



# — The — Bagatelle — Club —



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

# Simon Grail

# **THE BAGATELLE CLUB**

Simon Grail

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# Chapter One

The brass plaque read:

*The Bagatelle Club*

*Private: Members Only*

It was mounted beside a large black door sheltered by a portico at the top of a flight of steps set on the front of an imposing building in Dover Street at the heart of London's club district. Its stonework had been freshly cleaned and it almost seemed to gleam amid the otherwise equally grandiose frontages of some of the other buildings sharing the street that were dulled by the city's all pervasive soot and grime and the residue of the smog's which were the bane of London life in 1955. The Bagatelle's four storeys of heavy stone courses were cut through by half columns, big sash windows and balconies, all set a little back from the pavement and guarded by tall black iron railings. A gate in these railing to one side of the member's entrance opened onto a second flight of steps leading down to the more modest basement door for the use of staff and tradesmen.

Abigail Wright gazed up at this edifice and gulped, feeling very unworthy and inadequate dressed in her old gabardine rain coat and clutching her single battered leather suitcase. Then she reminded herself that she was only going to work in the club, not to join it and she had been lucky to get this opportunity so soon after applying to Mrs Simpsons Employment Agency. Perhaps it was a sign that she had made the right choice in coming to London to seek work. She took a deep breath, squared her shoulders and descended the steps.

The lower door was opened by a bright-faced young woman in her mid twenties who was wearing a rather severe long black dress with a high collar, which was however tailored to emphasise her very feminine contours. Pinned to the collar of her dress was a small white enamel badge bearing what

looked like a black clover leaf which could also be the “Club” of a suit of cards preceded by a “J”. Otherwise she wore no other jewellery.

‘I’m Abigail Wright,’ Abigail explained. ‘I’ve got an appointment to see a Miss Ace about working at the club...’

The woman smiled. ‘Of course, Abigail, we’ve been expecting you... I’m Jackie... do come in... I’ll take you through to Miss Ace...’

Jackie led her along a corridor with several doors opening off it topped by fanlights, from behind one of which came the clatter and scents of a kitchen, until they reached a door at the end. Jackie knocked and upon being invited to enter showed Abigail inside.

‘Abigail Wright to see you, Miss Ace,’ she announced and then withdrew.

Within was a small office with panelled walls lit by high frosted glass windows that must have opened onto a courtyard at the back of the club. Behind a large desk was a smart dark haired woman, perhaps not yet 40, with a strong intelligent face and keen grey eyes shining out through horn-rimmed glasses. She was wearing another severely cut dress but of a red and black harlequin pattern which also emphasised her tight waist, feminine hips and full bust. Abigail noticed that she also had a badge pinned her collar which simply showed the letter “A” on a white ground.

She rose to greet Abigail and they shook hands across the desk. Abigail received a penetrating gaze as the older woman looked her up and down and then she smiled warmly and said: ‘It’s a pleasure to meet you, Miss Wright. Do take a seat...’

Abigail settled herself in the guest chair opposite her while Miss Ace consulted Abigail’s CV and application form which was set out on her desk.

‘I see that you are eighteen and that you live in Fulminster. Tell me why you came all the way from there to find work in London.’

Abigail blushed (she blushed easily) and explained: ‘Well, my father is the vicar of Chesney Green just outside Fulminster, but there’s not a lot of work

there. Father is hoping to be made Dean of Fulminster Cathedral, which will pay him better, but he doesn't get on very well with Bishop Meriwether for some reason...'

Miss Ace interrupted: 'would that be Arnold Meriwether?'

'Why yes. Do you know him?'

Miss Ace smiled: 'Slightly... please go on...'

'Well, I thought I could find better paid work here and perhaps send some money home. My parents didn't want me to leave. They think London is, well, not the best place for a young woman to work. They were rather hoping I might find a suitable young man...' she blushed again '...if you know what I mean, and settle down locally. But I thought I must try. I said I'm sure the God will guide me and look after me. The agency said you were offering a live-in position which seemed better than trying to find lodgings and that if I was right for the job you would hire immediately, which is why I brought my things...' she trailed off feeling awkward.

Miss Ace looked at her thoughtfully.

'It's true we are looking for energetic young women to work in the Bagatelle, but they've got to be rather special. You have to be ready to turn your hand to anything, not just serving and cleaning. I see you haven't got a lot of work experience.'

'I know how to keep house and clean and cook,' Abigail said. 'And I'm always ready to learn.'

'That shows the right spirit,' Ace conceded. 'But are you a good sport? This is a club for serious game players. You'd have to be ready to join in at times.'

Abigail wondered how maids were supposed to do that. 'I played quite a lot of sport at school,' she said.

'Do you know what "bagatelle" actually means?'

Abigail blinked in surprise. 'It's the game with a board with a rounded end and holes for balls and you try to knock them in with cues, or with other kinds the board is tilted and you use a spring plunger to fire ball bearings up the board which fall through numbered traps made of pins to try to get the highest score. Some boards have controls so you can bat the balls about as they move to keep them in play.'

'Yes. The Americans call that "pinball". We have our own club version.' She smiled. 'Perhaps you will play it soon.'

Abigail took that as encouraging.

'But first you must show us that you can look like a proper Bagatelle maid. As you can see we maintain a certain dress code in the club. All prospective maids must first be approved in uniform by a quorum of the club members.' Miss Ace pointed at a small side door to the office almost unnoticeable amid the wall panels. 'Now I want you go through there and change into a maid's uniform. There are several sizes to choose from so find one that fits you best. But you must change everything, including your underwear. There's a selection of that as well and suitable shoes. There's also a little bathroom if you need the use of one with talc and lavender water if you wish to freshen up. Take your time. You must be totally clean even where it doesn't show, do you understand?'

It seemed a little unnecessary to Abigail but she supposed it was reassuring that they cared so much about personal hygiene. 'Yes, Miss Ace.'

The changing room had racks of maid's dresses, shoes and underwear set between several full-length mirrors on its walls and a small toilet, shower stall and basin opening off it. Abigail used the toilet and freshened herself up and then sorted through the uniforms until she found items of the right size. She stripped off her clothes to change into them only to pause. She was not used to seeing herself reflected naked in so many mirrors...

Abigail had tousled honey blond hair which fell over her shoulders, framing an open, heart-shaped face. She had level innocent sensible brows, bright but shy blue eyes, a straight nose and wide red lips. Her skin was pale and she had a lean slender figure with high neat conical, jutting breasts and

neat pink round nipples. Her waist was tight and her hips were slim, but her buttocks were well rounded and there was a womanly gap between her slender thighs at the apex of which was a nest of dark honey curls capping a Mound of Venus like a deep cleft peach from which peeped an impudent inner labial tongue.

She hung her clothes on spare hangers and then put on the underwear, stockings and dress. It seemed to be a standard black chambermaid's uniform and hat with white trim. She inspected herself in the mirrors. Yes, she thought she looked perfectly respectable.

She went back out into Miss Ace's office and stood before her desk. Miss Ace gave her a cursory glance and then smiled warmly. 'Yes, you'll do fine, Abigail. I know you will be approved by the committee. You have the job subject to a month's trial, of course...' She turned the telephone on the desk round to face Abigail. 'As it's a special occasion perhaps you'd like to call home now and let your parents know all is well to reassure them. Meanwhile, would you like a drink?'

Abigail felt thrilled by the offer and touched by her thoughtfulness. 'Thank you very much, Miss Ace... but no drink, thank you... I don't touch alcohol.'

'A ginger beer then?'

'Well of course that would be all right...'

As Abigail had a call put through to Chesney Green, Miss Ace went to a cabinet in a corner which she opened up to reveal an array of glasses and bottles of all kinds. She poured a ginger beer and brought it back to Abigail.

Her mother answered the phone and Abigail told her excitedly that she had got the job and that the club looked very respectable with very high standards. She could tell she was reassured.

'Tell your mother that I'll make sure you write home regularly,' Miss Ace said.

Abigail passed that message on. When the call was over she took up the

ginger beer and sipped it happily.

Miss Ace watched her closely. After a minute she asked: 'Do you know another meaning of the word "bagatelle", Abigail?'

'No, Miss Ace.'

'Well it means a trifle, a mere nothing.'

'Oh... of course... yes I had heard that...' Abigail was beginning to feel a bit lightheaded. Was it hot in the office or perhaps it was the relief after all her worry...

'I'm sure you'll be very popular here, Abigail.'

'I hope so, Miss Ace...'

'The members already approve of you.'

Abigail frowned. It was getting hard to think clearly. 'I... I thought I still had to meet them, Miss Ace...'

'No, they've already seen you. Do you know what one-way mirrors are? They're the sort we have in the changing room. Members were standing behind them watching while you undressed. What a club maid looks like naked is even more important than what she looks like clothed, you see, since she's naked for most of the time. And you looked very lovely indeed. You're one of our bagatelle girls now. In the club we name them after low value playing cards. That's what you're going to be. And this evening you'll play your first game with the members...'

Miss Ace reached forward and caught the glass as it fell from Abigail's unconscious fingers...

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Abigail woke up slowly and confusedly. She couldn't remember how she got here.



Where was here?

She had to get to the Bagatelle club for the interview... no she had already had her interview... hadn't she?

She could hear the muffled voices of several people close by. She was lying on some hard surface almost but not quite flat with her arms bent up to the sides of her head and her legs spread. It was not very comfortable. And there was a slippery sensation between her buttocks she could not make sense of. She tried to move but she couldn't. There was something filling her mouth and other something's pressing into the sides of her face and about her breasts. What was wrong?

She forced her gummy eyes open and blinked and focused.

The first thing she saw floating above her was a naked woman lying in a shallow box with a curved top and a transparent front. Then she realized that it was herself reflected in a large mirror hung several feet above her. Still dazed she took in the details with detached horror.

She was held in place inside the box by several heavy wide straps about her wrists and upper arms, across her waist, about her thighs and knees and round her ankles. She was wearing red court shoes with spiky heels and had a broad red leather collar buckled about her neck with large "D" rings fitted to it and locked with a red enamelled padlock. From its front ring hung a large round white enamelled tag like a dog might wear with markings on it. She had to reverse the mirror image in her mind to make out that they were a red heart following the numeral "7".

Her cheeks bulged and her lips were parted revealing her teeth through which a red rubber ball could be seen plugging her mouth. The box was covered by a sheet of Perspex forming a lid with holes cut through it where her face and naked breasts protruded. The Perspex was studded with hundreds of metal pins forming slopes, ridges and cups running down the length of the board. The cups all had numbers painted inside them. There were also little domed bells hung about the board with more numbers beside them. To one side was the long channel where balls could be fired up from a sprung plunger onto the Perspex sheet. There were also handles to control the

paddles that projected through from the back of the board about her body.

The top set of paddles was positioned to one side of her breasts, their shafts running up from behind her and under her armpits. The paddle blades extended inward and their ends were resting just beneath her nipples. There was a third paddle set vertically on a shaft that emerged between her thighs and pressed into the cleft of her vulva. She could feel ribs and prongs on it digging into her sensitive flesh.

She was inside a pinball machine!

As Abigail's mind cleared panic began to fill her and she moaned and squirmed, pulling at her straps while rolling her eyes about in fear. She got the impression of a dark room with the looming figures of a dozen or more men in evening dress. But she couldn't see their faces because they were all masked: dominoes, half masks, bandannas and more. But she could see their eyes and they were all focused on her...

And then a figure loomed over her and a camera flash gun flared in her face. It was held by a thirtyish woman dressed in a red choker and short red corset which pinched in her waist. Its front was scalloped but it had no supporting cups, exposing her pale bare breasts tipped by large red nipples. The corset finished at her hips leaving her haunches totally exposed. Her fleshy hairless vulva pouted between her smooth thighs. Her choker had a white badge on it with a red "Q" and a diamond symbol.

She took another picture of Abigail and then moved back. Her place was taken by Miss Ace. She wore the same scandalous style of choker and abbreviated corset as the other woman leaving her half naked, although her corset had the same harlequin pattern as her dress. Her large pale breasts spilled over its top and swayed when she moved

Miss Ace bent over Abigail and studied her with interest while Abigail looked back up at her in disbelief and helpless pleading, making feeble gurgle in the back of her throat. How could she have done something like this to her? But Miss Ace seemed not to notice her expression. She unhitched something which had been dangling from the side of her corset. It was a cane with an oddly thick handle and a rubber blade tip that seemed to be woven

with bare silver wires. She flicked this across Abigail's cheeks and she yelped in pain. There had been tiny sparks and crackle of electricity as it struck, adding its sharp sting to the slap of the blade. Miss Ace smacked the paddle hard on Abigail's breasts, flattening down her nipples and bringing tears to Abigail's eyes she bit on the rubber ball plugging her mouth.

Miss Ace she stood up, hooked the electric cane back on her corset and then turned to face the watching audience: 'She's ready to play...'

A cheer went up.

Miss Ace continued: 'We have a lovely new Seven of Hearts fresh in today who is an innocent virgin who badly needs debauching. As is traditional she will go to the highest scorer for one free night of pleasure. Gentlemen; you have just one ball each to play so make the most of it. Take your places in line and get ready to play Bagatelle Club Naked Pinball...'

They were going to do what with her, Abigail thought dizzily? Take her virginity? No it wasn't possible... it was a nightmare...

But the men were all too real as the first of them stepped forward to take his place at the foot of the machine and grasped its controls. Abigail looked into his eyes visible through slots in his mask and saw no sympathy or compassion only carnal lust. He pulled the plunger and a metal ball was fired up the board over her head and began to bounce down through the forest of pins. He began twisting the upper set of paddle controls.

The pair of paddle blades flicked across her nipples as he tried to keep the ball in play and she screamed about her gag. The tips of the paddle blades were electrified! The camera flash gun went off again: they were recording her degradation.

As they slapped her nipples about the paddles stabbed them with electric needles. The shocks convulsed her within the box frame and she jerked against her restraining straps even as bells rung to indicate the player had won bonus points. The ball bounced lower down the board and the man worked the second paddle controller. Abigail felt the shaft digging up between her legs began to twist from side to side, grinding its ribs and prongs

into the lips of her vulva. She had never been touched like that before! Then she gave a yelp as an electric needle stabbed into her delicate flesh lips. Some of these prongs were also electrified.

Tears filled her eyes while dribble ran down her cheeks from her plugged mouth.

How could they do this to her!

At last, despite his best efforts with the paddles, the ball dropped down to the bottom gutter of the board and the round was over. 'Mr Gulliver has scored 430 points!' Miss Ace declared. Next player please...'

And so they took their turn one by one playing the game in which Abigail's body formed such an intimate part and which would be their prize. As she jerked and sobbed and squirmed within the machine balls bounced about her, bells rang, paddles slapped and stung her nipples and labia and churned in the mouth of her vulva.

As the third player was taking his turn Abigail became aware despite her fear and misery that there was a strange tingling pressure in her loins and a surge of warm sticky wetness flowing out of her cleft about the intruding prongs. What were they doing to her?

The next player had his turn and the next while her feelings got worse. She was horribly aware that her nipples instead of shrinking down were standing up hard as if to make themselves better targets to the swiping the paddle blades while there was a slippery warmth about her hot vulva as the groin paddle shaft churned within her. A curious pressure and need was building up within her as if she wanted to relieve herself badly but not in any way she understood...

'We have a hot little card here,' Miss Ace said from somewhere to one side, as if commentating on the ghastly proceedings. 'She's pouring out of a lot of juices. In fact I think she's going to...'

Abigail shrieked and jerked making the pinball machine rattle. She felt her loins erupt and a surge of strange hot pleasure coursing up through her body

until it fizzed and popped in her brain even as Miss Ace was saying: ‘Congratulations, Mr Jekyll. You have brought our new maid to an orgasm. I think we can look forward to great things from her in future...’

For a few seconds Abigail’s mind seemed to spin free of all cares and then she went limp...

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Abigail came to herself again dizzy and confused. What had happened? An “orgasm”? What was that? She had never felt anything like that before.

Miss Ace was smacking her breasts with her electric spanking cane while the red Q diamond woman was taking pictures of her again. Some of the masked men watching her were chuckling...

‘Was that your first cum, Seven?’ Miss Ace asked. ‘But you’ve got to be nice and lively for the next player.’

The next man took his place before her and the terrible game went on.

Her breasts felt as if they were on fire and her nipples throbbed as if they were going to burst. Her loins were a sticky mess of strange juices and even stranger feelings. It was all absolutely impossibly horrible...

Five players later she had her second “orgasm” and half fainted again.

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Abigail was hardly sensible when the last ball dropped into the machine’s gutter and the terrible paddles fell silent.

Miss Ace announced: ‘The winner is, with 670 points... Mr Pickwick!’

There was polite applause. The front panel of the naked pinball machine was opened up and the machine was somehow tilted forward until it was upright. Between them Miss Ace and the camera woman unstrapped her and pulled her out. She could hardly stand and was quite incapable of resisting as they hooked a dog leash to her collar, cuffed her wrists behind her back and

put a hobble chain between her ankles. She was miserably aware that some of her inexplicable outpourings were now trickling down the insides of her trembling thighs. The end of her leash was then handed to a plump man wearing a thin decorated half mask over his face which displayed a red nose and ruddy cheeks and eyebrows raised in jovial amusement.

‘She is all yours for the night, Mr Pickwick,’ Miss Ace said.

‘Thank you, dear lady,’ Pickwick said floridly.

He led Abigail tottering and clattering unsteadily behind him on her unfamiliar high heels out of the door and along a corridor that was all polish and mirrors and pillars illuminated by electric sconces and past tall windows with frosted lower panes. For some reason the wood block floors were inlaid by long strips and loops of brass channelling. They went up a grand staircase and then along a landing to a private room containing a large bed.

Abigail did not resist as Pickwick laid her down on the bed. She knew what he was going to do to her but she did not have the strength to fight him. He freed her hobbled ankles and spread her legs wide and secured them with cuffs connected to the ends of a rod lying along the foot of the bed. He freed her arms from behind her only to secure her wrists to cuffs that extended from the head of the bed so that she was spread-eagled. Then he pulled on the rod joining her ankles and lifted her legs up and over her head, bending her hips all the way back and hooked the rod to a pair of short chains hung from the top of the headboard so that her legs were spread in a wide “V” above her head and her feet, still clad in her new shoes, were practically touching the corners of the headboard. The tension on her legs bowed her back and lifted her buttocks clear of the bedclothes, making her horribly aware of her exposure.

Pickwick sat on the bed beside her and stroked her sore and aching soiled body, teasing her throbbing nipples and the pouting cleft of her sticky vulva now pouting shamelessly between her taut buttocks. His touch was disgusting but at the same time she could not help feeling a strange warmth flowing through her.

‘My, but what a fine young girl you are to be sure, Seven of Hearts. I’m

going to have such splendid fun with you. Your first time with a man, eh?’

She did not respond so he slapped her cheeks until she nodded feebly.

‘Well don’t worry, Seven, I know how to treat virgins. You need a bit of encouragement to overcome your fear of having a man’s member pushed up into you. A little spanking usually does the job. I’ll just take your gag out so you can speak when you need to...’ He pulled the gag ball out from between her aching jaws and gave her a sip of water from a tumbler on the bedside table to wet her dry lips, and then he put a pudgy finger over them to keep her silent.

‘Don’t say a word now. You can sob and moan and wail all you want but I don’t want to hear any bad language or pleas to let you go, because, as you must appreciate by now, that isn’t going to happen. When it gets too much and you want me to screw you instead, you just have to say nice and clearly: “Please Mister Pickwick, I want your cock up inside me!” That’s our little game tonight, do you understand?’

Fearfully Abigail nodded. This was what she had imagined only a husband would ever do to her, and now it would be a total stranger...

Pickwick began undressing. Abigail goggled as his pale plump body was exposed until he was naked except for his mask. So that was what men looked like. A strange stiff rod of flesh jutted out from under his wobbling belly. Was that it... his thing... his penis? She had heard stories about what it did but she wished she knew more.

He opened a cupboard which was ominously hung with strange devices of leather and cane and metal. He selected a leather lash and swished it through the air and then brought it over to Abigail and trailed it across her body and down between her splayed legs as if inviting her approval.

‘Nice broad pliant thongs,’ he explained. ‘They’ll put a blush on you but they won’t cut. That wouldn’t do would it?’

Fearfully she shook her head.

He took up position besides the bed, drew his arm back and brought the lash down across the backs of her thighs and her tight buttocks and the exposed mound of her cleft between them.

There was a thwacking sound and Abigail screamed as the thongs whipping across her bottom and sent shivers and ripples through her flesh. Swish, thwack! Her bottom and thighs and pussy burned. She bucked and twisted but that only lifted her buttocks into an even more inviting posture. The curling thongs of the lash cut into her cleft and came away darker and wetter than they had been.

She had hoped to be brave and defend her honour to the last with at least a show of stoicism. But this was more pain than she had ever imagined. What good would being brave do her now?

‘Please Mr Pickwick... I want your cock up inside me!’ she screamed.

‘So soon, Seven,’ he said, sounding almost disappointed. ‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes... Yes Mr Pickwick I’m sure... I want your cock inside me... All the way... please...’

‘Are you begging me to take your virginity?’

‘Yes... yes I’m begging... please take it... it’s yours... Mr Pickwick... please just don’t hurt me anymore...’

She hated her words and herself for saying them but she just wanted to get it over!

Pickwick set down his lash and clambered onto the bed, kneeling between her spread legs. He lay across her and his belly pressed against hers. She felt the silky tip of his penis rubbing up her wet cleft while his grotesquely jovial mask bobbed over her face. Then suddenly he lunged into her.

She felt a hot sharp pain and screamed as his hard flesh shaft burst through her maidenhead and slid on up inside her into places she had never felt before. She was no longer a virgin... she was ruined, defiled...



Pickwick began to rock back and forth on top of her as if working a pump. His weight was driving the breath from her even as his stiff penis was sliding in and out of her aching, sore, sticky passage. It was horrible, vile and disgusting! She was going to die, she knew it...

Then he gasped and grunted in triumph and she felt something hot spurting out of the tip of his penis inside her

She thought she was going to be sick, but instead her insides suddenly squeezed tight about him and then she was squirting something out of herself as well as she was overwhelmed by another orgasm...

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Much later, as Abigail lay still cuffed and spread-eagled under Pickwick's sleeping bulk with his outpourings and hers cold and sticky on the sheets under her naked buttocks, Abigail prayed to God for comfort and a little hope. But she got no answer. Maybe God did not speak to ruined women, or those that defied her parents will.

## Chapter Two

It was half past eight the next morning when the woman with the Q Diamond badge led Abigail, still soiled and feeling wretched after her night with Mr Pickwick, into Miss Ace's office. Abigail's arms were once more cuffed behind her and the ball gag was back in her mouth. The diamond woman was still wearing her scandalously brief corset with, Abigail now realized, red jackboots to which high heels had been added which only emphasised her exposure.

Miss Ace, decently dressed again, was seated behind the desk. There was no visitor's chair for Abigail this time but a strange three legged stool with a V-shaped padded top, the open mouth of which faced the desk. Abigail was made to kneel upon it having to spread her knees wide. The Q Diamond woman buckled straps across her ankles to hold her in place and then pulled at something slotted into the rear leg of the stool. Abigail whimpered as she felt a rubber tipped rod slid up into her rear passage, impaling her on the stool and forcing her to sit upright.

Sick and weary with her cheeks burning, Abigail hung her head in misery. The diamond badge woman unhooked her electric cane and slapped it across Abigail's bare buttocks. 'Head up and look at Miss Ace,' she commanded.

Abigail looked into Miss Ace's eyes, painfully aware that from where she sat she could see her body intimately displayed, even the dried virgin blood about her thighs. She felt so filthy inside and out and so very, very ashamed...

Miss Ace smiled. 'Well, Seven of Hearts, you put on a fine performance last night. And Mr Pickwick was very pleased to take your virginity. Now I'm sure you have a few questions you'd like to ask and you'll have the opportunity in a moment. But I warn you that we will not tolerate bad language, threats or insults. You are a Bagatelle Club card girl now and will be so for the next month at least and nothing will change that, do you understand?'

Abigail was slow to respond and received another electric slap on her bottom until she nodded miserably.

‘Nor do we tolerate inattention or sluggishness,’ Miss Ace added meaningfully.

This time Abigail nodded quickly. The Q Diamond woman pulled the gag out of her mouth so she could speak. ‘Address Miss Ace politely,’ she reminded her.

‘Go on,’ Miss Ace prompted.

‘You... drugged me... you’ve ruined me... how could you do this to me, Miss Ace?’ Abigail choked.

‘We drugged you because that was the simplest and kindest way of putting you in our power. But we haven’t ruined you, far from it. Instead we have shown you that you have valuable physical qualities that we can use to our mutual advantage. There are many rich influential men who like to play games with pretty, respectable, innocent young women like you. We provide them with the opportunity to do so in a clean, safe and discreet environment.’

‘B... but you’re women debasing women, Miss Ace.’

‘Yes, so we know what just you’re feeling. But that doesn’t have to stand in the way of making money does it? That’s why you came to London, after all.’

‘To make money honestly, Miss Ace, not this...’

‘We could hardly have been honest with you earlier, could we? But now you are learning the truth about how the club works.’

‘You can’t keep me here like this, Miss Ace,’ Abigail said with quivering defiance. ‘My parents know where I am. If I don’t contact them they’ll ask about me...send the police... then I’ll tell them everything...’

‘No you won’t, Seven of Hearts,’ Miss Ace said calmly. She opened up a large envelope that had been lying on the desk and showed Abigail the

contents. They were photographic prints of the pictures Q Diamond had taken off her last night strapped into the terrible pinball machine. They showed every intimate detail, including the strange ecstatic expression on her face when she had been overwhelmed by another orgasm. At the sight of them Abigail felt cold and sick again.

‘Would you want copies of these sent to your parents, friends and relatives? Would you like to explain to them how you spent your first day in London? Or lost your virginity?’

Abigail felt her stomach knotting up in horror at the thought of it. ‘No. Miss Ace... you wouldn’t please don’t...’

‘Well if you informed on us then I’d have nothing to lose would I?’ Miss Ace said. ‘And think what the papers would say: *Vicars daughter working in vice den*, or perhaps: *Virgin climaxes several times in naked pinball machine*. Of course there would be some sympathy of your suffering... although you don’t look as if you’re suffering that much in some of these pictures, does she Queen D?’

The woman who had brought Abigail in said: ‘it looks to me as if she’s enjoying herself, Miss A. A natural sex slut I’d say. The most passionate ones often look as if butter wouldn’t melt between their legs but secretly they enjoy the rough handling and love having cocks shoved up inside them.’

‘It certainly seems that way from the amount of juices she was putting out, doesn’t it?’ Miss Ace agreed.

‘No... don’t say that... eek!’ Abigail protested and then yelped as Queen D swiped her with her electric cane.

‘Be polite, Seven of Hearts,’ she warned.

‘But either way I don’t think your father would have much chance of any advancement then, would he?’ Miss Ace continued unperturbed. ‘In fact our membership comprises many rich and influential men and if you embarrassed them then I can promise it would also end far worse for you and your family!’

Abigail sobbed: ‘B... but that’s not fair, Miss Ace!’

‘Of course it isn’t, you naïve child, but that’s the way life is and we have to make the best of it. But instead of dwelling on unpleasant possibilities think about this. We will employ you at the club for the wage as advertised and you will write letters home to your parents every week telling them that everything is fine. They never need know how you are earning your wage. To our guests you are simply “Seven of Hearts” and to you they are masked men with assumed names. We guarantee anonymity on both sides and while that is preserved everybody is happy. Your parents will have no reason to suspect anything untoward ever happen. After all the Bagatelle Club is a most respectable establishment.’

Abigail bit her lip. It was an insulting and degrading suggestion, but the prospect of those pictures being seen by her family was even worse. It felt like making a deal with the devil, but what other choice was there? She was already ruined. ‘What... what do I have to do, Miss Ace?’

‘Just what you did last night. Apart from general cleaning duties, through the day you will serve in our various games rooms. Meanwhile your card name will go into a draw for participating members to win the use of you exclusively for one night. As a card girl you don’t have any choice of what games you play or who you have to please, which means that you don’t have to pretend to enjoy yourself – that at least is honest which should please you. In fact the members rather like making unwilling girls play their games. It adds a bit of spice you see.’

‘You... you mean I’d be a... a sex slave, Miss Ace!’

‘Officially you would be a club maid respectably cleaning and serving. To the members you would be a card girl that they can play with in their games. How you think of yourself is up to you. You might simply think of it as paid work. Then at the end of the month, when your trial period is up, you can leave the club if you so wish and, as long as you are discreet, then these pictures need never see the light of day. Or of course you might choose to continue working for us under the same terms.’

Abigail shuddered. ‘How can you imagine I want to do that, Miss Ace?’

Miss Ace smiled. 'We'll see. Stranger things have happened. Well, what you say?'

Abigail snivelled. It was a revolting prospect, but slightly less revolting than the alternatives. It was totally unfair and immoral and the implications terrified her but she had no choice. At least this way her parents would not suffer. Wearily she said: 'All right, I'll do it, Miss Ace.'

'Good. Now the men have had their fun with you, Queen D and I will show you how we welcome new girls to the club...'

Queen D pushed the ball gag back into Abigail's mouth while Miss Ace slipped off her dress to reveal her harlequin corset and a matching pair of high heeled jackboots. The women circled round Abigail studying her closely while stroking their clefts and tweaked their nipples which responded swiftly. Abigail's eyes grew wider in horror as she saw the unnatural lust in their eyes and she shook her head. No... no not that... it was sinful!

From the cupboard beneath the drinks cabinet Miss Ace took out two strange objects one of which she handed to Queen D. They were eighteen inch long rods of rubber bent into shallow "U"'s with bulbous tips and straps attached to their mid sections, which also sported what looked like rubber cockscombs. The two women spread their legs and slid one end up into their vaginas and then tied the straps about their waists to hold them in place so that the rubber frills pressed into the apexes of their clefts.

'These are called strap-on double-ended dildos and they are for women to use between themselves,' Miss Ace explained as she saw the horror and bewilderment on Abigail's face. 'A dildo is anything shaped like a man's erect penis that can be used for pleasure. Get used to them because you'll be meeting a lot more of them over the next month in one form or another. You must get used to the touch of women as well. Some guests bring their own pet slaves along for a bit of fun...'

Queen D pulled the rod out of Abigail's bottom and then lifted her hips from behind while Miss Ace stood between her splayed knees and embraced from the front. She felt the tips of their dildos rubbing across her belly and up through the cleft of her buttocks.

‘While you were sleeping yesterday we gave you an enema and greased your rectum in case whoever won you in the pinball game wanted to have you anally,’ Miss Ace explained. ‘Apparently Mr Pickwick didn’t avail himself but it means your rear passage is all prepared and it’s a pity to waste it...’

Miss Ace kissed her gagged lips while Queen D slid her arms about her and cupped and squeezed her breasts. Then the two women guided the tips of the rubber penises into Abigail’s front and rear passages and then: taking a firm hold of her, thrust up into her together.

Abigail screamed as she was doubly penetrated by the rubber shafts. She thought she would burst but somehow her passageways stretched to accommodate them, although it felt almost as if they were going to meet inside her. She sobbed and squirmed and twisted but sandwiched between the other two women’s naked bodies her efforts only increased the fleshy friction between them, grinding her bare breasts against Miss Ace’s larger globes while she felt Queen D’s hard nipples rubbing against her shoulders. Their scent filled her nostrils and their warmth and passion soaked into her.

Steadily, relentlessly they jerked their hips and drove their mock rubber penises into her again and again, grinding the frills up into their clefts as they did so. Abigail tried to fight it because she knew was wrong but the strange liquid warmth began to grow in her loins. Her nipples were hard and that little nub of flesh in her vulval cleft was throbbing and standing up and she was dripping over the pumping rods of rubber that Miss Ace was ramming up into her. She could smell their bodies and their excited wetness dripping from them and mingling with her own.

She knew it was not natural to have three women join together like this but they were so confident and self-assured and it was more powerful and darkly exciting than anything she had ever known. How could she fight this? She couldn’t think of any prayer to protect her. God must have abandoned her. She was abandoned... she was fallen and wanton... she was a slut...

And then her world exploded again.

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The next thing Abigail was aware of was Miss Ace holding her head up by her hair and slapping her cheeks to bring back to wakefulness. She was still kneeling on the V-shaped stool but she had slumped over. Miss Ace was properly dressed again while she was still naked. How long had she been unconscious? Both her front and rear passageways ached terribly and she was mortified to see the quantity of carnal juices that dripped from her. It had happened again! Why couldn't she stop herself? What was wrong with her?

Miss Ace observed: 'For such a meek and mild vicar's daughter you do climax very easily and powerfully and your post orgasmic swoons are quite charming, almost as if you're making up for lost time. Don't be ashamed of them, Seven of Hearts, they add to your value. Now would you like to have a shower and have some late breakfast?'

Feebly Abigail nodded, realizing that she was desperately hungry. And a shower would be heavenly, although she doubted any shower would make her feel truly clean again.

'Queen D will take care of you. We'll start you off today with a little light housework and serving duties to get you used the atmosphere of the club. Then by tonight you'll be ready to pleasure another guest.'

Abigail shuddered, but she knew had no choice. For the next month she would be a Bagatelle Club sex slave.



# Chapter Three

The Bagatelle's card girl service room was situated on the ground floor, reached via a flight of back stairs from Miss Ace's office in the basements.

Queen D led Abigail through a side door into a large room lit by frosted glass windows with a French window between them that must open onto the rear of the club premises. Opposite this was a large green beige door that must lead into the main corridor of club. There was also a serving hatch in one wall, a store cupboard and racks of leashes, chains and other implements Abigail could not recognise. The floor of the room was open as far as conventional furniture was concerned and covered with white rubber tiles on which a strange array of objects had been set out.

Hugging the walls of the room and connecting all its doors was what might have been a flagstone garden path except it was formed out of shiny metallic squares outlined by black frames. The path had branches that led to a smaller loop in the middle of the room which surrounded a low podium with a lectern mounted on it that supporting a small panel of electric switches and dials.

Then Abigail realized it resembled a course from a board game. The whole room was a huge perverted board game.

Running along the centre of this strange track and curving down into its branches and passing out under the doors was more of the brass channelling that Abigail had noticed in the wood block floors of the club the previous night. Between the inner and outer tracks were several sections of floor variously marked in bold letters: *Toilet/Enema/Greasing, Shower, Drying/Hair, Teeth, Make-up, Eating and Sleeping*, divided from each other by low glass screens.

They contained an odd array of sunken toilet bowls, shelves of bottles and jars, basins and shower pans with strange pipes, nozzles and hoses arranged about them. The eating section had a row of shiny metal dog bowls with some kind of pipe and steel hopper arrangement over them. The floor of the

sleeping section contained several thin narrow mattresses. Three of them were occupied by blanket-covered female bodies with masks over their eyes.

‘This is where you will be kept clean and fed, exercised in bad weather and occasionally even allowed to sleep,’ Queen D explained. ‘There are up to forty card girls in the club but they are never all in here at the same time. Here you will also receive any mail from home and you will be permitted to write your replies. Of course they will be checked before they are sent off...’ She saw the look of distress on Abigail’s face and added: ‘You don’t have to lie to your family, just don’t tell the whole truth. You can also tell them unimportant details such as how impressive the club grounds are...’

She led her over to the French windows and threw them open. Abigail saw a large garden courtyard beyond entirely surrounded by windows and walls. ‘Apart from playing games you’ll be exercised out there when the weather permits. We bought the premises at the rear a few years ago and joined the two together so we have plenty of room...’

Queen D closed the door again and led Abigail over to the middle of the room and a short length of channelling running in parallel with the main track a little like a railway siding. It had several sturdy eyebolts set in it with wide base flanges so they were free to slide along the channelling but not pull out of it. Connected to each eyebolt was a two foot length of chain. Queen D made Abigail bend down so that she could padlock the end of the chain to her collar. Then she uncuffed her hands and removed her gag ball, leaving her kneeling on a section of the strange giant playing track. Close to she saw each square was a separate sheet of metal, cut through and insulated from the brass floor channel that ran through its middle. There were also small light bulbs recessed in the rubber strip perimeter of each square.

Queen D stepped up onto the central podium and threw a switch and turned a dial on the control panel. ‘This is where you will learn to play games according to Club rules,’ she said.

Abigail yelped as the square on which she rested suddenly crackled with electricity while its surrounding light bulbs flashed. She even felt a jolt up through the chain into her collar. It had metal studs on its inside.

‘Circle clockwise around the podium,’ Queen D commanded, ‘I want to see how well you move on all fours...’

Abigail scrambled frantically around the short inner loop of track, dragging the chain with its sliding ring between her knees and yelping as she went with her naked breasts bouncing and jiggling while she was chased along by flashing electrified squares at her heels. She was even getting shocks through her feet! Why weren’t her shoes insulating her? Then she realized that they had metal toe and heel caps and there were metal studs in their soles as well. She had become a helpless playing piece on a giant game board!

After half a dozen circuits Abigail was sweating and panting. Queen D said: ‘Now move off along the branch leading to the toilet section...’

Abigail obeyed immediately. She was being taught obedience by the room itself.

The shocks ceased when she reached the toilet section.

‘Squat over the first bowl in the positions marked and relieve yourself,’ Queen D commanded.

They looked like regular toilet bowls with extra pipe fittings drilled through their rims and sunk into the floor with raised pads on either side of them where her feet could be placed and a bracing bar fitted the floor in front to brace herself. There was just enough slack in her collar chain to permit her to use it if she kept her head low. With her cheeks burning she squatted down with her bottom hardly touching the toilet rim and emptied her bowels and bladder.

When she was done Queen D said: ‘Do not move...’ She worked another control on the panel and a hose emerged from the back of the toilet bowl and slid up into Abigail’s anus and squirted warm water up into her, making her gasp and giving her a strange thrill as she felt her passageway being flushed clean. Then the rod pulsed and she felt a warm slippery blob of grease filling her.

‘Every time you relieve yourself your rear passage will be cleaned and

greased in case a member wishes to take you anally,' Queen D said.

Abigail shuddered and felt nauseous.

The rod withdrew and jets of water sprayed up into her groin from the sides of the pan washing her front and rear clean. Another nozzle extended from the front of the pan and pushed into her vagina and flushed it clean of blood and sperm. She smelt disinfectant and then it changed to a stream of ice cold water that made her shudder but eased the ache within her.

'Take your shoes off and shower and wash your hair,' Queen D commanded as she shuffled onto the next setting. 'Your collar has been treated to make it waterproof...'

The row of shower pans were surrounded on three sides by splash screens with a shower rose hung over each. Trays fitted to the insides of the splash screens held shampoo and soap. The water came on as she crawled into it and she washed and shampooed herself as best she could while squatting and kneeling down.

When she was done she picked up her shoes and moved along to a drying pan where the screens enclosed posts carrying several nozzles that blasted hot air across her body, up into her groin and through her hair, drying her off rapidly. There were also combs and brushes on chains for her to tidy it up afterwards and a selection of grips, hair bands and ribbons to tie her hair back neatly.

She put on her shoes again and moved to the next section where there were wash basins ringed by shelves carrying an array of toothpastes and toothbrushes. The brushes were all marked with card symbols.

'Find your own brush,' Queen D commanded.

Abigail found a new one with a seven and a heart symbol on it and used it to clean her teeth.

The next section was a shelf full of make-up and several angled mirrors.

‘Make yourself pretty,’ Queen D said.

Abigail never used much make-up so she quickly applied a light tint of lipstick and some eyeliner. There was no need for blusher: her cheeks were already quite flushed enough.

The food section comprised a row of dog bowls fed by tubes connected to several stainless steel hoppers, which were radiating heat.

‘You will eat without using your hands,’ Queen D told her.

It looked so humiliating that Abigail hesitated only to receive a warning shock.

‘You will eat as I command or cry in pain, Number Seven,’ Queen D warned her.

Reluctantly Abigail bent her head over the nearest bowl. There was a hiss as of compressed air being released and a dozen balls of mashed and compressed food dropped into it from the pipe. They smelt like eggs and bacon and fried bread and were large enough for her to gobble up with her lips and teeth. What did she look like with her head down and bottom up exposing her most intimate orifices, one of which was now ringed with grease? Degraded and humiliated, of course but then that was the purpose of this place. When she had finished the bacon and eggs the pipe delivered mashed balls of porridge sweetened with honey.

‘This is the same food our kitchens provide the members,’ Queen D told her as she ate. ‘You see we’ll make sure you’re well fed and keep fit and healthy. After all you are very valuable to us...’

Despite her despair Abigail had to admit she felt better with some solid food inside her.

The eating section was next to the sleeping area. As she moved past it she now saw that the eye masks on the girls sleeping there also had integral earplugs. Their hands were held together out from their bodies almost as if they were praying until she saw they were cuffed and connected their collars

by short metal rods.

‘They were working unusually hard last night and so have been allowed extra rest,’ Queen D explained. ‘As a pretty new card girl I doubt if you will have the opportunity to use the sleeping area for a couple of weeks at least. You’ll be spending all your nights in the private rooms...’

Abigail felt sick again. ‘Will I really have to have a man’s... thing up inside me every night, Queen D?’

Queen D smiled. ‘You really have led a sheltered life, Seven, but you cannot afford to be so coy here. A man’s penis is also known as his cock, shaft, manhood, dick and pecker, amongst other words. Your vulva is also your pussy, cunt, minge, snatch and quim and your breasts are also called tits, jugs, knockers, Bristol’s and boobies, and your bottom is your bum or arse. You’d better get used to these words. You’ll hear them and many more from the lips of some of the most powerful people in the country, although of course you’ll never know who. Now go to the main door...’

At the green beige door Abigail saw there was an electrically controlled bolt across the floor channels leading out of the room. Girls could not leave unless they were permitted.

Queen D had gone to the wall cupboard from where she took out some items. ‘We’ll start you off with some basic domestic work to get you used to your new position,’ she said. ‘Whenever necessary, after you’ve been serving in a games room for instance, you will be brought back here to have any injuries treated and then be cleaned, refreshed and fed by one of our senior staff.’

‘Who are they, Queen D?’ Abigail asked.

‘Myself or one of the three other queens, Spades, Hearts and Clubs, assisted by our four matching “Jackies”, who are the Jacks or Naves of the pack of course. Miss Ace is our manager and you are one of the numbered cards. So between us we represent a full deck.’

‘Please, Queen D, who represents the Jokers?’ Abigail wondered.

Queen D smiled. 'Why, the club members themselves, of course.'

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On her hands and knees Abigail worked her way along the boarding of a corridor with a tin of polish and a cloth in her hands polishing it industriously. She was confined to the floor channelling not only by the chain from her collar but a hobble chain linking her ankles, so that she could not stand up. Thick pads of cloth were strapped to her shins to protect her knees.

Now she knew why the brass channels seemed to run right through every room of the club. She had passed the foot of a staircase and saw that one branch of the channels ran up the boards along one side of it to the first floor. It was a clever way of keeping the card girls under control and yet allowing them just enough freedom to do useful work: and of course to provide free decoration.

Masked men passed by every so often and smiled approvingly down at her bare bottom and swaying breasts, although they probably thought of them as her "tits", she reminded herself.

At least all they did was look, except for one who stooped and smacked her bottom (her "bum") in a cheerful fashion as he passed by. Presumably it was not done to interfere with card girls when they were performing their domestic duties. But she knew it was only matter of time before she had to face far more intimate contact.

Could she do it again?

Well as Miss Ace said she'd have no choice. A man would have her and do what he wanted with her, just like Pickwick had. It would simply happen.

Could she survive a month living like this?

Well again she would have to. The prospect was terrifying but at least this way her family would never know of her shame. And this way she would also be able to send home some money as she planned. She felt a pang of sudden anxiety. Yes, but it would be money in payment for immoral purposes.

But that was not her fault. She hadn't asked to be tricked and blackmailed like this. Yes, but was it her moral duty to reveal the truth as soon as she could and end this cruel practice, if not for her self then the other club slaves?

She wondered about them. The bagatelle club have been in existence for years so why hadn't any of them done anything about it yet? Had they all been blackmailed like her? If she spoke up publicly would they and their families also suffer?

She saw a member pass her leading a naked card girl after him on a leash. She had a strap over her mouth, her eyes were red-rimmed and her arms were strapped up behind her back encased in some kind of leather sleeve. Her bottom cheeks were crisscrossed with scarlet stripes and there was a rod with, grotesquely, a hook on the end of it protruding from between them. What game had she been playing?

Abigail snivelled and blinked back tears as she realized how cleverly Miss Ace trapped her. It was not just her own pride and reputation that was stake but that of dozens of others. Had they come innocently looking for respectable work like her? However they got here they were all now at the mercy of so many cruel men's things... cocks, pricks, shafts!

Abigail yelped as she received a sudden smack from an electric cane blade across her bottom. The Spade suit Jackie was standing over her.

'Clean up your mess, Number Seven,' she instructed Abigail, pointing back down the corridor.

A line of drips marred the polished floor where they had fallen unnoticed from her hot engorged pussy.

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At lunchtime Abigail was put in the member's dining room serving meals along with two other card girls. There was a dumbwaiter hatch in the corner of the room communicating with the kitchens below where the meals were prepared and sent up. Each came on a numbered tray and she simply had to take it to the matching table and serve it to the masked men sitting there.



Of course it was not quite as simple as that.

Abigail stood upright with only her hobbled ankles linked to the card girl channels that looped about the floor of the room around the tables. Her morning spent cleaning had given some practice moving about restricted in that way and as long she took small shuffling steps she was able to move at a reasonable speed.

She was dressed in a red maid's cap with a matching bib front, stockings and short skirt tied at the back with a large bow which hung down the cleft of her naked bottom. However the skirt and bib were made of red gauze with white lace trimmings and did nothing to conceal her breasts and vulva and almost made her feel more naked.

But this was still not the worst it.

There were had heart-shaped cut-outs in the gauze around her nipples which had clips and rings hung from them. A light chain had been passed up from her right wrist through her nipple rings and down to her left. As she moved her arms to pick up and carry a tray and then set down its plates on the table this chain ran back and forth through her nipple rings so that its links made them vibrate. This brought them to a permanent state of hot throbbing erection which only made the clips securing the rings to them bite in even more deeply adding to her discomfort. Her reaction was clear for all to see and made her cringe with embarrassment.

Then there were the garters.

These were broad tight bands of elasticised lace and did no simply hold up her stockings. They had long stiff red feathers attached to their insides which ran up her thighs and teased the cleft of her pussy lips. With every shuffling step she took they tormented her with the inevitable result which seemed quite beyond her control. Her juices flowed out of her and soaked into the feathers and down her bare thighs to the tops of the stockings. It gave her little comfort that the other serving girls were similarly gartered and in the same state as she could both see and smell.

In the hallway she been chastised for dripping on the floor but in here

apparently it was a subject of great amusement.

As she moved between the tables the members were apparently free to pinch and slap her bare buttocks as she passed them, sometimes exchanging lewd and intimate comments about her body with fellow diners. A few slipped their fingers between her thighs to test her wetness. Men were beasts, she thought as she bit on the gag bar clenched between her teeth and felt her cheeks burning and tried not spill anything. It was all desperately humiliating and degrading, but she suspected that this was nothing compared with what was to come later.

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That evening the Club Suit Jackie delivered Abigail, who was now cuffed and gagged and freshly washed, cleaned, combed and greased, to private room Number Nine. The door was opened by a man perhaps in his mid-thirties wearing a black bandit mask which covered his face down to his top lip with slots only for his nostrils and eyes. This contrasted oddly with the purple dressing gown he wore and his slippers feet.

‘Mr Raffles: this is Seven of Hearts, who will be your prize card girl for the night,’ Jackie C announced, handing him Abigail’s leash.

‘Thank you, Jackie,’ he said politely.

Raffles led Abigail inside a room lit by pink tinted lampshades and closed and bolted the door and then looked her up and down with approval. He flicked her nipples and patted her bottom and pinched a tuft of her pubic curls which made her wince.

‘Would you like to go for a ride, Seven?’ he asked suavely, his lips curving up in a salacious grin.

She whimpered and nodded with tears already pricking at the backs of her eyes which seemed to satisfy him.

There was a large rocking horse in the middle of the room. It was brightly painted and fitted out with a genuine horsehair mane and leather harness and

saddle with brass fittings. It might have been a children's toy from an expensive nursery, except for the motor housed between its rockers and the strange rods that ran up from this into the hollow body of a horse and the slots in its saddle and the hook and chain hanging from the ceiling above it. Beside it there was a freestanding rack of punishment implements with a handheld control box hooked to it with the lead running across the floor to the rocking horse.

'I don't ride myself but I like seeing women in the saddle,' Raffles said, walking around the horse while Abigail felt her loins turning to jelly. 'A good gallop sets their titties bouncing so prettily, and of course everybody knows how excited girls get feeling a powerful animal moving between their thighs. It gives them a taste for riding... and being ridden...'

I never knew that, Abigail thought desperately. What else don't I know?

'Of course this particular steed is only made of wood,' he said, patting the painted neck of the horse, 'but he can still give you a very pleasurable ride...'

Abigail whimpered again, even as she felt her nipples treacherously beginning to stand up.

Raffles helped to clamber up onto the horse and then slipped her feet, still in her red court shoes, through its stirrups and then strapped her ankles in place. He adjusted the chain dangling above it so that its sprung hook fastened to the rear ring of her collar, holding her upright. She felt the slot in the saddle beneath the groin and the head of a rod poking up through it. Was that another dildo?

Raffles went to the rack, unhurriedly undid his dressing gown and hung it up. He was naked underneath it. He was the second naked man Abigail ever seen and she had to admit that he was better built than Pickwick. His body was quite lean and covered with dark hair but her eyes fixed helplessly on the jutting rod of his cock. How could it grow so big? How long would it be before she had that up inside her? She felt her nipples pulse with blood again and her loins begin to knot up.

Raffles took up the control box for the horse.

‘The game is to see how long it takes you to climax and how many I can make you do so before midnight. If you start to fade I’ll help you along with a little tit and bum whipping...’

He threw a switch and turned the dial.

The electric motor hummed and gears whirled and the horse began to move under Abigail.

It rocked forward and back but the chain clipped to the back of her collar held upright so that she had to work her hips back and forward to hold her position. Then the dildo head buried in the saddle began to emerge, vibrating and pumping as did so. It slid up into her cleft, pushing aside her labia and burrowing into the still tight mouth of her vagina.

‘That’s right, Number Seven, take it all the way up inside you,’ Raffles said, his grin broadening at the sight of her distress.

Abigail sobbed and snivelled as it filled her, making her lower stomach bulge with its presence and even causing her skin to shiver as it vibrated within her. For a horrifying moment she thought it was going to go too far up inside her and then the horse rocked backwards and the mechanism pulled the dildo part of the way out of her, sucking on her insides.

‘Are you enjoying the saddle vibrator?’ Raffles asked.

*Vibrator...* so that’s what the dildo was called if it was moving by itself. Did he want her to say she was? But Miss Ace had said she could be honest. She whimpered and shook her head.

Raffles laughed. ‘They all say that at first, but they come round in the end...’

Satisfied that the horse was going at the right speed, Raffles put down the control box and took up a short whip. Taking up a position beside her he swished it expertly through the air and Abigail yelped as it cracked across her bobbing breasts. Skilfully he caught the upper slopes and then the lower slopes of her bouncing mammaries and then crisply across her straining

nipples, driving them into her fleshy globes and letting the whip leather rasp across them before they sprang back up again. With every stroke his stiff cock wagged from side to side. Then he changed position and used the whip low across the back of the horse, skimming it real horsehair tail so that it could crack against the upper slopes of Abigail's buttocks and curl its tip about her straining thighs.

By now tears were streaming down Abigail's cheeks and dripping onto her breasts to sting the whip marks they already bore. Then she realized that she was getting wet between their thighs. The juices were seeping out of her pussy as it was repeatedly plugged and vibrated. They were flowing between the saddle and her thighs and making it feel slippery so that she began to slither and twist about as it rocked. Her loins were filling with that strange liquid heat and she felt her beaten nipples throbbing and standing up hard.

That perverse thing was happening again. The vibrator was simply too arousing and exciting. She was getting ready to have another orgasm. It frightened and shamed her and yet if it was like the previous ones then for a few seconds she wouldn't care because it felt so good!

But it was carnal and wrong!

Yes but that's what they wanted in the club.

She groaned, feeling her juices spreading down towards her knees. It was going to happen anyway so if she could not fight it then she might as well stop trying to and let herself go and get it over with. The sooner she did the sooner Raffles would be happy. Soon it would all be over...

Abigail focused her whole mind on the vibrator pumping up through the saddle and the stinging in her breasts and bottom. The liquid heat was building inside her until she thought she would burst. Then it erupted and she thought she had burst. Her aching vagina clenched hard about the vibrator until it could hardly move while fireworks burst in her brain.

Oh yes... there were no words for it...

Then she sagged limp and was only held up by the chain hooked to her

collar; flopping to and fro against it as the rocking horse rocked on...

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When she came to herself again the horse motionless.

‘My, but you are a lively one aren’t you,’ Raffles was saying, reaching between her splayed thighs to test the quality of her discharge. ‘You came before I was ready for you. I must be quicker next time...’

Next time? Abigail thought feebly. She shook her head and whimpered and pleaded with her eyes.

Raffles ignore her and set the horse rocking again and the vibrator plunged once more into her sticky wet cleft.

Surely she could not do it again so soon!

Swish, crack! Raffles’ whip cut across her breasts.

Surely she could not have an orgasm while she was being whipped!

But in minutes she was feeling the same heat and excitement growing within her. Perhaps this was her body’s means of coping with an intolerable situation, by blotting it out. Or was she secretly twisted inside?

She could feel it building within and surrender to its promise and stopped fighting it. Then the horse rocked.

Raffles he had clambered onto its back and lifted her buttocks and was ramming his hard cock up into her greased rectum, so carefully prepared for just this moment. He was not going to be late this time...

His penis... his *cock*, his *manhood* was forced up into her rectum, spreading the sphincter of her anus painfully wide to let in through. They was riding on the back of the horse coupled together as it rocked back and forward, his arms about her and his strong hands clasping and squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples.

She was plugged front and rear like she had been between Miss Ace and Queen D, except that this felt very different. There was part of another living thing up inside her. Another man was inside her! And she hated it and it revolted her and yet...

Raffles grunted and spouted his seed up into her rectum and she squeezed about him with her bottom and lost herself another orgasm.

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When they had both recovered, Raffles adjusted the angle of the vibrator so that it penetrated her bottom. Then he sat on the saddle of the horse facing her with her thighs hooked over his and her sore breasts pressed against his chest and he came inside her pussy while the saddle vibrator was sodomising her.

She had two more orgasms before midnight.

Afterwards she did not even try to pray to God, fearful of either a silence or a response.

# Chapter Four

The next morning there was rain battering against the windows of the card girl room, so after the girls had been fed and cleaned they were set in groups of three shuffling around its perimeter track chased by a relentlessly progressing sequence of flashing electrified squares that had been set to circle the room at a fixed speed from the Control Panel. They shuffled along with their bare breasts jiggling and noses practically pressed into the bottom cleft of the girl in front of them. This was because short plug rods had been fitted between their mouths and vaginas, one of them serving as a gag ball and the other like a dildo. Both pussies and mouths clenched them tight because they knew what they would suffer if they let either end come free. The last girl in the set had a tail plugged into her bottom with a weight on the end which bobbed about and slapped her buttocks while the girl in front held a short rubber rod in her mouth with elastic cords stretched down from its ends to clips fastened to her nipples.

And so they scrambled round the track exercising both their limbs and their private parts.

While this was going on Abigail, supervised by Queen D, was being given a lesson in sexual pleasure.

Queen D was sitting on a chair straddling a side branch of the track with her legs splayed wide while Abigail knelt in front of her. Queen D had a large hard banana thrust halfway up her vagina with its tip projecting before her coated with honey. Abigail was sucking the honey off the banana with strict instructions not to leave any teeth marks, while Queen D swatted her bottom with her electric cane to keep her attention focused.

‘Sucking a man’s cock off like this is known as fellatio,’ she told Abigail, causing her cheeks to burn with shame, ‘but if you are giving a woman oral pleasure then it is called cunnilingus.’

The thought of having a man’s hard penis in her mouth and possibly



pushed down her throat was horrifying enough but the alternative seemed to be impossible. Abigail stopped sucking a long enough to ask: 'please, Queen D, how would I do this to a woman... I mean they don't have... c... cocks.'

Queen D smiled down at her. 'I'm so glad you asked me that...'

A minute later Abigail had her nose and mouth and tongue buried in Queen D's deep hot cleft which had also been flavoured with honey to make the task more pleasant.

She had never imagined doing anything like this before and suspected it was deeply sinful, although she had never exactly been told so. There was a strange fascination exploring a part of a woman's body so like her own which nobody ever seemed to refer to or admit existed, and seeing Queen D's clitoris swelling up made sense of what she herself had felt. It was almost as if women did have little penises of their own but made purely for getting pleasure, and after playing with it with her tongue for a few minutes it felt strange and a little naughty but somehow not as wrong as she had imagined. Why had nobody ever told her about this? The Bagatelle club were not the only people to have secrets.

'We told you some of our members bring their private pet slaves to the club,' Queen D sighed as Abigail licked and nuzzled away, 'well this is what you may be required to do to them for their owners' amusement.'

Slaves pleasuring other slaves, Abigail thought. Where did this end?

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Abigail spent most of the day in the Club's skittle alley.

At first she could not imagine how they could make such an innocent game into a sexual perversion, but she soon found that she had underestimated the ingenuity of the Bagatelle's games designer.

Currently a "Mr Toad" was playing a game against a "Mr Jekyll" while Abigail and five other girls stood at the end of the alley forming the pins to be knocked over.

Arrayed in a triangular formation they were balanced on the toes of transparent six inch-high heels with their ankles strapped together. Their bodies were tightly bound like mummies within clear plastic corsets, neck braces and sleeves which held their forearms overlapped and pressed tightly secured into the small of their backs. Adjustable spring steel rods ran up their legs from between their strapped ankles, passing between their tightly pressed thighs to their bottoms where they were capped by rubber dildos that were plugged into their rectums, keeping them braced stiffly upright. Rubber bits were clenched between their teeth.

Secured as they were it did not take much effort to knock them over, which was of course the intention.

To cushion any falls the end of the alley was covered in rubber matting and they wore modified clear plastic beach rings about their knees, waists and necks. However to ensure a proper degree of suffering in keeping with club tradition, clear plastic pads pierced through with dozens of sharp metal studs had been stuck to their breasts and bottoms.

Slack wire ropes were connected to the backs of their collars and rose up to overhead pulleys connected to an electric motor.

Mr Toad rolled a plastic football filled with water instead of air down the alley which banged against the shins of the Three of Spades who was at the apex of their formation. She wobbled but did not fall over. Toad bowled another ball which struck her harder. This time she tottered and then fell over sideways, squealing as she hit the Eight of Diamonds who was behind her. She fell over as well but not hit any other girl pins. As she bounced on the floor her stud covered breasts flattened against the matting and she yelped in pain. Toad's third ball hit Abigail, who was now exposed by the loss of the first two girl pins.

She swayed, struggling for balance, and then went over backwards hitting the girl behind her. Her studded bottom smacked against the floor she squealed as she rolled sideways, striking the legs of another girl who toppled back on top of her in a tangle of plastic and bare flesh.

The club men noted Toad's score and then pressed a control at their end of

the alley. The motor whirred, taking up the slack in the wire ropes of the fallen girls and they were pulled back upright. For a moment all six girls were lifted clear of the ground, spinning and twirling in the air and gurgling gently. Beneath their dangling toes the end of the alley tilted upwards as if driven by a wedge and sent the balls rolling back down to the players end. Then the end of the alley lay down flat again and the motor reversed and set the pin girls back down on their spots ready to be humiliated once again.

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The end of a game, whatever the final score, was celebrated in the same way.

The players came down to the end of the alley and took hold of whatever girls most appealed to them. The wire ropes were slackened off and the telescopic rods bound between their legs were shortened, pulling the bracing dildos out of their rectums so that they could be bent over and the men could have them up their rears or pussies from behind as they wished.

When they were done with them they were left lying on the ground until one of the staff came to clean them up and reset them.

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To save wasting time freeing them from their elaborate array of sleeves and rings and then re-binding them, at lunchtime one of the Jackies came round with water bottles and a bucket with a hose and funnel. She gave them some water and then pressed the funnel up against their pussies so they could pee into it. Then they were left alone again looking like items of modern sculpture as they waited for somebody else to play with them.

Her immobility and enforced silence gave Abigail time to think.

She was committed to working here for a month, but afterwards what she did was up to her. If she was going to get up courage to inform the police (and her family!) about what was going on at the club she had to talk to the other girls first. She might ready to take the consequences but they might not and as fellow slaves they must have some opinion. If they were long term club maids why hadn't any of them spoken out before? She had to know

more. The trouble was so far she not had a chance to speak to any of them. There were always Queens or Jackies around or else she or they had been gagged. She had no idea of their backgrounds or what they thought about the situation. At the moment they were simply pretty plastic-swathed naked manikins whose rolling eyes and flushed features gave little away. Perhaps if several of them could decide to act together they might achieve something...

But after a few hours even these weighty concerns gradually slipped from her mind. Abigail discovered there was only so much worrying you could do when you were totally helpless and at any minute your body might be subjected to the terror of falling over without be able to stop itself. What became important was the accuracy of the men at the other end of the alley bowling at them and if a fall could be made sideways rather than forwards or back to spare her a little pain.

She found her nipples were standing up in anticipation under their crown of metals studs which she knew would only make a fall on them hurt even more. This twisted excitement found its way down to her pussy which began to seep with juices once more. Was this period of waiting better or worse than having men push their cocks up inside her?

Well it must be better obviously except there was a new sense of shame and degradation at being turned into virtually an inanimate object. When she was picked up after being skittled over by the ropes attached her collar for moment it felt almost if she was choking before she was set down. Of course her collar was too broad to actually choke her in those few seconds but it emphasised her total helpless, something she had never known before. She and the other girls were hanging like... like pieces of meat in a butchers shop. It was frightening of course but also for some reason terribly arousing.

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That evening in the service room before they were taken away for more games or to private rooms, Abigail had her first a chance to talk to another card girl.

She found herself next to the Two of Clubs as they squatted over the toilet bowls and then move along to clean their teeth, seeing to their hair and

checking their make-up. Two was slim with black hair cut in a pageboy bob framing an open pretty face with a slightly tip-tilted nose, straight eyebrows and honest dark eyes. She had softly swelling breasts tipped with small brown nipples and a tightly rounded bottom. A thick triangle of dark hair blossomed at the junction of her slim thighs.

Queen S was standing at the controls on the podium but she did not seem to be watching them that closely. Abigail had not been told she could not talk to other girls it was just that so far she had simply not had the opportunity. So Abigail said cautiously: 'Hello... I'm Abigail.'

Two of Clubs smiled uncertainly and then said softly back: 'I'm Maud.'

'Have you been here long?' Abigail asked.

'About five months,' Maud said. She spoke with a noticeable East London accent.

'What do you think about all this?'

Maud considered. 'Well the food's not bad and the money's quite good.'

Abigail was surprised that these were her first considerations. 'I mean about being used like this... the sex with the members... the games... the shame and everything.'

'Well, that's what we here for, aren't we?'

'Yes, but don't you think it's wrong?'

'I suppose so. But it's the sort of thing rich important people want to do and they have got to get somebody to play with them.'

Maud seemed remarkably composed about her situation. 'Did you come about a maid's job?' Abigail wondered. 'Did Miss Ace drug you?'

'Oh that. Yeah, was a bit of a scare at first. But it makes sense when you think about it. I mean she could hardly advertise in the paper, could she? *Come to the bagatelle club and be tied up starkers playing dirty games with*

*men in masks.* Who'd apply for that?'

'But it's still wrong... immoral.'

For the first time Maud's pretty face darkened. 'I have worse before I came here. Like I said it's not so bad when you get used to it. At least the Queen's and Jackie's take good care of you. And the games have rules here and you know they'll be over. Some of the members can be real pricks but usually they don't dare treat you too bad because they've got their reputation to think of, you see? It's safe.'

Abigail was not sure that she believed that.

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That night in Mr Panjandrum's private room Abigail was even less sure of Maud's reasoning. "Safe" was a very inadequate word when you were running in circles caught between screaming in pain or else having another shameful orgasm.

It was a variation on the tracks in the card girl room.

There were a dozen adjustable wooden posts forming a circle supporting between them lengths of wooden plank set on edge so that they formed a continuous ring. Abigail, with her arms cuffed behind her, was straddled over their raised upper edge which was set just at groin height. Above her was suspended a ring of metal channelling rather like that inset into the clubs floors supporting a sliding ring from which a chain was hung which was clipped the back of her collar. There were two more circlets of channelling on the floor set on either side of the ring of posts with their own sliding rings to which her ankles were cuffed, one inside and one outside, so that she could not lift herself off the planks.

And she very much wanted to lift herself off the planks! Some lengths had saw tooth serrations cut into them and others undulations and others small rubber prong-rimmed wheels or rubber hooks. And all of them rasped, tore, tickled and ripped through her pussy mouth as she ran around the ring.

Mr Panjandrum ensured she kept moving. He could have been a stout businessman bank manager beneath his mask, but here in the club he sat in the middle of the ring on a big swivel chair which he turned along with her. He had a long handled whip in his hand which he flicked across her bare breasts or buttocks as took his fancy as he enjoyed the sight of her naked body endlessly forced to circle around him for his amusement.

Soon Abigail was sweating profusely and the drips formed trickles between her bouncing breasts and fell off her stinging nipples and ran down the cleft of her buttocks or into her sodden pubic curls and fell to the floor between the tracks or else merged with the sticky slippery outflow that coated the planking which ran through her aching, pussy which was lubricating frantically to try to ease her pain as her lips were pinched, twisting it, ripped and prodded by the endless array of teeth, wheels, knobs and prongs that tore between them.

As she did so she sobbed and moaned and groaned which seemed to please Mr Panjandrum. His whip slipped and splattered across her shiny body. And as he whipped out he asked: 'does that hurt, Seven?'

And she sobbed back as she had been instructed, choking out her words around the thin rubber bit in her mouth there to stop her biting her tongue or cracking her teeth with pain: 'Yes, Master, that does hurt!'

'Are you going to cum again?'

She had already orgasmed twice, sobbing and cringing as she sprayed her juices over the track even as he forced her to keep moving, so that she staggered on while feeling the brief bliss of total release.

'Yes, I'm going to cum again soon as I can, Master...' she told him.

'Do you promise?'

'Yes... yes I promise, Master...'

'Like a good slut?'

‘Yes, like a good slut, Master... I’m going to cum, Master...’

“Cum” she now knew meant to orgasm or climax. It was another word to add to her vocabulary of perverted terms. And she did want to cum because that was the only way of blotting out the pain... or perhaps conspiring with the pain to find that strange new pleasure she had discovered. The crude words hurt of course, but perhaps at this moment they were justified. This was what sluts did, wasn’t it?

Panjandrum ran Abigail until she physically collapsed across the terrible track, shuddering with one final orgasm and then hanging with her neck dangling from her collar chain, her legs twitching and her knees bowed outwards with the strength totally gone from them, while her pussy ached and burned. He got up and whipped and slapped her but she could not go a step further. This was the end.

Well not quite...

Panjandrum freed her from the track and half carried over to the bed in the corner of the room where he hooked her collar chain to its head. Then he began to undress. Now he had exhausted her and run her ragged he was going to put his cock up into her vagina. But her sore pussy simply could not take it! It would hurt too much. However there were other alternatives, if she had the courage to speak up...

Abigail hunched up and got her knees under her and put her head down and thrust her bottom out and begged desperately: ‘Please, Master, why they don’t you s... screw my bottom hole? It’s lovely and hot it’s nicely greased and... and very tight... you’ll enjoy it so much...’

She had never said anything so shameful, but even as she spoke she felt a strange thrill at her own words.

Panjandrum grinned under his mask. ‘You really want me to take you up your rear, Seven?’

‘Yes, Master... try me... please.’



When he finished undressing, revealing his stout, greying paunchy body, he examined her bottom and pried her sore cheeks apart to inspect her anus. She felt a tingle at his touch and the mingled sense of fear that he would actually take up her offer and desperate hope that he would do and so spare her even worse pain. And then she realized that she was taking a kind of gamble: she was playing a game with her own body as the stakes...

Panjandrum slapped her bottom, making her wince, and then clambered onto the bed and knelt between her spread knees. His stiff cock sawed up through her buttock cleft.

‘All right, Seven, I’ll have you up your backside. But you make it worth my while or else it’s the whip for you again!’

‘Yes, Master, thank you Master... I will master...’ she said with pathetic gratitude.

And now she had to make good on her offer and serve him well. A bargain was a bargain...

She gasped as his cock slid up inside her rectum, stretching her tight anal ring. She squeezed on it and pushed hips back against him to try to make him feel welcome within her. He sighed and held her hips and thrust into her by return. He seemed to be in no hurry, savouring the pleasures of her submissive body, so the rhythm of push and thrust was easy to maintain. Bulging from within from his thrusts her sore pussy gaped and dripped. After the horrors of the track, it almost felt pleasant... right somehow... a man and woman coupled together...

The orgasm caught her by surprise, gathering and filling her loins and then searing up through her body almost before she realized it was coming.

Behind her Panjandrum laughed and then groaned and thrust hard against her sore bottom cheeks as he spouted his hot essence into her clenching, hungry, and it seemed (although it was shocking to think it) eager behind.

# Chapter Five

The next morning, examining the state of her pussy, Queen D permitted Abigail a few hours lying in to recover.

‘Mr Panjandrum does like working his girls hard on that track, doesn’t he?’ she observed. ‘He’ll have to pay a fine for this. You can have the morning off, Seven, but after lunch its back to work again...’

‘Thank you, Queen D,’ Abigail said sincerely.

And so Abigail lay on one of the mattresses in the sleeping area with her eyes covered, ears plugged and wrists cuffed before her held clear of the body by a metal rod connected to the front of her collar (so that she could not touch herself) while she had an ice bag clasped between her thighs.

It gave her time to think about the previous night.

It had felt wonderful to cum that last time with Panjandrum’s penis up her bottom, but only for a few seconds. Then she had felt guilt return as the weight of her proper upbringing settled once more upon her shoulders. She couldn’t let herself enjoy any of this because that really would mean she was a slut. Then she frowned and thought: but only by the rules of the ordinary everyday outside world. In fact she had never been quite sure what a “slut” was anyway, except that it was not nice. Maybe “slut” did not mean the same thing in the club where the rules were different.

They called her all sorts of names in here, but that was just to add spice as Miss Ace had said. It was just part of the game. So perhaps she could act the part of a wanton woman without really being one.

But the members wanted a bit of sport and enjoyed making the girls play their games.

All right, a *reluctant* wanton woman then. Why not if it spared her a little

pain and gave her a little more pleasure, which her body seemed unexpectedly capable of generating? And best of all this was a game she could play all by herself. The members need never know, nor the Queens, the Jackies or Miss Ace, and above all, of course, her parents.

Even if, when her month was up, she told them what she had done and the truth about the club, she would never admit to having played along or enjoyed any of it. Abigail bit her lip, aware of the consequences of her decision. One way or another it meant she was going to have to tell a big lie.

Thinking about lies brought her back to her problem with faith again. She decided she would not try to pray again for a while. She had realized there was so much more that she did not know, both good and bad, about men and women and sex and... well, life. She would wait until she understood things better before testing God's opinion once more.

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A section of the Bagatelle's flat roof top had been converted into a kind of solarium.

It was as if a large glass greenhouse had been erected over it built of frosted glass and looking down on the garden courtyard well below. From street level it hardly showed, hidden by the parapet of the club's frontage, and from any other vantage points there were too many other rooftops, chimneys and other utilities and other structures in the way. Anybody who was in a position to look down upon it would never guess the strange games took place within it.

That afternoon it was something known in the club as Pussy Jousting...

Mr Puck and Mr Chuzzlewit had taken up positions at either end of a long strip of thick green rubber matting divided down the middle by a padded fence, with a stand of chairs close by for other members to watch. Pairs of recessed rails like a very narrow gauge railway ran along each side of the dividing fence down the middle of the matting strips. Mounted on them were two leather saddles on low wheeled bases, and mounted in the saddles were Abigail and card girl Five of Diamonds.

Abigail and Five were literally mounted: impaled upon rubber anal dildos fixed to the saddles. Their arms were cuffed behind them and they had no other means of support, not even stirrups, because their legs were bent and bound up tight by straps about their ankles and thighs so their heels were pressed into their bottoms and they could not touch the ground, even though they were seated only eighteen inches above the rubber matting. But then they were not expected to remain in their saddles for long.

Four foot long but very light “lances” made of rolled cardboard jutted out from right angled rubber plugs embedded in their pussies. The tips of the lances were bound with strips of rag dipped in water paint. The girls held rubber rings in their mouths with moulded prongs on their sides which went out between their teeth and pulled their lips back. The prongs had hooks on their ends over which cords were hung that ran down to the middle of the lances supporting them at aggressive angles. Twisting their heads and trunks about pulled on the cords rather like reins and pointed the lances. The game was to see if they could strike their opponents and preferably knock them off their saddles without being knocked off themselves.

So far both had managed to remain in place, although their bodies were each bruised and smeared by coloured paint from previous lance hits while the remains of broken lances littered the ground.

With Puck holding Five of Diamonds and Chuzzlewit holding Abigail, each rolled their chosen naked “knight” back to the end of their track once again and replaced their broken lances with fresh ones. Abigail clenched her anus tight about the shaft of the dildo impaling it as her new lance was plugged into her pussy socket, knowing what was to come.

On the count of three the men ran forward pushing the girls before them until they reached a mark by the rails where they gave a final shove and let go, so that the girls rolled on towards each other alone on either side of the dividing fence.

Abigail twisted her head round tried to aim her lance over the fence while Five did the same. They met and their lances slid past each other. Abigail’s rag tip struck Five in the stomach, leaving a smear of blue paint while Five’s lance hit Abigail painfully in the left breast, leaving a large splatter of red on

it.

The impact sent Abigail reeling back in her saddle, clutching desperately at her anal plug to hold herself in place. But it slipped from her greased anus and she toppled over to land on the matting, winding herself. The impact pulled the cardboard lance from her pussy with a sucking sensation.

Mingled cheers and groans went up from the spectators. Money changed hands between those who had made bets on who would win the contest. The Bagatelle Club members were almost all inveterate gamblers of course.

Puck ran down the course to congratulate Five while Chuzzlewit made his way to Abigail.

‘You tried your best but you weren’t a good enough knight in the end, Seven,’ he said regretfully, ‘now you’ve got to pay the price to those you disappointed...’

She whimpered and shook her head but of course it was no use protesting.

Chuzzlewit unhooked the tangled lance cords from her mouth ring and dragged her across to one end of the dividing fence where there was a padded scallop let into the structure. He hauled Abigail upright and laid her forward over it so that her head and shoulders hung down on one side and her hips and still strapped and bent legs hung on the other. He pushed a large bolt across the top of the scallop, pressing down on the small of her back and holding her in place. Then he took up the rubber bladed spanking paddle thoughtfully hung the next to the scallop and beat her bottom soundly with it, the smack of rubber on flesh echoing back from the solarium roof.

Abigail shrieked and sobbed and squirmed and wriggled but to no avail. When he was done Chuzzlewit handed the paddle to the first of a line of disappointed club members who had bet on her success who also proceeded take his frustration out on her. Meanwhile Chuzzlewit went around the other side of the fence, took hold of Abigail’s head by fistful of hair and lifted it up so that she was facing his exposed hard penis which he pushed between her parted lips through the rubber ring still wedged between her teeth and down her throat.

She sucked on him as best she could as she had been taught with the banana, choking for breath and sobbing in the pain as the beating continued from behind. Some of the smacks were landing on her still tender pussy lips. Then one of the disgruntled gamblers took hold of her hips and rammed his cock up into her and pumped against the thrusts of Chuzzlewit working from the other end.

The man having her from behind came inside her and stepped aside and another took his place, smacking her bottom first and then making use of her greased anus. Then with a grunt Chuzzlewit reached his climax and spurted his seed down her throat, almost making her gag.

There were two men inside her at once, Abigail thought aghast! Until a few days ago she would never have imagined that was possible. Now she knew that anything might be done to her. Of course it was sick and revolting and obscene and yet...

Then the orgasm overtook her.

‘The slut’s cum already!’ Chuzzlewit exclaimed. ‘She’s having a good time even if we’re not!’

For that presumption the man in her rear took hold of her hair and pulled her head further back, arching her spine, so that Chuzzlewit, his soiled cock still bobbing out from the flies of his trousers, could take up the spanking paddle again and beat her breasts until they were as rosy as her bottom.

When they were finally all done they left Abigail dangling over the fence. Her breasts and bottom were burning and tears were dripping from her eyes while sperm dribbled from her lips, anus and vulva.

She felt sick and miserable as she should, and yet there was that lingering thrill from her orgasm still tingling within her. When her tears finally dried up and the pain in her bottom and breasts had diminished to mere simmering she found herself thinking that male sperm tasted very strange. Did it differ from man to man? She suspected she would learn soon enough...

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That night Abigail found herself continuing the equine theme of the day in a twisted fashion.

She was serving in the private room of a Mr “Turpin” together with his personal slave who he called “Bess”. She was a young black girl with jet black frizzy hair tied back in a ponytail. She was very exotic and pretty in her way but was also clearly totally dominated by her master and huddled on the floor on her hands and knees as he snapped his fingers and gave her commands.

Turpin, a man perhaps in his mid-thirties wearing an appropriate black bandit mask over his lower face and a black cloak over his shoulders, had set up a device in his room of an unusual design.

It was a sturdy four by four wooden post mounted a low wheeled block-board base. A couple of feet up the post it was transfixed from side to side by a horizontal wooden pole. Just above this were a series of vertical peg holes drilled into the other faces of the post. Through one set of these was slotted a long double headed rubber dildo which, because the peg holes had been drilled into the posts from each side at thirty degree angles, jutted outward and upward at its ends. As the peg holes were larger than the shaft of the dildo, it was free to slide back and forth.

At waist height the post was secured by metal brackets into the underside of the sill beam of what looked very like a deep square empty window frame, except that it had a dozen golf ball-sized spike-studded metal balls nestling against the inside faces of its lower half. On the lower corners of the frame were also mounted pairs of tap-like handles.

The frame’s lintel extended beyond its uprights and had it had hooks and ringbolts screwed to it from which dangled sets of padded cuffs. It was from these cuffs that Abigail and Bess’s wrists hung and it was through the empty frame that they stared at each other.

Their legs had been pulled forward under the frame on either side of the supporting post and then their knees had been hooked about the horizontal pole beneath it, with Abigail’s on the inside and Bess’s legs spread a little wider on the outside. Their feet had been pulled back under the pole and their

ankles strapped together on the other side of the supporting post. The ends of the double-ended dildo had been pushed up into their vaginas so that they were coupled through the post and unable to pull themselves off it.

So their bodies hung together with their breasts touching within the frame. A pair of straps were pulled across both sides of the outside of the lower half of the frame across their backs and buckled tight to increase this pressure so that their breasts were mashed together and they hung almost nose to nose. Snap hook had been used to link their collar rings together, so that they could not pull their heads apart. Abigail thought Bess's breasts felt hot and strangely, but not unpleasantly, silky as they pressed against hers.

Fortunately their breasts were well clear of the spiked balls arrayed about the lower half of the frame. But then what were they for?

As soon as he had them secured, Turpin commanded: 'now I want to see you kiss each other and not stop until I tell you...'

And of course they did so: Abigail with resignation and Bess with desperation that matched the fear in her eyes. Fortunately Bess's breath was sweet and her thick full lips were very sensuous, because she ground them against Abigail's as if she meant them to be glued together.

Abigail realized that although she had pleased Queen D's vulva so intimately, which was rather mouth-like now she came to think of it, she had never kissed another woman on the lips like this. She felt a strange new stirring within her. Could women feel the same about each other as men and women were supposed to? The motion of the kissing made their breasts roll against each other and she felt Bessie's chocolate dark nipples hardening and digging into her own. Their hips shifted causing the double headed dildo to slide between them, sucking and pushing into their vaginas. Abigail instinctively (and how swiftly she had learned that instinct!) clenched her sheath tight about it. Her loins tingled and began to fill with excitement. Even though she was frightened she really could not help it.

Out of the corner of her eye Abigail saw Turpin removing his cloak to reveal he was naked underneath with a long thin cock that was already swelling and rising stiffly.



He walked around the posts examining Abigail and Bess from every angle, stroking their naked mutually impaled bodies appreciatively, running his fingers between their splayed thighs and tickling their pussies. He stroked and squeezed their bulging breasts as they were pressed together in the middle of the frame. Abigail felt Bess tremble and tense herself as if waiting for some more direct form of torment such as a cane or whip across their ideally presented bottoms, but none came.

Instead Turpin took up position behind Bess and rammed his cock into her sooty dark and well-greased anus. Abigail saw her eyes widen as he penetrated her and felt the force of it transmitted through the dildo joining her to the black slave girl. Their breasts flattened a little further and rolled against each other while Bess kissed her a little more passionately. It was not too unpleasant. She didn't want to have Turpin's cock inside her but she assumed that was what he would do after he had used his slave. Well her rectum was well greased and she was getting used to having things put up inside it. It could have been worse...

It got worse.

Turpin reached round Bess to the base of the frame and the tap-like handles fitted there and began turning them. Abigail saw the metal spiked balls that lined the lower half of the frame began to move inwards on the ends of pairs of hinged levers pivoting like scissors. Lazy tongs, she thought they were called, that expanded inwards with each twist of the handles. And they were carrying the spiked balls towards their breasts!

She saw the look of sorrow and dismay in Bess's eyes and knew that she had known what to expect, but of course it was not her fault. They were both helpless playthings in the power of another of the Bagatelle clubs cruel members. Abigail felt a fresh surge of juices spilling out of her around the dildo shaft...

The spiked balls nudged the swelling curves of their breasts and pressed further into them, digging their sharp tips into their flesh. Bess moaned and Abigail sobbed as they forced their way between their mammaries from the sides and below, driving up into their shared cleavage. Tears began to run down their cheeks and mingle and Abigail tasted their saltiness in their

increasingly frantic and prolonged kiss.

Only when their breasts were ringed by halos of spiked metal did Turpin stop turning the handles. Then he began to pump even harder up into Bess's rectum while he looked over the black girl's shoulder through the frame to watch Abigail's face contort and her tear-filled eyes screw up as she felt his thrusts into Bess through the dildo they shared. Bess whimpered but Abigail smothered it with another kiss. They must share their pain and humiliation.

Desperate for some distraction Abigail began to compose her first letter home in her mind:

*Dear Mother and Father,*

*After my first few days in London I can truthfully say that the Bagatelle is certainly a very exclusive and unusual club...*

Turpin was grunting as he pounded into Bess's fleshy dark bottom, grinding her black breasts into Abigail's pale ones and both against the spiked balls.

*All the members are very keen on sports and games, some of them very old fashioned and many I have never heard of before, but they go to great lengths to play them seriously...*

Turpin shuddered and spouted inside his slave and Abigail felt her convulse in turn: the shudders doing more damage to their breasts. Turpin rested for a moment and then he pulled his shaft, still hard, out of Bess's rear passage...

*A few women guests also join in at times, but I'm not sure that they are as enthusiastic as the men...*

Turpin came round to Abigail's side of the frame, took hold of it to brace himself and rammed his cock, still soiled with his sperm and Bess's juices, up into her bottom...

*The work is quite hard and they certainly keep you on your toes, but I'm*

*managing and I should be able to send some money back home as I promised...*

Turpin was pounding so hard up inside her bottom that the frame was shaking. She could feel her cheeks spreading and the movement of his manhood amplified by the end of the rubber dildo already filling her vaginal passage, making him seem twice as big within her...

*I met a girl called Bess who I think is from the West Indies...*

Each thrust flattened her breasts against Bess's and the spiked balls. They were both now sticky with sweat... or was it just sweat anymore? Was she bleeding? Could they do that to her...?

*...and another maid called Maud, who's from London and who seems very friendly...*

Her sheath was clenching the end of the dildo in an iron grip, driving it back into Bess, while her sphincter was like a tight rubber band about Turpin's pumping shaft. She had a man behind her up inside her and a naked woman pressed against the front of her so that their breasts were flattened together and in terrible pain. It could not be natural or right and yet...

*I hope Maud can tell me more about the club and its traditions...*

Then another monstrous orgasm took hold of Abigail and blotted everything else from her mind.

# Chapter Six

The next morning in the service room, Abigail wrote her letter home and then had another chance to talk to Maud.

They and Eight of Diamonds and Six of Spades had been lined up together on their hands and knees by the green beige door waiting to be taken to a games room. Their chains and been clipped to floor channel rings but they had not had gags fitted yet. Perhaps the Queens thought they didn't need them. Was that a sign of trust? Anyway Abigail was happy to take advantage of the moment. Although the damage was not as great as she had feared, her breasts were still stinging and scratched from Turpin's abuse of them the previous night which inspired her question to Maud.

'Do you often have to make love to members' pet slaves?' she asked her.

'Sometimes,' Maud said. 'I suppose they get a thrill out of watching two women doing it together. Is that what you did last night?'

Abigail felt herself blushing. 'Yes... it felt a bit strange. It's not what I'm used to.'

'Well, you have to get used to that kind of thing around here. It's not so bad after a while.' Maud looked down at Abigail's sore and pinpricked breasts and asked: 'Did she do that to you?'

'No, it was her master's nasty machine. Or maybe it belonged to the club, I don't know.'

'Did he get her to kiss your tits better afterwards?'

'Um... no.'

'That's a shame. It's always nice if we have a chance to do that. It sort of shows that we each know that we didn't mean it... nothing personal, you know.'

It sounded as if it should be part of a rule of club etiquette, thought Abigail: *After a card girl and a private slave have been forced to conjoin for the pleasure of their master, it is considered good manners to permit them to kiss any injuries received or inflicted upon each other during the process better...*

Abigail shook herself out of this flight of fancy. This was all feeling so bizarre and every day was a new adventure into depravity. Aloud she said sincerely: 'Thanks. I'll try to remember that.'

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Still ungagged, the four of them were taken to what Abigail found was called the Roller Girl Bagatelle room, and what they did there soon drove thoughts of any book of club etiquette from her mind.

The room was about fifteen feet wide and almost forty long with bare polished boards. At one end there were a few shelves of harness and other equipment next to some kind of scoreboard and half a dozen long poles hung on racks. Fifteen feet in from this end wall a white tape line was marked across the room. The other end of the room was quite different. There was a ring of six holes like manholes in the floor about ten feet across with one more in the centre, numbered from one to seven. The wall behind these holes and pins was curved and padded and floor in front of it was slightly banked up.

Abigail shivered. This was another variation on the game after which the club had been named and which had been her introduction to its perverted ways. But how was it played? She would soon find out.

There were four players waiting for them named Athos, Drood, Horatio and Winkle. The Jackie who had brought them handed them over to the men who immediately freed their collars from the floor channel chains and examined each of the girls closely; assessing their attributes and apparently deciding which of them they wanted to play with.

'This one is a bit heavy... she's got slim hips... she looks as if she'd roll well...'

The women endured this intimate handling passively. The others must have been used to it and Abigail was learning fast. She let her face express her humiliation to show she was not insensitive while meekly permitting herself to be handled and prodded, hoping that would satisfy them. Her nipples began to harden in anticipation, although she was not sure yet exactly for what.

When each man had chosen his girl they were then put into their game playing harness. First they were tightly hogtied with leather straps, with their arms bound together in the small of their backs and their legs pulled back over their bottoms with their ankles crossed and strapped together. Then short broad straps were used to link their ankles to the backs of their collars so that they resembled handles with the tension in them lifting their heads up. Then they were picked up by these handles and laid face down on sets of three padded wooden boards fitted either with roller-skate wheels or large castors underneath or strapped firmly to them in turn. One long board which was pinched in the middle had sets of roller-skate wheels on either side of this constriction so as to form a line of wheels that went under their chests between their breasts. The other two boards, with single large castors fitted to them, went under the fronts of their splayed thighs, so that they were balanced on a tripod of wheels.

Next the men took down from the racks four narrow strips of board about eighteen inches long and three deep which been curved into semicircles. The strips had padding on their outside face and a rubber ball screwed to the middle of their inside faces which also had a loop of strap dangling from it. Laces also hung from the ends of the curve strips. The balls were pushed into their mouths and the straps went round their heads, so that the devices stuck out before them with their padded ends just touching their shoulders, about which the laces were then tied. When they were in place they looked a little like car bumpers and presumably serve the same purpose.

The men then took down a pole each from the wall racks. They were the length of broom handles and had double-pronged rubber dildos on their ends. The players inserted the polls between the women's thighs and plugged their rubber tips into their rectums and vaginas. Mr Horatio was playing Abigail and she groaned as his dildo rod entered her. He pushed the pole back and

forward to getting the feel of her weight and instinctively she clenched her sheath and anal sphincter tight about its twin tips, although as they had no heads there was little to grip on. She felt like some toy or piece of machinery as she was rolled to and fro on her set of wheels.

Around her the other men were also testing the weight of their girls who were now being wheeled around with handles stuck into their groins. They were being used like inanimate objects and yet the connection with their users could not have been more intimate and personal. Abigail felt her pussy growing wetter and her loins beginning to warm up. It was awful and yet she could not help it.

The men began wheeling their girls up to the tape line and back again while eyeing the ring of holes at the other end of the room. Now it became obvious what the objective of the game was. They were the playing pieces standing in for balls and they were going to get potted...

One by one the men took turns aiming their roller girls at a hole at the other end of the room and racing forward pushing her in front of them until she reached the white tape line where they get the final thrust and then whipped the handle prongs out of her vagina and rectum, leaving her to speed across the boards with a rattle of wheels and hopefully landing in the target hole.

The first time she was played, Abigail felt a pang of fear as she was thrust forward and then emptiness as the plugs were pulled from her groin. She skated over the floor to clip the side of her target hole and then hit the rear wall, her padded mouth bumper saving her from serious harm although she whimpered in shock as she struck. Then she rolled part the way back down the course to become an obstacle to be avoided for the next player.

When each girl had been played in a round they were retrieved and lined up again.

The holes were shallow and padded, but as Abigail found it was a shock dropping into one leaving the lower half of our body jutting out of it and still vulnerable to being hit by another rolling girl. She saw Maud's slim body pitch into a hole and lie there with her slim bound legs splayed wide and the

pink gash dividing her dark haired cleft wet and exposed.

Even if a girl missed the hole she was aimed for she might still cannon off the rear curved wall and roll back again into the ring of target holes and perhaps still score, which added a degree of unpredictability to the game. There was no sex as such involved in the process of play only exposure and humiliation, but the sensation of the double dildo prongs being pushed into her orifices and then suddenly whipping them out again as she was launched across the floor began to stimulate Abigail.

After an hour's play there came the moment when, as she sped off over the boards she felt a convulsion within her as her vagina squeezed on the emptiness the dildo prongs had left within her and then erupted. She left a trail of juices behind her on the floor as she came with a sob and burning cheeks, only for her whole body to then (in a total inversion of what was normal) plunge into a soft, dark, deep hole.

As she lay there helplessly in that most abandoned posture, Abigail's cheeks burned as she heard the men laughing over her shameful display

When the game was finally over and the scores were totted up the winner decided, the men then took their pleasure with their playing pieces in proper Bagatelle Club fashion: kneeling between their hogtied legs and thrusting their cocks into the pairs of orifices that they had done so much over the previous few hours to stretch and excite and make ready for penetration by hard rods of flesh and blood instead of rubber. The girls rolled back and forth on their sets of wheels absorbing the thrusts of their game-playing masters, who playfully began to shuffle about the room on their knees and toes pushing the helpless girls before them as they had with the launching poles.

To Abigail's dismay this humiliation felt easier to endure than the shameful solo spectacle she had made of herself earlier. What was happening to her?

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They were returned to the card girl service room around lunchtime where they were put through the usual cycle of flushing out, re-greasing and



showering. To Abigail's consternation the other three girls seemed quite cheerful, almost as if they enjoyed the morning's activity, possibly because the man had been pleased with their performance and nobody had spanked them. However she could not get over what she had done. There had been no excuse. It really had been wanton and she hadn't been able to stop it.

Maud noticed her depression and asked kindly: 'What's wrong?'

'I... came didn't I? Right in front of everybody without anything inside me to make it happen. It must have looked as if I was missing having those pusher dildos inside me... as if I was desperate... or I was showing off... '

Maud shrugged. 'So what, it doesn't matter. It felt good, didn't it? That was one just for you. Think of it is sort of treat. We deserve every one of those we can get.'

Was that it? If it felt nice just let it happen and not worry? The trouble was Abigail been brought up to worry about temptation in so many forms she was not sure she could do that.

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That night a man called Mr Galahad, whose manner was very different from his mythical namesake, had Abigail in his private room and she found herself on wheels once again.

She was secured on all fours to a figure of eight circuit of floor channel contained within a larger oval track in his room. Leather pads had been strapped to her hands and shins to cushion them. A set of three sprung rods were connected to the front of her collar, a broad belt buckled about her waist and a right angle rubber plug and socket lodged her vagina. This bracing was necessary because Mr Galahad was riding on her back naked except for his half facemask which portrayed a saint-like visage.

She had a small leather saddle buckled onto her back which had sprung the stabiliser wheels extending out from under it on either side of her, a little like those of a child's beginners bicycle. A curved dildo at the rear of the saddle penetrated her anus and helped to stabilise it while a strap and rubber ring-

gag pulled her mouth wide and stretched her lips in an unnatural grimace. The rear of the gag strap was chained to a tethering ring set in the front of a saddle, so that the tension on the chain held her head up.

As she shuffled along round and round the circuit, switching from the inner to the outer track at the junctions, he swiped her bottom and thighs with a riding crop. His stiff cock was bobbing about in front of him in excitement as he kicked against the floor with his feet to urge her along while his rocking about churned the saddle's anal prong within her. When his need grew too strong he got off her and knelt in front of her and rammed his cock into her ring-stretched mouth and she had to suck him off until he spouted down her throat. Then he wiped the tip of his soiled cock on her hair, got back on her again and continued his ride, swatting her flanks with his crop and crying: 'Tally Ho!'

Male sperm did taste slightly different from man to man, Abigail decided wretchedly.

Her intimate mounting had its inevitable result and Abigail came, squeezing on the sprung plug in her pussy as she sprayed her juices over the floor. This response greatly amused Galahad, who stopped and ran his fingers around the stretched lips of her vulva and sniffed the result.

'You are a hot little filly, aren't you number Seven?' he said. Then he wiped his soiled fingers across her face and burning cheeks so she could smell her own discharge before driving on again.

After what seemed hours of this Abigail had been reduced to a trembling sweating wreck, held up only by the sprung rods and stabiliser wheels. She had been taken beyond the ability even of her orgasms to cushion her pain and exhaustion. Galahad used his crop on the sides of her dangling breasts, making them swing and dance and bounce about, smacking into each other beneath her but she could not go on. She sobbed and shook her head and tried to speak, whimpering and moaning. Galahad pulled her ring gag out.

'Please master... if only... you stop riding me... you could have so much fun with me in bed... I've got really hot... cunt... you can try out... it's so juicy...'

‘Do you really want me to bed you, Seven?’

‘Yes... Master... I want you to fur... fuck me in bed... ride me there if you want... please...’

She realized she had been driven to prostitute herself: to offer sex in place of punishment, which felt particularly dirty. Or was it simply self-preservation? She imagined Maud shrugging and saying: what did it matter? You did what you had to do...

Galahad unbuckled her from the terrible saddle and led her over to the bed in the corner where he spread-eagled her and chained her down tight. He pushed the shaft of his riding crop between her teeth and she held it tight while he mounted her and rammed his still stiff and apparently endlessly spouting cock up into her aching vagina.

And to her shame Abigail actually felt a surge of gratitude towards him for accepting the offer of her compliant body.

## Chapter Seven

The next morning was fine so the girls were let out for exercise in the club's garden courtyard in groups of three. The floor channel system continued outside around the pathway that ringed the yard. Expanding plugs were fitted to their rectums from which sprung chains ran down to the sliding rings. To keep them together chains were slung between their collars. Small bells were clipped to their nipples which jingled as ran as a continuous signal that they were moving steadily and getting the necessary exercise as they had being commanded. Inevitably the stimulation also caused their nipples to stand up hard as their breasts heaved and bounced about.

To Abigail even what passed for fresh air in London felt good as did the chance to run freely without any other purpose except to stretch her legs and go as fast as her red shoes permitted, their metal toecaps and heels clattering on the flagstones. Each stride sent ripples up the flesh of their legs and she could not help her eyes slipping down to the jiggling, rolling buttocks of the girl in front of her. However she also felt more exposed than she had so far been since they were naked to the open sky. In the unlikely event that an aircraft passed over low enough somebody might even glimpse them. What would they make of what they saw?

As she ran her imagination ran even faster and conjured up an image of the police raiding the club after being tipped off by a concerned pilot and the confusion and shame that would follow. But if it happened it would not be her fault surely. Miss Ace would not have any chance to release those shameful photographs of her. Was that her only hope of escaping this strange perverted secret world in the middle of London?

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The game that day to which Abigail was assigned was more genteel than the roller girl bagatelle had been. It was croquet played in the solarium on a "green" of rubber matting situated next to the pussy jousting lists. But of course it was croquet played according to Bagatelle Club rules, which meant

humiliation and shame were an integral part of it.

Abigail thought of the innocent games of croquet she had played in the back garden of the vicarage in Chesney Green and suddenly felt an acute pang of homesickness. How could they do this to her? But once again she had no choice but to be a “good sport” in the best card girl tradition.

She and Nine of Diamonds were playing against Mr Dawkins and Mr Marner. They were of course able to hold their croquet mallets conventionally in their hands, while she and Nine, since their hands were cuffed behind their backs, had to use their vagina's, which by now did not surprise Abigail.

The handles of the mallets were plugged into them and dangled between their legs. Chains from broad belts buckled about their waists, to which their hands were cuffed at the back, helped support the mallets and stop them slipping out of their soft hot clinging sockets. Second sets of handles were fitted to the shafts of the mallets just below where they entered their bodies and curved up behind their backs where their cuffed hand could reach them. Shots were made by standing with their legs spread facing the ball and then pulling up on the handles to swing the mallet back and then pushing down again at the same time as jerking their hips forward and so hopefully swinging the mallets accurately enough to connect with the balls. This caused the mallet handles to churn within their vaginas with the inevitable results.

It was of course a very clumsy method of play and their balls rarely passed cleanly through the hoops. As opponents they were very poor players but of course very entertaining, since both Dawkins and Marner and those members of watching from the sides of the green were quite happy to watch naked, bound and unfairly handicapped young women struggling to play the game before them with mallets plugged into their most intimate orifices.

Abigail felt her cheeks burning throughout the game especially as her mallet became increasingly slippery and difficult to hold within her as her juices, stimulated by its weight and swaying motion between her legs, ran down its shaft. Nine of Diamonds was soon in a similar state and the green became stained with trails of their juices, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Unfortunately it was also against the rules...

‘I say, Dawkins,’ Marner said, ‘our opponents appear to be dripping on the green. Isn’t that an infringement of the rules?’

‘I believe you’re right, my dear fellow,’ Dawkins replied, squatting down and peeling back the lips of Abigail and Nine’s pussies to confirm their wetness. ‘I’m afraid they’ll have to pay a penalty...’

As they were gagged Abigail and Nine could not protest at this unfairness and so, with the croquet mallets still inside them, they were bent over Dawkins and Marner’s knees and soundly spanked. As her buttocks contracted with each blow Abigail felt her sheath clench even tighter about the mallet shaft which only made her juices flow even faster and the thrill that gave her felt even stronger than the pain in her bottom.

They continued the match with burning rose-tinted bottoms, which were freely commented upon by the spectators. And yet it was a gentle kind of cruelty and shaming, almost playful, and even when they inevitably lost their game and had to pay up by kneeling before their opponents and sucking them off, Abigail found hard to be resentful. Only a few days ago this would have appalled her and now it almost seemed commonplace, along with her exposure and that of her fellow card girls. Was it because everybody around her accepted this as normal, inside a building set apart from the everyday rules of London and dedicated to the misuse and shaming of her sex? Was the weight of club tradition also encouraging her compliance?

If so then it was also very frightening.

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That evening Mr Ahab, also a sportsman, played a different type of target game with her.

There was a tall wooden post on a low flat base in his room with many hooks bolted to it from which chains, ropes and straps could be fixed as desired. He had used it to tie Abigail against it with her body bent forward from the hips until she was completely doubled over. Her head was hanging down against the post with her neck and shoulders also pressed against it so she that stared back upside down through her spread legs. Her arms, twisted

painfully at the shoulders, were pulled up and even further back so that they reached up along the sides of the post to which they were strapped.

Her feet were pulled wide and her ankles were chained to the base board supporting the post. A sprung chain with a large rubber hook on it was stretched down the top of the post to her bottom where it was dug into her anus, stretching it painfully wide and ensuring that she kept her hips up and legs straight. Concentric circles had been painted on her exposed bottom cheeks turning them into targets, and Vaseline had been wiped over them, making shiny. A third target had been formed from modifications to her vulva. Straps were buckled high up about her thighs like leather garters and from them rubber cords and spring clips had been stretched inwards and pinched about her outer and inner labia, pulling them wide apart and exposing the shiny pink gash of her most intimate parts. Doubled over as she was this meant that the mouth of her vagina, so recently breached and opened up for use, now gaped dark and inviting in a ragged hole between them.

Crocodile clips trailing electric wires were fastened about her nipples. The wires ran round to a small control box and battery set up behind the post to which she was bound. On it a timer dial was turning.

Ahab stood a little way off behind a taped line on the floor. He was holding a large children's plastic sucker dart gun which been modified to take a magazine of darts, to fire them with increased power and to be quickly reloaded.

A buzzer on the control box sounded and Abigail yelped and bit on the gag bar in her mouth as electric shocks began to jolt through her nipples. Thus stimulated she began jerking her hips about, tugging on her anal hook as she flexed knees and wiggled her bottom. This motion also painfully flexed her stretched labia, opening and closing the gap between them but then that was the idea: tonight she was a living target.

Mister Ahab began firing darts at her bobbing bottom and gaping vagina. Where they struck square onto her smooth greased skin they stuck with a smack. Where they landed on her tender sex lips and the swelling nub of her clitoris they stung. Where they passed into the pit of her vagina they penetrated deeply and made her yelp.

While the electricity stabbed into her nipples she kept bobbing and weaving her hips about and Ahab continued firing. When it stopped so did she except for a few uncontrollable tremors. Ahab collected up his darts, having to fish for the ones that had gone into her vagina, took note of his score and then waited for another round to begin with his intimate living target before him.

When at last the game ended, Ahab stood between Abigail's spread legs and steadily and methodically screwed her sore vagina. And she groaned and squeezed tight about him.

It had been a sporty day of running and playing croquet and sucker darts which sounded so innocent and almost normal. She could relate to her parents a version of the day without raising an eyebrow, Abigail thought. That was just the kind of thing members of the Bagatelle Club got up to she could assure them in all honesty. The odd session of spanking and oral sex was hardly worth mentioning. Even the screwing it had ended with was becoming almost normal to her. She began to believe she could survive here for a whole month. How quickly she had adapted. But that still did not make any of it right.



# Chapter Eight

The next morning after breakfast, Abigail was taken to see Miss Ace in her office again. This time there was no stool and she was simply made to kneel on a round mat before her desk. Miss Ace smiled down at her.

‘You’ve been serving in the club for a week, Abigail, so I thought I would see how you were doing. I’ve heard good reports from you from the staff and the members. How are you feeling?’

Had it really been a whole week? Abigail had lost track of the days. Subjectively it had either seemed far longer than that or else no time at all. But how could she answer a question like that when she was in effect a bound naked slave. But then she remembered that Miss Ace valued honesty...

‘I am managing, Miss Ace. I don’t enjoy any of it but I will see my month out.’

‘Good. And then? Will you be discreet or will you expose what we do the club?’

‘I... I haven’t made up my mind, Miss Ace.’

Miss Ace smiled. ‘Well we’ll just have to see what another three weeks brings, won’t we? I hear you’re forming something of friendship with Two of Clubs.’

How did she know about her and Maud? Had the Queens and Jackies told her? Were they watched all the time?

‘Is that wrong, Miss Ace?’

‘No, not at all. Why would you think that?’

‘I... just thought it might be, Miss Ace.’

‘Of course if you do reveal the secrets of the Bagatelle, then Two of Clubs will have to face the consequences as well. She’s really quite settled here...’

Oh, so that was how she hoped to influence her, Abigail thought. Aloud she said: ‘I had appreciated that, Miss Ace. I’ll try not to let it stop me doing the right thing.’

‘Of course we all want you to do right thing, Abigail.’

Then Miss Ace got up and came round from behind the desk. She hitched up her skirt and had exposed her bare thighs and naked vulva and then sat back against the desk front with her legs wide. She snapped her fingers and pointed.

‘I just need to test that you have learned to serve properly.’

Immediately Abigail shuffled forward and nosed into Miss Ace’s soft scented cleft and began to pleasure her with her tongue. She had done it without thought or a word of protest. Her cheeks had hardly begun to burn. What a difference a week made...

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That day introduced Abigail to another variation on what was evidently a popular club theme of girls being treated like ponies. In this case though it was done remotely.

Abigail and two other girls, Six of Clubs and Nine of Hearts, were bent over lightweight hinged and sprung metal frames which had small wheels on the ends of their feet. They were shaped a little like saw horses and carried beneath them batteries and a radio control receiver. The women’s arms and legs were splayed out wide and strapped to the outsides of the frames legs, while their chests and stomachs rested on their cross beams. Extra bracing sleeves fitted to their collars held their heads up alertly.

Fake ponytails were plugged into their behinds which arched up over their bottoms. Mounted beneath them on either side of their bottoms were pairs of power driven wheels from the rims which hung small hinged strips of cane

with leather paddles on their ends so that they were almost touching their buttocks. Beneath them pairs of electrodes were clipped to the nipples of their dangling breasts, which were strapped against the sides of the main frame beam to control them.

If this was not enough to contend with in true Bagatelle fashion there was one further ordeal inflicted upon them. Angling out and up between the back legs of the frames were sprung arms with rubber spur wheels on that were dug into their clefts of their vulvas. The spur arms were linked to the back leg hinges. When they flexed so would the arms carrying the spur wheels, which would in turn grind the wheel in their clefts.

The three women were rolled out in their frames and positioned on the starting line of a winding track laid out in a general-purpose games room. The edges of the track had been marked out with wooden battens pegged to the floor. A dozen members were looking on while Babbitt, Shandy and Oberon worked the remote control sets beside the track. As they waited for the off the girls chewed nervously on rubber bits between their teeth, held there by leather bridles buckled about their heads.

A member held up a flag by the starting line and then dropped it: 'Off!' he shouted.

The six whip wheels began to spin and their whips smacked down across six defenceless buttocks in a relentless barrage of strokes, setting their soft buttock flesh rippling.

With yelps the three girls flexed their bodies and then stretched out their front legs, jerking themselves forward, the sprung frames compressing beneath them and then springing back again for another lunge. The wheels of their pony frames were restrained by ratchets from turning backwards so that when they rolled forward they would not lose ground again. And as they sprung the spur wheels began to do their worst in their clefts.

And so they bounced forward with their pony tails dancing and bobbing merrily and strapped-down breasts wobbling. They jostled against each other and bounced off the sides of the track, which was too high for their wheels to roll over. As they approached the first turn they began to feel stinging jolts of

electricity in their nipples as their riders remotely steered them by this intimate means instead of using reins. In response they twisted their bodies about a hinge in the middle of the frames to change course.

Abigail was bouncing along neck and neck with Five and Nine, desperately straining to get ahead so that the whip wheels slapping against her buttocks would at least slow down. She could already feel her pussy was swollen and hot and dribbling as the spur wheels sawed up and down within it. She felt the stabbing in her left nipple and obeyed it blindly, cutting across Nine to steal the inside of the bend. Then she bounced on down the first straight, feeling her tail bobbing about behind her as she gained the lead. But then Five came up fast and overtook her and had the advantage around the next bend. Abigail saw Five's spur wheel grinding frantically up and down her slot while her pale buttocks shivered under the continuous lashing of the whip wheels.

Abigail followed her around the bend dribbling juices onto the track between her straining thighs.

And so Abigail, Nine and Five raced around the course followed by excited shouting, yelling, members who were having the time of their life watching three pretty young women debasing themselves before their eyes. Girl flesh or horse flesh; what did it matter to them? They were animals under their control and that was all that mattered.

Sweating and sobbing, their bodies trembling with jolts of electricity and frantically flailing whips, dribbling juices from both mouths and pussies, they crossed the finish line with the first time. And if it had been a one lap race they might have made it without disgracing themselves. But this was over three laps of the course that now seemed to stretch interminably far ahead of them before their sweat-stung eyes and Abigail knew that she could not last the distance. Yes she could keep moving but she could not gallop at such a pace and contain herself.

Half way round the next lap, bouncing and jerking along, Abigail's loins boiled and she felt the thrill of an orgasm surge up through her and fizz in her brain even as she sprayed its products out between her sweaty straining thighs over the relentless churning spur wheel and her bobbing tail.

The crowd jeered and cheered as she lost control and rhythm and felt electric needle stabbing into her nipples as her rider let her know that a mere orgasm was not going to stop her race! And so she pounded on. She heard more cheering and realized that Nine had also surrendered to her intimate nature and amused the crowd. Then ahead of her she saw Five came with a sob and moan, filling the air with her sweet intimate sent. As she skittered about losing her stride Abigail took the lead again.

But Five was relentless and stronger and faster and she overtook Abigail once more on the third lap with the flail whips hissing across her glowing buttocks.

And so Five crossed the finish line a length ahead of Abigail who just beat Nine.

In the adjacent “paddock” their riders and the crowd clustered about them. They were stroked and patted and rubbed down and then their tail plugs were pulled out and their whip-sore bottoms were admired and fondled. Then the sprung spur wheels were pulled back to reveal three flushed dripping clefts that gaped and trembled to the touch.

The men laughed to see how wet and sticky they were while behind the flies of their trousers a dozen shafts, already aroused by the race, grew harder. They needed to be served and there were three hot and sweaty naked card girls before them ready for that purpose. There was not even any need to remove the girls from their frames for them to give pleasure. They were each ideally positioned to be taken from behind up either orifice by a line of men.

And so they were.

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Mr Sinbad apparently had no tormenting game he wanted to play with Abigail or any ingenious or perverted mechanism or device waiting for her in his private room the night. There was just a large brass framed bed with what looked like a bolster cushion covered in polished leather which formed a cylinder about three feet long and a foot deep. It however proved to be more than it first appeared.

Sinbad, wearing a suitably piratical facemask with a black moulded beard and moustache and a vaguely Eastern styled robe, secured Abigail to the bolster carefully. He positioned her face down over it so that her head and breasts rested on one side and she knelt on the other while it pressed up against her stomach and lifted her haunches. The bolster was tightly stuffed and supported her firmly.

He pulled her arms down and out to its ends and then opened up what appeared to be decorative studded bosses in the centres of the round ends of the bolster to reveal they were the caps of a hollow tube that ran right through its core. From this he drew out several lengths of buckled leather strapping and a pair of cuffs on the end of short chains. These he buckled about her wrists. He pulled her knees up and out as wide as they would go so they were pressed against the ends of the bolster and then used two straps from each end to loop about the backs of her knees to hold them splayed wide. A second pair of similar straps drawn out from the bolster core angled above the first went about her thighs just beneath her buttocks, pulling them hard against the pliant leather. Finally a long broad strap went over the small of her back from one end of the bolster to the other, holding her hips firmly down. The pressure between it and the straps high on her thighs made her bottom bulge outwards a little more.

When she was secured Sinbad sat on the bed beside her and stroked her upraised bottom and still hot and rosy buttocks. Splayed as she was, Abigail realized he could look right up into the cleft of her buttocks and the pucker of her anus and then below it the cleft peach of her vulva. Once again she was so intimately exposed! She shivered and felt her hardening nipples digging into the sheets under her while her pussy began to grow hot and wet. Even after her exhausting race and what had followed her body still responded to this fresh humiliation.

‘Oh yes, you took part in a pony race today, didn’t you?’ Sinbad said. ‘They used whip wheels on you. Mechanical but effective. You can hardly see the individual strokes, just one broad swathe. Quite symmetrical. Did they hurt?’

He had not gagged her so she assumed he wanted to the pleasure of hearing her respond. He had not instructed her how to address him so she

decided simply to be polite and meek. 'Yes, Sir, they hurt a lot.'

'Did they make you run faster?'

'Yes Sir, I suppose they must have done.'

'Even though each stride must have hurt you more when you bent your legs and stretched the tanned skin of your buttocks.'

'I suppose didn't think about it at the time, Sir.'

'You just had to obey the meaning behind them first, without worrying about the consequences, eh?'

'Yes Sir, that must have been it.'

'Do you like having your bottom spanked?'

Abigail gulped. 'No Sir.'

'But the thought of it excites you doesn't it?'

'No Sir,' she said automatically, although she knew that was not strictly true.

'Then why do I see your pretty sex mouth already weeping at the thought of a good spanking?' he enquired, running a finger through her hot wet labia and then showing her the wet secretion she had deposited on his fingertip.

Abigail shuddered. 'I... I can't help it, Sir.'

'A lot of girls say they don't like a spanking when secretly they do. Secretly it excites them tremendously. And I think you're one of them...'

'No Sir...'

'I think if you're spanked properly you'll reach the stage when you'll beg to be skewered by a good hard cock to bring you off.'

‘No Sir,’ Abigail said, even as she felt her loins churning at the thought. She was so perfectly presented for a spanking in this position. She pulled at her straps but they did not give. She was so helpless...

Sinbad chuckled. ‘Then it looks as if I’ll have to prove it my assertion by empirical experiment... which is always such fun!’

He pulled something else from the storage tube in the middle of the bolster: a school cane with a curved handle. Abigail’s eyes grew wide in horror as he swished it down hard against the sheets in front of her nose. Then he produced a small rectangle of thick leather a little like a bookmark with tassels on each end. This he pushed between her teeth.

‘That is for you to bite on until you beg me to stop and screw you. But you must make me believe that you mean it. You really must want me to penetrate you because it’s the proper response to a good spanking. It tops it off, like the cherry on a trifle.’

Abigail said desperately around the wad of leather in her mouth: ‘This will be a caning, Sir not a spanking...’

‘That’s very true,’ Sinbad admitted, ‘but I get excellent results with it.’

‘I’m sure you do, Sir, but I had plenty of whipping today already, which must be very like caning. If it’s all the same to you I’d...I’d rather be spanked.’

‘Would you really?’

‘By a firm experienced hand, of course, Sir.’

Enough of Sinbad’s face showed beneath his mask to see his lips curl up in a broad smile. ‘I think that could be arranged...’

He took off his robe revealing a wiry body with an already prominent erection. He knelt on the bed by one end of the bolster so he could rest a hand on Abigail’s naked haunches and use the other to deliver his spanking. He stroked her bottom again, testing its heat. Then he rubbed her inflamed pussy



and transferred some of its juices to her red buttock cheeks, coating them in her own discharge so that they became glossy.

Abigail winced as the touched her labia.

‘Is your pussy that sore, Seven?’ Sinbad asked.

‘Yes Sir, very sore...’ Then she found herself saying: ‘If it’s all the same to you, Sir, could you have me up my bottom? That hasn’t had so much used today... just a ponytail planted in it... and it’s nicely greased. I’d really appreciate that, Sir.

‘Actually I prefer to take girls up their bottoms if truth be told,’ Sinbad said. ‘So much tighter and more intimate...’

Only in the Bagatelle Club could a man say that to a woman, Abigail thought. Was that what being privileged meant?

Sinbad raised his hand and brought it down crisply across her glossy bottom.

Abigail shrieked and bit on the leather band in her mouth as her flesh rippled out across her behind from the point of impact only to be stopped by the tight straps over her waist and thighs. Sinbad raised his arm and spanked her again and again.

He knew how to hit crisply with plenty of follow-through. His hard hand swiped up into the fleshy undercurves of her cheeks, beat them from the sides so that they smacked together and then rebounded from each other, swiped down from above so that they shivered and trembled, and then came back to the square-on driving spank that indented them so deeply it mashed his palm into the wet lips of her sex so that it came away wet with her shameful juices. The lingering blushes that had been displayed on her cheeks burned and then spread across them like a sunset.

Abigail bit on her leather tab and sobbed and screamed and whimpered and dribbled, rocking and writhing on the restraining bolster. Her fists clenched so that her nails dug into her palms and her toes curled as her feet slapped

and kicked against the sheets but there was no escape from Sinbad's hand. He was very, very good at this.

Finally Abigail spat the tab, now indented with the teeth marks, out and yelled: 'Please Sir... screw me, Sir... put your cock up my bottom, Sir... it's all tight and hot and ready for you... I want you inside my bottom even as its burning, Sir...'

Sinbad knelt between her strapped knees and thrust his cock up between her buttock cheeks into the tight pucker of her anus which gave way so easily before him. Then he was sliding up into her grinding his hips against her blazing buttocks which made her sob, even as her sphincter clenched tight about him.

He began to lunge back and forth, making her whole body rock with him as if he was trying to drill his shaft right up into her spine.

And it hurt... but not as much as it might have done... then it began to feel almost pleasant... then desperately exciting...

Sinbad spouted inside her and Abigail felt her own loins respond and for a few seconds nothing hurt and everything was perfect.

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As Sinbad lay across her bent and strapped body with his shaft still inside her simmering bottom, Abigail felt a strange kind of satisfaction at having parlayed one kind of punishment for slightly lesser one. After all he was going to take her one way or another so why not make it as easy as possible on herself. And in the end it had been quite nice. Her secret game was paying off...

Oh no!

Was really just playing the club's game by a slightly different set of rules with the same result? Getting carried away with acting the part of a wanton woman she almost fooled herself into approving of what Sinbad had just doing to her. She stifled a sob of despair. Perhaps she could not win either

way.

## Chapter Nine

The next morning in the card girl room Abigail was handed a letter from home by one of the Jackies. Whatever other restraints and disciplines the staff inflicted upon them, Abigail had noticed that they were meticulous in passing on any post as soon as it arrived, and giving the recipients a chance to read it and if necessary reply.

Abigail opened the letter with trembling fingers. It was in her mother's handwriting and was a reply to the letter she had sent only three days ago:

*Dearest Abby,*

*Your father and I were so pleased to receive your letter explaining how well you were doing in your new job. It is good to learn you are making new friends. You know we had reservations about you going to London, but things do seem to have turned out for the best. It may only be a modest position but it is one that you won for yourself through your own determination and so you must be proud of it. And who knows, if you prove yourself to be reliable and a good worker there may be an opportunity for advancement very soon.*

*We were very interested to hear about the tastes of the Bagatelle Club members. It must be fascinating to see these men of distinction at play! I suppose they need to relax from the important positions they must hold in government and the world of business. But do remember if you have any cause to speak to them personally be sure to be polite and mind your manners. They are sure to have very refined sensibilities concerning personal appearance, deportment and proper language...*

Abigail had to break off there to stifle a laugh that also brought on tears of despair as she thought of the intimate and obscene language the club members had used with her. If only her mother knew! However it was true that the members were very particular about her deportment: for example

preferring that she had her legs wide open, and her appearance: liking her best stark naked. Oh, how cynical and jaded she sounded even to herself after just a week in the Bagatelle! She read on:

*I'm still hoping that your father will gain his advancement, although the Bishop still won't give a firm decision one way or the other. Although it sounds rather unchristian, I have to admit that I don't like the man very much. He seems to enjoy using his position to keep those around him in a state of uncertainty so they try harder to please him. But these things are sent to try us and I suppose in the end we must simply put our trust in God.*

*Looking forward so much to when you can come home to visit.*

*Love and kisses,*

*Mother*

Abigail felt a terrible surge of homesickness and renewed shame about her situation. Even the act of reading the letter while naked and collared suddenly seemed indecent, but she supposed it was the same for the other card girls. How many of them were keeping up a correspondence based on lies and half truths like her?

The letter was also a reminder of the real world beyond the club and the decision she had to make when her month was up. Should she tell or not? If it was just a matter of sparing her parents shame and embarrassment then she would never say a word, quite apart from the consequences for the other girls which she had still to determine. But her mother and father had also brought her up to be honest, truthful and to make the right moral decision no matter what the consequences.

She was caught in a cruel dilemma. Dare she do the kind thing or the right thing?

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Her day playing Tit and Pussy Darts turned out to be a powerful argument for the smashing of the club and all it represented. In here another innocent game had been given a shameful new sexual and cruel dimension as well as a physical one.

The club's T&P dart board was over six feet across and was hung on a wall with its lower rim a couple of feet off the floor. Abigail was spread-eagled on the board with her legs parted at ninety degrees. She was secured by heavy metal hoops like large staples that locked into sockets set in the board. The hoops went about her wrists and elbows, across her shoulders from under her arms to the side of her neck, across her throat above her collar, about her waist, thighs, knees and ankles. Part of her weight was also taken by a small bracket fitted the board and concealed by her buttocks which supported a rubber plug which poked up into her rectum. This also helped to keep her hips still during play. Two more adjustable brackets on either side of her head pressed rubber pads against her temples, holding her head straight and level. Another pair of brackets supported a ball gag on a rod which was clamped between her teeth and held her tongue in check.

In ordinary circumstances this would have been restraint enough, but T&P darts required even more.

The wire grille of radiating lines and concentric rings resembling those covering normal dartboards and marking the boundaries between its sections for the purposes of scoring had been enlarged and adapted to the female body. A contoured wire grille which closed over the board and the helpless woman imprisoned within it had been carefully manufactured so that her body became the scoring area. The wires ran across her body, radiating out from her breasts and groin in widening wedges. There were numbers shaped out of wire attached to the grille indicated the scores for landing a dart in each section. Her outstretched limbs were valued at the lowest while the scores went up as the divisions of the grid became smaller and tighter the closer they came to her nipples and pussy cleft. A hit on her nipples was valued at 25 points and one on her cleft was 50. A direct hit on her clitoris was 60 points.

The only part of her body protected from the darts was her face and neck which was covered by a fine mesh mask, rather like those fencers wore.

Otherwise she was totally naked and exposed and ready to be used as a target.

Mr Bardolph and Mr Faust started the day's play, standing on a line ten feet from the board with their darts in their hands.

The darts were larger and lighter than normal darts with bodies of balsa wood tipped by fine map pins only a quarter of an inch long, so they could not do any serious damage when they struck flesh. Nevertheless they made her long for Mr Ahab's sucker tipped darts which now seems so innocent by comparison.

The sight of these darts made Abigail whimper in fear and strain against the staples binding her to the board, even as she felt her nipples standing up in their rings of wire as if making themselves even larger and more tempting targets, while of course her loins tingled and her pussy began to grow hot and slick. But this was nothing to do with sex, this was just pain, she thought in confusion. But in the club the two often came together. Perhaps she was getting them confused...

Bardolph threw the first dart and she screwed up her eyes in fear as she saw flying towards her. It struck the soft swell of her right breast with a fine sharp stab of pain and then hung from her flesh. She bit on her ball gag and gave a little yelp of pain. Then she opened her eyes again because she realized that not knowing a dart was coming was even worse.

Bardolph's second dart landed closer to the middle of her breast and his third hit the ring immediately outside her right nipple. He took them out of her and marked his score on the board and then it was Faust's turn. He was clearly going for the highest but hardest scores and aimed for her groin, risking scoring nothing if they landed between her thighs instead.

Abigail shrieked as the darts came closer and closer to the most intimate and sensitive flesh of her body, now framed by a narrow wire slot.

On the next round Bardolph struck her left nipple square on while Faust landed a dart in her labia. The pain was exquisite and Abigail sobbed and whimpered and strained so hard against the restraining staples that she made the dartboard creak. After their third round of throws Abigail became aware

of a few trickles of blood running down her body from where the darts had stuck in more deeply, together with numerous spots and pinpricks.

She feared every dart as it flew towards her but now she could not take her eyes off them. She began keeping track of the score along with the players, praying for the game to be over with as soon as possible even though she knew what pain striking high value parts of her body meant. What would she rather have: five darts in an arm or leg or one in a breast? Both players had hit her nipples but so far the ultimate bull's-eye remained unclaimed.

Then on his fourth round Faust struck her clitoris.

It felt as if that pleasure organ had become an exquisitely sensitive vagina in its own right and the dart had stabbed right up into it in an act of brutal penetration. Abigail screamed and bit on her gag and convulsed with pain. A stream of pee spurting from her cleft through the wire slot containing her pussy and splattered onto the floor before the board, which was covered in rubber tiles for just this eventuality.

The thrill of feeling her urine spurting out through her swollen sex lips had almost caused her to cum, she realised with horror. Had she almost orgasmed just from suffering sudden intimate pain? What was happening to her?

‘That’s 10 bonus points for a pisser,’ Faust said triumphantly.

Abigail rolled her tear-filled eyes through her protective facemask at Bardolph and Faust, mutely pleading with them to stop this torment. But they ignored her. She was simply a thing to be played with and the game was not over until somebody had won.

In the end it was Bardolph.

By then Abigail was half delirious with despair, pain and simmering arousal. Suddenly there were no darts coming at her; only Bardolph’s erect cock which he pulled out before standing on the set of steps under the board, opened up the grill over her pussy and ramming it into her soiled vagina. And the worst thing was that she was so relieved that the game was over that she welcomed this penetration by a prong of flesh and blood rather than steel



thrusting into her body that she responded with helpless orgasmic delight and finally did cum.

Then they left her.

A Jackie appeared shortly afterwards with a bucket and sponge and wiped her body clean, give her drink and let her pee into a can. Then Abigail had a brief peaceful interlude simply hanging there tingling but being blissfully ignored until two more members wanted a game and the torment began again.

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That evening in the showers Abigail was able to examine her breasts and groin properly for the first time after the darts match to see what damage had been done. To her surprise the pinpricks and scratches the darts had inflicted were quite minor. It had felt far worse at the time.

As she passed on through the other stages of preparation for her night's service, she wondered if it was not the harm this place was doing to her body so much as to her mind. Pain and pleasure were getting horribly confused within her until she was not sure which was which. Intimate things that she should have explored in private together with a loving husband had been turned into perverse games for total strangers to play until she no longer knew what was normal. Was that the real evil?

Her gloomy thoughts were interrupted when she found herself placed next to Maud by the green beige door. Maud smiled resignedly at her as they waited to be taken to their Masters for the night.

But then Queen S took up the ends of both their leashes and led them together like a pair of dogs out the door and along the corridors and up to the same private room. Abigail had never served with another card girl in a private session. Was this usual?

The man who opened the door wore a black cloak and a mask formed in the pattern of a grinning bony skull.

'Here are your girls, Mr Yorick,' Queen S said, handing them over.

‘Thank you, Dear Queen,’ he chuckled merrily, making the toothy jaws of his mask clatter. ‘I have a fancy to play with a fine pair of maids this night. And I see this pair have on them fine pears of their own... what a jest!’

Apparently he was not simply hiding behind his mask but trying to live up to the character from which he took his assumed name, which only made the situation even more bizarre.

Inside the room was a device that looked like a mediaeval pillory mounted on a flat wooden base, but one made out of Perspex. It comprised a sturdy adjustable vertical post across the top of which, as if forming a capital “T”, was fixed a Perspex slab three feet long, a foot deep and an inch thick. It stood on its side and it had been sliced horizontally through its middle. Three holes had been cut through the halves of the board, the middle one larger than those on the outside. The pillory base also had chains and cuffs bolted to it. Next to the pillory was a rectangular stool on sturdy high legs with a padded leather top and sides that were fitted with rings, straps and cuffs. Next to these devices was a freestanding rack holding an array of pleasure and punishment implements.

Yorick made Maud kneel beside the stool while he secured Abigail in the pillory.

He stood her on its base and bent her over while he raised the top half of the split board, which was set about at waist height, so he could place her wrists and neck in the scallops in its lower half. They were lined with strips of dense black rubber, she now saw. Yorick brought the two boards together again and bolted them shut, so that her head and hands stuck out of one side of the board while her body stood on the other. The lined holes pressed snugly about her neck and wrists and by reflex she tried to pull free, but the rubber lining clung to her wrists and neck and made it impossible to escape.

Yorick dragged her feet apart and cuffed her ankles to the board. Then he pulled down a more slender adjustable strut hinged at its base, which had been resting against the pillory post on the side her body now occupied. He extended it and pushed a rubber padded bar which crossed its top end up into the pit of her stomach so that its ends pressed against her hip bones. Now she was fixed rigidly in position, forming a fleshy right angle.

Next Yorick turned to Maud. He had her lay on her back on the stool with her legs raised while he buckled straps across her stomach and chest on both sides of her small neat breasts. Her wrists he pulled down and cuffed to the sides of the stool legs. Then he doubled her legs up and right over her body so that her knees almost touched her shoulders and she was looking up between them. He passed another strap across her thighs just underneath the backs of her knees, so that her buttocks were taut and the soft split peach of her vulva was totally exposed swelling up between them. Another pair of cuffs on the end of chains connected to the legs of the stool by her head went about her ankles, holding her legs splayed wide.

Yorick stepped back to admire his two helpless playthings. Then from the rack he took a stick that comprised a heavy cane handle with a pair of rubber blades on its end mounted face-to-face.

‘This is my slapstick, of course,’ he told them, ‘with which I propose to have great fun with the pair of you...’

He walked about them swiping it across Abigail’s outthrust bottom and then Maud’s upraised bottom. As it struck them the two blades, which had separated as they were swung through the air, now slapped together again loudly with a crack, delivering a double blow that made them yelp.

Then he dragged stool over which Maud was bound up to the pillory on the side Abigail’s head overhung. The stool lifted Maud’s bottom and groin to the same height as Abigail’s face, and Abigail found herself staring into the cleft of Maud’s dark haired pussy. Abigail felt a sudden acute surge of embarrassment and felt her cheeks burning. She could smell the spicy intimate aroma rising from Maud’s cleft and see it pink and wet before her eyes. She twisted her head up as far as she could to look along Maud’s body into her bright dark eyes. They both knew what was expected of them. But whereas Abigail had just kissed Bess passionately they had been only been connected by a dildo and she had been a stranger, and Miss Ace and the Queens who she had given oral pleasure had been commanding and distant. Maud was her companion in suffering and somebody she liked. Neither of them wanted this but their mutual shame and humiliation was being used for somebody else’s pleasure.

It was not right, Abigail thought. This has to stop...

Yorick parted the front of his robes to expose a straining cock and then took his place on the pillory stand behind Abigail. She felt the head of his erection rubbing up and down the cleft of her buttocks, seeking her pussy mouth and felt her juices beginning to flow and her labia filling.

‘I want to see you tongue your friend until she comes while I have my fill of you,’ he told her. ‘If you don’t try hard enough then her pretty breasts will suffer...’ And he reached over Abigail’s bent back and head and stroked the blade of his slapstick between Maud’s splayed legs and over her chest, so that her little brown nipples stood up hard.

Maud gulped and her eyes said mutely to Abigail: ‘I know how you’re feeling but you’ve got to do this...’

Yorick took hold of Abigail’s hips and pushed his shaft into her cleft and the slippery mouth of her vagina which was already gaping hungrily. He slid all the way up into her with a powerful lunge that banged his hips into her buttocks, and her hips in turn against the padded bar of the pillory bracing strut and drove her shoulders against the pillory board. She dipped her head and ran her nose through Maud’s warm sweet cleft. The scent of it filled her nostrils.

Cautiously she slipped out her tongue and explored the mouth of Maud’s vagina and the delicate folds of her pubic lips and the hard fleshy button of her clitoris, trying to get used to this strange intimate miniature living landscape belonging to somebody she had spoken to as an equal. If she could just get used to the idea...

Yorick’s slapstick swished over her head and smacked against Maud’s breasts making her yelp in pain and jerked her hips up against Abigail’s face.

‘I want to see your face deep in Two of Club’s pretty dark pussy locks,’ Yorick told her.

She did not have the luxury of taking this a step at a time, it was all nothing.

And so Abigail nuzzled and sucked and nibbled and tongued her way into Maud's vulva. And Maud's juices flowed in response and smothered her face. It almost felt as if she was drowning in honey...

Yorick was hunched over her body thrusting into her steadily while peering over her shoulder. And now Abigail understood why the pillory was made of Perspex. It allowed Yorick an uninterrupted view of her head working between Maud's thighs as he screwed her from behind. Another product of the perverted ingenuity of the Bagatelle Club!

Whatever her feelings of shame and embarrassment it was impossible to resist such stimulation from both in front and behind for long. Her face was buried in a woman's genitals while a man's genitals were buried inside her. This went far beyond what she had done with Bess. She had never imagined such a thing in her life and yet it was happening to her. She had no choice but to surrender to the inevitable...

She let her raw lust filled her, sucking it into her from Maud's pussy and Yorick's cock. She must not worry about right or wrong, she must just let it happen. She clenched on Yorick's pumping shaft and sucked on Maud's clitoris and felt a kind of electric current flow through her between them. She imagined his shaft working through her and pumping out with her tongue into Maud's vagina. That was such a twisted and sickening image and yet it was terribly powerful... terribly exciting and sexual... pure unrestrained sex... flesh and juices dripping and penetrating and...

Maud was moaning and bucking her hips against the straps holding her down and a wash of her intimate spray splattered over Abigail's face, while Yorick pounded hard against her bottom and spouted within her. Then her loins burst and a wave of shattering delight frothed and rushed up through her and... ahhhhh!

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Maud's pussy was no longer under her face, Abigail realized as she came to herself once more. She must have fainted with pleasure again. That had been so powerful and shocking. Had it been because she had had a man inside her at the same time or was it all down to Maud. Where was Maud? Was she all

right?

She lifted her head to see Yorick unstrapping Maud from the stool. Her pale face was flushed and her eyes were glazed and her thick pubic curls were matted and soiled with discharge, but she seemed perfectly well.

‘That was a fine game,’ Yorick declared. ‘And you are both excellent players. Now I have in mind an amusing variation...’

He got Maud onto her feet and made her stand with her legs wide while he took a double-ended strap-on dildo from the rack and inserted one half into her wet pussy and strapped it in place. Then he led her around the pillory stand and made her step up onto it so she stood behind Abigail. She felt him guide the bobbing head of the dildo up into her greased anus. He used to second set of cuffs chained to the base of the pillory to secure Maud’s ankles just inside hers. Then he ran a chain between the front of Maud’s collar and the back of Abigail’s, binding them together.

She could feel Maud shifting her feet and transmitting that motion into her through the dildo that now joined them so intimately. Her anus could not be as sensitive as a vagina was to penetration, and yet it was a special and different sensation and just a stirring. She felt the nipples of her dangling breasts hardening once more. She could not prevent it so she might as well enjoy it and then agonise about her feelings afterwards. At least one of the people doing this to her was a friend...

Yorick moved the stool back around in front of Abigail but now side on. Then he got on it in knelt on its top. His lolling penis, still coated with her juices, was now level with her face. He rubbed it across her nose and mouth and it began to stiffen once more

Resting one hand on the pillory board to brace himself, he took up his slapstick which he had rested against the pillory post and swiped it across Maud’s chest, making her breasts shiver. Then he bent his arm around and swung it up beneath Abigail so that it slapped her hanging mammaries.

‘Now you riddle your friend good and hard or else both your pretty pairs of titties will suffer,’ he warned them.

Immediately Maud began to thrust into Abigail's greased anus, making her bottom bulge as it took the big dildo shaft up inside it. Abigail groaned and then opened her mouth and sucked in the head of Yorick's cock.

Between them the two shafts were trying to meet in the middle of her. She was being doubly skewered. She struggled for breath as Yorick's cock went down her throat and trying not to be sick at the same time. He was using her mouth just like a vagina. That was so filthy! She tried to pull her head back and Yorick swung his paddle up under her and smacked her breasts. Then he swung it across her back across Maud's breasts, making her yelp.

'If you don't try hard enough your friend will suffer as well,' he told her. 'That is the jest...'

There was no escape so she had to get this over with as soon as possible, Abigail thought. So she redoubled her sucking and licking of Yorick's shaft as if caught up in a surge of passion and trying to draw the seed from his balls.

He groaned and laid his slapstick across her back and grasped her hair with his other hand and forced her head down onto him. Then he spouted into her mouth and she forced herself to swallow it all down. As it burned down her throat her revulsion suddenly gave way to a surge of pleasure and she felt the thrill of a second climax express itself in a spray of juices from her pussy that went over Maud's thighs. Then a gasp from her announced that she had also found release.

When they were all done but still joined Yorick patted Abigail's head. 'Alas for poor me,' he said, 'my fancy is not infinite after all. After such a draining I will not spend again this night...'

# Chapter Ten

Being brought down together from Yorick's private room the next morning, meant that Abigail and Maud went through the process of cleaning themselves up and eating breakfast side by side, which allowed them to exchange a few words. Abigail wanted to be sure Maud understood she had only done what she had because she had no choice, but as soon as they could speak without being overheard Maud got in first:

'I know you had a lesson from one of the Queens but new cards aren't usually that good the first time they have their face in a girl's muff,' she said. 'Where did you learn to tongue pussy so well?'

Abigail replied in what was meant to be an indignant protest: 'I'm Vicar's daughter!' But it almost sounded as though it was an explanation instead and they both laughed.

'I'm still sorry I had to do that to you,' Abigail said, 'but there wasn't any choice. I felt so ashamed.'

'I'm not complaining,' Maud said, 'I enjoyed it. Rather have your tongue up there than some dirty old man's cock.'

'But its all still wrong isn't it? Even if we were made to it is sinful... women doing that kind of thing to each other.'

'If it's so sinful then why is it so nice?' Maud wondered.

'Because we're being tempted to imagine it's nice,' Abigail said automatically.

'So how do we tell the difference between something that's nice because it's right and nice because it's wrong?' Maud asked innocently.

Abigail hesitated. She'd never have to test what she'd believed as simple truths in circumstances like this. 'I... I'm not sure,' she admitted.



‘Anyway now I know why you’re so worried about guilt and sin and stuff,’ Maud said. ‘It can’t be easy being a vicar’s daughter in a place like this.’

‘It isn’t,’ Abigail admitted and added quickly: ‘not that I mean I’m suffering more than you are. Would you like all this to end?’

‘Yeah of course I like something nicer but like I said it’s about getting used to it and enjoying what you can. So are a lot of the other girls. I’m saving some money and when I’ve got enough I’ll see if I can set myself up with a little shop somewhere maybe. I’m not educated like you so I haven’t got a lot of choices. I look okay and I can take a lot of screwing and so I’m making the best of it.’

‘But what about finding a nice man and getting married?’ Abigail suggested. ‘I’m sure you can find somebody even now you’re...’ she trailed off in embarrassment.

Maud frowned. ‘Even though I’m no longer a virgin... I’m ruined, a slut... is that what you mean?’

‘I’m so sorry I didn’t mean...’

‘Well I’m no worse than you are now, am I?’

Abigail’s cheeks were burning. ‘No of course not... I wasn’t thinking.’

‘And maybe I don’t want to get married. Why should I? I’ve seen a lot of posh men in here and seen what they like and I wouldn’t touch them with a barge pole!’

‘No, of course not... I’m so, so sorry. I really didn’t mean to insult you. I’m just a vicar’s daughter... I don’t know any better...’

Maud’s anger melted away and she smiled at that odd excuse. ‘Maybe you don’t need a man either... not with a tongue like yours...’

As they were selected and taken away to the games room, Abigail had a sudden thought.

Had her shared session with Maud the previous night been arranged by Miss Ace so they would have the opportunity to get to know each other better and she would see that things were not always quite so black and white as she imagined? If she had the courage to bring the Bagatelle Club down then a lot of people would get hurt and not necessary those who deserved it.

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The Trick Track room contained a small oval arena comprising a ring of banked seats surrounding an open floor covered in sawdust with a low wooden block in the middle. This was ringed by an irregular loop of metal floor channel fifty feet long and set on posts that varied in height and wiggled left and right as it curved about the room. In addition there were other posts with sprung arms, trailing ropes and dangling paddles that hung over the track and which had to be negotiated on every circuit.

The onlookers were cheering and shouting as Abigail ran around one side of the track while Five of Spades ran along the other. The objective was simply for one girl to catch the other and push a dildo, currently held by their ball-tip bases in their mouths, into the other girl's greased bottom. They sucked their breath in about the dildos which bounced and bobbed grotesquely before their eyes as they ran.

That is to say they ran as well as they could while straddling the irregular track with their arms bound behind their backs while wearing their high heels, which of course only added to their frustration and the amusement of the onlookers. Climbing off the track was not possible as they were connected to their sliding rings that ran along it by short heavy helical springs which were linked to large dildos plunged deep inside them which were held in place at their bases by pairs of large rubber-lipped bulldog clips pinched to their inner labia. Ripping them off their flesh was simply not be contemplated.

And so they chased each other endlessly round the track while dodging the obstacles and trying not to fall over. As the track dipped and wove about the channel slider springs tugged and pushed on the dildos plugged into them while the clips yanked on their labia, creating the usual card girl dilemma of containing both intimate pain and intimate stimulation. Soon floor beneath

the track was splattered with a continuous trail of their juices.

Abigail sobbed and whimpered as dangling ropes with electrified studs tore across her breasts. Tears and dribble from the sides of her mouth ran down her cheeks and fell onto them as they bounced and heaved. As she trod on panels in the floor they triggered sprung paddles that swiped across the track behind her, smacking into her buttocks. Some floor panels were electrified which made both se and Five scream and jerk and skip, tugging helplessly on their plugged pussies. Sometimes they fell across the track and had to recover themselves before the pursuing girl caught up.

Round and round they went sweating and dribbling and gasping and sobbing while the men cheered them on.

After ten minutes of intense effort they were both exhausted but Abigail felt her strength going more rapidly. She was tottering and stumbling. Five of Clubs was no longer visible in the corner of her eye across the track. She clearly getting closer and trying so hard to win the race.

Why shouldn't she just give in and let her, she wondered? Because it wasn't done not to try her hardest. That was how she had been brought up. But even running in this naked shameful race?

The absurdity of her attitude suddenly struck her. She was here to put on a show and the members had had that. Now she must think of herself as a card girl who still had almost three weeks to serve before she got a day off. Take the easy way out... be sensible... She was sure that was what Maud would say.

So Abigail stumbled and fell across the track and lay there twitching and struggling feebly as if she did not have the strength to get up again. In seconds Five had caught up with her and dipped her head and thrust the dildo she carried in her mouth up into Abigail's greased bottom and pumped it frantically. It felt doubly tight pressing against the dildo plugged into her vagina separated only a few fleshy membranes. In fact she felt good...

The pumping from Five's dildo up her bottom ground Abigail's clitoris against the track and suddenly her loins burst. And with the shame that

bought there was also a wonderful sense of relief. Sometimes it was nice simply to surrender. In the stands money bet on the result changed hands.

Mr Jorkins who had arranged the race stepped out into the middle of the little arena. 'We shall now have the award ceremony,' he announced.

The onlookers began making their way down onto the arena floor as well.

Jorkins pulled Five off Abigail, her dildo sucking on Abigail's rectum as it came free, and unclipped her from the track and led her over to the wooden block in the middle which Abigail now realized might serve as a winner's podium. He stood her on it with her legs wide. Then he came back for Abigail. He unclipped her labia from the track dildo and pulled her aching vagina off it, leaving it smothered with her juices, and led her over to the block. But instead of standing her on it he bent her face forward across it so that she rested between Five's spread legs. There were chains and spring clips hung about the block and use them on her collar ring to hold her head down, so that her breasts were spilling over one side of the block, which had scallops cut in it to cup them. Jorkins then bound a chain low down around the other face of the block to pull her knees up to it tight.

By then the members had all gathered about the block.

'Now as is traditional the loser will get a wetting from the winner and a spanking from everybody who bet on her,' Jorkins announced, unhooking a spanking paddle from his belt.

Abigail felt her stomach knot up. So that was why Five had been trying so hard. She should have known...

Jorkins flicked Five's bottom with his paddle until she squatted down over Abigail. 'Sorry...' she heard her say quietly.

Five's hot pee spurted from her cleft over Abigail's back and into her hair, making her snivel and squirm miserably. Some of the stream trickled down her front and dripped off her breasts while a little run the other way down between the cleft of her buttocks over her sodden pussy. The watching members laughed and clapped.

When the flow was ceased and Abigail was thoroughly soaked Jorkins took Five off the podium. Then the members stepped forward for their turn two at a time. One took up position behind her and smacked Abigail's bottom, while the other beat her breasts as they dangled over the other side of the block.

Between her pulsating breasts flattening and then springing back up again and shivering buttocks both turning scarlet, Abigail sobbed and squirmed and whimpered. This was what came of not playing the game honestly.

When they were finally done with her they left her there alone in the middle of the arena, sore and wet and miserable, until a Jackie came to clean her up.

In the Bagatelle it seemed that even the easy way came at a price. The question was could she keep paying it?

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Abigail's breasts and bottom were still flushed and tender that evening when she served Mr Munchausen in his private room. Clearly being another connoisseur of punishment, he paused to admire her flesh appreciatively. He wore a richly embroidered dressing gown and a half mask with a moulded flowing moustache capped by a real white wig in eighteenth century style tied at the back with a bow.

'You had a sound beating I see. Did it do any damage to your labia or nipples...' he examined the organs minutely '...no, they seem perfectly sound and responsive. Good...'

Abigail was standing within an open upright frame the size of a door set on a low wheeled base. Its inside rim was hung with assorted straps, chains and hooks, while there were sockets set in its base for various attachments to be added. One of these was an adjustable telescopic rod with a very slender dildo hardly more than a smooth metal rod with a small ball on its end which was currently impaling Abigail's bottom, apparently just there to brace her. She was pleased it was not her pussy, which still ached from the pummelling it had suffered racing round with the arena track dildo inside it. The brief

pumping her rectum had received from Five's dildo at the end of the race had hardly left any bruises...

Abigail shivered as she realized how lightly she had passed off an act of mechanical sodomy. What had the club done to her?

She was otherwise secured by cuffs about her ankles pulling her legs out of the inside corners the frame and another about her wrists which were stretched up to its upper corners. Side chains were hooked to rings on a belt buckled tightly about her waist to keep the middle of her body still.

Munchhausen turned to a box set out by the frame and opened it carefully. it contained a number of fine chains, spring clips and clamps and little windup boxes of clockwork in many different sizes. He took out certain items from the selection and began fitting them to the frame and Abigail's body.

Sets of spring clips of different sizes but all with sharp teeth were clamped onto her most sensitive flesh. A pair went about her nipples, two pairs each onto her inner and outer labia and most alarmingly a single clip about the nub of her clitoris, which embarrassingly swelled and hardened at his delicate touch almost as if inviting its clamping. Then he strung chains from them out to the sides of the frame where he hooked his little boxes of clockwork and adjusted their lengths and tightened them and set gears just so. It was if she was being enfolded in a web of fine sparkling chains. When they were all ready he pressed releasing keys. Clockwork began to whirl and tick and slowly the chains began to tighten.

'You will be freed when you orgasm,' he told her simply.

Then he pulled up a chair with a clipboard on it which he picked up. He opened the front of his robes exposing himself beneath them and then sat down so his erect penis stood up in his lap. He rubbed it in between making notes. Was he carrying out an experiment on her? What was he under his mask: a real scientist or fantasizer? Either way she was his helpless guinea pig for the night.

The chains pulled her nipples slowly up and sideways from her breasts. Her outer labia were pulled by one set of clamps and chains out and upwards

towards her hips and by the other down towards her knees, while her inner labia were stretched out sideways by sets of clips and chains and down towards her wide splayed feet by the other. The single clamp attached to her clitoris drew it up and out of her the folds of her sex and towards a clockwork box that Munchhausen had hung from the front ring of her collar.

As the pain slowly began to grow Abigail moaned and bit on the rubber bar Munchhausen had pushed between her teeth.

It was an exquisitely precise torment without the usual physicality. No beating, spanking or lashing, and no penetration. The rod in her rectum was too thin to give her any sense of arousal. It was just exact pain applied to her most sensitive parts. As her skin was stretched she became ever more aware of each intimate part of her.

The little clockwork boxes were slow but inexorable. They dragged her nipples outwards, pulling them up into slender throbbing red brown cones points which then pulled her breasts along with them until they were also strangely twisted and distended.

Each petal of her labia was being pulled in two directions at once, spreading out and spreading apart, stretching her skin wider than she had imagined possible. It was if they were the petals of a flesh flower blooming wide. And it was weeping with its nectar which dripped between her feet and trickled down her impaling rod. And then out of this blossom of pain her clitoris was being stretched upwards as if it was going to be torn from its hidden valley by the chain that cut through the fluffy golden forest of her pubic hair up across her palpitating stomach, between her parted breasts and up to the clockwork device hung from a collar.

Munchhausen got off his chair and walked around her, peering at her distended organs closely and taking more notes. His cock was very hard now.

Abigail sobbed and cried and dribbled about her gag bar. Her tears and spittle ran off her chin and fell onto the bare expanse of her sternum where her breasts had once nearly kissed together. He was going to rip the skin off her! Her nipples would tear and her labia would split and her clitoris would be ripped out of her.

Munchhausen was standing in front of her rubbing his cock with increasing vigour while licking his lips.

She couldn't bear it any more! It was cruel and inhumane and...

Munchhausen groaned and spurted his seed over her belly and into the fleshy pink man-made starfish of her pussy.

And then a massive orgasm tore through her and blacked out all her cares.

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When Abigail recovered she found Munchhausen had taken the terrible clips and chains off her body, leaving her hanging limp and trembling in the frame with all her parts back in their proper place, although tingling and simmering with pain. Her nipples throbbed and looked purple but they were still joined to her body. Between her legs her distended labia were slowly shrinking back into their normal tight arrangement, her juices and Munchhausen's sperm dribbling out from between them, while at her feet was a splatter of orgasmic discharge.

She had cum with nothing inside her except the anal dildo which had been so thin there was nothing of it to work herself against or even to squeeze on. Still she had cum and very intensely. Of course she did not begrudge it as it had been her only escape. But nothing sexual had been going on in the strictest sense to make it happen. No vibrators, no spanking or penetration by a man or the tongue of a woman.

An orgasm brought on by pure pain?

'I think you are something of a masochist, number Seven,' Munchhausen declared with apparent satisfaction, as if he had made a pleasing discovery.

It was a word she had never heard before. What did it mean?

He must have seen the puzzled look on her flushed face for he explained: 'It means you can get aroused by pain and rough handling alone, without the need for direct sexual stimulation.'



No, that sounded too perverse even by Bagatelle Club standards. That could not be her... could it?

# Chapter Eleven

The next day was fine and the Club's garden courtyard was transformed into a perverted miniature golf course partly built with card girl bodies.

Netting had been hung around its perimeter to protect its windows and pre-cut disks and strips of green rubber matting were laid down to form the greens and fairways while undulating bunkers capped by outcrops of bare breasts, traps made of buttocks and thighs and holes by card girl vaginas. They were half buried under the matting within shallow pre-formed restraint frames. Some of them were held head-down with only their spread legs and groins exposed with the wide stretched mouths of their pussies level with the matting, held open by mesh tubes ready to receive balls. Small flags were planted in sockets in adjacent anuses. Three or four naked bodies were pressed face down tightly side-by-side like sardines to form flesh trap bunkers or lay on the backs with their legs wide and their pussies held open by rings just accessible to any careful shot up the ramp of matting which would drop the ball into the dark pits of their vaginas so invitingly gaping wide.

To one side of the course was a small driving range surrounded by more netting. At one end a card girl's anonymous naked buttocks rose out of a ring of matting forming a raised driving green with a plastic "T" rising out of her anus mounted on a spring on the end of a deeper plug, while at the other end of a long slowly rising slope of matting hung Abigail.

She was lying on a matting covered timber ramp with her legs spread wide facing the T girl. There were small bells clipped her nipples so that they hung down the undercurves off her breasts and her vulva held open wide by a wire mesh funnel which exposed the dark depths of her vagina at its end. A mask of the same mesh protected her face but the rest of her was totally exposed.

From this vantage point she could see club members Macbeth, Easy, Hamlet and Gulliver playing their round.

They use lightweight clubs with soft heads and light perforated plastic balls so they would not do any serious damage to the living course but even these could inflict considerable discomfort. Driven balls bounced off splayed naked limbs or fell into the convoluted folds of a girl flesh bunker. Then the golfers had to stand on their rims and reach in and try to chip them out again from between soft thighs and buttocks clefts. When a green was reached the flag was pulled out of the anal socket hole and then puts were made that all too often bounced off soft pussy lips several times before dropping down inside between them.

It was the only golf course in the country where the ground underfoot could sometimes be heard crying and whimpering and golf balls falling into holes came out sticky and intimately scented.

Mr Hornblower and Mr Quixote entered the courtyard ready for their round. Seeing the others still in play they came over to the driving range for some practice.

Hornblower set a ball down on the T projecting from the bare buttocks of the driving range girl, which clenched at its touch, and then took up his stance, measuring the distance with his eye between him and the banked end of the range on which Abigail was bound. She screwed up her eyes and bit down on the bar gag between her teeth. She had heard that Hornblower and Quixote were good golfers.

Hornblower swung, his club skimming the buttocks of the girl at his feet as it caught the ball and caused the T to vibrate in its fleshy mounting, bringing forth a muffled yelp from below.

The ball flew true and smacked into Abigail's right thigh. She yelped as it bounced off her and down the increasingly gentle slope back to the T end again.

Mr Quixote's set his ball down on the fleshy T and drove. This one smacked against the underside of Abigail's left breast, ringing the bell that hung there.

Hornblower's next ball skimmed her stomach, passed up between her bell

hung breasts and bounced off her protective mask. Quixote's next hit her left thigh. The next one her right breast, just missing the bell directly but making it chime from the vibrations it set up in her flesh. The next ball smacked into the rim of the funnel holding her pussy open, pinching her flesh through the open mesh. They were getting the range of her.

The next ball went clean up into the funnel and smacked into the end of her vagina.

Abigail screamed while players all round the ground paused to applaud.

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After her painful day on the golf course, Abigail was grateful to be taken back into the card girl room and have the opportunity to stretch and put ointment on her driving range bruises which made an odd pattern clustered on the insides of her thighs and upper body to the undersides of her breasts. She saw Maud in the shower and was able to exchange a few words with her.

'Do you know what a "masochist" is?' she asked.

'No, what is it?'

Abigail explained about Munchhausen's strange "experiment", concluding: '... and I'm worried if I'm one. Would that make me odd or different somehow?'

Sensibly Maud cut to the heart of the matter: 'Was it better to cum than to keep on having your nips pulled off and your pussy ripped open?'

'Well, yes of course...'

'Then it doesn't sound like its such a bad thing, does it? I think we all get a touch that maso... thingy after a while. It's only knowing that there's probably some sex coming after the pain and hoping it will be good and then getting a bit ahead of yourself.'

Abigail doubted it was quite as simple as that, but she felt a little reassured.

Queen D interrupted at this point by coming over and telling Abigail: 'You've got to put on extra make-up and eye-shadow tonight, Seven. You've got a special member to entertain and Miss Ace wants you to look your beast...'

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Unusually Abigail was taken to the private room by Miss Ace herself, wearing only her minimal corset and high heeled jackboots.

'Mr Bray is one of our long-standing members but he can be rather fussy about the girls we supply,' Miss Ace confided as she led Abigail along the corridors by her collar leash with her anal plug chained to the floor channel. 'As a fresh girl I thought perhaps you might be able to do better. You have proven to be a very able card girl so far and if you satisfy him then you will earn yourself a bonus on top of your regular wage.'

Abigail was confused. Was this another means of trying to win her sympathy by praising her and trusting her with the entertainment of an awkward member? But more money was more money...

'I'll try my best, Miss Ace.'

'By the way, if Mr Bray gets too difficult or unpleasant then it's quite permissible to bite him on the nose...'

'On his nose, Miss Ace?' Abigail exclaimed aghast.

Miss Ace smiled. 'On the nose of his mask, of course, and give it a good pull. That is the agreed warning to a member that the use of club girls is a privilege that can be withdrawn. Despite what you think of us, Seven, there are rules you see...' She pulled up the ball gag that been hung about Abigail's neck and pushed it between her teeth. 'You'd better have this in to begin with. Mr Bray does not like idle chatter. He'll let you speak when he wishes...'

Mr Bray was a small thin man wearing striped pyjamas with a rather shabby dressing gown over them and a bamboo cane hooked to its tie cord,

which juxtaposed strangely with his face which was hidden behind a green and red and devil mask with a large hooked nose and little horns rising from its forehead. Thin lips showed behind the evilly grinning mouth slot of the mask.

He looked Abigail up and down and prodded her with a bony finger and then said grudgingly to Miss Ace: 'yes, I suppose she'll do...'

None of the other members had given her such a dispiriting welcome.

'I hope she will give satisfaction, Mr Bray,' Miss Ace said coolly, detaching Abigail from the floor channel and handing over her leash.

Now she wondered if she was being given to an awkward member as a subtle rebuke to him because she was in fact the least experienced girl on offer.

Inside the room was virtually bare except for a large wooden bed with heavy corner posts and head and footboards, no doubt with many restraining and punishment devices hidden its frame. But what arrested Abigail's eye was the large wooden cross mounted at its foot.

Although her faith had been sorely tested over recent days it was hard to see such an object treated so irreverently. Had Miss Ace forgotten whose daughter she was or had she not thought it important? As she moved closer she saw the cross was fitted with several sets of heavy leather straps and a jutting dildo set at an angle halfway up its central shaft. She tried to pull away from it but Bray dragged her over to the bed and she knew she had no choice.

Bray unhooked his cane and swiped it across the back of her legs, making her yelp around her gag.

'Just as I thought,' he said angrily, lifting the end of her leash up high so that she had to tilt her head back as the collar dug into her chin while he ran his cane across her body, flicking her nipples with it which swelled and popped back up again. 'Your body betrays you.' He jabbed his fingers against her heavily made-up eyes: 'You are an insolent, self-willed slut of a

girl filled with unholy needs and wicked desire...' He sawed the cane through her pussy cleft and brought it away wet with her juices and waved it under her nose. 'You see, just like all these modern women you are incontinent with lust! You need to be saved from yourself.' He thrust his masked face into hers so that she saw his eyes filled with righteous fire sparkling through its slots. 'I can save you... it's my duty to save you... but first the evil must be beaten out of you...'

Was this just a game he wanted to play or was this what he really thought, Abigail wondered in dismay? Was that why she had been told to make herself up like this? In either case she had no choice but to play according to his rules.

Rubber mats covered the floor about the foot of the bed and on it was a short flight of boxed-in steps mounted on wheels leading up to the cross that loomed over it. Bray dragged Abigail up them, twisted her round and pushed her backward against the cross so that the jutting dildo was driven painfully hard up into her greased rectum. As she whimpered he pushed her head back against the top of the cross and pulled sprung hooks out from the sides of the post and hooked them into the rings on the sides of her collar, holding her in place. Then he bent and secured her ankles to the base of the cross, buckling the cuffs separately around each one. Now she was secured upright he reached behind her and un-cuffed her wrists. He pulled one arm outwards along the arm of the cross and re-cuffed her wrist to its end. He did the same with her other arm and then he buckled straps across her upper arms just above her elbows to hold them flat against the woodwork. Another strap went across her chest above her breasts and a second under them and a third across her waist. Separate straps went about her knees.

When she was secured he clambered down the steps and pulled them out from under her. Unsupported her feet dangled from her ankle cuffs while her weight bore down even more on her other straps and the wooden dildo up her rectum. Her groin was now at his head height.

Bray gazed on Abigail's naked, strap-bound and impaled body while she sobbed and twisted and strained against the straps, feeling as if she was defiling everything the cross stood for while she was displayed upon it like this. What was worse was that she wasn't any of the things he had accused

her of being. She didn't want to any of this, she simply had no choice. Did he really believe them? She was not sure. The only certainty right now was that she was totally helpless. Gradually her futile struggles subsided and she hung trembling in her straps and totally at his mercy.

‘That’s better,’ Bray said, ‘now you are properly restrained on the instrument of the Lord you will feel God’s will flowing into you. And I’m also an instrument of his will. I shall beat the evil out of you and then show you your proper place as a servant of man and not his tempter. I shall get you to recant your sins and beg to be led on the path of righteousness...’

He was gesturing as he spoke and the front of his dressing gown fell open reveal a hard prick jutting out of it. This was what aroused him. Now she understood why she was bound to a cross. She shivered again.

Bray opened the steps up to reveal the storage space beneath them. From it took out a lash with a spray of long leather thongs.

He held it up for her to see and then trailed it across her body. Even as she shivered in fear she could feel her nipples throbbing and standing up and her pussy begin to flow with hot sticky lubrication in anticipation of what was to come. Bray could see those same signs and declared in triumph: ‘Those are the responses of a wicked slut who glories in pain and humiliation and then tempts men with her suffering. Now they shall be part of your own downfall!’

He balled up the lash thongs and forced them into her pussy cleft, twisting and grinding them about and forcing her juices to soak into them. When he pulled the lash out of her again its thongs were darker and heavier. She could smell her own arousal rising out of them. She really was going to help punish herself! And although it was wrong she knew that a dark part of her really did find a twisted thrill in it. Was that simple survival or was she a masochist as Mr Sinbad had diagnosed? Did that mean she was as evil as Bray assumed? No, she could not accept that. But then what was she?

Bray took off his dressing gown and hung it carefully over one of the bedposts and then he rolled up his sleeves revealing, pale skinny arms. His stiff cock continued to peek through the flies of his pyjama trousers. Then he



positioned himself in front and slightly to one side of her and drew his arm back.

Swish, crack!

The supple wet lash thongs curled about her breasts, indenting her soft pillows of flesh and driving down her hard nipples. Abigail shrieked and bit on her gag ball as the thongs seemed to leave trails of fire in their wake. Bound against the cross there was no escape from their full force and they left a trail of scarlet stripes almost like claw marks across her body from her right shoulder to her left ribs.

Bray shifted his stance slightly and then gave her a backhand stroke, cutting across her chest in the other direction, forming a lattice of scarlet stripes across her body. And where they crossed little specks of blood appeared.

Tears poured from her eyes and spittle from her gag-stretched lips ran together down her cheeks to drip onto her burning breasts as they shivered and leaped about and she shrieked and strained against her straps, making them creak.

Bray shifted his stance again and swung the next below across her heaving stomach, drawing stripes across it from left to right. Then he lashed her thighs and the bulge of her pussy mound between them. As the thongs tore through her pubic curls they pulled a few hairs out in their wake while his stiff pale cock bobbed and bounced excitedly before him as if delighting in her suffering.

Abigail sobbed and dribbled about her gag even as her anal sphincter clenched tight about the wooden dildo on which was impaled. The only mercy was that with her legs strapped tight against the cross post at least her pussy was spared the worst of the blows.

Bray paused and moved to the foot of the cross and worked some kind of latch. Then he grasped her ankles and pulled them out wide. They had been bound to separate struts that together formed the front half of the cross and which hinged behind her hips. More hidden latches clicked, bracing the struts

in their new positions and holding her legs spread ninety degrees apart.

Bray examined her now exposed pussy mouth closely, pushing his thin stiff fingers up into it to test its wetness and then pinching her labia and flicking the helplessly hard nub of her clitoris, making her burn in shame.

‘All the evils of the world are said to come out of this,’ he declared. ‘It deserves special treatment...’

He stood back and swung the lash again but this time up between her splayed legs. Strapped and impaled as she was there was no escape from its full force. The thongs cut up through her thighs, rippling over her tender labia and rasping between them and up through her wet slot to tear across her straining clitoris, bringing with them uninsurable agony.

As the lash thongs left her cleft hot pee spurted out of it and splattered all over the rubber mat in front of the bed. And it felt terrible and wonderful and she felt a surge of orgasmic juices almost joining the shameful flow of urine which was so thrilling and dark and disgusting. She was balanced on the cusp of pain and pleasure and need and despair. Her anus clenched desperately about the wooden dildo inside it wanting it to come to life and screw her as she felt ready to burst.

Bray laughed at this ultimate show of fear and degradation. ‘Do you want to be saved, you little tart, tell me!’ And he reached up and pulled the ball gag out of Abigail’s mouth.

‘Yes... yes, Sir,’ she croaked. ‘Yes... I beg to be saved.’

‘Will you give an offering of your body to your saviour?’

‘Yes, yes anything Sir... I’d give anything...’

‘Do you give yourself to me, totally to me?’

‘Yes Sir, I give myself to you... please save me... do what you want with me...’

Bray stooped and adjusted something at the base of the cross. And then he

twisted the big post and it rotated on its vertical axis, turning Abigail round until she faced up the length of the bed. He pulled at another latch and pushed at the back of the cross and it bent forward about concealed hinges, counterweighted somehow so that it didn't simply drop, carrying Abigail with it, until she hung face down from her straps just above the bed.

Bray lay on the bed and slid himself beneath her until the nose of his demon mask almost touched her own. The stiff head of his cock rubbed through her sodden cleft. Then he reached one hand up to the headboard and worked some control on its side post.

There came a hum of an electric motor and the whole cross lowered itself further down onto him, pressing Abigail's naked body against his skinny flannel covered one and sliding his stiff his cock up into Abigail's dripping pussy cleft. He pressed another button and the cross began to rock forward and back, grinding her body over his. The whole cross had been turned into a pleasure device!

While his stiff cock was ploughing her unwilling furrow Bray reached up and clasped and squeezed her breasts while his eyes glittering in the depths of his mask looked up into her own.

'You like this don't you tart?'

'Y... yes, Sir,' Abigail croaked.

'Now you have to admit all your sins before you can be saved. Tell me exactly how wicked you have been...'

'I... I've been a good girl until the last ten days, Sir...'

'No, you've been wicked all your life, admit it!'

And as his hard cock was gouging deeper and deeper into her and she was dripping onto him, he pinched and twisted her nipples until she yelped in pain.

'Tell me everything... every last filthy detail...'

He really seemed to believe what he said, but he knew nothing about what she was. At least the other members had taken their pleasure from her without expecting her to pour out her life story to them in a twisted fashion. They just had fun with her and wanted no more. Bray wanted lies to confirm his prejudices. Was she expected to make things up? Why couldn't he just have fun screwing her? This was not fair, it was too much...

‘You’ve been a slut all your life, admit it!’ Bray practically screamed.

His hooked mask nose was thrust right up into her face again demanding an answer. So sobbing in despair she bit it and pulled and twisted.

As Bray squealed in surprise the mask cords snapped and it dropped from her teeth to reveal his flushed face.

The next words Abigail spoke came quite automatically and innocently from her lips, bypassing her stunned brain: ‘Bishop Meriwether... what are you doing here?’

# Chapter Twelve

Ten minutes later Miss Ace, having been summoned by a panicky Arnold Meriwether, were standing in the private room while the Bishop was venting forth his anger while jabbing an accused to finger at Abigail. She was now upright once more but still bound to the cross with her legs wide and sodden pussy exposed.

‘She knows me... she recognized me! Then I realized who she was under that makeup. She’s the daughter of one of my vicars. What is she doing here?’

‘She came here looking for a job as a maid and as she was unanimously approved by the members because of her splendid body and appealingly innocent manner I recruited her in the usual way,’ Miss Ace explained calmly. ‘She is on her month’s probation.’

‘She pulled my mask off! I thought the club promised absolute anonymity? You realize what will happen if this gets out? I’ll be ruined! Think of what the Sunday papers will make of it! She must be silenced, do you understand?’

‘She is not making any noise at the moment, Arnold, you are,’ Miss Ace said reproachfully.

He had pushed Abigail’s gag back into her mouth just after she had unmasked him. But apparently he wished she should suffer a longer silence than that.

‘I mean stop her telling anyone,’ Meriwether continued. ‘I don’t care how you do it she is not to talk, do you understand!’

Miss Ace looked at him with steely disapproval. ‘You do not order me about like that in my club, Arnold. Remember that I am the manager and majority shareholder.’

‘If she brings me down and then I’ll bring you down as well!’

Miss Ace’s manner became even frostier. ‘I do not take kindly to threats. Nor will the other members if they hear about it. Remember there are many other ways for you to suffer without harming the Bagatelle. But we have not yet asked Abigail’s opinion. Perhaps there might be a more amicable means of settling this problem...’

‘Keep her quiet!’

‘I’m sure you will be civil when you speak to his grace, won’t you Abigail?’

Abigail had had time to compose herself. She had gone through every stage of shame and panic and despair and now seemed to have arrived at a plateau of calm when she knew that nothing worse could possibly happen to her. She had been beaten and impaled on a cross and screwed and humiliated. What else could there be? And at least she still had some trace of pride. She might be a naked sex slave but at least she was not here by choice, unlike some people she now knew to be rank hypocrites...

She nodded. Miss Ace removed her gag. Abigail looked at Meriwether and said:

‘I once heard you preach a sermon about saving fallen women, Bishop, but I hadn’t realized you meant to save them for yourself.’

‘Be quiet you little tart!’ Meriwether spat.

‘Don’t insult her like that, Arnold,’ Miss Ace said sternly, ‘this girl is better than either of us and you know it.’

‘She’s just a common tart like all the rest.’

Abigail could see Miss Ace was containing herself with difficulty. ‘I tolerate your presence in the club, Arnold, because you have useful connections, but that tolerance has its limits. We value our girls and treat them with care and respect which is why they continue to work for us despite

having to satisfy men like you. You will kindly do the same.'

But Meriwether was unmoved. 'She's no better than she ought to be. I had my doubts about her father and now they are confirmed. To think he spawned a child like this. I'm replacing him at Chesney Green...'

Abigail felt a cold hand clench about her heart while she also burned with anger. How could he accuse her of being wicked when if it was not for men like him the club would not exist to degrade her like this? If she was a slut now then he helped make her one, but he didn't seem to be able to accept that. It was all so twisted and unfair!

'On what grounds would you dismiss Reverend Wright?' Miss Ace wondered dryly. 'That you unexpectedly found yourself screwing his daughter in a spanking and bondage club that you belong to?'

'I don't have to give a reason! I'm the Bishop!' Meriwether said almost petulantly.

'Then Abigail's trial period will end now and tomorrow morning she'll be on a train home. What she does then it is up to her.'

'That's ridiculous. You know what would happen to you and your staff if the public learned the truth about the Bagatelle.'

'"Miss Ace", the "Queens" and the "Jackies"?' Miss Ace said in a puzzled voice. 'But we don't exist. You don't even know our real names. We'd be gone before anybody knew it and nobody would find us because we are nobodies. But you do exist, Arnold, and you are definitely somebody and you have a very real reputation to lose and a long way to fall.'

'She'd disgrace her father as much as me!' Meriwether countered.

'I don't think so. The disgrace of an otherwise innocent vicar would be eclipsed by that of a very un-holy Bishop occurring on the same day. And Abigail would only be doing the Christian thing after the suffering she has endured at your hands and your cock. People might even be persuaded that she was very brave and even to be admired, unlike you. But perhaps she

would see things differently if her father was Dean of Fulminster? I understand the post is still vacant...'

Abigail caught her breath.

'That's blackmail!' Meriwether said.

'Yes isn't it wonderful?' Miss Ace said unabashed. 'If her father had just got the news that he was going to be made Dean when Abigail arrived, then I'm sure she'd have other things on her mind and wouldn't want to spoil the occasion with any... unpleasantness, would you Abigail?'

Abigail took a deep breath: 'No, Miss Ace.'

Meriwether looked angry but he knew he was trapped. 'I want some guarantee that she'll promise to stay silent.'

'That can be arranged as well...'

Meriwether was masked and dressed once more when, ten minutes later, Queen D arrived carrying her camera and leading Maud after her, cuffed and gagged. Maud's eye's filled with concern she took in the sight of Abigail hanging on the cross with her body criss-crossed by whip marks.

'Kneel on the bed and pleasure Seven of Hearts with your tongue,' Miss Ace commanded her.

Confused but obedient, Maud clambered onto the bed and Queen D fastened her leash chain to the post of the cross between Abigail splayed thighs, pulling Maud's face into her groin. Abigail looked down at her and smiled. 'It's all right,' she said. 'Please do this for me...'

Queen D pulled her gag out and Maud immediately raised her lips to Abigail's sticky pussy. Abigail rolled her eyes up in delight as her skilful tongue gently inserted itself into her slot and she began to lick and suck. After all the terrible stimulation she had endured she realized that she had not yet actually had an orgasm. Maud's tongue was so wonderfully different to Meriwether's cock that she felt her loins rapidly filling with liquid heat.



As the two girls coupled Queen D began taking photographs of them from different angles.

‘Make sure you get plenty of Seven’s face as she climaxes,’ Miss Ace said. ‘We want evidence to show that she is enjoying the experience of girl on girl cunnilingus while she is mounted on a cross.’ She turned to Meriwether. ‘If these pictures were ever released they would make her seem much less of an unwilling participant in some very perverted goings-on, which would seriously embarrass her family. Since she would not want that I think you can rely on her not to reveal any details of your encounter here. Will that be satisfactory?’

‘I suppose it will have to be,’ Meriwether said grumpily.

Miss Ace put her hand over his shoulder. ‘Now why don’t we leave them to it, Arnold. It’s not too late. You’ve got a telephone call to make to the vicarage at Chesney Green...’

They went out together.

At the cross Maud’s face was buried in Abigail’s hot cleft which seemed to be sucking back at her. Queen D moved in close with her camera to capture the moment that Abigail’s juices burst out of her and sprayed across Maud’s face.

‘Ohhhh.... yes!’ Abigail sobbed aloud. And then she fainted with delight.

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When Abigail recovered Maud was sitting on the bed with her face still shiny with Abigail’s juices looking up at her with amused bewilderment. Her hands were still cuffed behind her but leash chain was now hooked to the bed head and they were alone in the room.

‘Queen D said Mr Bray wouldn’t need the room any more tonight, so we could have to ourselves,’ Maud explained. ‘What was all that about?’

Abigail was still trying decide that herself. ‘It may have been Miss Ace

playing a very clever game using me as her pawn to put an unpleasant man in his place and make a good man a lot happier.'

'Oh, one of those things.' Maud said as if that explained everything. 'Well what do you expect from the Ace card in the Bagatelle club?' Then she frowned. 'Does this mean you won't be staying on after your month's up?'

'Actually I think I'm probably going to be working in this wicked place for a little while longer. I think its part of the arrangement. Anyway who else would have me?'

Maud grinned. 'Well I'd have you again any time...'

Abigail smiled back. What was there to lose now? In for a penny... 'Could you reach the side of the bed head? There are some controls there for the cross...'

Maud found the button that lowered the cross back over the bed. She snuggled down under it and Abigail who now hung over her and they kissed. The cross began to vibrate and rock back and forth, grinding their breasts and sticky wet pussy mounds together. Her whip-marked flesh rubbed against Maud's soft body but oddly she hardly noticed it. They kissed and their hard nipples throbbed while their clitorises teased each other. It might be wicked and sinful but it did feel good, Abigail thought.

Had this all been Miss Ace's doing? She knew about her family situation and had almost encouraged her to pull off Bray's mask, which now she thought about it had come loose very easily. Was it stored in the club where it might be tampered with? Was this what Miss Ace had hoped would happen?

Or had Miss Ace simply been an agent in a far bigger plan? Could this possibly have been God's intention for Abigail all along? They did say he worked in mysterious ways. Her father had been rightly rewarded while the Bishop had been punished and perhaps there was worse to come for him. But being a pawn in this game had cost her so much pain and suffering. On the other hand nothing good came for free. There was always a price to be paid.

Abigail gazed into Maud's pretty face and felt a fresh surge of delight. But

perhaps it was one she was happy to pay.

**THE END**

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