



The Bondage Parlour Part 3



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

THE BONDAGE PARLOUR

PART 3

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Chapter Seven

When Stephanie, Keiko, Jasmine and Laurel were taken out into the bondage parlour's small closed garden courtyard that afternoon they found a shiny black unmarked transit van had been backed into it through its high solid gateway. Stephanie trembled not only at the sight of the vehicle but also from a renewed sense of exposure.

It was strange after having been naked for so long that she should suddenly feel exposed, but this was the first time she had been outside without her cage. Except while demonstrating devices for clients in the showroom she had lived inside her teardrop cage without a break for nearly a month. It had been her prison and yet now she found herself missing it in a strange and disturbing manner that she could not fully understand or explain. Had it become her home and a kind of cocoon protecting her from the outside world? That's was a very disturbing thought...

Of course she was not unrestrained, that would have been unthinkable for a bondage parlour slave girl. Like the others she wore ankle hobbles and a chastity belt to the back of which her wrists were cuffed. In addition their collars were linked together forming them into a coffle. Presumably both to protect their bare feet on their trip out and for show they all wore red high heels padlocked to their ankles which matched the large red ball gags plugging their mouths. The heels accentuated their posture and lengthened their legs, forcing them to roll their hips in an exaggerated manner as they shuffled along.

But then of course they were acting as living advertisements for the bondage parlour's products. The Villiers designed and made their chains and cuffs and especially the chastity belts locked about their groins. Each was a slightly different design of metal and rubber. Stephanie's was polished silver with a high belt about her waist padlocked to a flaring metal tongue that reaching up from between her legs. This tongue had a slot in it over her pubic cleft which was covered by a small panel that could be slid open so she could pee through it if permitted, but it was too narrow for her to be penetrated.

Between her legs the groin tongue narrowed to a curving rod which dug deep between her buttocks and fastened to the rear of the waist belt. The inside face of the rod supported a small metal mushroom plug which was inserted in her anus.

Of course any chastity belt was totally degrading and humiliating and she was acutely aware of how it enclosed her private orifices and prevented her from touching herself and left their use at the whim of whoever held its key. And yet it was a little like her cage in miniature. It enveloped and protected vulnerable parts of her. She felt her anal sphincter clenched about the root of the metal plug while her hot pussy was making the inside of the metal band across it wet and sticky...

Stephanie shuddered again. She was actually taking comfort from wearing a chastity belt! What had happened to her?

The girls were marched across the yard and awkwardly stepped up into the back of the van, which had already been loaded with the party goods they were taking with them. A metal grating was bolted against one inner side wall of the van hung with several lengths of seat belt webbing on either side of vertical strips of rubber floor matting. The girls were placed with their backs resting against the rubber matting and the webbing was bound across them until they were held tightly in place.

Once they were secured the Villiers pulled black fabric hoods over their eyes and tied them loosely about their necks. The hoods were thin enough to breathe through but totally obscured their vision.

‘Our hosts insist upon discretion so you are not to see anything of where we take you except for the areas that have already been prepared for you,’ Nathan said. ‘For the same reason some of the party guests may be wearing masks. You are not to let this put you off the performing to your very best, do you understand?’

They all nodded.

The rear doors of the van were closed, Nathan and Elvira clambered into the front and they started off.

The journey took about half an hour as far as Stephanie could estimate. All the while she felt her stomach churning in fear and anticipation. What would it be like to be made to perform the kind of intimate acts she did in the bondage parlour in somebody else's home to sell bondage accessories like it was a... a BDSM Tupperware party? That felt wrong and rather dangerous and uncontrolled. Anything could happen to her! But of course she had no choice. She was just a demo slave and had to do what she was told.

Finally the van slowed and turned in through some entrance gateway and the crunch of gravel replaced the purr of tarmac. It came to a halt and they heard Elvira and Nathan exchanging words with somebody outside the van. Then they came round to the back, opened it up and began unloading and the goods they had brought, assisted by other people who of course the girls could not see. Stephanie felt her nipples pricking up at the thought of strange eyes looking at her naked bound body. But then that was what she was here for...

Once the van was unloaded Nathan freed them from their frames but left their hoods on. Blindly they were led stumbling out of the back of the van and across a flagstone-covered surface and through a doorway and then along a wooden-floored corridor which turned about a couple of times until they passed through another doorway into some larger space. Here they were made to kneel down on polished wooden boards with their thighs splayed wide in their display postures. Then their hoods were removed and they blinked in the light.

They were in the corner of a large room, like an old fashioned country house ballroom complete with chandeliers and large mirrors, with heavy curtains drawn over its windows even though it was still daylight. Chairs and small tables were arranged about the walls so that the middle of the floor was clear to display the devices the Villiers had brought with them.

A man wearing a black Zorro-style mask was standing next to Nathan looking down at them with interest. Stephanie felt her nipples standing up again under his gaze while her pussy tingled, but her stomach was also clenching with unaccustomed fear. By now she was almost used to men ogling her but not outside the familiar surroundings of the showroom.

‘Very nice,’ the man said to Nathan after he had surveyed the row of hard nipples and pussies helplessly engorging before him.

‘All our demonstration models are of the very best quality,’ Nathan assured him.

‘Well I look forward to seeing them performing,’ he checked his watch, ‘the others will be here in half an hour. I’ll let you get on with it...’ and he left.

Nathan began setting up the display devices while Elvira moved around the tables laying out brochures and pens. Stephanie glanced round at the other girls and saw they were looking about them with excited apprehension. Speaking softly and carefully around her ball gag she asked: ‘Do you do these kinds of shows very often?’

‘A few times,’ Laurel replied. ‘Don’t worry; you’ll get over your nerves once we get started. Then it’s just like back home...’

Forty-five minutes later Stephanie was dangling by her ankles from a ring set in the underside of the apex of a folding tubular metal tripod stand which stood higher than a man’s head.

Whether her nerves had gone or not she could not say as she was too busy keeping her tongue lodged in Keiko’s tight olive-tinted pussy slot as she had been instructed. Its sweet exciting aroma filled her nostrils. Both their chastity belts had been removed and while Stephanie’s hands were cuffed behind her back Keiko’s arms had been stretched out above her head where her wrist cuffs were secured to the bottom of one of the tripod support struts. Her legs were spread out wide and her ankle cuffs were secured to the other two struts, so that Stephanie dangled above her pretty, gaping groin.

Nathan was walking around the tripod addressing the host of people arrayed about the room. Most were masked, some held glasses of wine and all of them were staring with hungry interest at Stephanie and Keiko’s naked bodies.

‘...and as you saw the entire stand folds away so that it easily pack into a suitcase, yet it can take the weight of three people,’ Nathan explained. ‘It can be used for many purposes in different situations. A master or mistress could lie beneath it with the slave above inverted as Jane is now...’

Elvira stepped forward and swiped her spanking paddle across Stephanie’s upturned bottom. She yelped and twirled about and began to lap and suck at Keiko’s pussy. Another swipe of the paddle across her jutting inverted breasts urged her to try harder.

But just as Keiko was responding and Stephanie was beginning to get excited, Nathan continued: ‘Or she can be doubled over so that her pussy or rectum is at a suitable height for penetration, like this....’

He and Elvira bent Stephanie double so that her face was pressed against her own knees. A strap went around her shoulders and the back of her thighs to hold her in that posture so that she resembled a fleshy teardrop, with her shaven pussy bulging out from between her taut thighs while her anal pucker was sharply exposed.

While she dangled like this they removed Keiko from beneath her and put a large long dildo in her place. It was set on a flat heavy rubber base and stood vertically with the base of its shaft ringed by large shiny metal studs. A power cable ran from it to a wall socket. They adjusted the chain from which Stephanie dangled, lengthening with a section of heavy coil spring, it until the dildo slid up into her by now wet vagina.

As her bottom touched one of the contact studs she yelped as it delivered a sharp electric shock. Her body convulsed and she lifted upwards twisting as she did so. The spring from which she dangled caused her to bounce and she slid down onto the dildo once more, sobbing as it penetrated her until then her buttocks struck more of the studs. Stephanie jerked and shrieked again and sobbed as she bounced around, twirling within the tripod and skewering and impaling herself repeatedly on the dildo.

She heard the audience laughing at her antics which must have looked absurd. But the electric shocks disorientated her making it impossible for her to hold still for long enough to stop bouncing and keep her bottom clear of

the contacts. With each thrust inside her the dildo got evermore slippery with her juices which also dribbled out about its base only adding to the conductivity of the studs. She was screwing herself in front of all those watching eyes. It was insulting and degrading and impossibly arousing...

As she bounced and writhed in growing need Nathan said: 'And now we have turned her into an amusing mobile flesh toy. If left to herself she could go on like this for hours. The stand comes complete with a carry case and all the fittings you have seen demonstrated. The details are in your brochures...'

With a sob and a muffled groan Stephanie came, inundating the dildo with her discharge. The audience laughed and applauded.

'Now we have a novel device that I'm sure will interest you...'

Jasmine slithered about the room on her hands and knees, her heavy brown breasts bouncing and bobbing beneath her while her fleshy buttocks wobbled. Silver bells clipped to her nipples added to their heavy, fluid swaying motion and her discomfort. The rims of the bells were lined with upward curbing spikes which stabbed into her breast flesh as they swung about, making her yelp. But she could not remove them or stand upright. Her hands and feet were strapped to a pair of boards which had rows of castors underneath them. The two boards were joined across their middles between her splayed knees by a sprung rod which flexed unpredictably and prevented her either from pulling her legs wide apart or close together. That combined with the swivelling castors which could not be steered meant that she flailed and spun about in her desperate attempts to escape the screw tank, accompanied by the laughter of the audience.

The screw tank was a large scale modified radio-control toy that Nathan was steering towards her. Where it once had a gun barrel mounted on its turret it now had an electric cattle prod mounted on a telescopic shaft. Jutting out from the other side of the turret was a vibrator with a menacing red LED light on its tip.

‘This is a little game you can play with your girl to keep her lively,’ Nathan explained. ‘Don’t take any notice of her tears or the noise she makes, they enjoy it really...’

The screw tank ground ever closer to Jasmine’s rolling, jiggling buttocks and her helplessly exposed pussy as she scrambled in ungainly haste about the floor. Then its turret turned and its cattle prod head lashed out. The twin prongs of the prod stabbed into her bottom and there was a flash and crackle as it shocked her. Jasmine screamed and jerked wildly and tumbled over with a jingle of nipple bells. As she shivered and thrashed about the tank spun around and its prod shaft lowered as it charged forward and rammed the tip deep into the plump cleft of Jasmine’s slippery pussy. She shrieked with pain as it slid up into her most sensitive organ. There was a flash and crackle from within its moist depths and lost control of her bladder, spraying her urine over the floor.

The audience laughed hysterically.

Nathan kept driving the tank at Jasmine, shocking her from all angles until she lay trembling on her back with her arms and legs still strapped to the castor boards bent outward like a stranded beetle. The turret spun round to point the vibrator at the Jasmine’s wet gaping dark cleft and in the tank drove forward once more. Jasmine squealed and there was a squelch as the vibrator was rammed up inside her slippery slot. Then it began to pump and buzz as it came to life inside her, making her pussy lips bulge and shiver and then clench about it.

Jasmine’s eyes rolled up in helpless delight as it pleased her. She forgot all about trying to escape and instead lifted her hips so that the vibrator could slide deeper into her.

And then with a jerk and a sob she climaxed, spraying her juices out over the tank and winning herself a round of applause.

Laurel sat rigidly upright strapped to a tubular metal and black vinyl chair.

‘This is a Type 3 training chair which is an invaluable device to get your slave used to total immobility,’ Nathan explained as he demonstrated its functions. ‘She can be left in it for several days if necessary until she learns that she has no control over her own body anymore. Its design allows it to be easily repositioned and even rolled over the seat of a standard toilet so she can relieve herself...’

The chair was of a spare design and was not heavy but extremely sturdy. It had handles attached to its high back rest and small rubber wheels on its rear legs so it could be tilted and rolled about with the occupant firmly strapped to it. Adjustable rubber straps fastened to the frame of the chair were bound about Laurel from collar to ankles, holding her arms flat against the padded rests, her back straight, her thighs parted and her calves tight against the front of the chair with her feet supported on folding rests just above the floor. Nathan pinched and stretched Laurel’s neat, hard, conical pink nipples to demonstrate her immobility, drawing out her small high breasts on either side of the webbing straps that framed them above and below as they restrained her chest. She whimpered about her gag but she remained looking straight ahead of her, only able to roll her eyes round in alarm. Adjustable padded clamps built into the head rest of the chair were pressed against her temples with a strap across her forehead linking them and so holding her head rigid.

‘You may think that a girl confined like this would be hard to punish,’ Nathan continued, ‘but in fact the design allows for plenty of scope to beat her. As you can see her breasts are well presented for a smacking...’

Elvira stepped forward and swiped her spanking paddle across Laura’s neat little mounds, flattening her nipples down into them and making her yelp.

‘But her groin but can also be exposed while she still remains secured to the chair...’

He and Elvira pulled at the sides of the chair and it opened wide, splitting down the middle of the seat as its armrests and front legs hinged apart, spreading Laurel’s bound arms and legs with them. The halves of the seat folded downwards leaving only the outside of Laurel’s buttocks and

thighs supported by its padded rim, while her pussy was now hung over empty air and was totally exposed.

Elvira stepped forward again and swiped her spanking paddle up between Laurel's now widespread legs so that it smacked firmly against the pouting tongue of her inner labia, making her yelp. Two more swings delivered crisp smacks to the tight curves of her buttocks.

Nathan tilted the chair back onto its wheels and rolled it around the room with Laurel's now tingling and pink-lipped sex mouth gaping wide to show it off to the watching audience.

'Exposure, helplessness, and total loss of bodily control,' he said. 'That is what we can guarantee for your slaves...'

In a ragged, sweating, panting line, the four demonstration slaves jogged around a simple oval course marked out with small traffic cones in the middle of the room so that they passed close by the chairs of the watching guests. As their heels clicked on the wooden boards they were acutely aware of many strange eyes lingering upon their naked, bound and tormented bodies.

They were labouring under the weight of heavy wooden yokes which were clipped to the backs of their collars and the wrist cuffs of their raised arms. The yokes were formed of a straight rear wooden spar to which their collars and cuffs were hooked with two heavy wooden blocks bolted to the front of it to give it extra weight and which extended forward on either sides of their collars. These blocks had rubber padding on their hollowed undersides so that they rested snugly on their shoulders.

Adjustable sprung chains hung from the front of these blocks down over their breasts to their nipples to which they were attached by crocodile clips. As they jogged along the bobbing, swaying, fluid motion of their breasts was amplified by these springs which continually jerked and pinched on their throbbing nipples, brining tears to their eyes.

This would have been hard enough to endure while running in high

heels, but another ingenious device ensured that every stride tormented them even further.

Held in place by rubber plugs in their rectums, small brackets extended forward beneath their pussies where they supported rods carrying large ribbed dildos on their upper ends which were firmly plugged into their vaginas and little rubber paddle wheels on their lower ends which hung level with their thighs. As they ran the blades of these wheels caught against their thighs and were twisted back and forth by their motion, churning the dildos in their vaginas at the same time.

To slave girls this kind of intimate stimulation was impossible to resist and soon their pussies were swollen with growing lust and weeping freely. Their outpourings trickled about their plugged pussy lips and down the insides of their thighs to lubricate the flapping rubber paddle blades, turning them shiny as they slapped against their flesh and sending their intimate aroma wafting across the seats of the watching guests. And so they moaned and dribbled on the floor as they made circuit after circuit, while Nathan regaled the guests with one final sales pitch.

‘As you have seen today, our establishment can provide you with a wide range of slave restraint and stimulation devices both from stock or built to your own specifications. We hope you’ve found both them and our girls entertaining and we will be hearing from you very soon. Thank you...’

As the crowd broke into enthusiastic and appreciative applause, one by one the girls shuddered and moaned and then dropped to their knees, with their vaginas clenching tight about the dildos plugged inside them, overwhelmed by orgasms of shame and helpless excitement. For a little while they had been the stars of the show...

When they were driven back to the parlour that evening, the four girls hung limp within their securing straps. It had been an intense few hours work and they were utterly exhausted, their flesh tingling from paddle blows and aching within where they had been repeatedly penetrated.

As she hung in her place swaying slightly with the motion of the van, Stephanie tried to analyse her feelings. The fear and anxiety she felt before they set off had been replaced by different emotions. She felt relief it was over, of course, but also a strange sense of elation at what she had done.

There had been a new element of the unknown about their outing, of course, but she had also experienced for the first time having a crowd of people watching who were not personally trying her out. She had performed for them while trying to make sales of perverse bondage devices. Unwillingly she had become a sexual cabaret artiste; an entertainer who only had her humiliation and forced pleasure to offer while she was dominated by metal, rubber, chains and electricity.

It should have revolted her and yet she had to admit the feel of all those eyes upon her as she had been made to perform those intimate acts had given her a curious thrill. Was there a perverse kind of freedom that hiding behind “Jane’s” name and appearance had given her? As a bondage parlour demo slave “Jane” had been forced to shed all her natural inhibitions, which she supposed could be seen as a kind of liberation. But did her behaviour have a more sinister aspect? Was this a way of safely playing out those dark desires which Alex had stirred within her then innocent mind and body weeks before?

Well what did it matter if it was? Nobody but the Villiers would ever know that uninhibited Jane was really respectable Stephanie, so if she could turn pain and humiliation into a perverse kind of pleasure why not? Of course when it was all over, readjusting would take a little while. That was only to be expected. But she would get over it in time... wouldn’t she?

Was it possible simply to deny experiences as dark and intense as this? Would she ever be the same person again?

Chapter Eight

Stephanie gasped and moaned as she bobbed and rolled back and forth on the rocking horse frame, her bare breasts swaying in time beneath her, while the horsehair tail plugged into her anus which rose in a graceful plume over her bare buttocks swished and bobbed merrily. But she was not riding some large wooden playroom painted horse; she had been turned into one!

Her arms and legs were extended rigidly beneath her, tightly strapped to the outsides of wooden struts which splayed outwards to where they were screwed to a pair of heavy curved wooden rocker bars. The rear pair of struts was not straight but formed into dog legs, bending her own legs at the hips and knees to keep her body level and her hips and shoulders in line.

The upper ends of the struts were connected beneath her body to a slim padded board which supported her chest, stomach and hips. The broad leather girth strap, braced within by strips of springy metal, of the leather saddle which rested in the small of her back was fastened to the sides of this board. Leather and metal stirrups also hung down from the sides of the board between Stephanie's splayed arms and legs.

She also had an extra curved strip of metal and leather fitted to the front of her collar which pressed down on her sternum and up under her chin, lifting her head up alertly like that of a horse. She had a rubber bit in her mouth and a bridle strapped about her head, from the cheek rings of which dangled a set of reins.

A pony had to have a mount and Keiko was holding onto these reins as she sat astride the saddle, doubly impaled on the twin dildos which rose up from it, rocking her slender body back and forth to keep Stephanie moving. Although she was her rider and apparently in control her feet were strapped into the stirrups so she could not dismount or pull herself off the dildos which made her small rounded olive buttocks and neat tight pussy to bulge from within.

Not that Keiko wanted to dismount at that moment. She was helplessly caught up in the growing lust which was causing her vulva to clench about the pumping dildo within it and dribble freely. Already her thin pelt of jet black pubic hair was totally sodden while the saddle beneath her was slippery with her juices, making her thighs and buttocks twist and slide about the impaling dildos.

She had a small whip strapped to one hand which she slashed about wildly across Stephanie's sweating flanks and occasionally her own thighs. Her high rounded breasts were bouncing and her small brown nipples were standing up in swollen domes of delight.

Stephanie herself was also becoming disorientated by pleasure. Not simply the strange perversion of being used like a horse, but the relentless stimulation of her clitoris. From a slot in the back end of the padded board on which she rested a slender springy wire arm extended between her thighs. The arm must have been connected to some sprung weight inside the board because it slid back and forth as she rocked. It was tipped with a fine spray of rubber prongs which rubbed back and forth through her cleft and over her straining clitoris. By now her sex was flowing freely over this small intimate pleasure device and dripping onto the floor beneath.

And so Stephanie moaned with helpless delight, knowing that the harder Keiko rode her, the greater became her pleasure.

By now the two of them were almost oblivious to the gaze of the other girls as they hung in their cages about the showroom, or that of the guest for whom Elvira was having them demonstrate the device. He was a thin, bespectacled man with tousled hair and was dressed in an old jacket with leather elbow patches, looking more like a meek and mild academic than an enthusiast of bondage devices. But his eyes behind his spectacles were sharp and keen and took in the sight of two naked sweating girls bringing themselves ever closer to orgasm with evident approval.

'As you can see it can keep a pair of girls both secure and highly aroused at the same time while providing an amusing and entertaining spectacle,' Elvira explained. 'They can be left secured to it for hours while they achieve multiple orgasms.'

‘Yes... yes, I can see that,’ the man said. ‘And very delightful they are to. But suppose I wanted to use them personally...’

‘The supporting frame is specially designed so that you can make full use of them without re-positioning them,’ Elvira assured him. ‘You can try it for yourself in a moment as soon as they...’

Stephanie clamped her teeth tight about her bit and shrieked as she came while Keiko leaned forward and kissed her cheeks and then hugged her tight, reaching beneath her to cup and squeezed Stephanie’s hot bobbing breasts, while her slim hips jerked frantically as she also climaxed.

While they clung together in a state of sweaty, post-orgasmic bliss, Elvira continued: ‘If you step between the rear rocker bars you will see that their bracing supports are situated in the middle so that you have unobstructed access to the pony’s rear, which you can see is set at a convenient height for coupling...’ She pulled aside Stephanie’s dangling ponytail to reveal the dripping swollen cleft of her pussy. ‘While you enjoy her, you can also handle her rider. Please try them out at your leisure...’

As Elvira left the room the elbow patch man opened up his flies and freed a long slender erection in keeping with his physique.

He stood between the rear ends of the rocker bars and took hold of Stephanie’s sweaty outthrust hips, guiding the head of his cock up into her hot wet vagina.

She groaned as he penetrated her, clenching tight about him, wondering at her own state of debauchery that meant that even after an intense orgasm she could still welcome stranger’s cock inside her. But of course that was all Jane’s doing... she was insatiable...

He filled her to the hilt and then pulled Keiko upright again so that he could reach around her and cup and squeeze her hot breasts. He pinched and twisted her nipples until she yelped and recovered herself so that she began to respond to his touch. Keeping hold of her breasts with one hand he ran the other down her body to fondle her impaled cleft.

As he began to thrust into Stephanie, the wooden horse frame started to rock again. She felt his cock being pulled almost out of her by the motion and then rammed back in again. The rubber-pronged teaser started to work back and forth over her clitoris once more.

Keiko began to sway back and forth in her saddle as the elbow patch man played with her. She was impaling herself front and then back in time with his thrusts which in turn set Stephanie rocking again until in a minute the customer did not need to do anything but stand still while having Stephanie's clinging vagina slid up and down his shaft for him as the two women set off once again on the path to mutual carnal pleasure and another sale for the bondage parlour.

That night in the slaves' restroom while they hung together within their cages, Stephanie said to Keiko, knowing how perverse her words sounded even as she uttered them: 'Thanks for riding me today. You did it very well... I mean I came three times and I think that was more you're doing than that stringy man's cock.'

Keiko smiled back. 'Thanks, but I've had a lot of practice on rocking horse ponygirls. It's because I'm small that I always end up being rider. Actually I'd like to know what it feels like to be the pony for once.'

'You really want to?' Stephanie asked. She had assumed the rider's position, although clearly still shameful because of being doubly penetrated, was slightly less degrading than being the pony and being ridden with a bit in her mouth and treated like an animal.

Keiko shrugged. 'Why not? Nothing I can do now can make me feel any more of a slut than I am. I might as well have some variety.'

This surprised Stephanie as she had thought Keiko was perfectly adjusted to her strange life as were all the others. 'Sorry, I thought you were, well... enjoying yourself?'

'I suppose I am while I'm doing it. Being in that saddle today was

amazing. But when I leave here eventually and try to live in the real world again I know there'll come a moment when I will feel guilt and shame for everything I've done. I hope it won't last too long but I know it won't be easy.'

And once again Stephanie felt those same concerns rising up in her own mind. How easy would it be to leave this strange life? Would it leave its lingering mark on her, not just physically but mentally?

The next device Stephanie was called demonstrate also required two girls to do so properly. This time she was partnered by Ruby, but she was not in such close contact with her as she had been with Keiko.

They sat with their hands cuffed behind them at each end of what might have been a children's seesaw, except for certain modifications.

They sat fixed in position by expanding rubber mushroom plugs bolted to the ends of the plank under their bottoms with their swollen heads firmly lodged in their rectums, ensuring they did not get up off the seesaw no matter how much they might wish to. At the moment it was level, supported by their feet pressed flat to the ground but not too hard. They were wearing cheap beach rubber flip-flops taped to their feet with drawing pins driven up through their soles so that their tips just protruded on the insides. Any more pressure they had soon discovered caused them to prick the undersides of their feet.

The seesaw was balanced on a pivoting joint on a low sturdy stand, from which a pair of light brackets rose up on either side of the plank, so they did not pivot with it, and supported a small crossbar which spanned its middle. Two pairs of sprung chains were hung from this bar and stretched out along each side of the plank to their nipples to which they were firmly crocodile-clipped.

The clips and chains caused Stephanie and Ruby to hunch forward a little to relieve some of the strain on their nipples, but not too far. A pair of rods the length and thickness of broom handles were fixed to the seesaw

before each of them with their inner ends screwed to the seesaw plank by hinges so their outer ends could be pivoted up and down. Across these mobile ends were screwed light plywood planks about the size of car registration plates covered by foam rubber matting in which were embedded dozens more drawing pins with their tips pointing forward. Large coil springs beneath the middle of the rods kept them raised so that the drawing pin studded heads were pressed lightly against the taut undersides women's stretched bare breasts.

If this was not torment enough, both Stephanie and Ruby's pussy mounds hung over slots cut in the plank.

Half of the slots were filled with large rubber pronged spur wheels set vertically with half their tips lodged into the women's vulval clefts. The wheels were connected to small crank arms which were actuated by long, light sprung rods which ran underneath the planks to the base of the seesaw mount.

The other halves of the slots were taken by dildos supported vertically by sprung sliding mounts fixed beneath the planks. The dildo heads were buried in the girls' vaginas while their supporting shafts extended downwards until they were capped by rubber pads which hung just above the floor beneath them. Wires ran from these shafts up under the seesaw plank to a battery and transformer unit built into its central mount.

Nathan was showing a plump middle-aged woman how the device functioned. She looked like a spinster aunt but apparently she had no inhibitions about handling naked slave girls. She fingered their buttock clefts to test how well plugged they were, turned the big spur wheels to see how they rubbed up through their clefts and tugged vigorously on the chains connecting Stephanie and Ruby's nipples, making them wince and bite on their ball gags. Soon their eyes were pricking with hot tears and they had not even begun to experience the full range of torments the device would inflict upon them when it was in motion.

'We call it a seesaw of pain and pleasure,' Nathan explained, 'since those are the extremes which it forces the girls to experience in turn. You can adjust the tension on their nipple chains, and the position of the pin boards

and the length of their dildo rods to suit your own requirements. Once it's set in motion it can left to run by itself driven by their own instinctive reactions until they orgasm. Sometimes they don't even stop then...'

'That all sounds fine in theory but let me see it in action,' the woman said, rubbing her hands together anticipation.

Nathan turned a switch on the central mount of the seesaw and then gave it a push so that Stephanie's end tipped downwards and Ruby's rose up. Stephanie instinctively tried to brace herself against dropping down only to feel the pins stabbing into the bottoms of her feet. Unable to stop herself she shrieked as the base of the dildo shaft penetrating her struck the ground and drove it deep up into her vagina. As her end of the board dropped the rod connecting the seesaw base to the crank handle of her pussy spur caused it to turn about, churning its prongs deep within her, rasping across her clitoris and pressing it back into her body just as the dildo shaft was filling her from within. As it did so it triggered a sudden sharp electric shock that made Stephanie slap her feet down hard against the ground. Even as she yelped from the pain that caused, it bounced her end of the seesaw upwards driving Ruby's down. In turn Ruby yelped in pain, was penetrated and had her clitoris churned, and then she pushed back.

As they rocked back and forth, flinching in response to the shocks they were receiving in their pussies, they tugged on their sprung nipple chains, causing their breasts to be stretched inwards towards the middle of the seesaw. As they instinctively tried to ease this pain they jerked forward and stabbed the drawing pin pads into the undersides of their breasts, scratching and jabbing at them and drawing blood. Flinching back from this they upset their balance and caused their ends of the board to drop again, impaling them once more.

Once they started what Nathan had said was true: they could not stop because they were constantly reacting to the latest internal shock or stab of pain they received and jerking up and down and only tormenting each other further. Their pussies were filled and then stabbed by electric needles even as their slots were torn through by rubber prongs which rasped over their straining clitorises. As they swayed back and forth they alternately stretched their nipples out into agonising cones of taut flesh, or else impaled their

breasts on the rubber pads bristling with drawing pins. Desperate to keep balanced their anal sphincters clenched about the roots of the rubber mushroom plugs holding their bottoms firmly against the ends of the terrible seesaw. Their drawing pin soled flip-flops made it impossible to brace them and slow the terrible process down. Their only escape was to stimulate each other until they came and briefly blotted out the pain.

And yet as Stephanie's addled brain dimly grasped, the pain was also driving their pleasure, sharpening it and giving it extra urgency until it became something frighteningly more powerful than either simple pleasure or pain alone...

Soon the floor beneath the ends of the seesaw was stained with their juices as they felt through the slots from their doubly tormented pussies and a few drops of blood joined them. After constant stabbing from the drawing pin pads it began to trickle down the undersides of their stretched and pummelled breasts and across their palpitating bellies. Some of it soaked into their sopping pubic pelts mingling with their juices while the rest ran down the insides of their thighs and fell through the slots to the floor.

Through her hazy eyes Stephanie could see Ruby reeling about at the other end of the board, her big breasts heaving and bloody as her huge swollen nipples were tugged out into impossibly elongated cones by the cruel crocodile clips. Her pubic curls were actually flecked with froth as the cleft and passageway beneath them were churned and penetrated. Stephanie could smell her excitement even from here as her juices dribbled out from under her staining the floor. This lovely naked young woman was being brutally tormented before her very eyes, and she was helping! It was at once the most incredibly cruel and achingly erotic thing she had ever seen.

The female customer was watching their desperate journey from pain to pleasure with hungry eyes. 'Yes, yes, this really pushes them to the limits, doesn't it? I'll definitely have one of these...'

And then Stephanie sobbed and felt her loins explode with lust and she fainted dead away.

Both she and Ruby were excused serving the next day so they could recover from their intense experience on the seesaw. Elvira put soothing lotion on their pricked and scratched breasts which helped them heal and they slumped in their cages with their legs wide and ice packs on their aching groins.

Stephanie had thought she would enjoy a day off work in the restroom watching television, but soon she became aware of muffled activity next door in the showroom and wondered what the other girls were being made to do. After a while she found herself itching to join them.

‘It gets to be a sort of habit doesn’t it?’ Ruby said, observing her increasingly irritated behaviour. ‘Part of you hates it but then you realize that you need it as well, even if you don’t really know why.’

‘You make it sound like being a demo girl is like a drug,’ Stephanie said.

‘Maybe that’s what it is. It takes you somewhere you’ve never been before; somewhere strange and powerful and dangerous. It doesn’t have to be nice to make you want to keep going back again for another high...’

‘But there must be limits,’ Stephanie said. ‘There have to be things we just wouldn’t do... which would be too terrible to do.’

‘A year ago would you have gone on that seesaw?’ Ruby asked. ‘Or would you have told yourself that was too terrible?’

Stephanie didn’t answer.

There were several different designs of racks which were kept folded up against the show room walls out of the way. Apparently they were basic items which they sold regularly, and which were so basic that they rarely needed demonstrating in their own right, but which were sometimes used to aid in the demonstration of more specialised, not to say bizarre devices...

Stephanie laid spread out on one of these racks which had been

hinged down from the wall supported by chains so that it jutted out horizontally like the frame of a bed. It was covered by a lattice of webbing straps which supported her body while her wrists and ankles were stretched out wide and her cuffs were chained to its four corners.

Lying between her spread legs as a man would was a large furry toy teddy bear which would have stood almost a metre tall had it been upright. Once it must have been no more than a stuffed toy, but that was before it had been through the Villiers' workshop. Now it boasted a large pink rubber vibrator which extended from between its legs looking grotesquely out of proportion as it penetrated Stephanie's vagina. Some mechanism inside the bear which had replaced some of its stuffing was causing it to jerk about almost as if it was alive, banging against her groin as it copulated with her, adding to the pumping action of the vibrator. As it did so its eyes flashed red and it growled through some hidden speaker with apparent pleasure.

To keep it in place on top of her, its paws had been fitted with sharp black plastic hooks resembling claws, so now it seemed to be resting on its outstretched arms which were clamped to her breasts by its "claws" which dug painfully in their sides. To add to her discomfort the soft fabric pads between the claws had been covered with small electric studs which every few seconds delivered sharp shocks to her nipples, causing her to arch her back and yelp and dribble about her gag, making it seem as though it was driving her into the heights of ecstasy as her hips jerked up against its weight, sending the pumping dildo even deeper inside her.

Nathan was operating the bear's radio control unit whilst explaining its functions to a smartly dressed young couple, who both evidently found Stephanie's situation fascinating as they stood next to the extended rack peering down at her closely, taking in every detail of her humiliating ordeal.

'The bear is fully articulated and poseable and it is fitted with high-capacity batteries which can operate for up to an hour without recharging,' Nathan was explaining. 'It's weighted to makes its coupling action more realistic and its vibrator has a full range of speeds, oscillations and pump actions, which are quite effective as you can see...'

'Yeah, look at it go!' The man said.

The bear's electric paws zapped Stephanie's nipples again with what seemed to be increased strength, making her sob and buck beneath it wildly so that its claws tore at her breasts.

'Oh... see now she's crying,' his companion said. 'Is she enjoying herself or is that from pain?'

'You know it doesn't make any difference to real slave girls,' the man said contemptuously, as if speaking from long experience. 'They can't help themselves...'

'Look, she's bleeding now from where its claws have dug into her,' the woman said. 'That must hurt... '

The man squatted down and looked underneath the rack at Stephanie's wet buttocks which were pressing through the webbing. 'You can also see that her pussy's dripping... it's making a mess on the floor underneath her. Ha! She's going to cum in a minute from a toy bear screwing her! That is really neat. If she does I'm getting one to use on you...'

The girl blushed and giggled, as if it was all a joke.

Even in the midst of her rising, bubbling lust, Stephanie felt offended. This was not a joke! She was trying hard to show them how well the bear worked as a robot screw toy, trying to make a sale...

For a fleeting moment she thought: Oh God, how could she think like that! What was happening to her?

And then her loins burst and she squeezed on the pumping rubber cock as she sprayed her juices over her furry lover, staining its fur, and for a few blissful moments she did not care about anything else in the world...

When she recovered senses again it was to hear the man asking: 'Have you got any other toys like that one?'

'As a matter of fact we have,' Nathan said...

Ten minutes later with a Stephanie was on her hands and knees chained to a basic model restraining board. From the top it looked like an ordinary plain table but when it was flipped over it revealed underneath that it had convenient tether rings round its edges and that its folding legs, once properly adjusted, formed a convenient bracing frame to lift a girl's hips and chest and hold her in position with her head up and bottom thrust out.

A radio controlled toy soldier, about the same size as the teddy bear was shuffling around the board as if inspecting Stephanie. It was painted in scarlet and black in the style of nineteenth century military uniforms with what looked like a bearskin hat on its head. But its rifle was tipped with a vibrator with a small under-slung electric cattle prod in place of a bayonet.

'The idea is for the toy to torment the victim until she becomes compliant,' Nathan explained to the clients as he worked the controls. 'Once you have her suitably tenderised you will find she will agree to anything to save herself more pain...'

The soldier jabbed his electric bayonet into her bottom and Stephanie shrieked once again, her buttocks clenching in a futile gesture as she jerked at the chains attached to her cuffs and the straps that bound her to the bracing frame. But of course there was no escape. The soldier shuffled on around her body and turned about and jabbed the prod into the sides of her dangling breasts. There was another flash and crack and she whimpered in pain, feeling her throbbing nipples tingling.

The soldier continued on until it stood in front of Stephanie, forcing her to look at it in fear.

'This model has a radio mic linked to its speaker so you can have fun projecting your personality through it,' Nathan said. He held a small microphone up to his mouth and spoke and his voice came out of the toy soldier's painted lips: 'Do you want another taste of my bayonet, girl, or will you beg me to put my weapon up your bottom?'

'P... Please Sir I want you to put your weapon up my bottom...'
Stephanie choked out dutifully.

The toy soldier held his weapon up before her eyes. The bayonet hinged downwards out of the way, leaving its vibrator head exposed.

‘Then give it a good licking so it goes up your bumhole easily,’ he commanded.

He pushed the weapon forward and dutifully Stephanie licked it, knowing how pitiful she looked preparing a phallus for her own anal penetration, but she desperately wanted it to be as slippery as possible.

When she was done the soldier pulled the end of his phallic rifle out of her mouth and shuffled back round to her rear again to stand between her spread knees. Steered by Nathan it pushed the vibrator against the exposed pucker of her anus. She felt it begin to buzz and pulsate as he rammed it inside her.

She groaned and her bottom bulged as the shaft slid inside her. But as it did so the bayonet snapped upright on a spring so that its side slid through her wet pussy slot and its head ground against her hard clitorises. As it pumped the vibrator inside her the bayonet flickered and crackled softly, sending jolt after jolt through her pussy, amplifying the sensation of her anal penetration.

Stephanie sobbed as her pussy throbbed and tingled and dribbled in pain and shame. She was being buggered by a toy soldier with an electric rifle bayonet in her pussy for the amusement of two empty-headed, gawping rich people! How had she come to this? It was gross, it was awful and degrading and... ohhhh!

Another sparkling crack from the bayonet stabbed right up through her pussy and destroyed her bladder control. Thrillingly she peed over it and the underside of the restrained table even as her anal sphincter clenched about the pumping phallus. Pushed over the brink by the exciting gush of her water a massive orgasm overwhelmed her and her orgasmic juices spurted out to mingle with her hot pee and her mind seemed to explode and then she knew nothing more.

Stephanie was still lying slumped over the bracing struts of the table when she recovered to find that she was now kneeling in a pool of her own cooling urine. The toy soldier's vibrator rifle was still lodged inside her bottom and pussy cleft but its bayonet and phallus were turned off. Nathan was taking an order...

'And I'm having one of these as well,' the man said, his eyes flashing in anticipation as he gazed lovingly at the toy soldier still lodged inside Stephanie. He turned to his companion: 'Tonight that's going to be you stripped on your hands and knees begging for it!'

The girl giggled again.

'That woman I did the toy demo for this morning was so stupid!' Stephanie said later to the other girls in their rest room. 'Did you see the way she kept acting like it was all a joke? I'd like to see how much she laughs when her boyfriend or whoever he was uses that teddy bear on her and she gets her tits clawed up by it, or he shoves that soldier's bayonet right up her pussy...' As she spoke she added more cream to the scratches on her breasts left there by the toy bear's claws. 'See how many times she can cum then...'

'This is just a game for some women,' Ruby said, 'they do an odd bit of BDSM every week or two just to keep their partners happy and they have a giggle. It's not like the true sub slaves when it's a way of life. We get them all in here. You must have seen that by now.'

'Yeah, you've been here over two months now,' Jasmine said. Then she chuckled: 'So how do you think you're settling in? Would you recommend naked bondage demo work as a career?'

'Pussy or bum, Jane: which do you like to be screwed up the best?' Laurel enquired in the same mock reportorial tone.

'Cane or lash,' Sally asked, 'which stings your tits most?'

'How do you find living in a cage for twenty hours a day?' Keiko

asked. 'Peeing through a ten centimetre slot into a toilet: messy or what?'

As the other girls laughed, Stephanie blinked in surprise.

She had been here over two months. She had begun by counting the days but recently she'd lost track of time. Well, life here had been pretty distracting and she'd had plenty of other things to worry about. But soon the big deal G,T&S were working on would be going through with or without her father's help. Then it would not matter so much what Alex did with those photos of her. That would mean her deal with the Villiers would also be at an end. She could go home!

But what would that be like? She had sent her mother and father reassuring cards every week but she knew it was not going to be easy facing them in person. There would still be explanations to make and something would have to be done about Alex, which could get very messy, and probably there would be some tears, but at least she would be back with her family again... where she belonged.

Surprisingly that prospect did not fill her with quite as much pleasure as she had expected.

Chapter Nine

It was a week later when the Villiers announced they would be taking all the girls on another trip away from the parlour the next day.

‘This will not be quite like the previous party,’ Elvira explained. ‘Although we will of course be promoting our products and you will be actively demonstrating one of our newest models. You have been hired by one of our oldest and most valued customers to enhance the ambience of an orgy he’s staging. You will not be expected to couple directly with any of the guests. House slaves will be provided for that purpose and most guests will be bringing their own girls as well to share, but you will be very much on show so we expect you to behave in accordance with the parlour’s highest standards.’

Stephanie saw the other girls looking alert and interested but also puzzled. Apparently this was not a frequent occurrence.

Nathan stepped forward holding a large folded plastic package in his hand: ‘This is the device you will be modelling, and once it’s fully deployed you will see how it works...’

Once again Stephanie, along with all the other girls, had been hooded when she had been brought to wherever this place was in the company van. She guessed it was another large country house which of course was sort of place where people who could afford to stage orgies would live. But all she had seen of it was this bedroom. In all probability that was all she would ever see. It did not really matter of course as this was not a sightseeing trip. She was the one who was there to be seen, quite literally...

It was impossible to miss seeing her. No other device she had yet demonstrated made her quite so visible.

She lay spread-eagled inside an inflated construction of heavy duty transparent vinyl the size of a king-sized mattress and a metre deep. Not on top of the mattress but actually inside it!

There was a girl-shaped hole inside the mattress, between its top and bottom layers, which was just large enough to take her. She was like the filling in a sandwich of transparent bread.

She lay on a bottom pocketed inflated layer which was already as thick as a deep regular mattress. Around her were complex sculpted inflated plastic shapes, like a negative of the cookie cutter frame, which fitted about her naked body and pressed close. She had a transparent gag strap across her mouth which held a clear plug between her teeth which matched the integral vinyl straps bound across her wrists, ankles and waist which bound her to the lower layer. She was also held in place by the phallus rising up from the base layer of the bed and penetrating her rectum, making her buttock cheeks part wide. Unlike the ones she had grown used to being thrust inside, this was also formed of transparent vinyl and its internal air sac was connected to the mattress beneath her. Then an equally thick inflated upper layer had been laid on top of her, pressing down on her hard nipples, and was locked in place by several padlocks passed through overlapping reinforced loops of vinyl in the top and bottom layers around its sides. Now she was completely sealed into the bed except for the tubes connected to a small air pump which carried fresh air into the void about her head and forced use air out through a vent at the top end of the plastic bed.

The upper layer also supported a projecting phallus, this time pointing downwards and positioned so that it slid into her vagina, making her labia bulge about it and her passage open up, exposing the ribbed tunnel of her sheath, as if she was being screwed by the invisible man. The two soft plastic members pushing up inside her from different directions felt as if they were trying to inflate her belly.

There was one last fitting that literally highlighted her exposure and helplessness. The middle layer of the bed in which she was confined was ringed with small bright LED lights which illuminated her body from all sides, making it seem as though she was floating isolated and alone within a glassy cloud.

But she did not remain alone for long. She was there to serve a purpose like any other bed in an orgy.

Through the layers of plastic she saw the door open and the shape of a man come into the room leading a naked girl by a collar and leash. He gazed at Stephanie's naked body sandwich within the big plastic glowing bed for a few moments in wonder and then he gave a chuckle of appreciation which she heard slightly distorted through the plastic bed. He led the girl over to the bed and pushed her down on top of it.

As the air mattress was compressed by her weight, Stephanie felt the plastic dildos within her swell slightly.

The man spread the girl wide and tied her down, using the convenient tethering ropes already tied to loops in the corners of the bed. Then he stripped off his clothes and climbed on top of her. Stephanie felt the air dildos within her swelling a little more. He penetrated the slave girl and began to thrust hard into her, bouncing up and down and setting the bed rocking.

As he did so Stephanie's eyes bulged wide in amazement. The force of his thrusts made both dildos inside her front and back passages swell up and harden dramatically as if they were also trying to penetrate more deeply in sympathy. They surged and sucked on her insides, greased by her juices, slipping and sliding and pumping like living things.

She realized the man was looking over the girl's shoulder at her, grinning at her expression as he realized he was the cause of it. Then he began to screw his girl with greater force watching both her face and Stephanie's. As the dildos surged powerfully within her Stephanie groaned and bit on her gag plug and came in her sweaty girl-shaped pocket within the transparent bed.

He was just the first of several people to make use of her that day.

One man came in with two girls and their extra weight made Stephanie feel as if she was going to burst. But once again her passages

stretched to cope and instead she had another huge orgasm. Being wrapped in this plastic cocoon was inescapably erotic.

In between visits Elvira came into the bedroom carrying a disinfectant spray, bucket, sponge and paper towels and wiped traces of sweat and sperm off its clear plastic so it was fresh for another use. Then she opened up the bed, fed Stephanie some water and sponged up the poll of her own juices which had gathered under her sweaty buttocks.

‘I see you’ve been enjoying yourself,’ she said with a smile, and Stephanie found that hard to deny.

True she was blatantly naked, helpless and on display but that, or so Jane felt, was rather exciting; as was the paradox that she was also so strangely isolated. The men could not touch her although through the medium of the bed she shared their experiences as they coupled just above her. After a while she just lay there being Jane; happy not to think about her past or future, simply experiencing the moment and the strange sensations of being encased in plastic and even penetrated by it. They could all see her but nobody would ever know who she really was. She was just a body there for their amusement supplied by the bondage parlour just like the other girls. There was something very simple and pure about that...

A new man came into the room with a naked girl slung over his shoulder. She was kicking feebly and he slapped her bare bottom. He also gaped to the bed from moment and then dropped his burden down on top of it and Stephanie. Her arms were cuffed behind her and she had a gag in her mouth.

He pulled her legs apart and tied them down and then he tore down his trousers and practically threw himself on top of her.

Stephanie grunted as she felt the bed compressing about and inside her. Then it began to rock and the dildos surged and sucked on her as he started to screw his girl with desperate need. His bobbing head appeared briefly over her shoulder and between the strands of her hair which lay in a fan on top of the transparent mattress. As he worked harder and thrust deeper more of his features appeared: flushed, sweaty and intense.

And Stephanie felt the power of his thrusts and let them fill her as well through the twin mattress dildos. Oh yes, thought Jane, this was so wonderfully depraved and filthy! Then with a grunt of triumph he came and then collapsed across the girl, his head sliding over her shoulder so that his face was pressed up against the plastic of the bed.

For the first time Stephanie saw him clearly and the breath caught in her throat.

His eyes flickered open and focused down through the plastic layers at her face, lit up by the small bright bulbs around her. At first he looked at Stephanie with a frown and then with half incredulous wonder.

It was Alex Hartman!

After the orgy was over Stephanie and the other girls were gathered together and formed up into another hooded coffle to be led back to the van. By then she was desperate to leave and welcomed the hood covering her head. Then as they shuffled along she heard Alex's voice, which sent a shiver through her.

'Wait a moment!' he called out imperiously to Nathan, by the sound of it running up to them as he did so.

The coffle came to a sudden halt and the girls bumped into each other.

'Can I help you?' Nathan said.

'I liked the look of one of those girls in your beds,' Alex continued. 'That one there...'

Was he pointing at her?

Earlier in the bedroom he had stared at her for so long through the bed plastic straining his eyes in disbelief, clearly not totally sure it was her. After a few seconds she had screwed up her eyes and tried to turn her head away as if she was simply troubled by his attention, all the time praying that with her

changed appearance and the gag in her mouth distorting her lips that he would not recognize her.

Then he had tried to open the layers of the bed up to get a proper look at her, but the padlocks had frustrated him. Then somebody had knocking on the door apparently wanting to use the room and he had been forced to leave in frustration. The next couple to use her bed had stayed there until the end of the orgy.

And now apparently Alex was still not totally sure it was her.

‘I hope she gave satisfaction, Sir,’ Nathan replied mildly.

‘Actually... I thought I recognised her. What’s her name?’

‘I’m afraid we do not give out any personal details concerning our demonstration girls.’

‘I just want to look under her hood to make sure it’s her,’ Alex persisted.

‘That is not possible. She has finished serving for the day and so she is no longer available for the use of guests...’

‘Look... here’s fifty pounds. I just want another peek at her. Just for a minute... That can’t hurt, can it?’

Stephanie felt her stomach screwing up in terror. How could this possibly have happened! What were the odds of Alex finding her like this? She had thought she was so well hidden away...

‘As I said that is not possible,’ Nathan said stiffly, as if the offer of a bribe had offended him. ‘Now please stand aside...’

‘But I really have to see her again. It’s important!’

If he was still that interested in her it must mean that the deal had not yet gone through and he still hoped he could blackmail her into finding out about it, Stephanie thought. It could all still go wrong!

‘Then you must arrange a proper appointment to come to our premises,’ Nathan told Alex firmly. ‘The address and contact details are on our brochure. Now I wish you good evening...’

Still gagged and hooded Stephanie could not communicate on the way home. But as soon as they were back in parlour and had been taken through to their rest room where their gags were removed she blurted out to the Villiers: ‘Please, that was Alex Hartman who wanted to talk to me! You can’t let him see me...’

The Villiers looked interested but unconcerned.

‘So that’s who he was,’ Nathan said. ‘I wondered why he was so interested in you.’

‘I thought he looked a bit too smart to be true,’ Elvira commented.

‘Please, you can’t let him see me or else he’ll try to threaten me again,’ Stephanie sobbed.

‘If he books an appointment in the proper way he is free to visit here,’ Elvira said. ‘And if he chooses you to demonstrate some device then he is perfectly entitled to speak to you while you are performing.’

‘But you can’t let him have me like that. Not after what he did. If he knows where I am and what I’m doing then he’s got even more on me than he had before. I’ve got to leave...’ She tugged futilely at her cuffed wrists.

Nathan frowned. ‘I’m afraid our deal with you was that we would keep you for three months or until your father’s business was concluded. Neither of those things has happened yet so you still belong to us.’

‘Then... then please just keep me out of the way in here. Say I’m sick. That way he might still think he made a mistake. He mustn’t see me like this...’

Nathan shook his head. ‘If we say you will serve a client, Jane, then

that is what you will do, despite any personal feelings you might have about them.'

That night Stephanie hung in her cage miserable and confused. The other girls had tried to comfort her but there was nothing they could do. They were just helpless slaves like she was.

She had thought she understood the Villiers. In a way she had come to like them. At least she had trusted them. But how could they act so hard and insensitive to her now? They knew that if Alex confirmed her identity and what she was doing, then everything she had done and all she had sacrificed by becoming their slave would have been in vain.

Chapter Ten

Alex did not waste any time. The very next afternoon he called at the parlour.

Stephanie cringed in her cage as she heard his voice which came through the door to the reception room before it was even half opened. Immediately the other girls took up their usual display postures and, feeling desperately sick, she did the same.

Alex strode into the show room accompanied by Nathan and Elvira, looking about him in wonder at the array of restraint devices, lust at the row of naked girls kneeling on display while suspended in their teardrop cages and then finally satisfaction as he spotted Stephanie. This time there was no hiding from him. He strode right up to her cage and peered into it intently, grinning and then nodding to himself as he confirmed that it was her.

‘Hallo Stephanie,’ he said, ‘fancy seeing you here. Interesting new hairstyle...’ his eyes lowered to her shaven pubes, ‘but you’ve lost a bit down there I see... but I like it!’

She whimpered and turned her head aside, aware as she did so that despite her horror her nipples were erect and her pussy was tingling as it would be to welcome any other customer.

Alex looked at Nathan. ‘Right, I want to talk to this one,’ he said.

‘Our girls are here to demonstrate the operation of our devices,’ Nathan corrected him. ‘You must choose a device for her to try out. Then you can judge her reactions to it and permit her to speak in the process.’

Alex looked impatient. ‘All right...’ He looked about and then pointed. ‘What’s that thing?’

It was a complicated wooden device standing about chest high and looking a little like Cubist tree trunk, formed of hinged and folded beams and

panels set on a low wheeled base.

‘That is a mobile pillory and stocks set built to our exclusive design...’ Nathan began.

‘All right, that’ll do,’ Alex snapped. ‘I want to try her out on that.’

Even as she shivered in her cage, Stephanie wondered why she had not realized until now how rude and impatient Alex could be. Had he always been like this and she had been too blinded by his superficial charms to notice? Was this what her parents had seen in him? Oh, what a fool she had been!

But the Villiers seemed not to notice his attitude. ‘Certainly...’ Nathan said mildly as he wheeled the device into the middle of the room and opened up.

The split pillory board with its row of three holes for a head and hands on either side was supported at about waist height by a pair of side posts which also carried lower down another board of similar design, except that it had four holes in a row and was mounted on pin joints at each end which moved along tracks set in the sides the posts, allowing it to swivel about its long axis as well as be positioned at different heights. A pair of lighter hinged and pivoting arms also unfolded and extended from the tops of the side posts. They had large rubber hooks on their ends.

As Elvira opened her cage Stephanie stared at the device in horror. They could not let Alex try that out on her! For a moment Elvira fixed her with a warning stare: ‘Remember, you are not expected to cooperate. Just be yourself ...’

Then she took her out of her cage and led her across to the pillory. Between them the Villiers bent Stephanie over, un-cuffed her wrists and pushed her head and hands through the upper pillory board, closing it about them and locking her into place. This left her bent over at a right angle from her hips with her breasts dangling freely beneath her. Then they swung the struts out from the tops of the side posts and brought the big hooks down across her buttocks, adjusting the arms as they went. The curves of the hook

shafts slid together through her buttock cleft and then their tips were pushed up into her rectum side by side, stretching her sphincter painfully wide. Now her hips were braced relative to the posts, unable to move from side to side.

Mystified, Alex said: 'What are you doing to her?'

'Merely positioning her in the best possible posture for your pleasure and entertainment,' Nathan said smoothly.

They spread Stephanie's legs wide and then pulled them forward and slid her ankles through the outer pair of holes in the lower board, which swivelled to adjust to the angle of her ankles and then closed tight about them. Now her feet protruded on the other side of the lower stock board in the same way that her head and hands did through the upper pillory. And with the post hook struts holding her hips in position and keeping her bottom up and her legs being held straight and braced by the lower board, Stephanie was locked into a most inviting posture, with her taut buttocks thrust out behind her, exposing the naked cleft of her pussy between her splayed thighs.

Elvira indicated a side table which was already laid out with a cane, lash and spanking paddle.

'You may wish to test the suitability of the device by trying some of these out on Jane.' She indicated the other girls in their cages. 'Do you want to be alone if you plan to use her personally as well?'

Stephanie whimpered and shook her head.

Alex's face lit up in understanding and fresh carnal lust. 'Oh... right, use her personally. Yeah, get rid of them...'

'Of course. Let us know us when you're finished...'

Stephanie was whimpering and shaking her head desperately but they took no notice of her. Calmly Elvira and Nathan wheeled the other girls out through the door to the slaves' restroom and then closed it behind them, leaving her totally alone with Alex.

Alex grinned as he walked around her, stroking her trembling body and savouring her total helplessness and his absolute position of mastery.

‘If I’d known you could get this deep into BDSM I wouldn’t have bothered with those snaps I took of you playing with yourself with a dildo. Makes it that seem pretty tame now, doesn’t it? I suppose you thought by running away I couldn’t force you to spy on your dad. Well I give you credit for doing it in style. I’d never have thought of looking for a girl like you in a place like this in million years. But it seems I got lucky. Now you’re going to go home and do what I told you first time round. There are still a few weeks before the deal is finalised so anything I can find out about it from your father’s office might be useful. If you don’t do exactly what I tell you then your parents, your father’s firm and his clients are going to find out what a total slut you really are!’

Stephanie shuddered and snivelled, trying not to cry. But it seemed to be the end of everything.

‘But first I’m going to have some fun with you. I’ve missed our little games...’ He slid his hand between her outthrust buttocks and fingered her smooth sex lips. ‘And now you’ve moved on to the bondage Premier League I’m going to do it properly...’

He picked up the cane from the table and swished it through the air. Then he dragged the tip through her sex lips, making her squirm in horror.

‘I’m going to cane you until you bleed. And then I’m going to take your gag out and you’re going to beg me to screw you and promise you’ll be a good girl and do exactly what I tell you in future. If you’re careful nobody has to find out what you’ve done and your father will have a job. Of course afterwards if you decide to blab and tell anybody what I made you do then he’ll still come out of it badly and you’ll come out even worse!’

He looked at her woebegone face and grinned. ‘God, you’re a hot little bitch when you’re unhappy. I’ll do my best to keep you like that...’

He tore at his flies and opened them up and freed his swelling erection. As it bobbed before him he looked admiringly at the pillory frame

and tested the rigidity of the bracing struts with their hook ends plugged into Stephanie's anus, holding her helpless exposed bottom steady. 'You know this is a clever bit of kit. If you cry enough I think I really might buy one from them...'

Then he stood back and swung the cane hard across her outthrust bottom.

Stephanie screamed into her gag as a streak of fire seared across her buttocks.

She tried to jerk forward away from the blow, but the hooks plugged into her bottom and her spread and braced legs prevented her so that its full force made her buttocks ripple and shiver.

Alex delivered two more vicious cuts across her buttocks and then he changed the angle of his arm and swung the cane up between her legs. She shrieked in pain as sliced into the cleft of her pussy, flattening her clitoris and sending a terrifying hammer blow of pain up into her. Her bladder was already tensed by fear and this shock sent hot pee spurting out of her cleft all over the floor.

'That's right bitch, you wet yourself for me!' he chortled.

He circled round the frame to stand before her, watching the tears streaming down her face over her red cheeks and dribbling gag-stretched mouth. He swiped the cane up under the pillory board to catch her dangling breasts, making them swing about and bounce off each other like fleshy bells as livid stripes appeared across them. She screamed again as her nipples throbbed and burned. He flicked the cane across their perversely hard tips, making her wail in despair.

'Unless you want more of this you're going to do exactly what I tell you from now on, aren't you?'

By now Stephanie was shrieking and sobbing uncontrollably. It was the worst punishment she'd ever felt. It was not so much the pain but the person who was inflicted it that made it so terrible. How she hated him... but

she knew she would have to do what he said. She had no choice...

She nodded frantically. He pulled her gag out and the words tumbled out of the lips. They were the most shameful things she had ever had to say. 'Please, Alex, please don't beat me any more...' she sobbed. 'I... I'll do everything you say... now I want you to screw me... please!'

'You'll bug your father's computer and office?'

'Yes... yes... now f... fuck me... please!'

He had broken her. He was her master now. He moved round behind her and took hold of her bloody buttocks and thrust his cock up into her dripping pussy.

She winced as his hips ground against her burning buttocks, and then despite her despair she clenched her sheath tight about him, helplessly responding to his cock as she had learned to do... like a good demonstration slave should... finding what pleasure she could... milking every cock put inside her... hoping for another blissful orgasm which somehow made sense of it all...

Suddenly there was a jerk, a flash and crackle and a scream of pain from Alex. Stephanie gulped as his hard cock was suddenly whipped out of her clinging vagina, leaving a terrible gaping emptiness behind, followed by a thud.

Stephanie screwed her head round far enough to glimpse Nathan and Elvira standing on either side of the frame. Both of them were now carrying electric cattle prods which they had jabbed into Alex, causing him to fall to the ground twitching.

'That's enough!' Nathan said sternly. 'We don't care for Jane to suffer anymore... especially since we've got all we need now.'

Lying dazed on the ground Alex choked out: 'W... what the fuck! What the hell do you mean?'

Elvira smiled at his confusion. 'Do you think we really leave our girls unattended in here, especially with customers we can't trust? We have a dozen cameras hidden in this room to monitor what goes on. We've recorded everything you have done to Stephanie, who was clearly under duress. You really should not have been so cruel, nor should you have said so much about what you planned to do. Now you have incriminated yourself as a potential blackmailer on camera while brutally violating your victim. If you attempt to carry out your plan then a recording of your behaviour today, suitably edited, will be released to the proper authorities who will no doubt take the proper action.'

'And don't imagine for a moment that we would suffer any consequences if we exposed you,' Nathan added. 'We are a respectable and well-established firm and have friends in high places who owe us many favours and who have both a fear and hatred of blackmailers.'

'Now get up and get out of here and don't let us see you ever again!' Elvira said with contempt.

And the two of them chased Alex out of the room with more jabs of their cattle prods, with his cock still hanging out of the front of his trousers. Distantly Stephanie heard the front door bang shut.

A moment later Elvira and Nathan returned, smiling to themselves in satisfaction.

Nathan stood in front of Stephanie and stroked her hair reassuringly. 'People like that can never be trusted. They give the BDSM community a bad name and have to be stopped wherever possible. He might have caused trouble for you even after you had confessed to your parents, but now he will say nothing and you can tell them exactly what you choose....'

And suddenly Stephanie realized they had set this all up. They had tracked down Alex from what she had told them about him and knowing his interest in such things had managed to lure him to that orgy and arranged for him to go into her room. They had reasoned exactly how he would behave given the chance to abuse her and had used his lust to make him incriminate himself.

‘Thank you so much,’ she simply with heartfelt gratitude.

Elvira had a sponge and bucket out and was mopping the blood from Stephanie’s bottom, where the cane strokes had crossed and cut her skin, making her wince. Then she applied healing cream.

Nathan continued to stroke Stephanie’s hair. ‘He was right about one thing: you really do look very attractive in bondage with a properly tanned bottom. We’ll miss you when you’re gone...’

And then quite naturally he opened his flies and freed his swelling shaft and pushed it between her lips. And quite naturally she swallowed it down gratefully, sucking and licking it to show her gratitude. He bent over the pillory board and reached under her and cupped and squeezed her simmering cane-striped breasts, which made her wince, but in a nice way.

She felt Elvira stroking her pussy and realized how aching and empty it was. Alex had not finished using her and that felt wrong. A demo slave always wanted a proper consummation and a chance to have one more perfect orgasm...

She heard a swish as Elvira dropped her skirt and a moment later Stephanie felt the slippery head of a well-greased double-ended dildo sliding up inside her. And so she hung in the firm embrace of the pillory frame happily skewered between her master and mistress, accepting them both within her.

‘This means our agreement has ended,’ Nathan said with a trace of regret as he thrust his cock down Stephanie’s throat. ‘This evening you can tell your family you’re coming home...’

Yes she could. She would just have to make up some suitable story, maybe about how Alex had been pestering her and she had to get away from him to sort her mind out. She could work out the details later... she had to be sure of something else first.

Speaking in muffled snatches about Nathan’s pumping cock she asked meekly: ‘Will it be... all right... if I come back... here to visit?’

‘Jane will always have a cage waiting for her in our bondage parlour,’ Elvira assured her as she thrust the dildo once more deep into Stephanie’s hot dripping pussy, which responded by bursting forth in glorious delight.

THE END

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