not quite as cold as she had imagined. Clenching her inner muscles tight she stood up and walked stiffly across the little hollow and up the steps carved in its side to the shrine on top of the bank. It was a mini pergola with just enough room between its supports for her to squat down and squeeze the egg out of her pussy into the golden funnel as though she was laying an egg. She heard it drop into some void beneath the shrine and a moment later the bamboo tube extending from the side of the bank across the hollow rattled and then the egg dropped out of its far end back into its golden cup once more.

'Now do that again,' Master Li told her.

He made her carry the egg from its cup to the shrine ten times. By the end her vagina ached from being clenched about it and yet she was also becoming aroused by its constant insertion and expulsion. Finally she knelt before him once more.

‘How do you feel?’ Master Li asked.

What could she say? ‘I feel... exhilarated, Master.’ And she did in a strange way. She could never have imagined doing anything so outrageous just an hour before. It must be good for her... although she was not entirely sure how.

‘Do you think you have learned anything?’

‘Perseverance, Master?’ Blanche ventured.

‘No, you have not even begun to learn what perseverance means.’ He pointed to the cupola on the mountain peak. ‘After you have carried the egg up there ten times, accepting all the obstacles that you meet along the way, then you will know a little more about the value of perseverance...’

Blanche trudged up the narrow winding mountain pathway. How many hours would it take her to reach the top? In places there was a sheer drop only inches from her feet and she had to step with great care, fearful of losing her balance. At least her soles, hardened by beach sand, protected her bare feet a little from the stones of the path. She still could not quite believe what she was doing...

Blanche had trembled in shame and fear when she had to walk naked with her wrists bound and a golden egg clenched within her pussy through the monastery grounds to reach the foot of the pathway. But none of the other monks she saw had paid her the slightest bit of attention. They simply went quietly about their assigned duties looking inscrutably satisfied. Did naked women walk through their monastery so often they were used to it, or was it simply their way not to show interest such things? Perhaps she was not the first to walk this path and perhaps she also might eventually learn their sense of control and focus.

Was this what it was all about? Not merely facing her with the challenge of a repetitive task but to teach the importance of focus and determination? Or perhaps it was intended to challenge her material sense of values? The egg must be very valuable. Was she being tempted to steal it? But how far would she get bound and naked? That also might be the lesson. Or was she just a fleshy transportation vessel for its passage from the foot of the mountain to the top? Was there some mystic significance in that?

It was as she was turning these possibilities over in her mind that she came to a bend in the pathway as it switched back on itself and found it opened out into a tiny plateau no bigger than the average room. She started as she saw there was a man standing there.

He was dressed from head to foot in black robes with cloth bound across his face leaving only a slot for his eyes. In his hands was a folded leather strap. In front of him there was a heavy narrow wooden block looking for a moment terrifyingly like the kind of thing used in medieval times for cutting people’s heads off. Then she saw it had two scallops cut out of its top instead of one for a neck, and that it was too high to kneel across. Behind the man a bamboo pole set on a post at each end lay across the path. It would have to be raised to let her continue on her strange journey. This was clearly one of the obstacles she had to accept...

The man pointed to her and then the block. And then she realized what it was for. This was going to be painful, but she would not give up so easily. Trembling, she knelt against the block and laid her breasts on into the depressions in its top, then bent her head back and closed her eyes.

The strap hissed down across the pale upper slopes of her breasts, striking with a crisp crack and flattening them into the scallops in the wooden block. Blanche let out a yelp of pain. The shock almost caused her to squirt the egg from her and she had to struggle to keep it within her. But the pressure from it and the shock of the pain was too much for her bladder and after the next blow she lost control and wet herself, her hot pee spurting out over the side of the wooden block, mingling with other ancient stains that mottled its black polished surface.

She was not the first to do this and she would not be the last...

The leather strap cracked down across her breasts half a dozen times until their upper slopes were rosy and burning and her eyes were flowing with tears.

Then the man stood back, turned to the pole and lifted out of the way.

Trembling Blanche got to a feet again. 'Thank you,' she said, in a tiny voice and then trudged on up the pathway with her breasts burning.

At the next switchback turn the pathway opened up onto another a tiny clearing. There was another man in black robes carrying a strap standing before a pole guarding the next stage. In front of him was a low wooden block deeper than the first one. He also pointed to her and the block. For a moment she was not sure what was expected of her and then she saw how its surface was carved. She knelt across it with her belly resting in a scallop cut out of one edge and lowered her breasts into the two hollows carved into its opposite one. This presented her buttocks in an ideal position for tanning.

Swish, crack! Half a dozen times the strap fell across her pale buttocks, bringing them to a burning and crimson blush. She sobbed and bit her lip and tried stifle her howls of pain, concentrating on keeping the egg within her. At least her bladder had been drained she did not disgrace herself once again.

But this time she was not permitted to escape with mere pain.

While she was still bent over the wooden block, the man moved closer and knelt between her knees. She felt him take hold of her hips and then the head of a penis nuzzling between the sweaty cheeks of the buttocks and forced its way into the sphincter of her anus, opening it wide to his pleasure.

Blanche shrieked as he penetrated her, ramming himself into her rectum with brutal force: his slender Oriental cock shaft violating her tight Western bottom hole, plundering its hot close secret depths. She lay across the block as he sodomized her, the sensations amplified by the pressure of the golden egg within her vaginal passage. She feared the force of his thrusts would squirt it out of her and she strained to contain it. This made her ravishment seem even more intense and, to her shame, darkly and disgustingly exciting.

What was this meant to mean? Was it simply a test of her stubbornness or did it have some subtler lesson for her that she could not understand? Or did Master Li not know what the black-robed men did to women like herself he sent up here with golden eggs within them? She was so ignorant! Perhaps that was the intended lesson...

The man pumped his sperm into the depths of her rectum with a grunt and then pulled out of her. Shakily she got to her feet feeling sick and dazed and yet also confusingly excited. He raised the pole and let her go on her way...

She stumbled on up the path, the terrible egg feeling even heavier within her while his sperm seeped out of her ravaged backside and dribbled down her thighs. How many more times would she have to suffer such indignities? Yet she was determined to see this through. She would reach the summit... although looking up the mountain slope it seemed to her as far away as ever.

The next black robed guardian was sitting on a wooden block with his legs wide and his robes folded back to expose his naked genitals. He pointed her and then at them and she knew with terrible resignation what she had to do. Kneeling down meekly before him she gave him oral sex while he lightly flicked a strap across the bobbing twin slopes of her haunches.

She still had the taste of him in her mouth when she reached the next man barring the pathway.

His robes were also parted exposing his penis, which was swelling even as she appeared. The block here was low and squat with the indentation of a woman's back lying across it and a deep recess cut out of one end. She lay down on it with her legs spread resting on either side of this wedge. The robed man stepped forward into the recess and forced his stiff cock head up into her vagina over the golden egg, pressing up against the root of her clitoris to shocking effect.

Blanche's eyes bulged and she sobbed and shook her head because the pressure of his shaft in there together with the golden egg was too much. She was being stretched impossibly far. He would burst her!

He swung his strap across her belly and the undersides of her breasts which were now exposed to him, making them leap and bounce about like pink and crimson party jellies. As she shrieked in pain he thrust into her again, making squelching sounds as her overfilled pussy mouth ran with lubrication in a desperate attempt to ease his passage. She had a rod of flesh and an egg of gold inside her vagina at the same time: a living thing and inert dead metal. Was she meant to compare and contrast the two like in an exam paper? What was this all for?

The pain and the thrusting and the near bursting of her passage and the pressure on her loins became too much and she came again in helpless delight and deepest confusion.

After a moment the man pulled out of her, leaving a trail of his sperm over the golden egg within her. Still sobbing and trembling she sat up and rose shakily to her feet, fresh intimate juices running from her sore and aching pussy mouth down the insides of the thighs. He raised the pole across the path and beckoned to go on...

Finally there were no more barriers or black robed men. She was at the summit. The path ended at the cupola and under it was a shrine like the one down by the monastery, with its golden funnel beckoning. Sore and aching she staggered over to the funnel, squatted over it and squeezed the terrible egg out of her.

She heard it slide with a rush down the tube beneath it, displacing air from its depths as it fell, which made a strange keening sound like an incredibly drawn out rising organ note. It was tumbling along hidden chutes that ran down along the line of the mountain path she had just climbed. In minutes instead of hours it would reach the little tree-shaded hollow where perhaps Master Li was still seated. He would see the egg drop out of that last bamboo tube into its golden cup. And it would be coated with her juices and the sperm she had gathered along the way as proof of her determination.

One down, nine to go...

For a moment Blanche enjoyed the stupendous view across the misty plains of India on one side and the foothills of the Himalayas on the other. She felt surprisingly light without the weight of the egg inside her. Then taking a deep breath she set off down the mountain again...

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... Victoria pulled away from the tank, shaking her head in confusion. But this time before she said a word to Belphegor, she checked her own body with trepidation.

Her pussy mouth ached and felt wet with the transferred memory of Blanche's ordeal with the golden egg. Had she come in sympathy with her? But her pussy had also been transformed

in reality. Somehow without realising it while her mind had been in the tank, her sex lips had been shaven smooth and their bare soft flesh painted or dyed a bright red, like the demonettes.

Victoria bit her lip and stifled her protests or questions. He was playing this cruel game with her but like Blanche she would endure it in the hope of finding some greater truth, or at least the satisfaction of winning a headline-making interview at its conclusion. Paint or dye could be washed off and her pubic hair would grow again...

She took a deep breath: 'Master Belphegor, what was that all about?'

'What you think?' he countered.

'Was she meant to learn that there was satisfaction to be found even in a hard repetitive task? Or to be satisfied with her lot. Or maybe it never ends... I don't know! Maybe that Master Li was simply taking advantage of a credulous westerner and all those Orientals were literally having fun screwing with her.'

'All those things are possible,' Belphegor agreed.

'But what happen to her next?'

'Perhaps she gave up before she completed the task, or perhaps she persevered and achieved a kind of enlightenment, or perhaps she was tired and had an accident. After all, the path was very steep and narrow...

Victoria shuddered, recalling the precipitous hillside. She tried to focus once again on her professional duties. She had to get some deeper insights as Connor had coached her. 'Master, may I ask what your artistic influences are?'

'I admire Salvador Dali and Hieronymus Bosch. They are the only artists to see the world as it really is...'

She recalled seeing reproductions of Bosch's nightmare visions of hell, with naked men and women undergoing terrible and bizarre torments. They did seem to fit with Belphegor's exhibits. Aloud she said: 'You seem to celebrate female suffering and degradation, Master.'

'And their ability to endure,' Belphegor reminded her.

'But only when they've been forced to, Master.'

'Not always. Would you like a brief glimpse into the life of somebody who was not content with ordinary pleasures but found a more painful way to achieve satisfaction? I warn you will be short and sharp... literally. But perhaps, like Blanche, you will also find unexpected enlightenment...'

He led the way into the next room with Victoria following at his heels. She was acutely aware of her newly shaven and decorated pubes, which felt frighteningly exposed.

The next tank was labelled simply: *Satisfaction*.

'I suggest you enter this tank in one go,' Belphegor said. 'Otherwise you might be put off by the scenario within before you understand it properly, because it has certain similarities to other scenes you already experienced. But I assure you it is different from them in one vital respect...'

Victoria steeled herself and then laid her hands against the side of the tank and pushed her face hard against it...

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... Lauren Pendleton gasped in pain and pleasure and squirmed under the chain bolted to the ceiling to the end of which her wrists, crossed above her head, were roped. Her naked body was stretched out between the ceiling chain and a ring set in the floor to which her ankles were bound. In front of her a full length mirror was resting on the floor so that she could watch her own restraint and suffering.



She was twenty-six, with a tumble of brunette hair framing a pretty face with sly sharp eyes and an impudent curl to her lips that exposed her white incisors. Her pale breasts, capped by brown nipples, were prominent. She had a tight waist, a deep navel and broad hips. Her pubic mound with its thick cap of dark curls was pouting and hungry.

The post stood in her garage which had been converted to her special needs. Its door and inner walls had been lined with padding to render it more nearly soundproof and the floor was covered with linoleum.

‘I didn’t hurt you did I?’ Trevor asked anxiously, flinching at her gasp of pain.

Trevor was a skinny, bespectacled young man of her own age, dressed in a T-shirt and jeans that hung loose on his bony frame. At school he had been the geeky one who had been helplessly attracted to Lauren. Now in adult life she had found an unexpected use for him, which he was nervously excited to fulfil.

He was holding lengths of rubber made from cutup bicycle inner tubes, which he was binding about her. They were studded on the inside with drawing pins. They were her pain straps...

‘Of course you hurt me, Trevor, but that’s the idea! Go on...’

He continued to bind the straps about her body according to her instructions. They went about her thighs and across her buttocks, keeping her pubic mound exposed for the moment, around her waist and of course about her breasts above and below the line of her nipples. She loved the tight springy compression of the rubber, which encircled and bound her body, further adding to her sense of immobility. The thickness of the rubber ensured that only the tips of the drawing pins protruded through to press against her flesh. They dug in painfully but did not break her skin. At least, not yet...

A strap went between her legs, tying around the band about her waist in front and behind. Trevor pulled it tight as she had instructed, digging the rubber strip deep into the cleft of her vulva so that her lips parted about it and seemed as though they were trying to swallow it. She groaned as the pin tips pressed into the soft wet walls of her labia and the hard nub of her clitoris.

‘Gag, gag!’ Lauren reminded him.

A plain rubber strap went across her mouth, pulled tight so it forced its way between her teeth and she had to bite down upon it.

Now she resembled a rubberised mummy, bound from head to toe with strips of rubber, leaving only slices of bare skin in between.

Trevor picked up the spanking paddle. Its blade was covered in more pin studded strips of rubber.

Lauren nodded.

With his pale eyes filled with nervous lust and excitement, Trevor lifted his skinny arm and swiped the paddle across her belly.

Lauren shrieked into the rubber gag, biting down hard upon it. Trevor swung again but this time across her bulging breasts. The spikes of the paddle jabbed into her hard nipples, lifting her to the peaks of delicious agony.

He swiped the paddle up between her thighs hard, driving the pins deep into her vulva. She delightedly disgraced herself by letting her bladder go and hot pee spurted messily around the rubber strip pulled tight between her sex lips so that it dribbled down between her rubber-bound thighs.

Trevor worked his way up and down and around her body, beating her breasts and buttocks and stomach and her pouting, divided pussy lips. Every blow struck either unprotected flesh or

the back of a rubber strip which only drove the pin tips on its other side deeper into her most intimate and sensitive body parts...

Lauren squirmed and moaned and writhed in delight, filled with the pain, the humiliation and the perfect degradation of being so utterly helpless and abused. Her spike-beaten nipples were standing up like little rocks and her belly was filling with hot raw liquid lust. The pain strips held it all bound tightly within her, compressing and intensifying the sensations until with a shriek her loins seemed to explode and she sprayed out the liquid discharge of her monstrous orgasm...

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... Victoria jerked away from the tank side clutching her own pussy mouth as she felt the echoes of Lauren spectacular orgasm.

She had been shocked by the intensity of Lauren's single-minded quest for perverted pleasure and unconstrained lust so much so that she did not realize for some moments that she now had pierced nipples. Rings were threaded through them from which hung silver bells like teardrops, which jingled to match the one that hung from her coiled tail. She clutched at them in shock and fear, feeling the strange contrast between hard metal and her soft warm pliant flesh. Although her nipples were anything but soft at that moment, standing up like hatpegs as if they were stimulated by the bells, as though they wanted to show them off to the maximum. The piercings still stung and burned but they were not bleeding.

She saw the hostess demonette smiling at and patting her bag. How were they doing this to her without her knowing? And how many more changes would Belphegor make to her body before he declared she was fit to be displayed?

But she would not let it deflect her from her task. She could have the bells removed and the piercings would heal. She was getting an incredible insight into Belphegor's philosophy, that was all that mattered.

Once again she took a deep breath, settled herself, and commented: 'Lauren was a masochist, Master.'

'And an unrestrained sensualist,' Belphegor agreed. 'But a strong-willed one. She was using her weaker willed boyfriend to achieve her own pleasure through pain. She was the one in charge.'

'Are you saying she was truly happy?'

'You were in her mind, what do you think?'

If she could trust the recording then she knew Lauren had felt perfectly happy with what she was doing, but it still disturbed her. 'It's not natural. How long can she go on like that?'

'Until she has an accident playing that kind of game. Maybe one day she pushed her desire for pain and pleasure too far. But if so then she died happily. In the end it was her choice.'

'But is any of it art, Master?'

'Art is life and life is art,' Belphegor declared. 'Each mirrors the other. You cannot separate the two... even in death.'

Victoria shivered. He could not let go of the dark side in every exhibit. 'But most women are not like Lauren.'

'No, they are individuals, each delightfully different in their responses to the strangest of circumstances. That is what I prize in them. Like in the next room...'

He passed through another doorway and Victoria followed after him, acutely aware of the pair of silver bells now hanging from her straining nipples. Every step caused them to give a

silvery chime. The camera of the demonette film crew following after her zoomed in to catch her jiggling, musical breasts.

The next limbo tank was labelled: *Trick or Treat*.

‘Once again this scenario differs from the others in an important respect,’ Belphegor said. ‘It has caused much controversy amongst those who have viewed it. See what you think of it...’

Victoria looked inside. She saw the doorway of a neat townhouse. It was night and the porch light was on. It illuminated a smart but tired looking mid-thirtyish woman with blonde shoulder length straight hair, slightly disarrayed. She had blue eyes, high cheekbones and a firm straight nose. She was in the act of answering the door to three devil-masked figures carrying Halloween lanterns, small plastic caldrons to act as trick or treat sweet baskets and plastic tridents.

Victoria looked in deeper...

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... Warily Grace Charlton opened the door to the persistent ringing. She was alone in the house. The children were with their father for the weekend and she was missing them. She was hoping she would not be disturbed but this was not the best night for that. She should have gone out but it was too late now. She looked at the three masked black robed figures standing under the porch light with distaste. They looked to be too big for this kind of thing anyway...

‘Look I didn’t put a lantern or a pumpkin out because I’m not doing trick or treat this year,’ she explained. ‘I’ve got nothing for you. I’m sorry but this isn’t a good time...’

‘No treats?’ the figure in the middle of the group asked.

‘No treats, just go please.’

‘Then we’ll do a trick on you,’ he said.

‘All right just get it over with...’ Grace said irritably.

He flourished his plastic trident and said: ‘If you do not respect and reward the powers abroad on this night, then you shall be cursed to bring a demon into this world...’

Then he jabbed the trident forward quickly so that it struck Grace on the neck. She flinched backwards in alarm, clutching at her throat. There had been something sharp in the tip of the trident which had stung her. Her fingers came away from her neck smeared in blood.

‘Oww...what the hell...’ she started to say. But already the numb coldness was spreading through her body and she swayed and sank to her knees as the three masked figures pushed into the hallway...

And then everything went black...

The next thing Grace recalled clearly was waking up sitting on one of the dining room chairs. No... not sitting on but bound to it by a rope tied about her neck and then about the back of the chair, holding her in place. Her arms were in turn bound behind her back and her knees and ankles were bound together and there was a rope from her neck that ran down to the one about her knees, keeping in the seated position with her head bowed forward. A rolled white linen napkin from her best dinner service had been tied about her head forming a gag. But even worse was that she was totally naked...

Still feeling confused and detached from whatever drug had been injected into her by the fake trident she looked about her, blinking foolishly

The three Halloween intruders were still wearing their demon masks, but they had stripped off the rest of their clothes and were as naked as she was. They looked like lean young men with rather pale skin. They were working in her sitting room.

They had pushed the furniture back to the walls and rolled up the big central rug, exposing the wood block flooring. On this they were carefully marking out a large pentagram in chalk, using a length of string tied to a nail hammered into the floor to mark its outer circle accurately. The string was then stretched to give straight lines on which to inscribe the sides of the pentagram within it. Then they busily began filling it with strange signs.

Grace began to moan and squirm about in fear and anger. What were they doing? If this was some adolescent Halloween prank then it had gone too far by miles.

One of the figures broke off from his work to come over to her. He took hold of her hair and twisted her head until she was looking up into his masked face.

‘You should have given us a treat. That would have saved you from this. But the rite decrees that whoever refuses must serve the unholy purpose...’

Oh God he meant it, Grace thought in horror. This was no game.

Helplessly she watched as they finished the pentagram. Then from the innocent looking Halloween caldrons they brought out six inch nails and hammered them into the floor at the points of the pentagram.

Then they came over to Grace. They untied her halter from the chair and dragged her across to the pentagram. She moaned and growled about her gag and tried to struggle but she was too tightly bound and they were too strong for her. All her struggles did was to make their penises swell and rise in terrible anticipation.

They laid Grace face-down on the floor. Her full soft breasts flattened against the cool woodblocks. One of them straddled her waist, holding her down while the other two stretched her halter rope out above her head and tied it to the nail on the tip of the pentagram. They untied her knees and ankles and then spread her legs wide and retied them to the nails hammered into the floor at the lowest points of the pentagram. Then they untied her hands and stretched her arms out until they could tie her wrists to the remaining two corners of the pentagram.

They stood up and she squirmed and moaned and struggled but she was helplessly spread out within the pentagram, fitted within its five angles. Her pale fleshy buttocks trembled as she struggled and she was horribly aware that the splay of her legs displayed the deep cleft pout of her pubes with its fine fuzz of golden hair.

From a caldron they took out a pot of red poster paint and a brush and began decorating her back and buttocks with more mystic symbols. She squirmed and whimpered at the touch of the cold paint so they slapped her bottom hard.

‘Hold still or else...’ one of them warned her grimly.

What were they doing?

When they were finished they took lengths of thick nylon cord knotted at the ends and tied to wooden handles out of their caldrons. Grace, twisting her head round to look after them, realized in horror they were makeshift lashes.

Together the three of them chanted: ‘Let her be prepared by sign, violation and chastisement as the vessel of the unholy one...’

And then they swung their lashes down across her helpless body. The nylon cords cut into the skin of her thighs, buttocks and back, making it shiver even as it they seared, scored and burned across her flesh, laying down a web of blazing red stripes that mingled with the symbols painted upon it. Their stiff penises jiggled and bobbed in front of them as they beat her.

Grace shrieked and sobbed and jerked at her bonds she squirmed within the pentacle under the rain of lash strokes. The soft flesh of her buttocks shivered and trembled as it was beaten again and again...

And then suddenly the beating ceased, leaving her shivering in fear.

One of the masked men knelt down between her twitching splayed thighs. Now he had a jar of petroleum jelly in his hands.

‘I will now open up and defile her rear passage to let evil in,’ he intoned.

He scooped up some of the jelly and forced it into her anus, greasing her rectum while she bucked and writhed in horror. Then he went down on top of her, his weight grinding into her sore lash marks buttocks. She felt the stiff head of his penis probing for her greased rear passage. Then he found it and rammed his shaft into her, sliding easily up her despite the desperate resistance of her sphincter.

Grace shrieked as her rectum was stretched unnaturally wide and filled with a pumping piston of hard flesh, relentlessly reaming her out. The only good thing was that he was already so aroused that he came quickly, spurting his hot seed inside her. He only rested across her back for a moment before pulling out of the clinging sheath of her backside and letting his friends take their turn.

All three of them solemnly and thoroughly sodomized her, each intoning the same words before he did so. Their thrusts rocked Grace back and forth on the hard floor, her helplessly erect nipples pressed against the wood even as they were lost in the soft flattened pillows of her breasts. By the time they were done Grace was reduced to a limp twitching wreck, totally overawed and despairing, while her rectum felt bruised and pummelled by the three young hard shafts. Feebly she prayed that now they had had their cruel fun with her they would go. But they were only just beginning...

With their sperm still dribbling out of her backside they untied her arms and legs from the corners of the pentagram, flipped her over onto her back and retied her splayed out wide. They brought out the poster paint again and marked the front of the body with their strange signs, decorating her breasts and about her navel and around her pubic mound. Then they produce two woven thorn rings from their caldrons. As Grace stared at them in horror and whined and shook her head they pinched her straining nipples and lifted her breasts up by them and then slid the thorn rings about them. Then they let her soft mounds drop back again, now contained within the rings of thorns that encircled them like collars of pain.

Even as she gasped and whimpered, the first of the masked men knelt between her splayed legs. His penis, drained and softened by his violation of her backside, was now stiffening and swelling once again. ‘By my cock let me prepare the way for the quickening of the unholy life within her...’ he intoned.

And he went down on top of her, sliding his shaft up into her deep soft pussy cleft and her hot vaginal passage beyond. His chest pressed down on her breasts, flattening them out further and pressing the rings of thorns into their sides. Grace shrieked as his manhood violated her and her breasts were horribly stabbed and pricked.

Sobbing in desperation she squeezed her sheath tight about his plunging cock in effort to speed up his coming and so relieve her of the terrible pain from the thorn rings. She stared up into his masked face through her own tear-filled eyes that bulged above her burning cheeks, while her teeth bit down hard onto her gag. She looked for sympathy in his eyes that she could see within the mask’s slots, but saw only grim determination to do what had to be done.

Such was her despair that she actually welcomed the feel of his sperm spurting up into her vagina when he finally came. He rested for a moment on top of her, pressing her breasts onto the terrible thorn rings and driving to a few more tears from her eyes. By now trickles of blood were

running down her belly and the sides of her chest onto the floor. Then he pulled out of her so that one of his companions could take his place.

By the time the third one of them had finished violating her Grace was half insensible, whimpering and trembling in pain and terrified that her breasts had been stabbed and slashed beyond repair. She could feel the hot blood seeping out of them into the terrible thorn rings. And yet in a primitive response to her violation, her nipples were still standing up hard and pulsating hotly. Her gaping cleft dripped her shameful juices and their sperm onto the chalk-marked woodblock floor under her bottom.

She looked up at them fearfully, praying that they had finally had their fun with her and would leave now. But they still had one more macabre ritual to carry out...

From one of their caldrons they took out a grotesque sponge rubber little daemon figure, the sort of thing you might find in novelty shop to give as a humorous gift. But they handled it reverently, coating it all over with petroleum jelly until it was slippery and glistening. One knelt down between her legs and carefully pushed the thing up into her slimy, sore and bruised love mouth, folding it up and forcing it into her vagina. She whimpered as its strange contours ground against the walls of her sheath. When it was as far in as his fingers could push they brought a cucumber from her kitchen and use it to force the compressed rubber toy as far up into her sheath as possible, making her belly bulge as it filled her.

When she was stuffed and her labia had closed about her bulging vagina the three picked up their nylon lashes once again and stood in a ring about her.

'Now you will give birth to this representation of the demon child in preparation for your destiny...'

What did they mean? Were they insane? They began to lash her, the knotted cords hissing and smacking into her belly and across her bloody, thorn ringed breasts. And Grace shrieked and strained her stomach muscles and the walls of her vagina, recalling how she had pushed to expel her own children and now using that memory to force the grotesque rubber toy out of her.

Grace strained and sobbed and screamed and sweated as little by little she pushed the thing out of her vagina until its head emerged from between her labia, looking slimy and evil. And then with a last effort she popped it out in a sticky mess onto the floor, then sank back panting.

The three masked men lowered their lashes, looked each other and nodded.

'It is done,' they agreed. 'The way is prepared...'

While Grace still lay spread-eagled and bound to the floor, exhausted and trembling, with sweat, blood, sperm and pussy juices drying under her, they dressed again in their street clothes. Then swiftly but calmly they gathered up the things they had brought with them. Grace shrieked as they pulled the thorn rings from her breasts, adding a few more scratches to her bloody and lacerated mammarys. Then two of the masked men went to the door. The last one bent over Grace and loosened one of the ropes that bound her wrists to the pentagram.

'You are blessed,' he told her sincerely.

And then he left as well and she heard the front door shut behind them.

It took Grace several minutes to work her hand free and then untie all the other ropes that bound her to the floor. Fearfully and unsteadily she got up and stumbled to the bathroom. She looked in the mirror to see what damage been done to her breasts by the thorn rings. Her chest was covered in streaks of blood. She took out cotton swabs and disinfectant and carefully wiped the blood from them, whimpering in pain as she did so. When they were cleaned up she saw, to her relief, that although they were badly scratched and pricked and still seeping with blood, they felt far worse than they actually were.

But that was only a very small mercy. She was horribly aware of her aching pussy mouth and sperm still oozing from it and her anus, and the terrible memory of how she had been abused and defiled.

She knew she should call the police to tell them what happened. But she was so tired. She had to lie down. Yes, if she took just a few minutes to regain her strength and get her thoughts in order then she could explain what had happened to her properly. After all, the whole thing had been so macabre that if it wasn't for the physical injuries she had suffered it would have seemed like a bad dream...

Still naked Grace staggered into her bedroom and half fell across her bed. Feebly she pulled the duvet across her to keep warm...

Grace awoke in darkness. Oh God, how long had she slept? She must get to the phone and tell the police what had happened...

But as she tried to move she realized that her sore and tingling breasts now seemed unnaturally hot and heavy. Had they become infected from the thorn rings? She clutched at them and squeezed and felt warm milk spurting ecstatically from their engorged nipples.

And then she realized that her stomach was aching and felt strangely bloated. She threw off the duvet and reached down...

Grace screamed as she felt her swollen pregnant belly pulsing and full of unnatural life...

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... Victoria pulled away from the limbo tank in confusion and revulsion. No! That was impossible...

Then she realized there was a strange pressure about her neck and something was clinking as she moved.

Belphegor was standing close to her holding the end of a heavy chain leash in his big hand. It was connected to a thick black leather spiked collar that was now buckled about Victoria's neck.

For a moment she clutched at it by reflex, trying to pull it off, fearing its construction and imagining she was choking. Then with an effort she forced herself to breathe normally and lowered her hands once again. This was just Belphegor playing out his strange game. It meant nothing... To her shame, however, her pussy was pulsating with a strange thrill of dark excitement at the knowledge she had been collared and leashed by such a charismatic and masterful man. Was this what the demonettes felt all the time? No, don't think like that! Focus, focus...

'That could not be a real story, Master,' she said. 'I mean she was not actually knocked up with some demon baby in reality. She must have been having a nightmare... or something.'

'What is real?' Belphegor mused. 'It is said that we make our own hells. Some people are destined to live in them...'

'I still don't believe it, Master,' Victoria said firmly.

'You want to see more believable horror then? Very well, but I don't promise that it will seem any more palatable...'

This time he literally led her into the next room, with her trailing after him like some exotic pet, her heels clicking and her bells in jingling shamefully. She was not sure how much more of this she could take...

The limbo tank in the next room was labelled: *Betrayal*.

Within Victoria saw a young man and woman in the act of leaving a pleasant looking country pub, bearing the sign the Red Lion. She knew it was a tranquil and peaceful day in early summer, before the tourist season got into full swing. She looked in deeper...

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... Judy Foster glared at Duncan as they crossed the car park of the Red Lion. He was grinning foolishly about him and stumbling slightly as he went. He had drunk too much, once again, and it was only lunch time.

'Duncan, why do you always have to have that extra pint?' she asked him for what felt like twentieth time.

'Now listen Jude, you know I can handle it. And I'm not driving, am I? Now that would be irar... ireee... irresponsible. And I am not... that thing. So don't be so down on me. It's just that I like to get... a little mellow at lunchtime. You see?'

But as he wagged his finger in her face to emphasise his point, he lurched to one side and struck the rear carry frame of a large highly polished black and silver motorbike, one of a pair that was parked by the pub wall. It came off its stand and toppled over into the machine next to it, knocking it over as well and they both fell with a loud crash and grinding of metal to the ground.

'Oh, Duncan!' Judy wailed. 'You stupid idiot!'

Duncan looked at the bikes for a moment and then giggled foolishly. 'It's all right, Jude... no damage done...'

He tried to lift the machines upright but they were too heavy for him.

'What the fucking hell are you doing to our bikes!' a voice roared out from the corner of the pub.

Two large men in studded black leathers and black crash helmets, from under which manes of long hair flowed, were striding angrily towards them.

'I'm so sorry,' Judy said quickly, stepping forward to stand between them and Duncan. 'I'm afraid my boyfriend's had a bit too much to drink. Of course he'll pay for any damage, won't you, Duncan?'

Not for the first time Judy found her looks and fresh-faced sincerity working to her advantage, as the sight of her diverted the two men's anger and their menacing advance slowed as they looked her up and down. She had a pleasant heart-shaped face, clear blue eyes and long silver blonde hair woven into a single thick plait leaving a fringe over her forehead. She had a good figure, shown off to its best advantage by a tight tailored blouse with a plunging neckline and cut-off denim shorts. Judy felt a small illicit thrill at their obvious approval of her body. If only Duncan reacted like that more often... like he used to...

An affectation of roughly chivalrous good manners suddenly seemed to overtake the two bikers as they looked from Duncan to their fallen bikes and then back to Judy.

'Well, since this pretty lady has apologised so nicely,' the bigger of them said, 'you pay us a score for any scratches and we'll leave it at that...'

But Duncan had seen the way they had looked at Judy. 'Hey, she's mine, right!' he said angrily, grabbing Judy by the wrist. 'You keep your eyes off her! And if you parked your bikes better they wouldn't fall over...'

With that he half dragged Judy out of the car park and down the road.

'Duncan, that was stupid!' Judy said. 'It was your fault and you know it. Now go back and apologise properly and pay up.'

'I'm not apologising to those two greasy wankers! Now let's get home...'



But just then Judy heard the roar of motorbikes starting up behind them. She looked back to see the two bikers emerging from the car park and turning towards them.

‘Duncan... I think they’re coming after us!’

They began to run down the road. A little way ahead was the mouth of the footpath that ran through Oldacre Woods to Hazelmeade. They reached it just in front of the two bikers and turned off the road down the narrow grass pathway which ran between two fields before it plunged into the woods.

Judy breathed sigh of relief as the two bikes shot past the turning, surprised by their sudden change of direction.

‘There, you see there was no need to panic,’ Duncan said airily. ‘They were just messing around...’

And then Judy heard the sound of the bikes growing louder again. Suddenly they appeared at the head of the pathway. They bumped off the road and over the grass verge, squeezed between the entrance posts and then plunged down along the footpath.

‘We’re coming to get you, tosser!’ the lead rider shouted.

‘The bastards!’ Duncan exclaimed as he turned and ran with Judy at his heels.

It was only the narrowness and roughness of the path that prevented the bikers from catching them before they reach the woods. Keeping up with Duncan’s stumbling flight, Judy hoped they might lose their pursuers in their cover, because the woods were crisscrossed with smaller paths branching off from the main one that cut through their middle to Hazelmeade.

They plunged into the shade between the trees with the bikers hard on their heels. They were almost safe, Judy thought.

But by now Duncan was staggering and panting, struggling under the influence of his lunchtime over-indulgence.

‘Got to... get my... breath,’ he panted, sagging and clutching at a tree for support.

‘No! We’ve got to hide...’ Judy shouted, trying to drag him off the main path into cover.

But it was too late.

The bikers roared up, spraying leaves and dirt from their wheels as they circled round them, churning gouges out of the earth and penning them against the tree Duncan was clutching. Judy shrank back from roar of their engines.

‘You should have paid up like the lady said, tosser!’ one of them shouted at Duncan.

‘You mark our bikes, we mark you!’ the other snarled.

‘Send your woman away if you don’t want her to see some blood...’

Duncan was cringing against the tree, all his bluster gone, looking about him desperately for some means of escape. ‘Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...’ he was muttering under his breath.

Judy stared at him in dismay and growing contempt. Why had she hoped for anything better from him? She should have left him a month ago.

‘Shut up, give me all the money you’ve got and let me do the talking,’ she said.

‘I’ve only got a fiver left!’ Duncan protested. ‘That’s why I didn’t pay up in the car park!’

‘What? You drank all that! You greedy idiot, how can we buy them off now...?’

Suddenly Duncan seemed to focus on her and a strange look of calculation filled his eyes. ‘I know how we can buy them off...’

He pulled Judy in front of him, reached round to the neck of her blouse and tore it open, snapping her bra and jerking her breasts out of its cups. As she squirmed in his grasp in horror and disbelief he shouted: ‘You can have her as payment if you like! She’s got too much to say for herself anyway. If you can catch her, you can have her...’

He gave Judy a shove that sent her sprawling face down onto the soft earth and leaf litter. As the bikers swerved to avoid her Duncan staggered off through the trees.

The bikers circled round Judy, grinning at her exposed breasts and clearly undecided whether to follow Duncan or stay with her. As the roar of their engines and the fumes from their exhausts filled her ears and nose, she huddled up, trying to pull her torn blouse together, feeling shocked and wretched and very frightened. How could Duncan do this to her? He was such a shit... a total coward!

‘Are you ready to pay for what your man did?’ one asked as he circled round her.

‘He’s not my man!’ Judy sobbed. ‘I’m not paying anything on his behalf now or ever! You go after him if you want to, I don’t care! I just want to go home...’

She scrambled to her feet and tried to dodge around the circling bikes but they would not let her past. Feeling fear and panic mounting within her she snatched up a dead branch and swung it at them. She did not actually expect the blow to connect; she just wanted to make them keep their distance. But her sudden show of resistance caught them by surprise and the branch smacked into the visor of one of the riders and he swerved wildly, almost coming off his bike.

Taking advantage of his confusion Judy sprinted for a bank at the top of which the trees grew thicker. Anywhere they could not follow her on two wheels. But the second biker roared after her, powering his bike up the bank after her, spraying ripped earth behind it. A heavy hand punched her on the back, knocking her off her feet.

Judy slithered and tumbled and rolled back down to the main pathway. Before she could gather her wits again the men had clambered off their bikes and grabbed hold of her. Desperately she kicked at their shins but she could not make any impression through their riding boots. A hard slap across her cheek made her head ring and crushed the last shreds of her resistance. The aroma clinging to their leathers enveloped her: sweat, petrol, beer and cigarette smoke. They were big and strong and she was small and helpless...

‘We thought you were a lady, but maybe your man was right,’ one growled. ‘You need teaching your proper place. And as he’s legged it you’ve also got to pay for the damage to our bikes...’

‘We’ve seen your jugs,’ his companion said. ‘What about the rest? Is it worth some scratches?’

She squirmed feebly between them but it was far too late. Fear and despair had even robbed her of the ability to shout for help and she could only whimper and mumble pathetically as they dragged and tore the clothes off her. Her blouse, ripped bra, denim shorts and panties all were flung aside until she stood trembling naked before the two men.

They paused to admire results of their handiwork. Judy’s skin was clear with a light golden tan. Her breasts were not large but they were prominent and capped by swollen pale brown nipples. Sparse pale golden hairs did little to conceal the deep pink gash of her pussy mouth through which the crinkled tongue of her inner labia pouted enticingly. Her legs were slim and her bottom cheeks were smooth and invitingly rotund.

She knew what they were going to do and she knew she could do nothing to stop them. Her stomach was churning in fear and dread and yet she also felt her nipples tingling and hardening and her pussy growing wet. This could not be happening to her...

‘Yeah... maybe this one is worth a few scratches, eh?’ one said to his companion. ‘Once we’ve taught her some manners...’

‘Maybe she needs a little drag ride to soften her up and teach her how to behave properly?’

‘Let’s give it a go...’

They dragged Judy over to their bikes. One held her firmly while the other opened up his luggage box and pulled out a length of wire tow rope. They bound one end about Judy's wrists crossed in front of her and hooked the other to the back of the bike. Then they climbed back onto their saddles kicked the bikes into life again.

They moved away slowly dragging Judy after them. With her arms dragged out before her the wire rope cut painfully into her wrists and she had to stumble along after them or else be pulled off her feet.

They turned off the main pathway and rode up narrower less used tracks. After a few minutes they came to a grassy open glade, shielded from rest of the woods by a thick belt of trees.

'This'll do...' one called out.

They began to ride the bikes around in circles within the little clearing, one dragging Judy after him and the other following on behind to observe her progress. Gradually they increase their speed until she was pounding desperately along with the wire tow rope stretched taut. In between gasping for breath she was shrieking and sobbing and pleading with them, but they took no notice.

Judy tripped and fell, but they did not slow down. She was dragged over the rough grass and dirt and dead leaves, rolling over and slithering from side to side, sobbing in pain as her naked body was pummelled and scratched and bruised. It seemed to go on for a very long time...

She was so battered and shaken and breathless that she hardly realized at first when they finally stopped. They came over to her as she lay sprawled on the ground, panting for breath and whimpering feebly; her body streaked and messy with grass sap, brown earth and blood from several minor scratches.

One of them took hold of her plait and lifted her head so she had to look at them. 'Are you going to be a good little girl and do what you're told from now on?'

'Y... yes... I'll be a good girl...' Judy whimpered.

'Are you sorry for your man damaging our bikes?'

'Yes... Yes I'm sorry for what Duncan did...'

'Are you sorry for trying to get away from us when you should have paid up?'

'Yes... I'm sorry for that.'

'So... how are you going to pay for it?'

This was what it was all about. They wanted her to pay them with the only thing she had left to offer. They wanted her to humiliate and degrade herself for their pleasure and all because Duncan had been a stupid, selfish, coward...

A weary sense of resignation filled her. She had been betrayed by Duncan, her relationship with him had crashed and burned. It had all been such a waste. She felt so wretched anyway what did it matter now who screwed her?

'You can... have me...' she said meekly. 'You can screw me as payment... right here and now...'

They unhitched the end of the wire rope from the bike and dragged Judy across the grass. Her legs were so weak and shaky that she could not have walked anyway. They pulled her arms up above her head and bound the rope about the trunk of a big oak tree so that she lay in a hollow between its spreading roots.

'Make yourself look properly inviting then,' one of them told her.

Feebly Judy spread her legs wide, bending her knees and turning her thighs out so that her plump pussy with its thin pubic bush was totally exposed. To her horror and dismay she felt her inner labia swelling and pouting wetly out through her cleft in anticipation.

‘Looks like this little tart’s ready for a bit of action!’ one observed.

They pulled off their helmets so they could enjoy her properly and she saw their bristled, weather-beaten faces filled with delight while the crotches of their trousers were bulging in anticipation. Would they be any better or worse than Duncan?

They actually played rock-paper-scissors between them to decide who would have her first. That was how little her body, pride and virtue meant now. The winner tore down his trousers, exposing a straining cock and heavy, hairy ball sack, and then he lay down over Judy, his stained teeth bared in crude triumph.

She groaned as she felt his hard shaft ram up into her vagina, plugging her to the hilt. Then with brutal heavy thrusts he began to pump away inside her.

At first she lay limp under him but gradually her vagina began gripping him with growing urgency. She just wanted this whole disgusting process over and done with but her body was responding by instinct to his hard masculine presence on top of and within her. She was helplessly getting aroused. No, she did not like him: he and his friend repulsed her. But she could not ignore them. Her hard nipples ground against the studs of his biking leathers while raw need began to grow in her belly. How long was it since Duncan had seen to her with such passion? Why hadn’t he been more of a man?

But before she could climax, the man had spouted within her.

‘Oh... fuck yes!’ he cried in delight.

He pulled out of Judy’s clinging vagina and rolled aside and his companion eagerly took his place, ripping up a handful of grass to wipe her dribbling cleft clean and then thrusting his own shaft in to plug its gaping, violated passageway. And to her shame and confusion Judy almost welcomed him inside her. She wanted to get something out of this whole awful business and perhaps one decent orgasm was it.

Meanwhile his friend lay on the grass propped up on one elbow, grinning as he looked on, giving him words of advice and laughing at Judy’s second defilement

‘That’s right, mate, stick it up her! No need to go easy. This one likes it rough, don’t you, love? You stick with us and you get plenty more of this. You’re just a little whore, aren’t you? Was that what your lousy boyfriend meant when he threw you at us? Do you often buy him out of tight spots with your cunt? Well we don’t mind getting paid in pussy, so you keep it coming and may be... uhh!

Being ground underneath the body of his companion Judy was only half aware of the sharp crack that ended the other biker’s commentary. Before she could fully take it in she was aware of a figure looming over her and then something flashed through the air and there was another sharp crack. The biker on top of her jerked and went limp. Then he was hauled off her and rolled aside, dragging his hard shaft out of her. She blinked away her tears and looked up into Duncan’s wild eyes.

The bikers were lying very still on the grass. There was blood on the back of their heads. Duncan stood over her with a dead tree branch in his hands that he was holding like a club. She looked up at him in disbelief feeling strange conflicted emotions of relief and shame. He had come back for her... but only after letting her suffer so much.

But filled with the fire of triumphant revenge there was no sympathy in his face or voice. ‘I heard what you said to them!’ he snarled. ‘You like those stinking bikers better than me, do

you? What are you, some kind of slut who gets a kick out of being slapped about and gang banged? Well if that's what you want...

He loosened the wire rope from around the tree and jerked it higher up the trunk, dragging Judy onto her feet. He tied it again at about waist height and then twisted her round to face the trunk and pulled her away from it until her upper body was bent over and her arms outstretched.

'Duncan... what are you doing?' she gasped. 'Untie me... We got to get away before they wake up...'

'If they wake up I'll just hit them again!' he said with manic assurance. 'But I'm not going until I've seen to you. Maybe they were right. Maybe you do like it rough. Perhaps I should have been harder on you from the beginning? Let's see shall we...?'

He braced one end of his improvised club branch against the root hollow and forced the other up between her thighs so that it slid up into her vagina.

Judy shrieked as its rough shaft ground into her already bruised sheath, stretching her labia unnaturally wide. She twisted and squirmed as she tried to push it out of her, but with one end braced against the tree and with her upper body pulled onto it by the wire rope she could not get free. She was impaled: trapped with her bottom thrust outward and her breasts hanging underneath her.

'Duncan... please... it hurts!'

'It's meant to. And you'll be hurting more in a minute...'

He strode off amongst the trees, rooting about in the long grass until he found a thinner dead branch with a spray of dry twigs on its end. He brought it back to her swishing it through the air. He took up position beside her and laid the branch across her trembling buttocks, already dirty and bloody from being dragged behind a motorbike.

'See how much you like this,' he told her.

The branch swished through the air and its rough twigs struck her bottom with a rattle of dry wood on soft flesh.

Judy shrieked as the spray of twigs cut into her sore skin. Fresh lacerations and burning score marks appeared across her bottom cheeks. Even worse the force of the blow made her jerk against the branch stuffed up inside her distended pussy mouth. Its bark scraped her sheath walls, adding to my misery.

Duncan beat her mercilessly until her bottom was a mass of scores and livid scratches. Some of them began to bleed, trickling down her thighs. At the same time her pussy, stimulated to desperation, was practically gushing lubrication around the terrible rough branch end grinding away within it.

Judy shrieked and sobbed and whimpered, her tears dripping to the ground from burning eyes. Duncan saw her breasts jiggling and bouncing about freely and swung a few strokes up under her body to lash across them, painting their smooth globes with rough red scars and scratches.

'Beg for it!' he snarled. 'Like you did with them! Beg to have my cock up your arse!'

'Uhh... please... oww... Duncan screw me.... eekk.... up my bum hole... ahhh... fuck me... uhh... hard!'

And a desperate part of her did want him inside her because it was the only possible antidote to her suffering. Duncan dropped the branch and ripped open his trousers, freeing his straining cock. He took hold of her sore and bloody hips and rammed his shaft up into her tight bottom hole. She felt her sphincter give way and then she sobbed as he filled her rectum. But the pressure from the branch plugging her front passage combined with ramming of his cock up

her rear was too terrible. This was too much and it was wonderful and awful at the same time and she hated Duncan and all men but she was going to cum... she was going to cum at last...!

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... Victoria pulled back from the side of limbo tank only to totter wildly.

Suddenly she could no longer keep her balance. Her heels seemed to have grown ridiculously high, pushing her off her feet. As she fell forward she threw out her hands to stop herself hitting the floor. But her hands were now bound up inside bizarre black leather fetish extension boots locked about her wrists. Their soles and impossibly high spindly heels struck the floor and she wobbled braced upon them and her toes. Her hands were enclosed and hidden. It was almost as though she now had four feet.

Belphegor loomed over her still holding her chain leash. Suddenly she was his dog, kneeling at his feet. She tried to stand upright but she could not do so unless she could balance on her toes like a ballet dancer and she fell back onto all fours, supported by her new and grotesquely clad limbs. Her coiled bell-tipped tail now bobbed above her bare buttocks while her bell-hung breasts now swayed beneath her. She realized her red painted naked sex lips were now pouting and flashing from between her thighs.

Belphegor gave a warning jerk on her chain and she trembled, feeling his masterful power. 'From now on I want you like this. This is the final stage of my improvement of you, do you understand, Victoria? I have expanded your mental and emotional horizons through the limbo tanks are now I am enabling you see the world about you from another new viewpoint. Make the most of the experience...'

'Yes, Master,' she said fearfully and meekly. But she did not know how much more she could take. This was getting weird and frightening beyond words. How much more was expected to suffer for a story? She felt her nerve failing her and her resolution shredding away. No-one else would have gone through what she had to get an exclusive interview.

'Now tell me what you thought of Judy's experiences? Did you enjoy her earthy encounters more than Grace's "unbelievable" Halloween ordeal?'

Desperately Victoria gathered her wits. 'It didn't matter if it was more believable, Master. They're still about women being cruelly treated by men. Why were they such bastards?'

'I only reflect human nature, I do not attempt to explain it. These events are what they are: indisputably true and accurate. If they contain images of suffering they also contain examples of courage and determination. Is that not also worth celebrating?'

'Master, what happened to Judy afterwards? What happened to all this women I've seen today?'

'You might say they have a second life here. They live through their interaction with the visitors. It is really all they can hope for now. You might think of it as a memorial to them...'

The demonette film crew moved closer, focusing on the expression on Victoria's face as, with terrible foreboding, she understood at last. 'All those women... they were all real people. And now they're all dead.'

'Yes,' Belphegor said simply.

'But... they're not copies or illusions inside the tanks are they? They're the actual women themselves! Their... their soles! You got them all trapped in there, replaying their lives again and again as your exhibits!'

'They live again through the minds of you and the other visitors,' Belphegor said.

That was not possible. None of this was possible! It was a living nightmare!

And that was the moment when Victoria's nerve finally snapped.

With a convulsive jerk she yanked her leash chain from Belphegor's hand and bounded on all fours out of the room, with the clicking of her two sets of high heels and a jingle from her three silver bells. She passed the other tanks with their lost souls trapped inside them: those souls whose minds she had melded with, whose personalities she had briefly worn like new sets of clothes! She scrambled through the main Hall and down the service stairs back towards the side door.

Connor had said he would wait for her but that was ages ago. She had not seen a clock within the gallery and she had no idea what the time was now. Maybe it was even night outside? But whether he was there or not, she would not stay inside the gallery a minute longer. She had to get away from all this death and despair!

She reached the side door. Beside it her clothes still hung on the rack. But she could not wait to dress herself even if she could have used her hands. She didn't care if anybody saw her like this. Just had to get out of here! She scrabbled at the door latches with her booted hands and it came open.

She bounded out into the open and down the goods ramp. She half expected it to be dark but it was still daylight. And there was Connor's car. She raced over to it and reared up and pounded on the side window. She saw him look round at her in utter astonishment, then he reached over and threw the door open. She scrambled into the passenger seat and he goggled at her transformation incredulously.

'Drive!' she screamed. 'Just get me away from this place?'

'What the hell have you been playing at?'

'Trying to get your fucking interview, of course!'

'But you've only be in there ten minutes!'

'What?'

He pointed at the clock on the dashboard. 'You've only been gone ten minutes! How the hell did you get yourself into this state in ten minutes?'

Victoria clasped her grotesque booted hands against the sides of the head. "Hell"! Yes, that was where she had been. 'I'll you everything but just get me away from here!' she screamed.

Connor saw the horror and despair on her face and did not argue any further. He started the car and they pulled away.

Victoria huddled up in the passenger seat trying to cover herself, suddenly acutely aware of her grotesque appearance and nakedness. Anybody could see her like this. Was there a rug in the back?

Then they rounded a corner and saw the mob of placard waving, screaming, shouting protesters bursting through the police cordon and running like a human wave towards them. The car screeched to a halt as they were engulfed.

Fists pounded on the car windows and wild, angry, excited, determined faces stared in at them. They locked onto Victoria as she huddled naked in her purple hair and grotesque make-up and accessories.

'That's one of Belphegor's women!' somebody screamed.

'Evil Lesbo!'

'Unholy harlot!'

'Get her!'

Glass shattered and the car door was wrenched open. Connor tried to hold onto her but she was torn from his grasp.

A dozen hands pulled at her and clawed at her and carried her off through the jeering, shouting, heaving crowd. Victoria screamed and struggled and kicked but they were too strong for her. She felt herself being sucked up into a maelstrom of confused sounds and shapes and wild motion.

Suddenly a door banged shut and it got darker. They were inside some enclosed space and the sounds of the mob were fading away. Just a handful of people were with her now, still holding her wrapped up in their arms as she twisted and sobbed. They went up two long flights of echoing concrete stairs and through another door out into a lofty space smelling of damp and decay. There were bare concrete pillars and tall grubby windows and piles of rubbish in the corners. It must be some deserted industrial unit or storehouse in the redevelopment planned near the gallery. But who were her captors and why they brought here...?

She was dragged upright and her back was slammed against one of the pillars, flattening her bell-hung tail. Determined hands held her arms painfully outstretched and pulled backwards, bracing her in place. Her ridiculous heels meant she could not put her feet down properly so she stood with her knees bent outward.

Two women and four men in their thirties and forties, all with flushed excited faces and the same fanatical light in their eyes, were staring at her. In repose their faces might have seemed perfectly respectable. Now, filled with burning purpose, they were terrifying. Victoria saw crucifixes and strings of black beads glinting prominently.

‘Look at her! This lesbian whore actually dared go outside in public like that!’

‘All part of his evil exhibition. She was a living advert for it!’

‘How dare she show herself? Look at this...’ a hand yanked on one of her nipple bells, stretching her breast and making her yelp in pain.

A crucifix was thrust up into Victoria’s face. ‘Repent your evil master, child!’

‘No...’ Victoria protested, ‘I’m a reporter... I... was just doing a story on Belphegor...’

‘A reporter!’ came the incredulous response. ‘What do you take us for you perverted creature?’

‘Lies, all lies! She is his agent, a deceiver!’

‘Can we save her soul?’

‘Only by prayer and by deed. First she must be corrected like all homosexuals. Shocked out of her unnatural practices. You know what means...’

‘Shock tactics... do it while she is weak and confused...’

‘It is a sin...’

‘But in a greater cause...’

‘She must be made more receptive first...’

‘Tie her properly. Find something to use...’

They scabbled amongst the litter of rubbish in the corners of the room and came back with some lengths of old electric cable. Roughly they bound Victoria’s wrists behind the pillar and a couple more lengths went about her neck and waist.

‘Chastise her! Drive the evil from her...’

They used more cable and a length of old rope as whips and beat her. Victoria shrieked and moaned as they cut scores and welts across her body from neck to knee. Her silver nipple bells were made to ring wildly as her breasts bounced and jiggled about. Cuts and welts opened up across her body as the wire ends of the cables slashed flesh and she began to drip with blood.

She thought of Father John beating poor Bernadette. Life was imitating art... or was it the other way round? Which side of Belphegor’s mirror was she on now?



How to stop them beating her to death in their holy mission to save her?

'I repent, I repent!' she shrieked but she was not sure they heard her, so caught up were they in their holy fervour. She saw trouser crotches bulging... In desperation she let her bladder go and peed over the concrete floor, the splashes making them jump back.

One pointed a trembling hand: 'See, the evil is leaving her!'

'Correct her now, bring her back to the light...'

One man pressed up against her, fumbling at his trousers. Then he grasped her hips and a shockingly hard and erect penis was rammed up her between her scarlet painted sex lips.

He grunted as he ground her bare bottom against the rough concrete of the pillar, bending the wire brace of her tail within her rectum at the same time. And with each thrust the others cried out: 'Repent, repent!' and: 'Return to the light of your Maker!'

After all the memories of so many violations she had shared within the gallery, for the first time today she had a real cock inside her, and real blood streaming from her body and a real chest grinding her lacerated breasts against it. It was all so familiar and yet at the same time so starkly fresh and shocking.

The man came and for a moment his face melted into an expression of surprised and guilty bliss. And then he pulled out of her and another man stepped forward. He carefully wiped her sex mouth with a handkerchief before ramming his own hard shaft up inside her to drive the devil out.

'Repent, repent...'

They were trying to screw the evil out of her and bring her back to what they imagined was a caring God. It would be funny if it was not so terrible and she was not so afraid. And then a new twist was added...

Through her bleary eyes she saw between the heads and shoulders of her violators Connor crouching in the shadows in the far corner of the room. He had his camera to his eye. He was filming them screwing her. He was getting his scoop!

*GLOBOLINK REPORTER ASSAULTED BY FANATICAL ANTI-BELPHEGOR DEMONSTRATORS...*

What a headline! She'd be famous and infamous and praised and despised and it all meant nothing, because she had seen where it all ended...

'Who's that?' one of her abusers suddenly shouted.

'He's got a camera!'

'Stop him!'

They had seen Connor and perhaps realized what they were doing might not look so justified to more critical eyes. They made a mad dash to capture him and he dashed away. Even the man who had been inside Victoria pulled out and ran after Connor, trying to stuff his cock away at the same time.

Intentionally or not Connor had given her a chance. Victoria strained and squirmed and jerked against the cables that bound her to the pillar. They had only been roughly tied with their ends twisted together and they began to loosen and give. As the mob of religious fanatics chased Connor round the room she managed to pull her arms free and then dug her hand heels underneath the cables about her neck and waist and twisted until they came apart.

She dropped down onto all fours once again with a jingle of bells. Where was the door she had been brought through?

'She's got free!'

'Don't let her escape!'

Abandoning their chase for Connor they came charging back shouting and screaming at her, hemming her in. She bounded away from them in terror, her bloody breasts bouncing swaying and her bells jingling with insane merriment, looking for some means of escape. They had been using her like all the other women in the exhibition had been used, but they were not going to capture her again. But the way to the door was blocked... there was only the window left...

Victoria burst through it in a shower of glass out into the open air.  
It was such a long way down...

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... Victoria woke up lying on something warm and soft.

That sensation was so wonderful that for some moments she simply lay at ease, relishing not being in pain. Then she shook her head. Where was she?

Her surroundings seemed to swim into focus about her. It was Connor's bed in his apartment. And she was lying on it naked and spread-eagled with her wrists and ankles enclosed by familiar cuffs that stretched her outwards to the four corners. A red ball gag plugged her mouth.

Frantically she glanced down her body but all the accessories Belphegor had fitted to her were gone. She was back to normal again! But how had she got here? The last thing she remembered was... falling?

And then the bedroom door opened and Belphegor, wearing a purple robe, walked in.

Victoria's eyes bulged in horror and she squirmed and tugged at her cuffs but she could get free. She tried to call out for Connor around her gag, but she could make a sound. Belphegor stood over her. And then she realized he was not wearing his dark glasses... and that his eyes were not human.

But then of course neither was he. "Belphegor" had never been an alias...

He stripped off his robe exposing a powerful body dusted with curling black hair. She saw his genitals swelling into rampant erection and tried to scream again. He clambered onto the bed and mounted her. The upper shaft went into her vagina and the lower one into her rectum. They filled her completely and totally and terribly and wonderfully...

'You could not have done anything to prevent it,' he said, as he rode her steadily and powerfully. 'It was always going to end this way. You didn't think the exhibition finished at the front door of the gallery did you? To quote old Bill: all the world's a stage... and I want you for my next installation, now that you qualify...'

And then she knew for certain how far she had fallen...

'Your story will never end,' he assured her, 'celebrating both your pain and your courage, but neither will you be missed. You are a work of art now and the world will adjust to accommodate your existence, changing here and there as necessary. *Vita brevis, ars longas...*'

And he came inside her and she rose to meet him and a glorious orgasm washed through her which wiped away all her doubts and fears and left her at peace...

'I find female humans so fascinating to study and collect. And I do my best to preserve the brief lives of a few of you a little longer than they would otherwise endure...'

Belphegor pulled out of her clinging orifices, got off the bed and put on his robe again.

'The next person who comes through this door will be perfectly familiar to you. And when you see him everything will seem perfectly normal again and you'll forget all this... until I make my rounds again...'

Then the wall of the limbo tank closed behind him...

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Vanessa Somerton yelped and writhed under Connell McDuffie's lashing.

She tugged at the chains and cuffs that bound her to his bed, lifting up her hips to invite more. Her pert pale bottom was turning a bright pink. It was a price worth paying to keep the editor of the London Bureau of Globalink News watching over her career. After all she was only twenty three and was not really that talented.

But for some reason today Connell's heart was not in it. When he did mount her it took him a long time to cum, as though his mind was on other things. She was worried he was losing interest in her and wondered what more she could do to spice up their relationship.

But afterwards, as they lay together, he put her mind at rest.

'It's not you,' he assured her. 'I went to see Belphegor's *Flesh and Depravity* exhibition yesterday.'

'I've heard the tickets for that are like gold dust,' Vanessa exclaimed. 'Sold out.'

'Somebody I knew had a sudden change of plan and I picked one up.'

'Well, what was it like?'

'Sorry, you can't really describe it. But there was one of his limbo tanks that had something really disturbing in, at least for me.'

'What?'

'Just don't you freak out,' he warned her.

'Why should I?'

'Well it was a slice out of the life of a girl, a reporter for something called Globalink News. Her name was... Victoria Somersby.'

'Oh.'

'And she had a boss called Connor McDuff. And they both looked a bit like... well, us.'

'Oh, I see. Well, it must just be a coincidence. What happened to them?'

'They went after a story which seemed very important... but the trouble is now I can't remember all the details. You don't see it all clearly in the tank. And after you leave what you remember seems to get confused and blurred. But I know it ended badly.'

Vanessa had never seen Connell looking so troubled. This really had got to him.

'I've heard Belphegor never gives an interview,' she said. 'But he likes going round with his pretty fetish girls; those demonettes, right? Well maybe I can send him a few pics of me with my tits out saying I'm his greatest fan. That should get me in. An exclusive interview wouldn't do my career any harm right now...'

'No,' Connell said sharply. 'It's not worth it. Leave him alone.'

'Okay,' Vanessa said, taken aback. 'Well, what was this exhibit called that got you so worked up?'

'It was called... *The Price of Ambition*.'

**THE END...?**