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CHAIN-  
GANG  
GIRLS\$**

**Simon  
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## Chapter One

Abby Coverley woke slowly and painfully into muffled darkness.

She felt sick and confused and there was a strange lingering chemical tang in the back of her throat. For a few moments she thought as she was in her own bed, except that her bed was not uncomfortable as this. It felt almost as though she was resting huddled up on the bed of straw. She felt cold and there were strange hard things pressing against her skin. Her skin... Gradually she realized was totally naked. Well she often slept naked, but not like this...

She tried to move and sit up but she could not. There was something cold and hard and heavy about her neck weighing her down and she could not lever herself upright because for some reason her arms were folded behind her back and her wrists seemed to be linked together. As she began to struggle and roll about, her back and shoulders ground against what felt like iron bars. She tried to stretch out her legs and her bare feet struck a more of them. There was a metallic clink as she moved her legs. There were heavy cuff and chains dragging on her ankles...

What was happening to her? And why could she not see? Was it dark or had she not got her eyes open? No, they were open, but there was cloth hood of some kind over her head!

Abby tried to scream, to call out, but then she realised that her mouth was plugged by some thing that felt like a rubber stick jammed between her teeth. She tried to bite on it and spit it out but she could not. There were straps holding the thing in place that seemed to be wrapped tightly about her head.

Real fear was gripping her now. This was a nightmare! Please God let it be a nightmare!

What was the last thing that she could remember?

\* \* \*

It was late on a warm summer Saturday night and the five of them were coming down the steps of the Britannia arena with linked arms. There was herself, Suki, Katrina, Jordan and Carlotta. Behind them a big banner read: *Embrace the World*, together with a globe showing a pair of arms hugging it protectively. The girls had ETW badges pinned to their designer dresses and this was their moment.

On either side were barriers holding back excited fans while over the rooftops they could see the great illuminated ring of the London Eye. Their current boyfriends (a couple of rising young actors, a pop singer, an artist and the son of the business associate was merely a multimillionaire) were following on behind them, all flanked by a posse of half a dozen beefy minders. But the five girls were out in front. After all, they had made this happen. In front of them at the base of the steps was a gaggle of photographers and camera crews but by arrangement they homed in on Traci Morris of WWSN who had been granted this final interview. As agreed Abby would speak for all them.

Traci flashed her professional smile. 'First, congratulations to you all. Tonight has been a great success.'

'It has,' Abby agreed. 'And we want to thank all those artists and groups who supported us from the bottom of our hearts.' She waved at the crowd. 'And of course all of you who came here tonight. We couldn't have done it without you!'

That brought forth cheers from the crowd while the other girls added their words of appreciation and applauded back.

'It's fair to say this has been quite a change of direction for all of you,' Traci suggested. 'Over last few years you had your wild times and made headlines for the wrong reasons. Is this a sign that you're settling down to more serious matters?'

'Oh, we're still going to have fun,' Abby assured her without knowing grin. 'You can do both, you know.'

‘Is it also true that your families were against your participation at first because some of the organisations you want to support through ETW have been critical of the business practices of their companies?’ Traci asked.

‘Yes at first our families were a bit doubtful. Maybe they didn’t think we could do it properly. But once they saw we were determined and realized what an important cause this was, they got right behind us.’

‘Because of the lives the five of you have led and the power and influence that your families have, and that you are all only children, you’ve sometimes been called “The Princess’s of Capitalism.” What you think of that?’

‘Well that’s just a silly label. Just because we’ve been lucky in our lives doesn’t mean we don’t care about how other people live. Tonight is proof that money can do a lot of good. We’ve raised over thirty million pounds for important causes in the developing world and we expect much more to follow. Anybody who criticizes us had better beat that before they call us any more names!’

‘So what are you going to do now?’

‘It’s been incredibly rewarding but very hard work putting this event on. And once again we want to thank all the staff on the production team for their efforts. Now we’re off on holiday somewhere quiet away from all this and the media... and even you, Traci, for a couple of weeks. So goodbye and thank you...’

The other girls were all waving and blowing kisses at the camera.

‘Thank you...’ Tracy said.

They continued on down the steps to the big black stretched limo which was waiting for them. Wearily but happily they and their friends piled inside. A minder joined the driver in the front seat while the rest of them got into the big black 4x4 escort car. The limousine pulled smoothly away from the arena and out into the nightlit London streets.

Inside the car champagne corks popped... there was laughter and hugs and kisses... Keith was holding her... And then the voices had seemed to get fainter and more distant and it had grown darker and darker...

\* \* \*

Oh God! Where was Keith? Where was everybody?

Abby became aware of muffled grunts and groans and rattling sounds from around her. Were they all trapped like she was? And then she felt a hand take hold of her head and pull the hood off her. She blinked in the sudden flood of light. Gradually her eyes focused...

She was in a small straw-floored cage, barely wider than her shoulders and not quite high enough for her to sit upright or to stretch out in. It was one of a row of five identical cages, each of which held one of the girls. Through the bars she could see that like her they were naked, gagged, collared, hobbled and cuffed. All the restraints were of the same plain metal construction and appeared to have been riveted in place about their necks and limbs, linked together or to hobble chains by padlocks passed through integral "U" rings. She could also see flashes of her friends' fearful, bloodshot, confused eyes over the bars of rubber that parted their lips.

The doors of the cages were set in their top sides and were hinged at their back ends. The front edge of the doors stopped short of the front corner of each cage leaving a gap just large enough for a head to pass through. These gaps were closed by large long bolts. Above the cages was a long wooden beam supported by heavy uprights at each end. From it hung five sets of chains, one above each cage.

The cages were inside some kind of large canvas tent. Bizarrely its supporting posts were hung with what appeared to be enlarged and mounted pictures and newspaper cuttings. They showed haggard starving children, people fleeing from war zones, devastated fields of sun-baked crops, swathes of freshly felled forest or huge ugly gouges cut into the landscape for mining. All images Abby had become very familiar with over the past few months.

But she didn't have long to study them because her attention was

drawn to the figures standing over them.

There were six of them, all identically dressed in anonymous blue coveralls. From leather belts buckled about their waists hung canes and electric cattle prods. But it was their faces that riveted Abby's attention, or rather where they should have had faces. Each wore a soft rubber novelty caricature mask, so it seemed that she gazed up into the grotesque features of Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Jimmy Carter, and Bill Clinton. One only was female: Margaret Thatcher. The figure under the utilitarian coveralls suggested that its wearer might indeed be female.

She spoke. The mask had been slit across its rubber mouth so they could see her lips moving beneath it while living eyes glittered through its hollowed eyeholes. It was also quite tight fitting so as she moved her jaw it took on some sense of unnatural animation.

'In case you are wondering it is now Sunday morning and you are a long way from London,' she said. 'You are prisoners of the Peoples' Front for Justice and Retribution. You will of course never see our faces or learn are true names. If you like you can think of us by the names of these criminals whose masks we wear. Therefore I am Margaret and they are Ronnie, Dickey, Jimmy, George and Bill. I'm sure you'll appreciate the irony... Now that you're all awake will begin with a demonstration to prove that whatever we appear to be, we are perfectly serious.'

She sounded quite well spoken but her words were distorted by an undertone of bitter anger and contempt.

The five men in the ex-president masks stepped up to the cages and pulled back the bolts that closed the gaps in the cage tops. Before the women could react the men had reached down into the cages, grabbed each of them by their hair and pulled their heads and necks upward through these slots, dragging them onto their knees so that their bare breasts ground against the front panels of the cages. Rings on the fronts of their heavy metal collars now dangled down over the top corners of the cages. While still holding them by the hair with one hand the men hooked snaplinks bolted to small plates in the front of the cages onto these rings, securing them kneeling hunched painfully forward with their heads jutting out of the tops of their cages and their collars

jammed up under their chins. They twisted their heads round in fear, swivelling their eyes about as they saw their friends properly for the first time. Abby read the expression in their eyes and felt her stomach begin to knot up in terror.

The five masked men unhitched their cattle prods and stepped forward again. Abby found herself gazing up into the rubber face of “Dickey” Nixon.

‘This is what will happen to you if you disobey our orders in any way,’ the woman in the Thatcher mask said.

The men jabbed the cattle prods through the bars of the cages into the girls’ helpless bodies.

It was only their big-muffled mouths that prevented their collective screams of pain from being ear piercing. Abby thought she was being burned and kicked at the same moment as her body convulsed from the fierce jolt of electricity that coursed through it as the twin contacts on the end of the cattle prod jabbed down onto her bare back. If she had not had the rod of rubber between her teeth she would have bitten her tongue through or cracked her teeth. Confined within the cage all she could do was convulse in agony, making its frame rattle. The hard edge of her tethering collar dug into her chin as her body bucked and heaved, grinding her shoulders and hips against the bars. On either side of the other girls were going through similar tormented convulsions while shrieking and sobbing in pain and fear.

Dickey changed the angle of the next thrust of the cattle prod, driving it instead through the bars of the front of the cage and into Abby’s breasts. Behind the idiotic mask living eyes flashed and white teeth were bared in cruel pleasure. The pain was indescribable. Abby was barely aware of the hot pee that spurted from her pussy slot over her thighs into the straw bottom of her cage as she lost control of her bladder. The man jabbed again through the side of the cage into the soft flesh of her hips and then down across her buttocks. She sobbed and squealed while her eyes misted with hot tears and she bounced about within her tiny cage, her body jerking helplessly, grinding her breasts into its front face one moment and then slamming her feet against its back wall the next.



For a full minute this terrible onslaught continued. And then the masked men stepped back and hooked their terrible cattle prods back on their belts. The five young women were left trembling within their cages, their bare bodies shivering and jerking convulsively as their flesh tingled and their over stimulated muscles twitched, while their tear-streaked faces hung over their front edges, their shiny red cheeks showing over their gag-stretched mouths, from around the corners of which leaked trickles of saliva. Their thighs and pussy mounds were wet and the smell of freshly spilt urine began to fill the close atmosphere of the tent.

But terrible as the pain had been it had driven any lingering traces of whatever drug had been used on them from their systems. They were fully awake now. Abby had never felt so acutely aware of her surroundings before. Her world had been turned upside-down and now this place and this moment was all that mattered.

Margaret walked briskly along the line of cages, dragging the tip of her cane across the bars as she went. The rattle it made caused them to jerk their heads up in fresh fear. When she knew she had their full attention she said: 'that was just a small sample of the pain we can inflict on you. And we will do so without hesitation if you do not obey us. Do you understand?'

They nodded desperately, too shocked to think of defiance. Right now she was the master of their universe.

'Now, in a moment I'm going to take your gags out. You will not waste my time or yours by insulting me or making any threats or begging to be freed, do you understand?'

They nodded once again.

'You are dirt, you are nothing, you are undeserving parasites sucking the life from the world! Now you're going to learn what it feels like to be at the very bottom. Like millions of oppressed women you are now going to barter all you have to offer in exchange for food and water. You are going to put those over-fed, pampered bodies of yours to good use. Because once you are permitted to speak you are going to beg to suck the cocks of these men.'

As she spoke the men were pulling apart the Velcro flaps of their overalls, freeing heavy ball sacks and stiffening cock shafts which they massaged into straining erection. The caged girls moaned as they stared at them in horror.

‘Don’t look so disgusted, you’re no virginal innocents!’ Margaret snapped contemptuously. ‘I’m sure you’ve all used your mouths this way before to satisfy the desires of your ridiculous boyfriend posers. Well this time you’re going to be swallowing the seed of real men who know what is to labour for their living! If you please them then you will be given a drink of water and something to eat. But even if only one of you fails to please, then they’ll use the prods on all of you again until you learn to try harder. Do you understand?’

They were still so overwhelmed by their new circumstances that they nodded. Revulsion would come later. Right now they would agree to anything rather than feel those terrible prods once more.

The woman went back along the line of cages, pulling the rubber bit gags out from between their teeth. They were strung on thick rubber straps and she let them hang loose beneath their chins.

‘You know what you have to say! Do it!’ She snapped at them.

Fearfully they looked up at the line of masks facing them. ‘Please... I... want to suck your cock...’ they each choked out. Then they opened their mouths in miserable invitation.

The men stepped forward, one to each cage, and rested the fronts of their thighs against the bars. They took hold of the girls’ heads, grasping fistfuls of hair and pulled their open mouths over the ends of their straining penises.

Abby choked and spluttered as her man rammed his cock deep into the back of the throat, using it as he would a vagina. He tugged on her hair, making her bob her head forward and back as though she was pecking on him, each dip ramming the head of his cock into her gullet and making an obscene wet glucking sound, so that she nearly retched and had to gasp for air

between his thrusts.

And so, with streaming eyes and cheeks sucking and bulging with strange men's cocks, they performed their miserable task.

As they did so Margaret walked up and down the row of cages, her eyes shining through her mask. 'Your privileged lives have been put on hold. You will do this at the start of every day if you want to be fed and watered. After that we will put your bodies to use serving a greater cause. That's all you're good for now. That's the only way you're going to survive!'

Abby gagged as the man using her spurted his hot ejaculate into the back of the throat and desperately she swallowed it down. Around she could hear the miserable gasps and gulps of her friends as they did the same. One by one the stiff shafts were pulled from between their reluctant lips, dripping their seed. Still keeping hold of the women's hair, the men used handfuls of it like cloths to wipe their shafts clean before stepping back and tucking their now satiated members away once more. Now the smell of male sperm mingled with that of spilt urine in the air.

The girls hung their heads in shame. But Katrina was also muttering through gritted teeth under her breath. Margaret pounced on her, flicking the tip of her cane across Katrina's cheek, leaving a burning mark across it.

'What are you saying, girl?'

Katrina lifted her head, her dark eyes filling with deep hatred. 'Do you know who I am? For this insult my father will hunt you down and... ahhhh!'

Margaret had jabbed the tip of her cattle prod through the bars into Katrina's plump breasts where it cracked and spat sparks. With her collar hooked to the outside of the bars Katrina could not pull away. Margaret held it there while Katrina writhed and jerked and howled in pain.

'Do I know who you are?' she shouted above Katrina's wails. 'I know exactly who you all are! That's why you're here!'

‘Stop it!’ Abby called out. ‘You’re killing her!’

‘She was warned. If she is too stupid to keep her mouth shut then she knows the penalty!’ She pulled the prod out of Katrina’s breast and waved at the men. ‘Get them out onto the cages...’

They opened the tops of the cages, unhooked their collars and pulled them up right. Hooks on the ends of the dangling chains were clipped to rings on the rear of their collars. Then the chains were hauled upward and shortened, forcing the girls to stand on tiptoe on their still stiff legs and then scrabble at the cage bars for support. In a few seconds they were standing with their legs spread and their feet resting precariously on the narrow top edges of the cage sides. Their ankle chain hobbles just had enough slack in them to span the gap.

Margaret paraded along the line of their trembling, naked bodies, looking up at each of them with a strange attitude of contempt and covetousness. She unhooked her cane again and flicked it across their soft flesh, making them shiver as they struggled to maintain their balance.

She came to Carlotta and ran her cane tip up her smooth brown inner thighs until it reached her mound of Venus.

‘You are Carlotta Torres, a Brazilian, and twenty-three years old. Your father is Rodrigo. He is the director of the Para Lombas Company, principally involved in mining and logging...’

Carlotta had vivacious Latin looks. Her skin was creamy brown and she had thick black hair, deep brown direct eyes, a wide sensuous mouth and a firm nose with flared nostrils. Her breasts were full and proud, capped by dark brown nipples. She had fleshy buttocks and strong legs. A wedge of tight black trimmed curls framed her deep dark pubic gash.

Margaret moved along to Abby, who shivered as the cane tip flicked across her nipples, which responded by stiffening embarrassingly.

‘You are Abigail Coverley, British, age twenty-two. Your father is Sir Terence and he is the director and principal shareholder of Cumberland

Holdings, a portfolio company with many interests in the banking and financial sectors...’

Abby had long brunette hair, a high forehead, dark bold brows, blue eyes and a slightly up-tilted nose. Her mouth was wide set above a determined chin. Her skin was clear and pale which accentuated her round pink nipples that capped her neat but prominent breasts. Her buttocks were smooth and tight and she had lean thighs. Soft dark curls were trimmed back from her deep pussy cleft.

Next came Jordan.

‘You are Jordan Armstrong, American, age twenty-two,’ Margaret said. ‘Your father is Wesley Jonathan. He is the director of Armstrong, Bright Ames Inc, an aerospace and military technology company...’

Jordan had blonde curling hair, blue eyes, a neat chin and amused lips. Her skin had a perfect light golden tan. She had high pale breasts with neat round pink nipples with plump teat tips. Her bottom was smooth and flawless. A thin fuzz of gold pubic curls framed her pouting pink sex mouth.

Margaret moved onto Suki.

‘You are Suki Takashima, Japanese. You are twenty years old. The father is named Hideo. He runs Matisumi, a computing and robotics company...’

Suki had black hair with dyed silver highlights, pale olive tinted skin and a neat smooth heart-shaped face with clear dark oriental epicanthic eyes. She had small high breasts, pale brown nipples, apple-tight buttocks, girlishly rounded legs and a thin wispy crest of black pubic hair over her tight pouting pubic mound.

Finally Margaret came to Katrina. She was still trembling from her prodding and she turned her eyes away from her in shame. A warning flick of Margaret’s cane up between Katrina’s legs regained her attention.

‘Right now I am the most important person in your life and you will

look at me when I'm talking to you!' Margaret commanded.

Miserably Katrina obeyed.

'You are Katrina Davlenko, Russian, aged twenty four,' Margaret rapped out. 'Your father is Nikolay and he is the owner of Eastern Dynamo, a company with interests in oil, pipelines, refineries and generating plants...'

Katrina had a thick mane of brunette hair, a strong proud nose, bold eyebrows and brown eyes. Her upper lip was sensuously curled back. She had a large pale breasts capped with brown nipples. Her wide hips made her waist look narrower than it was. She had strong thighs and fleshy buttocks. A dark cropped pubic delta capped the plump mound of her sex, cut through with the deep pink gash of her lovemouth.

Margaret stood back and looked along the line of them. 'This is your last warning. You will not make any further threats or waste time pleading for your release. Neither will do you any good. As stupid as you are, you must by now have realized that this has all been carefully planned. You will not be found or released before you have served your purpose.'

They were all still terrified but there was a fear even greater than that for her own safety that bubbled up inside Abby, which she had to voice. 'Please... what about everybody else who was with us in the limo?'

'Yes, what have you done with them?' Carlotta said.

Margaret said: 'At least you have some concern for others apart from yourselves. Don't worry. Your parasite boyfriends and your parents' hired thugs were not harmed. They were knocked out by the same gas we used to incapacitate you and then dumped. By now they'll have recovered fully. You were always our sole targets because by a chance accident of birth you are all worth a lot of money.'

Abby thought she could believe her. The woman seemed utterly fixated on them to exclusion of everything else. She just hoped Keith was all right...

‘So, you’ve kidnapped us for ransom?’ Jordan said, recovering a little of her normal spirit. ‘You talk like we’re the scum of the earth for having money but you don’t seem against trying to get a little of it for yourselves.’

‘Of course we want your money, but not for us,’ Margaret said with contempt. She spun about and jabbed a cane at the pictures hanging on the tent walls. ‘It’s for those people and their ruined lands! The ones your family companies and their agents have oppressed and exploited for so many years!’

‘But those are the people we’ve been trying to help,’ Abby said in despair. ‘We just held the Embrace the World show for them!’

‘That raised over fifty million dollars,’ Suki added in her clear precise English. ‘How can that not be good to?’

Margaret sprang back to them and began swinging her cane up between their spread legs so that it cut into the soft defenceless clefts of their pussies.

They shrieked and howled in fresh pain, trying to clench their thighs together to block access to those most sensitive orifices. But doing so caused them to teeter about on the edges of the cage walls slipping and losing their balance. The beam chains jerked taut pulling their heavy collars up under their chins, forcing them to regain their footholds or choke. They had no choice but to stand with open legs, swaying and twisting about, accepting the terrible stinging blows on their helpless vulvas.

As she struck them again and again Margaret said: ‘millions are an insult when your families control companies worth billions! And that’s what we are going to demand for your safe return: *one billion dollars each!*’

## Chapter Two

‘I told you this money was not for us,’ Margaret continued, even as she flailed away with her cane at their stinging pussies and they sobbed and groaned in pain. ‘The PFJR are not mercenaries or common thieves! Your respective families will be sent a list of selected charities they are to pay the ransom money into. They will also make a public announcement to the effect that these are donations without any strings attached. We will allow time for the money be reallocated in turn and distributed so widely it cannot be recovered. We can check that specified sums have arrived at the bottom end of the distribution chain where it will be used to finance vital aid work and do something to repair the damage your heartless capitalist practices have inflicted on the weak and defenceless and the poorest of the poor. All those who have suffered economic oppression, the casualties of land wars, deforestation, illegal gold and diamond mining and logging. All crimes engineered by capitalism and multinational corporations... like those your families’ control!’

Her words were almost as cutting as her cane strokes. Even without being able to see her face they could feel the deep passion that burned within her. How many times had she reeled off that list, Abby wondered in a daze?

‘But we know these things are wrong,’ Jordan sobbed. ‘What do you think Embrace the World was all about? It wasn’t a solution but at least it was something. A step in the right direction... ‘

Margaret twisted and slashed her cane across Jordan’s belly, making her yelp: ‘You pay lip service to ease your consciences and raise tiny sums for aid so you can feel virtuous as you continue with your decadent parasitic lifestyles while your family business generate even more suffering! Well that ends here!’ She moved along the line of them again, swiping their pussies with her cane. ‘While you pay for your crimes you will learn a new reality. You will work hard and degrade yourselves each day for your food and the chance to sleep on straw, as millions of other women do, until your ransom is paid!’



In between her gasps of pain Carlotta cried out: 'Listen... times are hard...our father's companies are not as rich as they were... they may not be able to afford that much...'

'Don't insult my intelligence!' Margaret cried. 'Of course they can always find a billion dollars. They all have assets worth at least ten times that much which they can liquidate and they'll be given time to do so if necessary. But not without regular reminders of their daughters' suffering as an incentive.'

At last she lowered her cane, leaving the girls swaying and trembling from their collar chains, their groins stinging, and turned to her companions. 'We'll take them outside now so they can see what I mean...'

The masked men unhooked their collars and they helped the girls down from their precarious perches on the cage tops. More chains were then used to link their collars into a coffle. Abby was in front. Margaret took hold of the leash chain linked to the front of her collar.

'Give them some fruit and water,' she said. She glanced at the trembling women. 'You sucked my comrades off as you were instructed and so you'll be fed and watered. At least I understand what it means to keep my word... unlike the posers and deceivers you consort with every day. Anyway, we want you to stay fit and healthy to serve our purpose... '

The men held plastic bottles of water up to their lips from which they drank greedily. Then they brought out a hand of bananas and fed them one each. Simple fruit and water had never tasted so good. And it helped wash the taste of their captor's sperm from their mouths.

When they were done Margaret pulled back the tent flap and led them outside. They followed her in awkward shuffle, their hobble chains jingling as they dragged behind them. They blinked in the daylight, shivering in cool damp air and feeling slate and mud under their bare feet. For a moment they feared exposure to more strange eyes as they were reminded once again of their naked bodies. But there was nobody else in sight.

They were in an irregular cleft of grey rock, forming a kind of small,

irregular steep-sided valley, about ten metres wide at its greatest and perhaps forty long. A trickle of a stream meandered down its centre. The broadening mouth of its lower end was fenced off by high solid rusty iron doors. The valley floor was more or less level rising slightly towards its narrower end but its sides were choked with spoil heaps and loose boulders. More tents like the one they woken in had been erected in niches in the walls. It felt like a carefully planned and laid out quasi-military camp. This impression was reinforced by the series of camouflage nets that had been strung up over their heads, shading the valley floor and concealing everything within it.

‘We’re in Carmarthen in South West Wales and this was once a small slate quarry,’ Margaret told them as she led them over the rough unforgiving ground. ‘This knowledge will do you no good as you will have no opportunity to pass it on to anybody who might be interested in your whereabouts. A hundred years ago men struggled to earn a living here but the slate was poor quality and it was soon abandoned. Now it’s not even picturesque enough to attract tourists and it’s all been fenced off as unsafe. It’s also very remote so nobody comes here. It’s a good place to teach you about hard work and real life. But first you will send a message to your families to reassure them you are safe... well, more or less safe.’

They had reached a niche in the rocks. Black plastic sheeting had been hung around it, forming a backdrop and hiding the rock itself from sight. A camera mounted on a tripod stood to one side. In front of the backing had been set up five wooden frames mounted on stout posts, the sight of which made the girls tremble in fear.

The frames were shaped like Saint Andrews crosses, bolted in their centres to the upright posts. Heavy staples had been hammered into the sides of the cross arms from which hung many lengths of rope. Running vertically up the posts were close set pairs of metal rods capped by large rubber dildos shiny with grease and bristling with unpleasant ribs and nodules. Mounted on the base of the posts were crank handles linked by gears to the rods which had screw threads cut into their lower sections.

The girls gaped at these mechanisms, the colour draining from their faces as they realised the purpose to which they could be put. Abby felt her stomach knotting in terror while Suki whimpered and Katrina cursed softly.

‘You sick sadist!’ Jordan choked out at Margaret.

‘Your families and their minions and agents have been responsible for the suffering and subjugation of millions while you have enjoyed lives of privilege and luxury,’ Margaret replied calmly. ‘It’s only right and proper that you suffer in return. Perhaps this message will reach some of your spoilt contemporaries and teach them to respect their fellow citizens of the world in future. Tie them into the frames!’

One at a time they were freed from their coffle. Their wrists were freed, although the cuffs themselves remained in place, and their ankles unchained, and they were forced back against the crosses. A wooden crate was pulled across on which they were made to stand, lifting up to the right height. Then their arms were spread wide and the dangling ropes were bound tightly across them. When they were secure the men looped the ropes over their chests, crossing between their breasts and around their middles. Then their feet were lifted off the crates and pulled painfully wide and were tied in place by more loops of rope from thighs to ankles. This left their gaping and defenceless pussy mouths hanging just above the terrible pairs of dildos. They squirmed and strained against their bonds but they could not pull free.

When they were all tied securely in place Margret took her turn standing on the crate so she could look each of them in the face. She took up their dangling gag bits and pushed them between their teeth.

‘These will save your teeth and tongues from being damaged but they won’t muffle your screams too much,’ she told them. ‘After all we do want it to be quite clear you are genuinely suffering. Don’t try to be brave. We want you to cry... which is why you’ll have these on...’

While she had been talking “Jimmy” came over with a cardboard box out of which she took strange new devices. There appeared to be small bicycle inner tubes which had been threaded through the middle of fishing reels, forming rubber figure-of-8’s. The reels were already wound with line from the ends of which hung wooden handles. Each reel had been colour-coded with strips of plastic tape which matched the tape bound about its respective handle. Margaret unwound lengths of line and allowed it to dangle down their bound bodies to the frame bases. But it was the sight of the

insides of the rubber tubes that made them moan and squirm in fresh horror. They were studded with dozens of drawing pins, the tips of which protruded from out of the rubber.

One by one Margret slid the twin loops of the tubes over their breasts, adjusting each of them according to their cup size so they pressed snugly about their roots while the fishing reels nestled between their globes. They whimpered as they felt the drawing pin tips digging lightly into their soft flesh. There were metal rings on either side of the line reels through which the rubber loops were also threaded. Short strings were tied to these rings, the ends of which Margaret tied to the front rings of their collars, holding the reels in place but still allowing them to rotate.

‘You’re insane: a vile, cruel woman!’ Carlotta said before Margret stood in front of her and pushed the gag bit into her mouth.

‘I’m just doing what is necessary,’ she said as she fitted a rubber noose over Carlotta’s brown breasts.

When it came to Abby’s turn she did not waste her breath pleading but tried to peer through the eyeholes of Margaret’s mask to make some connection with the woman within it, searching for some sign of compassion. But there was none; only steely determination. She really did despise them and would use them in any way necessary to achieve her goal. Abby whimpered as the rubber loops were pulled tight about her breasts and the pins dug into her flesh. She bit on the gag bit to try to stifle her moans of pain.

When they had all been fitted Margret gathered up the handle ends of the fishing lines and pulled them across to a board that had been placed in front of the array of crosses. Here she threaded each line through one of five hooks screwed to it. Above them was a waist-high frame carrying a short length of wooden dowel over which the handles could hang. First she gave each coloured handle an experimental tug. The lines running from then over to the cross frame bases and then up to the rubber loops and the reels nestling between their breasts grew taut. The reels turned, tugging on the strings tied to their collars but still rotating smoothly. As they did so they twisted the rubber nooses on each side of them within which their breasts were

imprisoned. The girls yelped as the bands tightened about their breasts, driving the drawing pins deeper into their flesh. Margret released hold on the handles and the natural elasticity of the rubber unwound the reels a little, reducing the pressure of the drawing pins.

Satisfied that her terrible devices were working properly, Margaret brought over the camera on its tripod and set this up on the board by the handles, adjusting its focus so they were all in the frame. Meanwhile a “President” each took up position by the base of the cross frames, kneeling down to take hold of the crank handles actuating the dildos so he did not obscure the camera view of the naked girl bound above him.

When she was happy with the angles, Margaret said: ‘In a few hours your parents will see this recording. It will be sent through multiple servers and concealed by other means so that it cannot be traced back here. As I already said, there’s no value in trying to be brave. The more you are seen to suffer the sooner your parents will make the payments we are demanding.’ She lifted the camera off the tripod and held it ready. ‘First I’ll shoot a close-up view of each of you, so there is no doubt as to your identities, and then I’ll demonstrate our resolve en mass...’

She lined the camera up on Abby, who was at the end of the line, and then began speaking as she walked towards her.

‘This is a message from the People’s Front for Justice and Retribution for the families, and especially the fathers, of Abigail Coverley, Carlotta Torres, Jordan Armstrong, Suki Tokushima and Katrina Davlenko...’

Margaret focussed the camera on Abby’s face with her white teeth clenched about her gag bit, and then tracked down across her rubber bound breasts. To her horror Abby felt her nipples standing up either in shame or some strange display of twisted excitement at the thought of who would be seeing this recording. The shame must be for her parents but perhaps the excitement was for the strangers from the police and security services who inevitably would also be studying these images of her torment for any clues as to her location. She realized that was why the rocks behind them had been covered in plastic, to give no geological clue as to what part of the country they were being held in. She thought about trying to force some message past

her gag bit but knew Margaret would simply edit it out. Then the camera moved on to focus on her gaping pussy mouth...

‘As you can see we are holding your worthless daughters prisoner and have put a price on their heads,’ Margaret continued. ‘One billion dollars each. Or at least that is the price for the safe return of their pretty bodies. How long will they remain pretty is up to you. As parents you may be shocked by their suffering but remember it is partly your fault they are in this situation. Considered also that this may be the most worthwhile thing they have ever done...’

Margaret moved on to Carlotta, focusing on her lovely brown trembling breasts bunched up by their rubber nooses.

‘We promise that their lives are not in danger, but that does not mean they will not suffer for your greed and corporate crimes. How much and how long they suffer is up to you. This demonstration is being staged to ensure you understand the lengths we are prepared to go to see our demands are met in full...’

Next was Jordan. Margaret zoomed in on her terrified face, showing her perfect white teeth biting down on her gag bit. Her neat pale breasts then filled her camera lens. Slowly she tracked down across a palpitating rope bound stomach to the golden fuzz over her vulva....

‘You have not yet made the news of their abduction public, although you have no doubt informed the police. You may wish to continue with this course of action and pretend your daughters and their companions are on holiday in the Andaman Islands as they planned...’

Despite her fear that detail caught Abby’s attention. They had tried to keep the location of their planned private retreat a secret even from their production staff and helpers. Margaret and her gang really had known every detail of their plans...

Margaret was tracking her camera down across Suki’s slender body to her neat pussy mouth and the terrible dildos below it.

‘With this recording you will have received lists and detailed instructions as to how to pay the ransom we demand. We shall send you a new communication each day that you delay paying showing you how your daughters are undergoing more corrective education of an imaginative kind...’

Katrina big breasts were bulging like glossy pink balloons and Margaret lingered on them before dropping the camera to show the plump cleft of her pussy.

‘This recording is intended both as proof of life and further motivation if you need it to obey our instructions exactly. Now you will see what will happen to your daughters if you fail to meet our terms...’

Margaret carried the camera back to the tripod and mounted it on the stand once again so that they were all within its field of view. Then she took hold of the breast noose control handles.

‘Watch carefully,’ she said.

The masked men began to crank the handles. The rods revolved as they jerked upwards, twisting the dildos on their ends.

Abby sobbed as she felt the rubber tips of the dildos brushing at her pussy lips and the cleft of her buttocks. Instinctively she clenched her anal sphincter tight. But she was in no position to resist the rubber intruders driven by the arm of the strong man cranking away at the handles at their base. However unwillingly her legs were spread and open ready to receive them. Remorselessly they rotated on upwards, pressing deep her into her vulva and cleavage of buttocks. They drilled into her, pushing her labia lips aside even as they ground into the mouth of her anal sphincter, relentlessly prying it open and forcing their way up inside her. As their tapered tips opened her up wider and wider to make way for the great fat shafts behind them she shrieked and bit on her gag. They were too big for her! They would burst her! But still they drove on up into her, tearing at the flesh of her passages with their prongs and nodules, causing her strange sensations both of shame, utter terror and the beginnings of dark arousal.

Abby twisted her head about wildly to look along the line of her friends and saw to her horrified fascination that their pussy mouths were also stretching wide and their lower bellies were all bulging and rippling with the intrusion of the ribbed and pronged dildos inside their bodies as they forced their way up into the depths of their birth canals and the deep hot recesses of their rectums.

It felt as though they were being reamed out and ground up in from inside. But what was even more horrifying to Abby was the hot sticky slippery sensation as her vulva filled with her juices which began to flow down over the boring dildo head. She could not be responding to this sexually! No, this was merely in instinctive self defence. The better the thing was lubricated the less it would hurt her. This was not some perverted game. And yet her nipples were throbbing and pulsing like little beacons on her trembling breasts.

‘That’s far enough!’ Margaret called out. Immediately the men stopped cranking the handles.

Abby and the other girls shivered and hung trembling even on their crosses, painfully impaled with bulging stomachs, mortified by shame and yet for a moment feeling a sense of pathetic gratitude to their tormentor for calling a halt to their torment. But their ordeal was only just beginning.

Margaret called out: ‘Start playing with them...’

The men reached up and began to fondle the upper clefts of the girls stretched pussy mouths, rubbing deep into the disgracefully hard nubs of their clitorises which seemed to be forced out into erection by the terrible internal pressure from the dildos now plugging them.

Abby groaned as Ronnie worked his fingers into her own sticky wet sex. How could she possibly respond to this? And yet she was, despite everything, growing even more excited. Was it some desperate attempt to find any means of pleasure in the midst of suffering? But her parents would see this! Could they possibly imagine she would actually enjoying herself? Why had Margaret arranged this demonstration of crude sexual stimulation? Was it to prove she had total control over their bodies, or to add shame and



humiliation to the simple threat of pain? Perhaps this appeared even worse than crude torture.

‘This is just a mild example of what millions of powerless women have to endure every year in this world,’ Margaret called out angrily. ‘Now your daughters know what it feels like!’

She then made sure there was no doubt that their suffering was genuine. Taking hold of the breast noose handles she pulled on them firmly.

The whole line of girls shrieked in unison as the fishing reels between their breasts rotated, twisting the rubber nooses tighter about their breasts and driving the drawing pins tips deep into the roots of their mammary glands, which bulged out in pink and olive and brown domes from their chests. They bit on their gag bits and saliva dribbled from the corners of their mouths even as hot tears burned in their eyes and overflowed, running down their cheeks and splashing onto the bulging mounds of their abused breasts.

Margaret pulled and then release the lines again and again, winding and unwinding the rubber loops about their breasts, making them stand out impossibly from their chests and then dropping with a jiggle and bounce to hang trembling for a few seconds as the tension relaxed, repeatedly driving the drawing pins into their flesh. Abby felt the spiked bands about her breasts were going grow hot and slick and not simply with sweat. Trickle of blood began to seep out from under.

Along the row of whimpering, suffering girls little red rivulets were being forced out from the constricting breast nooses and began to run down their chests. The pain was awful and yet it was clashing with the powerful sexual signals coming up from their stuffed groins and straining clitorises, still being toyed with by the masked men at their feet. By now they were all dribbling pussy juices down the dildo rods. In turn the men had dipped their fingers into this outflow and were working it into their pubic curls and sliding fingers up between their legs to further oil the terrible plugs making their backsides bulge.

They were caught in the middle of the most primitive battle between pain and pleasure, moaning and writhing as the intensity of their suffering

grew. They would either burst from joy or faint from pain or die of shame. And from her camera platform Margret was gleefully recorded every second of their degradation.

As their suffering became almost unendurable Margret called out to the presidents: 'Remove their gags!'

The men let go of the women's frothing pussies, stood and reached up and pulled their gag bits out. There was an outpouring of sobs and moans of pain and horror from their throats as their mouths were un-plugged. Red-cheeked and red-eyed they cried aloud.

Then Margaret shouted to the girls: 'If you want this to end as soon as possible then beg your parents to meet our demands!' And she jerked on the breast noose handles one more time to drive her words home, making their bound mammaries swell and bulge as the pins dug deeper into their sides. Their collective shriek of pain echoed back from the valley walls.

By now they had been driven beyond any sense of pride or self control. All they wanted was for it all to end. In a babble of desperate voices they called out: 'Please Father... Daddy... Pay them what they want! Don't leave us here! I can't stand this. Pay anything! Please... It hurts so much!'

Even as they were pleading so humiliatingly Margaret called out: 'Give them another turn of the screw!'

The presidents cranked the handles all once more, driving the terrible dildos another centimetre up into girls' bulging passages.

And that was the last straw, ending that terrible conflict within them between pain and pleasure, and it was pleasure, of a raw kind, that won. Their streaming pussies had been filling the air with the insidious scent of sex for minutes. Now as one they gave in to its allure and surrendered to its promise of escape.

Their pussies clenched about the terrible dildos inside them and their hips churned as far as their ropes allowed and with terrifying sobs and moans and wails of primitive delight they orgasmed in front of the camera, spurting

their juices around the dildos and out across the masked faces of the men crouching before them.

And when they were finally done they hung half insensible from their crosses, no longer caring who saw them or how they had disgraced themselves, clinging on to the ripples of primeval pleasure that filled their minds and soothed their bodies.

Distantly Abby heard Margret saying for the record: 'It seems that your decadent children are so addicted to carnal pleasure that they can achieve orgasm even under these circumstances. Perhaps punishments like this suit their slutty, trollop natures. Well they shall have many more opportunities to demonstrate their perverted morals, but I cannot promise the next time will be so gentle. You will receive a new communication tomorrow featuring one of your daughters chosen at random undergoing more corrective education. During this process she will also quote from selected newspaper headlines as proof of life. For every day that we wait while our demands are being met another of your girls will suffer the same fate. When all five have performed there will be another group session like this one, but far more cruel. Meanwhile you can be sure we will work all of them as hard as any slaves in the field labouring under the yokes of oppression your companies have helped lay on their shoulders. Now you have seen what we can do and you know our demands, the next move is up to you...'

She turned the camera off.

### Chapter Three

They were only distantly aware of Margaret packing away the camera and speaking a few words to her associates. They did not want to think of any of anything but the warm glow of delight their huge orgasms had given them. In the back of Abby's mind there surprise that she could have cum so powerfully in such circumstances, but she could not deny its comforting value. For a few minutes it was possible to imagine that she and her friends were anywhere but this tiny nightmare valley and they were not impaled and they did not have drawing pins stuck into their breasts.

They were brought back to reality by the presidents winding back down the metal rods and pulling the fat pronged rubber dildo heads out of their bulging vaginas and rectums. Abby sobbed as she felt her sheathes treacherously clinging on to the rubber intruders that had stretched them so cruelly. When they were finally pulled free her aching orifices continued to gape embarrassingly, feeling cold and empty and deprived and dripping their juices forlornly onto the base of the stands.

This sense of loss was abruptly quenched by the pain they felt when the fishing reels were untied from their collars and the rubber nooses were pulled off their breasts. They all looked down at their chests fearfully, sure that terrible damage had been done to their breasts, shocked by the bloody smears ringed about them and the simmering tingling pain within them. "Jimmy" Carter filled a bucket of cold water from the stream and with a sponge roughly wiped their breasts clean, revealing that they were merely peppered by bands of pinpricks which looked surprisingly innocuous and bore no relationship to the agony they have felt only minutes earlier.

And as the last glow of their orgasms faded they began to feel guilt and fear once more. Abby wondered how she could possibly have let herself go like that in front of these insane people: these kidnappers. Even worse, what would her parents think of her? Desperately she hoped they would understand that she could not help it.

Margret stood before them once more holding up the camera that

contained the record of their shameful display. 'I'm going to prepare this for dispatch to your families. I need to electronically distort my voice so it can't be used to identify me later. Meanwhile my comrades will put you to work. Anything they want to do to you they can. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' they mumbled miserably.

'I think from now on you should speak to us more respectfully, in keeping with your reduced status. Your past pseudo-celebrity based on wealth is meaningless now. You are not fit to treat us equals. From now on you will call us "Madam" or "Sir" when reply. If you don't you will be punished. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Madam...' they said.

Margaret disappeared into one of the tents. Meanwhile the men untied them from their crosses and let them down. They clipped chain leashes back onto their collars and pulled their arms behind their backs and slipped padlocks back through their cuff rings to prevent any attempts at escape. But in fact they were still so weak from their traumatic orgasms and their legs were stiff from enforced spreading so that they could hardly stand. As they supported them the men laughed to see them hanging their heads in shame and misery.

It was the first time they had heard any of the men make a sound. So far it was Margaret who been so dominant and seemed to be directing everything. Now she was out of sight they showed they were not at a loss for words.

Standing in a ring about them and holding them by the hair they squeezed their sore breasts and rubbed their fingers into their sticky distended pussies, making the girls squirmed and choke in misery. Even though their features were swathed in rubber caricatures, the masks seemed to distend to show their lustful contempt.

Ronnie said: 'You rich bitches disgust me!'

Jimmy added: 'Playing at being angels of mercy, were you?'

Bill said: 'You don't know anything about real suffering!

George put in: 'But we're going to teach you, right, Comrades?'

They all cheered and punched the air with clenched fist salutes of solidarity.

Dickey summed it up: 'You see, up until now you've kept your tight pussies reserved for your boyfriends, like private property. Well we don't believe in private property. Things like that should belong to everybody. The rich have to give up their privileges and share them with the workers.'

'And that's us,' Ronnie said with a terrible rubber grin.

'We've got needs just like any other men,' Jimmy told them.

'It's not right you spraying your juices everywhere and not expecting to have to live with the consequences,' Bill pointed out.

'You've got us horny,' George told them.

'So now you're going to put that right...' Dickey said.

They dragged them by their leashes across to one of the tents and pulled them inside. There were assorted boxes and cartons stacked up along three sides but its floor was largely open with the bare rock underneath covered by a thick groundsheet. On this was laid out an inflatable mattress set within a wooden frame. Staples had been hammered into the frame and more ropes dangled from them.

'We're going to take turns screwing you over the next few days,' Ronnie promised them. 'We've even put up a list to keep check so we get fair shares...'

He pointed to a chart stuck to a board hung on one of the tent posts. Set out in three blocks the girls' names were listed down one side of a five by five grid with the character names of their captors along the other. One grid was headed "P" for pussy, the next "B" for bum and the last "M" for mouth. Even as Abby felt sick at the sight of it she realised again how well-prepared

they had been. They had even had time to make up charts for their methodical violation.

‘You’ve each got three holes to fill and there are five of you so we’re going to get fifteen screws each out of the lot of you,’ Bill said. ‘If you’re families don’t pay up quickly enough and you’re still here when we’ve finished we’ll start again...’

Which meant seventy five screws for each of them in all, Abby thought with sick horror. Seventy five times she would have to take a strange man’s penis inside her...

‘We’d better start with the orals they gave us earlier,’ George said.

The others agreed and he took up the marker that hung from the chart board and put M’s in their rightful place on the grids.

Jimmy was holding Jordan by the hair. He twisted her head around until she looked him in the hollow eyes of his mask. ‘That’s fair isn’t it: share and share alike? You’re ready to share your rich pussy hole with all of us, aren’t you?’

Jordan whimpered and nodded wretchedly. ‘Yes Sir,’ she agreed.

‘Then we can go first and I can get the first “P” up on the board,’ he said with satisfaction.

While the others pushed the girl they were controlling down onto her knees in front of them, keeping a hold on her hair, Jimmy dragged Jordan over to the mattress and threw down on her back. It pulled her legs wide and tied her ankles to its bottom corners. Her pretty gold thatched pussy gaped helplessly. Then he released his cock which was stiffening up once again, knelt between her knees and without any pretence at foreplay, mounted her. Perhaps what they had endured on the crosses counted for foreplay. Abby saw Jordan’s face crumpling up in misery as Jimmy entered her and screwed up her eyes and turned her ahead away. But Ronnie, who had been holding her leash, twisted her head back again and reached down and pinched her nipples until she stared at her friend being violated with unwilling and wide

eyed intensity.

‘You’ve got to see this,’ Ronnie told her. ‘This is part of your re-education. You’ve got to learn what your proper place is here. You’re no better than fuck fodder now... ‘

And so they were made to watch, as one by one, they were screwed by their masked captors.

They were a bunch of crazy unreconstructed radical Marxist Socialists, or something like that, Abby thought in despair, though she was hazy about the exact motivations behind such historical throwbacks. Clearly they were still dreaming about revolutions overturning society and the triumph of the proletariat over the moneyed classes: her kind, in other words. They were deluded of course. There would be no red revolution... But here and now they had total power over them. In this tiny camouflaged valley they were their masters.

When it came to Ronnie’s turn to screw her, Abby tried not to waste her energy resisting him. The more she tried to keep him out, she thought, the more he would enjoy it. She was still recovering from her huge and slightly frightening orgasm on the cross and could not get any possible pleasure out of this. So she lay under him with her legs tied wide, whimpering miserably while trying to detach her mind from the pummelling he was giving her body, the grinding of his chest over her sore breasts, and his grotesque rubber mask jerking up and down in front of her face with hints of the sweaty real man beneath it. She tried to think of her London home and Keith and everything her family would do to get her back. They must have been devastated by their kidnapping. The ransom demand would at least assure them they were alive, even though it would be an agony to watch. The shame of seeing her humiliated like that! But at least they could then take action. And yet Carlotta had been right earlier when she said times were hard around the world, even for big companies. How long would it take even her father to get a billion dollars together?

Ronnie finally grunted in triumph and she felt his hot sperm jetting up into her sore vagina. ‘Enjoy that did you, slut?’ he rasped into her face.



‘Yes, Sir,’ she lied.

She felt soiled and dirty and utterly wretched. Margaret had said that was what they all were: dirt. But then who would pay a billion dollars for dirt? The terrifying fear began to creep over Abby that she might not be worth a billion dollars. But then who was?

\* \* \*

They were given little time to recover from their second screwing.

With the men’s sperm still oozing from their sore pussy clefts and running down the insides of their thighs, they were led out of the mattress tent.

Beside it was another niche in the rock over which a rough wooden frame had been erected. It supported a plastic carboy of water from a spigot in the base of which a hose hung down fitted with an adjustable nozzle tip. Underneath was a slab of block board with a hole the middle, resting over a second large tin bucket part filled with water, forming a primitive squat toilet.

Jimmy pointed to. ‘That’s your exclusive toilet while you’re here,’ he said mockingly. ‘Every time you need to take a piss or shit, that’s what you’ll use.’

Their faces fell as they realised there was no provision for modesty of any kind. But it got worse.

‘And you have to ask our permission first,’ Bill told them. ‘Because one of us will have to watch you and then use the hose to wash you clean afterwards...’

‘Because you won’t be able to use your hands much on account of them being cuffed most of the time,’ George explained.

Carlotta whimpered while Katrina scowled, but they had learned enough by now not to waste their energy protesting. Their captors were enjoying piling indignities upon them.

The sight of these primitive facilities made Abby realize that her churned up insides were in need of relief. How many hours since she had done a poo? She had peed herself in a cage but the pummelling her rectum and taken from the dildo was now having inevitable consequences. The thought of doing it in front of these men was appalling and yet if there was a chance of being washed clean of their filthy sperm, perhaps it was worth it. Any case they had no choice. They were only dirt...

Taking deep breath she said: 'Please, Sir I need to relieve myself...'

And so Abby squatted down awkwardly over the hole in the board while trying to balance with her cuffed hands, horribly aware of how wide she was spreading her legs and screwed up her eyes and emptied her wastes out into it. All the time she felt the contemptuous mocking gaze of her grotesquely masked captors on her pussy as it spurted out a little urine and dribble of semen and her sore anus as it opened to disgorge her excreta. When she was done Ronnie use the hose to flush her groin clean, making her gasp as cold water bubbled up into her cleft. But at least she was fresher now.

One by one the others surrendered to their own needs and also begged to use the squat toilet. The men chuckled as this array of rich and attractive women once more degraded themselves before them.

When they were all done they were led on along to the next tent. This held a collection of sinister though as yet unidentifiable devices of wood and metal, together with bundles of chains, straps, ropes and cuffs. There was also inexplicably what looked like a selection building or gardening equipment. A couple of wheelbarrows, wooden sledges, picks and sledgehammers and a large box containing heavy work boots, socks and gardening gloves, protective goggles and even yellow hardhats. This degree of concern for their well-being seemed surprising, but of course there was a catch.

'Now you're going to find out what real work feels like,' Jimmy told them. 'You're going to be using those picks and hammers to break rocks like they do in a chain gang. You're going to sweat and heave and strain. But it's up to you how you do it.' He held up boots and gloves. 'Do you want to do it totally barearsed like all those millions of labourers in Africa and India...' He

pointed to another array of posters hung on the tent poles showing maimed and disfigured men and women. 'Or do you want to have something on to protect your pretty hands and feet and heads?'

The thought of breaking rocks like criminals filled them with dismay but they might as well wear the right kit to do it.

They all said together: 'Please Sir, we'd like to wear protection.'

Jimmy grinned. 'Well you don't get anything for nothing here, so that's going to cost you. You're going to have to bend over and stick out your pretty arses out and beg for four strokes of the cane, one each for a pair of gloves, boots, goggles and a hard hat. Well?'

They looked at each other in resignation, knowing they had no real choice. The eyes of disfigured workers stared accusingly out at them, silently carrying a terrible warning. They all turned and bent over and stuck out their bottoms and said: 'please cane us, sirs...'

They yelped as the men happily swiped their canes across their bare bottoms, bringing tears once more to the eyes.

'Margaret says this is how all labourers should be protected,' George said as he swung his cane at Katrina's behind, making her fleshy cheeks shiver 'Even you. You won't forget that will you?'

'No sir!' they sobbed.

When they had paid their dues with their smarting bottoms, their wrist cuffs were un-padlocked. Under the watchful eyes of their captors, holding their cattle prods at the ready, they found boots and gloves that fitted them.

'I wouldn't care if your hands and feet bleed,' Ronnie admitted as they dressed. 'You should know what honest calluses feel like. But that's how we doing this. Of course that won't stop us putting a few more welts on those bums and tits of yours to make up for it if you slack.'

When they were kitted out with hats, work gloves, goggles and boots

they were made to stand in a line so the men could inspect them. The contrast between their work gear and their nudity was striking and slightly surreal, and only acted to emphasise their vulnerability.

‘Oh yeah, we mustn’t forget the extras,’ Jimmy said. He took up another box that clinked as he moved it and took out a chunky piece of shiny metal shaped like a fat “S” with a vertical bar through it. For a moment it did not register and then Abby realized it was meant to be a dollar symbol. It was about ten centimetres high and had a clip welded to its back. The girls stared at it in bewilderment.

‘Don’t move!’ Jimmy said. He handed more of the curious ornaments to the other men and they went along the line of girls clipping them to their bodies. The clips pinched onto their nipples or the pouting inner lips of their labia. They were heavy and hard and tugged on their tender flesh. When the men had finished adorning them the dollar symbols hung on them like absurd and very intimate pieces of jewellery. A fresh degree of bizarre contrast had been established between their naked bodies, their work kit and these strange new additions.

‘All the time you’re working in the chain gang you’ll have those clipped to you,’ Jimmy explained. ‘If you think that they’re uncomfortable now, you wait until you’re moving about and working hard and they’re pulling on your tits and pussy lips. Soon you’ll learn to hate the sight of them and everything a dollar stands for. That was Margaret’s idea anyway...’

Even as they contemplated this further humiliation, their chains were adjusted once more. Longer hobbles were fitted between their ankle cuffs and these were in turn joined together between them, the left ankle of one girl being connected to the right of the next, so they formed the true chain. Longer chains were also fitted between their wrist cuffs, so they could hold their arms in front of them and use their picks and hammers.

They were each given a pickaxe or hammer and then they were marched out in a shuffling jingling file out into the ancient quarry and along to its upper end where a grey wall of rock rose up high before them. An arc of five folding camp chairs had been set out facing a jumble of huge boulders at the base of the small cliff. The women were arranged between the chairs

and the cliff facing the boulders. Beside them water trickled down the mossy rocks and formed a small dark pool before overflowing into the stream that ran off along the tiny valley.

‘When you’ve broken enough of these into small chunks, you can use the barrows to shift them,’ Bill said, as he and the others took their seats and prepared to watch them in comfort. There were sixpacks of lager set down by the seats and the men began popping the cans open. Beside them were also plastic bottles of spring water.

Ronnie held a one of those up so they could see it. ‘Anytime you want to drink you’ve got to pay for it,’ he told them. ‘Let’s say a spank per swallow. Of course you’ll have to beg first and you’ll have to thank us for it afterwards, understood?’

They understood all too well. They were not going to be allowed to forget who they were and the contempt that the men held them in for a moment.

George held up his cattle prod threateningly. ‘Go on, get started!’

Taking deep breaths they raised their picks and hammers and began their new life as a chain gang.

\* \* \*

Abby had never felt so exhausted.

After a few minutes swinging her pickaxe against the unforgiving rocks her arms and back were aching. Despite the damp cool shadows of the rocky cleft she began to sweat. About her the other girls also sweated and strained and grunted as they wielded their tools, filling the air with the bang and crack of metal on rock. None of them had ever done anything so hard in their lives.

If the physical effort was not bad enough, the terrible dollar symbol ornaments soon added to their misery as intended.

As they worked the upper pair bobbed from their distended nipples, and accentuated the inescapable jiggle and heave of their naked breasts as they swung their tools at the rocks. Meanwhile the ones hung between their legs jabbed at the tender insides of their thighs or twisted and jerked on the soft pouting inner labia to which they were so cruelly clipped, making them whimper and bite their lips. They had to stand with their legs spread wide to try to minimise the pain, all the time horribly aware of the weight of chains weighing them down. As they sweated and strained the heavy cuffs clamped about their wrists and ankles began to chafe and the sweat built up under their collars, which rubbed their necks.

And all this suffering was played out before the appreciate audience of their masked captors. They could feel their eyes upon their naked, sweating straining bodies and their bare buttocks clefts now trickling was sweat, exposing the mounds of their sexes between them distorted by the dollar ornaments clipped to them. Their eyes also eagerly followed the motion of their tormented, sweating breasts as they swayed and bobbed about. When they swung their picks and hammers with maximum effort the metal signs clipped their nipples sometimes clashed together, jingling with grotesque merriment.

Soon they were dry mouthed and desperate for water. Then they had to go through the terrible ritual of begging for refreshment.

‘Please Sir, can I have a drink, Sir?’ Abby choked.

Ronnie got up and came over to her carrying a water bottle. He held it up to her lips and counted the number of swallows she took down. She made them as large as she could and hoped she could limit the number but her desperate thirst kept her sucking away.

‘I make that seven,’ Ronnie said. ‘You know what you got to do...’

‘Yes Sir, please spank me Sir...’ Abby begged miserably.

She bent over and spread her legs to brace herself and stuck her bottom out so that he could smack her sweaty buttocks. The pain was not as terrible as that of the cane but it still stung and it also made her whole body

jerk, setting her dollar fittings jiggling and tugging painfully on her pussy lips and nipples.

When he was done Ronnie returned to his comfortable chair while Abby resumed her rock breaking.

\* \* \*

Margaret reappeared while they were labouring and looked on in approval at their efforts. She walked around them, peering at the sweat on their bodies and grinning through her mask. She wiped her fingers over Carlotta's glistening brown buttocks and smiled.

'I've sent off our ransom demand,' she told them. 'We'll see what your families make of them. If they truly care and don't wish you to suffer more than you need to be they'll respond quickly. Meanwhile we'll work you like this every day because you are the hypocritical, pointless, privileged children of capitalist profiteers, tax evaders and exploiters of the weak and helpless. Perhaps then you'll begin to understand what honest work feels like.'

'People can do honest work without breaking their backs over it, Madam,' Natasha said.

'Yes but you do no real work at all, do you? You are all too stupid or lazy and ignorant. You have no useful skills or have ever earned an honest wage. You are idle consumers, travelling about the world with your rich friends taking holiday after holiday and enjoying the luxuries of life, not caring about the cost.'

'We did our best to help with Embrace the World, Madam,' Abby pointed out.

'That was just a sop to your consciences and you know it. A pretence stage by your families to improve their public relations image.'

'In fact our families did not approve at first, Madam,' Suki said. 'But we made them see it was right. We're not perfect, but we were trying to do

some good...’

‘You spend a few weeks organising a single charity event and think that that absolves you of all responsibility for years of thoughtless exploitation?’ Margaret said with contempt. ‘You have no idea what real life is like. But you’ll learn...’

\* \* \*

They were worked until the sky, seen through the patchwork of the camouflage nets, was darkening. By then they could hardly longer stand or hold their tools. Their bodies were aching in every muscle and despite the quantities of water they had begged at the expense of their sore bottoms, they were beginning to have trouble focusing on the rocks in front of them through stinging, red-rimmed eyes.

When they could see they could do no more, the presidents took their tools away, stripped them of their minimal working clothes and their terrible dollar ornaments, and dragged over to the small rock pool. Here they unceremoniously dunked them in its cold waters, holding their heads under until they thrashed about in panic. But the shock revived them a little, and they were able to stand dripping wet and trembling before them once more as they secured their hands behind their backs again and fastened leashes to their collars.

‘That’s your bath for the night taken care of,’ Jimmy laughed. ‘Now I expect you’d like to eat, wouldn’t you?’

Their stomachs were growling with hunger. They had only eaten a banana each all day.

Jordan said with the pitiful sincerity: ‘Yes please Sir. We’d like to eat very much...’

Of course it was not as simple as that.

They were led back to the tents where Margaret had prepared their meal (a steaming heavy stew of potatoes and mixed vegetables) in a big pot



over a portable gas ring powered by a propane cylinder. But then she had poured it into a low tin trough that looked like it had been used to feed pigs.

‘You will eat like animals and think yourselves lucky you’ve got anything to eat at all,’ Margaret told them. ‘Millions would be grateful for such a feast.’

It was intended to heap further shame on them of course, but Abby realised that the smell of the hot food, simple though it was, at that moment meant more to them than their dignity.

So they went down onto their knees and dipped their heads over the trough and buried their faces in the mash, sucking, lapping and nibbling away at it and not caring how animal-like they looked. Meanwhile Margaret and her companions sat at a camp table in front of one of the nearby tents with a lamp burning and ate their meals from plates with knives and forks.

They could feel their captors’ eyes on their outthrust buttocks and knew they were shamefully exposing their private parts as they ate, but they were too weary to care. They gobbled their food down and literally licked the trough clean. Then they turned to each other and, like animals, licked their cheeks clean of any last traces of stew. Twenty four hours ago they could never in their wildest dreams or darkest nightmares have imagined being reduced to this miserable state.

\* \* \*

Their captors had one final indignity to heap upon them before they were allowed to rest.

After they had eaten Margaret unexpectedly cleaned their teeth for them, which seemed almost an unnecessary luxury. It briefly gave them some pleasure to feel a degree of freshness they not known all day. This flicker of joy was only slightly marred by the fact that she held on to their nipples as she did so to ensure they stayed still. Of course she had a social point to make as well.

‘Millions of people have no dental care at all,’ she told them, as she

worked peppermint toothpaste into their mouths. ‘How much do those perfect smiles of yours cost to repair and maintain?’

They were taken to the squat toilet and had to empty themselves out in front of them once again with one of the Presidents shining a torch on their groins so they could see every detail of their elimination. Then the hose was used to wash them clean, this time with its long nozzle being pushed up their backsides.

Abby had terrible premonition why this was being done when a pot of petroleum jelly was produced. They were bent over and gobbets of it were forced up their tight anal sphincters and worked around inside their rectums.

‘If we have one of you each up the bum tonight, we’ll each have scored a hat-trick today,’ George said cheerfully.

Trembling with miserable dread they were marched back to the cage tent. Here they were the bent face down over the tops of their respective cages with their bottoms jutting out over their ends. Straps threaded though the bars were pulled across the back of their necks, waists, thighs and ankles, pressing them down tightly until their breasts were squeezed half through the gapes.

‘Now you’ve got a choice,’ Bill told them, running his hand appreciatively across the smooth hemispheres of Suki’s neat olive buttocks. ‘If you don’t do your best to please us while we’re bugging you we’ll leave you like this for the night. But if you’re good girls you can lie on the nice soft straw inside. See, we’ve even freshened it up for you after your little accidents this morning.’

Once again it was a choice between pain and shame. Abby had no idea if it was nobler for her to refuse to cooperate and suffer unnecessarily or braver to swallow her pride and accept the indignity and win some small degree of comfort. But they were going to do it to them anyway so what did a few words matter? Again, twenty-four hours ago, she would have indignantly denied she could do any such a thing. But a lot had changed since then...

‘Please Sir, I want you to have me up my bum Sir,’ she said in a tiny

meek voice. 'I'm nice and hot and tight and I'll do my best to please you...'

The others followed her lead and falteringly made similar promises.

Undoing their flies and freeing their swelling penises for the third time that day, the masked men took up positions behind the upraised greased bottoms of their chosen girls and plunged their hard cocks into them.

The cages creaked under them as they were methodically sodomized. They gasped and groaned, straining at the straps that bound them, whimpering miserably and desperately squeezing their sphincter mouths about the plunging shafts of their masters and oppressors.

Through bleary tears Abby saw the accusing photographs of suffering people pinned up on the tent about them. So this was what it felt like to be powerless and abused, Abby thought. How terrible...

\* \* \*

At last, lying huddled on their beds of straw inside their heavily padlock cages, their sore bottoms oozing out sperm, their hands still cuffed behind them, they were able to speak without being overheard. At least they were being permitted to sleep without gags in place, although they are still hung about their necks below their collars and could be used at any time their captors wished.

'This is my worst day ever,' Jordan said with feeling. She was trying feebly to sound offhand, but Abby could hear the real emotion behind her words.

'I always thought that your worst day ever was the time you found you were wearing the same dress as Fiona Michaels on that red carpet premier,' Abby said, trying to keep the mood light.

They all made a feeble attempt to laugh at this.

'At least they can't do any serious harm to us,' Carlotta pointed out. 'We're too valuable to them to risk damaging. I think we'll be returned

safely. They know what would happen if we weren't... ‘

‘They’re keeping their faces masked all the time even when there are no cameras going,’ Abby said. ‘That’s meant to be good isn’t it? It means they expect us to be in a position to identify them when this is over.’

‘I know you’re trying to reassure us, Abby, but we’ve still got to survive the next few days,’ Suki said. ‘And I don’t know how long I can work another hour like that. My great grandparents were peasants who worked the land. They were tough. I have to admit... I’m not.’

‘We must just face each day as it comes and endure,’ Katrina said stoically. ‘You too, Suki. We’ll help you. Meanwhile we know our parents will do everything to find this. We may be rescued even before they pay a ransom.’

Yes, they had to remember that, Abby thought. Their families were going to pay a billion dollars each for their freedom. So why did she feel so worthless?

## Chapter Four

Carlotta Torres had not believed in God for years. But in those bleak moments when she woke during from her restless sleep and recalled once again where she was and what had been done to her, she found herself praying silently to the Virgin Mary for strength. If she had been alone she would have prayed aloud. When this nightmare was over (and she had to believe it would end eventually) she promised herself she would go to confession. Although whether she would humbly beg God for forgiveness from her past sins or curse him for allowing this to happen to her, she was not sure.

She was finally woken by the sound of their captors entering their tent and dragging the tips of their terrible canes along the front bars of their cages, jerking them out of their miserable sleep. The feeble light of a grey dawn, which seemed to Carlotta to be the only kind they had in England, was making the fabric of their tent glow.

‘Wakey, wakey, rise and shine...’ the man in the hideous Richard Nixon mask was calling out in mocking jollity. ‘You know what to do, sluts!’

They slid the bolts back in the top corners of their cages and miserably the girls pushed their heads up through the slots like turtles poking their heads out of their shells. Their collar rings were clipped to the cage fronts and they open their mouths in terrible supplication.

The men lined up in front of them opened their flies and advanced with their insulting penises jutting out in front of them. Carlotta was forced to pleasure the one belonging to “George.” He was not the one whose cock she had sucked yesterday. No doubt this would be recorded on their chart as a fresh violation. He twisted her hair as he used her mouth violently, bruising the back of her throat and almost making her throw up.

The temptation came to her, as she struggled to suck in air around his plunging shaft, to bite down upon it and to hell with the consequences. But instead her nerve failed her and she sucked on him in desperation and a

perversion of love, trying to draw the vile seed from him as quickly as possible so she could get this torment over with.

Around her she was aware of her friends and fellow captives going through the same ordeal, slurping and sucking and tonguing the shafts of their guards. Flushed cheeks bulged and eyes grew bigger in horror and then screwed up in shame. It was the ultimate lip service and perhaps most intimate act a woman could perform for a man. How they hated it!

Then why were her nipples standing up so stiffly that they brushed against the bars of her cage, Carlotta wondered? Her eyes swivelled guiltily side to side and she realised she was not alone. What was it about women that made them behave like this in such circumstances? Was it instinctual self-preservation? Might it turn some men from extreme violence to perverted passion? Was it their salvation or damnation?

With grunts of satisfaction the men spurted their seed into them and dutifully the women swallowed it down, trying not to throw up. Then the men pulled their sticky shafts out of their mouths and wiped them clean on their hair while the women bowed their heads in misery and dejection.

However they were not allowed to linger for long. With their wrists still cuffed behind them they were taken out of their cages and their collars were linked into a coffle once again and then led outside.

There was milk and muesli in the feeding trough. Without any protest they knelt about it, lifted their bottoms and dipped their heads to feed. They knew they would need their strength to get through the day. Their captors were evidently pleased with their submissiveness and walked round them while they ate, amusing themselves by tickling their bottom cracks and pussy mounds with the tips of their canes. They whimpered and clenched their buttocks together but they kept on eating. Already their priorities had altered.

‘They’re learning fast, aren’t they?’ Bill observed.

‘We might make something of them yet,’ Jimmy agreed.

Once they had finished they were taken to the outdoor latrine and

made to squat over it for the amusement of their guards. Carlotta thought she was not going to be able to open herself up in their presence, but they flicked their canes across her breasts until she lost control and performed as required.

When they were cleaned out, and, to their dismay, also greased, Margaret made her appearance. She examined the row of them as they stood naked, chained and shivering before her, almost like soldiers on some sordid parade.

‘Today you will be worked hard as you were yesterday,’ she announced. ‘Except for the one of you I’ve decided to feature in the first proof of life recording which will be sent just to one of your families. In it you will relay headlines from today’s first editions to prove the date. You will also make an individual plea to your family to pay your ransom as soon as possible. This morning Carlotta will be making the recording.’

Carlotta felt the others looking at her almost enviously. It did feel as though she was being granted the privilege of personal communication with her family while they were going back to the chain gang. Margaret also caught the meaning of their gaze and smiled.

‘Don’t start wishing you were in her place,’ she said. ‘It won’t be any picnic for her. She’s going to be suffering as much as you are, just in a different way...’

\* \* \*

While the rest were taken on up the tiny valley to resume their work at the quarry face, Carlotta was unhooked from the coffle and Margaret led her into one of the tents.

Carlotta suspected it was Margaret’s own tent as there was a single camp bed in one corner and a few Spartan belongings in crates next to it. One half of the tent was swathed in more of the anonymous black plastic sheeting. The camera mounted once again on its tripod was pointing at this improvised film set, which appeared to contain a single prop.

It looked rather like the bottom half of a rectangular wooden crate,

mounted on castors, and made out of solid planks with sets of split pillory boards built into each end, held in place by vertical slotted corner posts. One had two holes set low down and to the sides, while the other had two small holes to the sides, with above them, separated by a small gap, split boards with a single larger central hole. Lying ready to hand on the plastic sheet beside it was a smaller box containing an assortment of leather, rubber metal items all jumbled together. The sight of them made Carlotta's stomach begin to knot.

Margaret closed and zipped the tent flaps shut and the air seemed to grow closer. Carlotta gave a little shudder as she felt herself being shut in with her captor. She knew the cruelty this woman was capable of and now she did not even have the companionship of her friends.

'You realize I have to do this,' Margaret said. 'Your parents must be motivated to be my instructions exactly. They must not be allowed to play for time in the hope that the police will find this place. It is necessary, do you understand?'

It was almost as though Margaret was asking for her approval to abuse her, which was bizarre in the circumstances.

'No, Madam,' Carlotta said cautiously. 'I don't accept you need to do this. We are not paragons of virtue and perhaps we don't measure up to your standards, but we're not evil people. If you must hurt people there are far better targets than we are.'

'But they can't deliver the reward you and your friends can,' Margaret said. 'So much good will come of this...' She reached up and stroked Carlotta's cheeks, which made her flinch in alarm. 'Perhaps you are innocent at heart and have only been spoiled by your upbringing. But you still need to be made to admit the realities of your crimes. You need to be broken free of this false life you have led. But that will take time. Right now, to serve the greater good, you need suffer...'

She made Carlotta kneel down in the wooden box. Its floor was lined with black rubber matting. She lifted its split end-boards and slid Carlotta's feet through the holes in them and then closed them again, pushing a pin in



place so that her bare feet now hung out of the end of the box. Margaret lifted the top half of the boards at the opposite end and bent Carlotta forward until her head rested in the scallop of the single hole and then dropped the other half of the board down across the back of her neck, locking that in place as well. Now her head protruded through the boards. Then she uncuffed her wrists from behind her back and pulled them down through the lower set of boards so that her hands hung out of the other side of the box. Now Carlotta was secured bent over within the box resting on her elbows with her bottom raised provocatively. The holes in the boards were rimmed with dense black rubber, making them a tight fit and preventing any part of her from wriggling out of them.

Margaret turned the box about on its wheels until Carlotta's head was facing the mounted camera. Then she walked around her admiring her imprisoned body, reaching down and patting her upraised bottom and stroking her thick dark hair. Then her fingers slipped between Carlotta's thighs and cupped and tickled the mound of her sex. And gradually a terrible suspicion that had been lurking in the back of Carlotta's mind seemed was confirmed. What ever extreme political and social views she held, Margaret was also dominant lesbian. And now she had five attractive young women in her power and the justification, in her mind at least, to do what she wanted to them.

Oh Dearest Virgin Mary, please forgive me my sins...

'Now I'm going to show you some newspaper headlines and you're going to repeat them for the camera, do you understand?' Margaret said.

'Yes Madam,' Carlotta said miserably.

'And you will say them nice and clearly won't you?'

'Yes, Madam,' Carlotta promised.

'And after you've done that I'm going to have to punish you again on camera as further inducement to your parents to pay up. You do understand this is necessary don't you?'

‘Yes... No, Madam,’ Carlotta said. ‘Please just let me beg my father to pay my ransom. I’m sure he’s already working as hard as he can. You don’t need to hurt me anymore.’

Margaret stroked her hair again. ‘But I think I do. Even if you’re sincere in cooperating with me now, you’ve still got so many past crimes to atone for. And after all once your ransom is paid and you’re all returned to your families you’ll go back into the same protective cocoon of lies they’ve kept you in all your life. You’ll be treated by psychiatrists and councillors and you’ll become convinced that I was just an evil person and I had no justification doing what I did. You’ll become what you were before. So, while I’ve got the opportunity I must try to make you see the truth. If you suffer enough so that it leaves an indelible mark on your mind, then perhaps you’ll gradually learn to see the truth for yourself.’

Margaret brought out a laptop and arranged its screen where Carlotta could see it out of camera shot. It had images of newspaper front pages on it. Margaret pointed out the ones Carlotta was to read.

‘You will speak in English so you’re not tempted to try to reveal any details about our location. And remember to say the date as well, that’s very important,’ she told her.

‘Yes, Madam,’ Carlotta said miserably.

Margaret lifted her chin. ‘If you do this well and you suffer convincingly for the recording, then afterwards I’ll try to make it up to you, would you like that?’

Carlotta stared at in horror. What she’d mean by “make it up”? But she was totally this woman’s power. She had no choice but to agree to anything she said in the slight hope that it would ease her suffering. She might be a deluded obsessive but perhaps at her heart not unkind. In a way she might even be sincere. Yes but she was also a lesbian and comforting her might mean doing things she did not want to think about. Perhaps it would be better if she was simply beaten coldly and cruel. Oh God, she really had no idea what was right or wrong anymore!

‘Yes Madam... I’d like that,’ she choked out.

Margaret took up position behind the camera and set it running. ‘This is a proof of life recording for the family of Carlotta Torres. She will now read out newspaper headlines current for the morning editions of today’s date...’

Carlotta read out the headlines as she had been instructed. They covered a range of matters both local to the England and international. But she realised there was nothing about their abduction. Presumably the authorities and their families were still keeping it secret. Everybody else would assume they were on the holiday in seclusion anyway. How long will that last, she wondered?

When she was finished, Margaret said: ‘Now as a further inducement for you to pay the ransom of one billion dollars for her safe return, precisely as has been specified I’m going to punish your daughter again. This is not the just for her own foolish behaviour during her life, but for the crimes the Para Lombas company has carried out across the world, exploiting helpless indigenous peoples and causing environmental destruction on a wide scale. When you see the tears in her eyes and the violation of her body, remember that is what you have been doing to this world we all share. Now, Carlotta, before I gag you again, have you any personal message for your family?’

By now Carlotta was trembling in resentment at the accusation Margaret had made against her family and also out of fear at what was to come. But she did not want to add further suffering to that her parents must already be feeling by now as they watched the recording. She took a deep breath and said: ‘Please pay the money as soon as you can... I’m sorry if I’ve ever done anything in the past to make you think poorly of me... And I love you both with all my heart.’

Margaret came forward and pulled Carlotta’s gag into position. Then she turned the box around so that her bottom was facing the camera. Next she selected from the box of punishment devices a lash with long thin thongs. This is she trailed across Carlotta’s trembling buttocks while she walked around her a couple of times as though assessing her target. Then she drew her arm back and swung the lash down with all the force. The crack of leather

on flesh seemed to fill the tent. Carlotta bucked within her box and shrieked through her gag. The pain was not as sharp or concentrated as a cane but it seemed to set her whole bottom on fire. With a swish and crack Margaret landed another blow. This time the thongs curled up between Carlotta's spread thighs and licked about the mound of her sex. Carlotta shrieked again.

After five or six more such blows, Carlotta was crying freely. She would have collapsed except the box was holding her rigidly in position. Rivalling the pain was the terrible shame filling her mind at the thought of the awful spectacle she made, with her behind presented to the camera in all its naked detail. Had the thongs cut her skin? She could feel slickness between her thighs but it might just be fear sweat. This could not be as damaging as the caning, she told herself. It would heal the end. She just had to endure it a little longer from moment to moment, like Katrina had said...

And then she realised Margaret had put her terrible lash aside. Was it over now?

'That is an example of the damage you do every day in your business dealings. You beat anybody who opposes you until they are broken and submit. As I said you violate the world. Now you're going to see your daughter violated...'

From her box of torture implements she took up a dildo with a long rubber handle and a shaft and head end studded with electrodes. She pushed a switch on its handle and red LED lights lit up along its sides. Crouching down by Carlotta's box she reached under her and pried the lips of her vulva open and then slid the electric dildo up into her vagina. Carlotta groaned as it filled her, thinking that no parent should see their daughter being violated like this. But then that was the whole idea wasn't it? Margaret was a monster! Then she pushed the switch again and there was a muffled crackling sound.

Carlotta shrieked as it felt as though she was being stabbed inside her sheath by a hundred electric needles. The terrible thing began to pulse and throbbed with power, sending ripples of pain through her loins. She bucked and twitched uncontrollably, only held in place by the stock boards clamped firmly about her neck, wrists and ankles. But she could not escape the pain, all she could do was endure it. She shrieked and sobbed and dribbled about

her gag as Margaret twisted the dildo inside her, slowly pumping it forward and back, ensuring every square centimetre of her sheath was stung by its electric spikes.

It was awful and incredible and the worst thing she had ever felt! And yet her sheath was clenching about the dildo in reflex, her responses scrambled by the jolts of electric force stabbing it into her. Her buttocks were clenching and twitching in time. It was as though as she was hugging the terrible thing within her.

The electric jolts ruined her bodily control and her bladder gave way and she peed copiously into the bottom of the box, adding one more layer to her degradation and shaming. She was a little girl again wetting herself ignominiously in front of her parents. Would she be punished for it or was it punishment enough by itself? How much she wanted her mother's arms about her and yet the only company she had was the madwoman who was torturing her for her own fanatical ends.

Then she felt Margaret's free hand slide up along her body until she cupped her hot heavy breasts, squeezing them and then rubbing her hard nipples. No! Why was she touching her like that? Wasn't screwing her with an electric dildo suffering enough? Was this just for the camera or was it her own personal desire revealing itself?

The terrible thing was that it was working. She was getting aroused. Her pussy was dribbling over the terrible dildo, making it slide even more easily inside her. Was it a perverted reaction out of her own psyche or a desperate survival means of temporarily blotting it out the pain? But she could not do it with a camera focused right on her violated pussy. Not again, that was not natural! If there was a God he would not allow this... unless she really was being punished for her past sins.

And then Carlotta's mind seemed to fill with fireworks and her body convulsed with a massive shudder that had nothing to do with the shocks from the electric dildo, and then she slipped into welcome darkness.

\* \* \*

The next thing Carlotta knew was that there was something strangely soft and wet and fragrant pressing up against her nose and mouth.

Her gag had been removed and a hand was holding the back of her head pressing her face into the soft wet thing. And by instinct she seemed to be sucking at it and nuzzling into it because it seemed to hold some deep inner sense of comfort and escape from the confusion and torment she felt.

Gradually she regained some sense of where she was. She was still kneeling locked in the box but her vagina was now empty, although tingling and simmering, as were her lashed buttocks. Margaret was lying down in front of her with her legs crooked and bent wide and her haunches pressed up against the outer face of the box. Her hips were resting on a pillow lifting her vagina up so that it could press against Carlotta's face.

Oh God, her vagina!

Margaret had stripped off the bottom half of her overalls leaving herself naked from the waist down. Carlotta had an impression of strong smooth pale thighs pressing about the sides of her head and a smooth shaven pubic mound at which with growing horror she realised she was nuzzling and kissing and sucking frantically.

She tried to pull away and but Margaret held her head in place.

'No, no just a little more you lovely girl,' Margaret said in a throaty sensuous voice. And then it was too late because Margaret's hips jerked and Carlotta was inundated with a spray of powerful female juices that soaked her face and left her reeling with the heady power of their scent.

'Oh.... Yes....' Margaret sighed in delight.

For the first time in her life Carlotta had committed a lesbian act and, in defiance of all justice and decency, it had been with her own kidnapper.

Afterwards they both lay still, with Carlotta's cheek resting unwillingly on the soft cleft mound of Margaret's vulva while her juices dried on her face. Carlotta was still helplessly imprisoned within the stock

box but even had she been free at that moment she did not have the strength to pull away. She knew she was damned and soiled for life now. Nothing could be worse than this.

‘There... I told you I would make it make up for your suffering, didn’t I?’ Margaret said, gently stroking Carlotta’s hair. ‘You may be the daughter of decadent capitalist exploiters but you know how to use your tongue to give good earthy pleasure. That was better than another lashing, wasn’t it?’

She actually seemed to believe it. And with her bottom still sore and totally vulnerable this was no time to defy her.

‘Yes... Madam,’ Carlotta choked out miserably.

\* \* \*

When Carlotta had recovered enough strength to stand, Margaret slid herself out from under her with evident regret and pulled her overalls back on so that she was decent once more. Then she freed Carlotta from the box, cuffing and leashing her once again, and then led outside.

The sound of picks and shovels rang out from the top of the quarry. Margaret led Carlotta over to the squat toilet where she had her display herself so she could use the hose to wash her groin clean. The shock of cold water helped clear Carlotta’s mind of the haze of her orgasm, but it could not wash away the terrible shame she felt.

When she was done Margaret led Carlotta up to the chain gang and handed her over to the care of the watching presidents.

‘Tomorrow it will be Jordan’s turn to record a personal message to her parents,’ she announced.

The other girls, sweating and straining, gave Carlotta concerned, anxious glances, no doubt wondering what she had been through. Carlotta shook her head and averted her eyes. “Later” she mouthed mutely. She could not talk about it now. She almost welcomed the pickaxe Ronnie put into her

hand and she attacked a large boulder with desperate vigour, taking out her shame and guilt and frustration on it.

She was tempted to say nothing about what had happened. And yet if she could not talk about it with her best friends and fellow captives, then who could she share it with? Give it a few hours. Wait until they were in the privacy of their cage tent. Maybe then...

\* \* \*

In fact, that night, the confession came more easily than Carlotta had dared hope.

She was so worried about it that even their prior sodomising by the presidents while strapped across the tops of their cages did not seem as bad as it had the previous night. After what she had been through the feel of a male cock inside her, even in a passage not intended for natural sex, seemed far easier to cope with than what she had endured at Margaret's hands. It was almost what you expected. On the other hand what Margaret had done to her had been so wrong....

When they were finally back in their cages and alone, she took a deep breath and told her story. After a blushing, faltering start she found herself trying to recount every detail of what she experienced, even shamefully giving Margaret cunnilingus. Perhaps by sharing it she could also share and dissipate her guilt. It must have worked out that way because when she was done she did feel better for having opened up her heart. Perhaps she would not need to go to confession after all...

'I thought that she was spending far too much time looking at our tits and pussies,' Abby declared.

'Holding us by our nipples while she cleaned the teeth, I think, was also a clue,' Katrina said dryly.

'There is no doubt she likes women,' Suki said. 'She orders the men about as though she is superior to them. I think she has a very strong character. Perhaps it's not surprising she should take the male role.'



‘Oh God, does that mean she’s going to screw me tomorrow?’ Jordan said in dismay.

Carlotta did her best to make light of it. ‘Maybe you’ll be lucky,’ she suggested. ‘She might only have a thing for us hot latin chicks.’

And they all laughed at that. There was nothing else they could do after all.

‘Whatever she does to us we’re not hide it from each other,’ Abby declared. ‘And we’re not going to let it destroy us, agreed?’

They agreed.

Before she drifted off into the most relaxed sleep her tiny cage and straw mattress allowed, Carlotta’s mind lingered on Margaret.

Carlotta hated her for what she had made her do and yet she felt that in her weird twisted way she genuinely cared about her. Of course she was deluded to think that a bit of rough sex and a brief lecture on the evils of capitalism would change her into some marxist convert, but in those couple of hours in her tent she had given her more intense personal attention than anybody she could remember for many years. Except for Raul, of course. He was a rising young artist making an international name for himself and they had been going out with for nearly two years. She had helped sponsor his latest exhibition. He must be in an agony of worry about her by now.

Had they ever been that close? Physically they had, of course, but had she ever felt so painfully and intimately reliant upon him? Never mind, she was too tired to think of it now.

One thing she was sure of, though, he must never see that terrible recording. Since he was not family there was no reason why he should. But when this was over would she tell him what happened afterwards? Would she even tell parents? She realized she would be keeping a lot of secrets from those around her in future.

## Chapter Five

Despite her exhaustion from working all day in the quarry, Jordan hardly slept that night. Of course it was not surprising in the circumstances but her mind was also now filled with fear of what Margaret would do to her the next morning. She had many gay friends but she was straight herself. She liked her men plain and simple... well, attractive and simple. Todd, her current boyfriend, fitted this description perfectly. He was a musician of sorts, he was great in bed and by comparison made her feel smarter than she feared she really was. A part of her wanted him inside her right now instead frightening men in joke-shop masks!

But what other use Todd would have been she was not sure. Perhaps that was why, during her terrible dreams, in between the lurid sex horrors, she imagined every action hero she had ever seen on screen coming to her rescue in the nick of time. She would gladly have slept with every one of them if it would have spared her from her fate: even the most wooden and monosyllabic ones who should have stopped making those kinds of films twenty five years ago.

\* \* \*

Their third day of captivity began the same way as the previous day.

They were woken up and had to perform humiliating fellatio on their male captors with their heads stuck up through the tops of their cages. Jordan tried not to be sick as she swallowed a new man's spunk down. Afterwards they were taken out and fed and allowed to relieve themselves. Then Margaret took Jordan with her while the rest were taken back up to work at the quarry face.

Jordan looked about Margaret's tent fearfully as they entered. In the filming alcove as Carlotta had described it there was a new device, with the camera on its tripod was already lined up on it.

It was a rectangular wooden framed about the size of a door, mounted

on a wheeled base. It had several heavy rings bolted to its sides from which lengths of rope dangled. There was what looked like a length of wooden broom handle resting beside it. In the centre of the base between the uprights was screwed a small wooden block with a hole drilled in its middle. By the base of the frame was also the box of torture implements that Carlotta mentioned. Jordan found her gaze inexorably drawn to it, wondering with a churning stomach which one Margaret planned to use on her.

‘Do you understand what you’re going to do, Jordan?’ Margaret said. ‘I’ll put you on the frame so you’re nicely displayed and everybody can see your bare pussy looking suitably vulnerable. It might be the best use that part of you has been put to in a long time. Then you’ll read out today’s newspaper headlines to prove what day it is, and then you can send a personal message to your parents. Then I’ll punish you to show them that I mean business and to ensure they follow our demands to the letter.’

It was as Carlotta had described. Inside the tent Margaret was still just as determined but she seemed less shrill and strident. Perhaps she did not feel she had to put on a show for the benefit of her male associates.

Jordan gritted her teeth. ‘Yes, Madam... I understand what you’re going to do to me...’

Margaret appeared to smile and she patted Jordan’s cheek almost affectionately. ‘I know you don’t like me. There’s no reason why you should. But you must understand that I’m doing this for the best of reasons. Through your suffering many thousands, perhaps even millions may have a better chance in life. Isn’t that worth a little pain?’

‘But isn’t there a better way, Madam?’ Jordan pleaded.

‘We’ve been waiting for better ways and decisive action from governments and industry for years. Even when genuine their efforts have achieved little. Personally I could never raise this much money through normal means, nor could your sham concert. Why shouldn’t I do this and why shouldn’t you suffer? After all I didn’t pick you random. You are at least indirectly responsible for the suffering I’m trying to alleviate so it seems only fitting you should play your part, doesn’t it?’

The trouble was her argument seemed perfectly rational, as long as you overlooked is the obvious gross criminality involved.

‘I don’t want to be hurt any more, Madam!’ Jordan admitted miserably.

‘I’m afraid you’re going to have to be,’ Margaret said. ‘But perhaps you can spare yourself some pain, if you don’t mind a little humiliation as a substitute.’

Jordan gaped at her. ‘Excuse me, Madam?’

‘Didn’t Carlotta tell you? She wet herself very pretty in the middle of her beating yesterday. I think that would come over very well on this recording. After all it is a well-known sign of shame and total personal loss of control. If you do the same then it may spare you a little pain. Or of course you can let me go on beating you until simple pain does the job for you... ‘

Jordan felt wrong-footed . Was she being invited to make herself look as if she was suffering more than she was? If she agreed would she become complicit in some sort of deception? Except that this was no deception but all very real: horribly so in fact. She screwed up her eyes. She was getting so confused...

‘Perhaps we’ll just let nature take its course, shall we?’ Margaret said.

She led an unresisting Jordan over to the frame. There was a rope hanging from the top centre of the frame that she tied about the ring in the back of Jordan’s collar. A pair of ropes was fixed midway up the sides of the frame and she pulled these across and tied them around Jordan’s waist, drawing them tight until they pinched her flesh.

Then she uncuffed her hands and brought them around and up over her head where she tied her cuff rings to the top post of the frame on either side of the rope linked to her collar. Then one at a time she lifted Jordan’s legs and bent and doubled them up until her ankles were almost as high as her wrists but spread wide so they came just below the corners of the frame. She tied them in place also, ignoring Jordan’s whimpers of pain as the tendons of

her inner thighs were stretched to their limits.

Margaret took up the broom handle. Jordan whimpered as she realized the use was going to be put. Margaret slotted its bottom end into the hole in the wooden block so it stood upright, then she lifted Jordan's bottom and slid the top end of the handle, which was greased, up into her rectum. It slid inside her with surprising ease.

Margaret stepped back to admire Jordan's new state of bondage.

She hung from the frame by her collar, wrists, waist and ankles. Her upturned and splayed legs formed an inviting fleshy "V" in the air. The mound of her sex with its inadequate veil of golden curls bulged between her straining, twisted thighs. Jordan could feel her love lips gaping obscenely. And below it was the dark pucker of her anus, bulging as it sucked on the end of the broomhandle, feeling even more helpless and exposed.

She was also, in a desperate dark way, excited. The most sensitive parts of her body were being exposed and stimulated and they could not help responding. Even now the cleft of her vulva was getting hot and sticky while her nipples tingled and pulsed into erection. She was a healthy young woman whose body was instinctively anticipating sex. Was that better than being paralysed by fear? Oh God, this was a nightmare!

'You do look perfectly lovely and helpless,' Margaret assured her. 'I can't imagine your parents not being moved by the sight of you. Which is the idea of course.'

The thought of them seeing her like this was almost worse than her physical suffering. Nobody should have to watch such things. And yet Margaret was set on doing it to her captives not only once but five times. Such determination made Jordan feel quite overawed.

Margaret was standing by the camera. 'Ready?' she asked.

'Yes, Madam,' Jordan said fearfully.

'This is a proof of life message for the parents of Jordan

Armstrong...' Margaret began. And then Jordan, struggling to keep her voice steady, read off the news headlines from the laptop screen positioned to one side of the frame. Then Margaret said: 'and now to expedite the payment of your daughter's ransom, I'm going to allow her to send you a personal message. Then she's going to be punished in retribution for your company's past crimes...'

Feeling her cheeks burning afresh and with shame and tears welling up in her eyes, Jordan said: 'Mum... Dad... I'm so sorry you have to see this. I won't say I'm fine because I'm not. I miss you very much. Please just pay them what they ask so I can come home soon...'

As she had been speaking Margaret had selected a device from the box. It was a rubber-bladed cane-handled spanking paddle. She swished it through the air and Jordan saw to her horror that its flat blade was not smooth but had metal studs in.

Margaret stepped forward and pulled Jordan's gag bit into place, so that her teeth showed white as they bit into it. Then Margaret said: 'And now she's going to suffer for your greed...'

The paddle blade swished through the air and smacked into the pale smooth taut skin of Jordan's buttocks. She shrieked about her gag as the whole frame creaked while she twisted and jerked against the ropes suspending her within it. Instinctively her anus tightened about the broom handle on which she was impaled as though trying to brace herself to resist the blow. That was of course exactly the wrong thing to do. Instead of allowing her to ride the blow it was holding her almost rigidly in place so that its full force was transmitted deep into her flesh.

Jordan sobbed and groaned as a searing wave of heat spread across her bottom as the rubber and metal bit into it. Margaret swung the paddle again and again, spreading the blows across the broad expanse of flesh from mid thigh to the further curves of her buttocks. When that was as warm as toast and blushing crimson she raised her aim and smacked the paddle into Jordan's pale breasts, driving her hard nipples back into their soft mounds and imprinting stud marks into them. Then she shifted again and suddenly swung the paddle up between Jordan's splayed legs, smacking of the blade

into the pouting mound of Jordan's vulva, making the tender mound of flesh flatten like a pink pancake. The pain as her hard swollen clitoris was struck was horrendous and Jordan shrieked in pain, spittle dribbling about the sides of her gag bit to join the tears streaming down her cheeks. The paddle blade came away darker than it had been, glistening with the juices that had splashed from her when it hit.

And then Jordan peed. The hot stream jetted out of her up-tilted vagina so that it arced in the air before falling to the ground and splattering on the black plastic sheeting beneath her.

Margaret skipped nimbly aside to avoid the shameful stream but Jordan knew with sick certainty that the camera had caught every drop. Like it or not she was playing her part in this show of her degradation. But the pain had been terrible. It was only natural. Nature had taken its course... or had she encouraged it to happen? Had she spread herself a few blows by playing Margaret's game?

Margaret did not strike her again, but she did something almost as terrible. She began using the side of the paddle blade and rubbing it into the gaping sticky wet mouth of Jordan's sex. And to her amazement, caught by surprise, she felt herself responding. It was such a relief after the pain of her paddling that she could not help trying to take all the pleasure she could from it. She moaned and shuddered, losing herself in its delights. How could something that had hurt her so much now feel so good? It was so much better than the pain...

'There's a good girl,' she heard Margaret murmur mockingly. 'You can't help yourself, can you? You're so used to getting pleasure on demand...'

Too late she realized Margaret was going to make her cum in front of her parents! By then she could not stop herself. The pressure building up inside her was growing like a gathering wave. Her binding and exposure had aroused her and made her vulnerable, the rod up her rear was like the hardest of hard cocks, the paddling had heightened her emotions and now the rubbing of her clit was finishing the job. She sobbed and squirmed, twisting her hips about to try to evade the paddle, but this only screwed her rectum even more

tightly about her wooden impaler. The cold eye of the camera seemed to fill her gaze. She could not do this! She could not....

She came in a monstrous shameful rush, sobbing in despair and trying to pull the darkness about her, shutting out the world.

\* \* \*

When Jordan recovered her senses again she felt something was being thrust repeatedly up into her gaping vagina. It was soft and pliant and for a moment she thought it was one of the men's cocks or somehow, impossibly, Todd's. And then she opened her eyes and looked into Margaret rubber face mask.

The camera was turned off. Margaret was naked from the waist down and she was wearing a strap-on dildo. She was standing in front of her with her arms about the Jordan's suspended body and was ramming her hips up against her, driving the soft plastic shaft into her. Jordan could feel a spray of rubber prongs mounted on the top of the double dildo which were poking into the cleft of her sex and also Margaret's smooth hairless mound, which she realized to her horror was grinding into hers, lubricated by their mutual slippery discharge.

She felt a thrill of outrage and a feeble urge to resist at all costs. Then she realized that was pointless.

The pressure of the rubber penis was magnified by the broom handle up her backside. The rubber teaser prongs were working on her clit and Margaret had all the time in the world to screw her.

Even as she hated herself she knew she was going to cum again to please her tormentor...

\* \* \*

Twenty minutes later Margaret led a red-cheeked and subdued Jordan up to the quarry face. As she handed her over to George's care Margaret announced: 'Tomorrow's proof of life girl will be Suki.'



The other girls did not ask what Jordan had endured as her ankle was cuffed once more to the line of chains connecting them. They would talk about it later. Already they were establishing a new routine. It's amazing how adaptable we are, Jordan thought as she took up her sledgehammer and hit the boulder in front of her.

\* \* \*

That night when they were secure in their cages once again (and that seemed a very odd feeling but it was true in its way; they were in a way secure) Jordan recounted every detail of her ordeal. She did not want to feel Carlotta had unburdened herself alone. She would match her story its detail literally blow for blow, even down to her acute sense of humiliation. By sharing it perhaps the memory would be a little less painful.

Her friends listened in rapt attention and when she was done they made no judgements about her behaviour and all expressed their sympathies for her suffering. They understood what she had gone through as nobody else could. Years ago when they had all first met they had been drawn together been because there were so few other young woman she could mix with on an equal basis without the problem of her father's wealth getting in the way. They had understood then, as they did now. She found herself feeling closer to them than ever.

'One thing I don't get,' Abby said, 'is this ridiculous number of bondage props they've got here. I mean why do they need the variety? These cages, yes and a few ropes and chains to make sure we can't run away, but why the rest?'

'Why? Because they're cruel fucking sadists!' Jordan said with feeling. 'They enjoy playing with us.'

'Margaret wants us to know what it's like to do hard labour,' Carlotta pointed out. 'That's why we have the picks and shovels and barrows.'

'But even accepting them, why the rest?' Abby persisted. 'They could just whip us or cattle prod us and it would have the same effect for ransom purposes. I mean they could film that as many times as they wanted and get

their message across. It must have taken quite a long time to build those props and carry them here from wherever Margret and her gang come from. That must have been a bit of a risk. Why all the effort when everything else has been so well planned?’

Katrina was looking at her thoughtfully. ‘You mean there’s some other reason for making such a show of our suffering?’

‘Well, yes, maybe. There’s something odd about it at least.’

But although they turned the matter over in their minds until they were too tired to think straight anymore, nobody could suggest a good answer to Abby’s puzzle.

## Chapter Six

Suki looked up into the smooth tight cleft of her own olive-skinned sex mouth.

She was in Margaret's tent lying on her back on a solid piece of block board which had tethering rings screwed around its edges. Her slender body was doubled over so that only her head, shoulders and arms actually rested on the board. Her lower back and hips were raised and tightly curved over and her legs were bent sharply at the hips until her knees actually touched the board outside of her arms and her feet with her bare soles upturned rested either side of her head. Her arms were drawn down to the lower corners of the board by ropes tied to her wrist cuffs, while her ankles were pulled out towards the upper corners by the same means. More ropes stretching across the board between the ring bolts ran across her body, looping about her waist, knees and thighs and binding her tightly in place. Another loop of rope tied to the rings along the corner of the board above her head went under her chin, tilting her head back and forcing her to look upwards and not twist her head about. In her field of view was her inverted groin. She could see the fine wispy crest of her sparse dark pubic hair, the deep cleft of her bare vulva and even the dark pit of her anus exposed by the tension on her stretched buttock cheeks.

Suki's head and face were turned towards the camera on its tripod which had a clear view of her whole shamefully exposed body. Her neat brown nipple-tipped breasts rose in smooth almost perfect domes from her slender chest, shivering slightly as the fear coursed through her. As with both Jordan and Carlotta before her, she found that anticipation of what Margaret was going to do to her combined with her blatant display before the camera had the perverse effect of exciting her even as she felt wracked by shame. Her nipples stood up in stiff brown buds and there was a warm slippery feeling within the lips of her sex.

She hoped her parents would understand what she was going through her. She had read out the list of newspaper headlines that Margaret had showed her and had then delivered her plea to them, all in English. Now

Margaret was walking round her bound and shamefully exposed body preparing to add her personal torment to her general oppression she had been suffering at the hands and cocks of the men. The hungry glitter in her eyes made Suki shiver again.

Last night they had debated whether it would do any good to try to be impassive and stoic at this moment. Suki felt some pressure there. Wasn't that what Orientals were supposed to be like? Or was that only their men? Women were not normally endowed with such courage, unless they were karate kicking, sword wielding queens of some exotic martial art. Her father had wanted her to follow more traditional ways, even though he was perfectly cosmopolitan and had made his money largely in the West. She knew she had annoyed him at times with life she led. She suspected he had wanted a son and she had disappointed him from the moment of her birth by being wrong sex. And now she was going to cost him a billion dollars. Would he have paid the same for a son? She was not sure if the answer would have been more or less...

Margret held her cane in one hand, but in the other there was some hand-sized metal device that Suki had not yet been able to quite make out. It seemed have a rod and a pair of arms extending from it. The uncertain use to which it would be put was terrifying her.

'And now you're going to see you all daughter suffering pain and humiliation for the corporate crimes you have committed,' Margaret said for the camera.

She stood on the board with her feet on either side of Suki's bowed back, looking down into her exposed groin. Then she pushed the device she was holding down into the tight pucker of Suki's anus. Suki groaned as a rubber rod with a metal core and a mushroom-like tip was forced through her sphincter and then settled into her rectum. The head of the rod now stood up between her buttocks. It had a pair of curving spring steel arms with hooked tips fitted to it. These curved over the mound of her sex and pressed their ends deep into her slot. Margret bent and pulled the arms open. The hooks caught hold of the pink petals of her inner labia and stretched them wide, holding them apart by the sprung tension of the arms and exposing the dark mouth of her vagina and below it the tiny hole of her urethra and the hooded

mound of her clitoris. Suki trembled as she felt the air washing over her moist, secret pussy valley, which was now exposed to the camera lens.

Margret drew the tip of her cane up through the slippery pink gash she had opened up in to Suki's body. Suki clamped her teeth about her bit gag and whimpered as the cane tip probed her clitoris and circled the mouth of her vagina. She had never been opened up like this. And her parents could see it all! This would cause them more shame than any crazy thing she had in the past. But this time at least she was an innocent victim. It was small comfort.

Margret began to swipe the cane lightly across Suki's belly, so that it's shaft smacked into her peeled open vagina. Suki gave a yelp as it clipped the hard nub of her clitoris.

'It is nothing worse than the shame and humiliation so many women are forced to endure each day because they have to prostitute their bodies,' Margaret reminded her. 'If they were paid a living wage would be different, but consumer blindness and company greed make that impossible. Your father's company for instance when it out sources assembly work...'

The cane flicks became sharper swipes as Margaret struck Suki's vulva with steadily greater force. On any other part of the body it would have been a mild punishment, but on her most sensitive organs it felt horrendous.

Tears burned her eyes and she began to sob as the cane began to hiss and crack into her pussy. Her buttocks clenched in futile resistance, squeezing on the plug rod of the terrible spreader arms that kept her so exposed. She wanted to look away but she could not help fixing her eyes on her own pussy, watching every blow that fell, in disbelief that they could hurt so much.

Cruelly over-stimulated her pussy mouth began to dribble juices. Because of upturned posture they ran up into her pubic hair and then over her belly towards her navel. They were pooling in the folds of her vulva and the cane splashed into them, sending little spatters over her thighs and stomach.

Searing, acute pain and misplaced excitement and arousal were

struggling within her loins. She would have welcomed normal sex with any of the masked presidents at that moment but it was being denied her. And yet her sexual organs were being driven into frenzy by this intimate caning. It was true torture but without any blood or serious injury. Margret could have struck her far harder but she didn't need to. She was working her up into a tormented state of confusion and emotion. This was a show after all. She was simply proving that she had total control over Suki's body, using shame and degradation as weapons. And there was only one escape, which was also its ultimate purpose. How well Margret had judged her responses...

Suki's body bucked and she strained against her ropes, sobbing and wailing as she felt the hot liquid mass in her loins suddenly bursting out. It felt as though everything was being discharged through her sore, throbbing pussy mouth. There was a spray of fragrant orgasmic juices followed by a hot jet of urine from her compressed bladder that splashed across her face and hair and consigned her to the depths of misery.

\* \* \*

Afterwards, when the camera been turned off, Margret calmly and without any attempt at justification, stripped off the bottom half of her coveralls, pulled out Suki's bit gag and then squatted down over her face.

And miserably and yet dutifully Suki tongued and lapped at Margret's hot, smooth pussy. Part of her hated what she had done and yet she was desperate to please her. It was not love that she felt but a respect for power.

Margret had just proved she was as dominant and masterful as Suki's father had ever been, although of course in a wildly different way. She had captured her and broken her to her will. It was a show of power and determination that was still deeply respected in Suki's country, with its long history of dominant rulers. Whether it has any part in a modern world was another matter, but in this tiny valley there was no doubt that Margret was its Queen: a female Shogun.

Margret sighed and shuddered and ground her pussy down on Suki and then spurted her juices over her face. And dutifully Suki licked them up.

She knew her place.

\* \* \*

When Margaret led Suki back outside and along the valley to the others, she found that the nature of work at the cliff face had changed.

Over the last two days they had broken up a lot of rock into smaller, more manageable chunks. Now the men had brought out a wheelbarrow and a low wooden sledge with bins on top of it. The women were loading them up with rocks and then dragging and wheeling them down the valley to its lower end near to the big iron doors. Here are they were tipping the rocks out into a pile and then trudging back up the valley for more.

It was hard to say if it was more exhausting work than simple rock breaking had been. They had been separated from the big chain only to be chained in pairs to a barrow and a sledge by their collars: Abby and Katrina to a barrow and Jordan and Carlotta to a sledge. The slack on the chains gave them just enough freedom to load the rocks on their respective means of transport and then drag or wheel the loads back down the valley.

Laden with rocks both barrow and sledge were very heavy and the women sweated and strained as they shuffled along, still hampered by their hobble chains. The men watched in approval as their cruelly ornamented breasts jiggled and their thighs and buttocks strained as they shuffled along. Their bottoms all glowed rosy red from spanking, showing where they had been forced to beg for water to make up for the fluids they had already sweated away on their task.

Work ceased temporarily while Margaret handed Suki back into the charge of the presidents. 'Tomorrow it will be Katrina's turn to record a proof of life message,' she announced.

While Margaret went back to her tent the men debated what to do with Suki.

'She doesn't look as though she's had much of a going over this time,' Jimmy said, turning Suki round so he could examine her buttocks for

cane marks. 'She is fit enough to work.'

'Her pussy's pretty red and she's walking a bit stiff,' Ronnie observed. He pried open her sex lips, making Suki whimper about her gag. 'Yeah, her slot has had a bit of seeing to. And she's cum...'

'But she can still pull a load or two,' Bill said.

'Only fair after what her mates have done,' George agreed.

And so they are put Suki into her working dear and then harnessed her to the sledge like a horse with her hands cuffed behind her and ropes looped across her shoulders and about her waist running back to rings set in the front of the sledge. The men got Jordan and Carlotta, who were still tethered to the sledge by their collar chains, to pile on a load of rocks. Then they drove Suki down the valley, using flicks from their canes and a few crackling jabs with their cattle prods to keep her moving, while Jordan and Carlotta walked alongside. She could see them biting their lips and wanting to help but their captors would not permit it.

The sledge rattled and grated across the rough ground behind her, while Suki leaned forward and strained with all her might to keep it moving. She was the lightest built of all the girls and this was the hardest labour she had ever endured. She almost wished she was back in Margaret's tent having her pussy caned.

At the far end Suki sank down onto on her knees, panting heavily, while Jordan and Carlotta were made to unload the sledge. Then Suki was driven back up for a second load.

This one almost brought her to the point of collapse. She was dripping with sweat and staggering about as she strained to pull the sledge along. Her legs felt like jelly and she was not sure she could make it to the end of the valley.

But as she was passing the tents Margaret emerged holding her laptop. 'Bring them all over here,' she commanded. 'They should see this...'



Men and girls together gathered, the men pushing them down onto their knees in front of them, while Margaret held the screen up for them all to see.

The image was framed by the info bars and rolling headline strip of an online news channel. It showed a table on a dais draped in a cloth carrying an *Embrace the World* logo. Behind the table five men were gathering and taking their seats in front of a row of microphones and illuminated by flickers of flashbulbs. The girls suddenly gasped and sighed in shock and relief as they recognised their fathers. Suki felt her stomach knotting as she saw her father's severe features on the end of the row.

When they were ready Sir Terence Coverly, seated in the middle of the row, leaned forward.

'We've arranged this news conference today to make an important announcement,' he said. 'As you know, a few days ago our daughters held the highly successful Embrace the World event in London. We were greatly impressed by their efforts in such a good cause and moved by their pleas for more aid and assistance to support essential work in the developing world, so we have decided to play our part. Today we are announcing that we shall each be making personal donations of one billion dollars to a list of charities which you will see itemised shortly....'

There was a buzz of surprise in the room and more flickers of flashbulbs.

Sir Terrance continued: '...we do this in the hope that this money shall do some good and free many people from lives of virtual slavery...'

In the quarry the girls all caught their breath. They knew that phrase was meant for them.

On-screen Sir Terence was holding up a list. 'These are the principal charities and international organizations we are making donations to. We do so without any reservations to their use but we do have a recommended secondary list of subsidiary agencies and organizations that we hope specific sums will be donated to. We are making these funds available immediately

on the sole condition that they will be distributed widely and fully without delay so that great suffering can be alleviated as soon as possible...'

Again the girls caught their breath.

A reporter spoke up: 'Sir Terence, do your daughters know anything about these substantial donations of yours?'

'No, we've only decided this between us in the last couple of days. As you know they're all on holiday in a rather remote location and they're rather out of touch at the moment. But we hope they'll be getting the news very shortly...'

Another reporter asked: 'These sums you're donating make the amount they raised at the Embrace the World show seem rather modest by comparison, don't they?'

'The money they raised for Embrace the World was all down to their own hard work,' Sir Terence said firmly. 'This is not meant to belittle their efforts nor the generosity of all those who gave their time and money. In fact I can honestly say that without that event, we would not be sitting here right now...'

The presidents gave a cheer of triumph and punched the air.

Margaret closed the screen down. They could see her eyes glittering in triumph through the holes in a mask. 'Well it's done,' she told the girls. 'There's been an online posting in tandem with the conference that shows the ransom money has been allocated as we specified. We shall have to wait a few days to be sure the specific sums reach the target destinations we're monitoring but once it does you will be released...'

The girls sobbed and almost fainted with relief. There was an end in sight to then nightmare.

Margaret brought back down to earth again. 'Even though the ransom process appears to be underway, Katrina and Abby will still be required to make their personal proof of life recordings as planned. We cannot risk this

being a delaying tactic on your parents' behalf while a search is underway for you. They must know you are still in our power and will suffer if there are any unexpected delays.'

But even that announcement could not completely dampen their spirits.

\* \* \*

That night in their cages, Suki thought it was as though they had just come back from a party and were rather lightheaded. Yet they were still in their chains and they had just endured another round of sodomizing from the presidents while strapped the tops their cages. But incredibly that had not seemed as hurtful as it had on previous nights. Even while the men's sperm was still seeping out of their aching bottom holes onto the straw of their cages all they could think of was that in a few days they would be free!

'I admit, 'Jordan said, 'that for a while I was frightened my dad might not pay up. I mean I've given him some grief over the years. And when he was critical about me helping with Embrace the World I said some pretty mean things to him. But there he was up there along with all the others.'

'I'm sorry our mothers were not there as well,' Carlotta said.

'You know they've never had much to do with the business side of things,' Katrina said. 'We might as well admit our fathers are all quite patriarchal in their approach to business. 'In fact I think my father would rather have had a son.'

'Mine as well,' Suki admitted.

'My dad did try to make a businesswoman out of me,' Abby said, 'but I was not interested then. Maybe after this I should get more involved in the company and not just enjoy my allowance....' She glanced at the photographs on the tent posts. 'We might try making it more socially responsible for a start...'

Jordan had seen the direction of her glance. 'Have those things been

getting to you as well?’

‘Yes, I suppose they have,’ Abby admitted.

‘They are hard to ignore when you live like this, aren’t they?’ Jordan said.

‘What? Has Margaret succeeded in brainwashing us?’ Katrina asked in only moderately mocking tones.

‘Let’s face it after what we’ve been through I think we’ve all be feeling a bit guilty,’ Abby said. ‘I mean we have led incredibly easy and privileged lives over the years. After all how many other fathers could get together a billion dollars to bail their daughters out of trouble? It shows how much they’re worth. Then you look at these poor people and you think, is that fair? No, I don’t mean I’ve been brainwashed, but those things Margaret keeps saying about us have been getting to me. Could we have done more in the past? How committed were we really to Embrace the World in the beginning? Other people got behind us and pushed and then we took the credit.’

‘We wouldn’t behave that way again, now we’ve had a taste of real suffering,’ Carlotta admitted.

‘That’s certainly true,’ Abby agreed.

‘Are you saying Margaret and the men have been right to do what they have to us?’ Suki asked.

‘No, not at all... but I do understand better now how she could get angry and frustrated enough with the system to do something criminal.’

‘See if you feel so charitable towards her after you have had your session in her tent,’ Katrina said darkly. ‘Whatever else she claims is motivating her, we know she is also enjoying our suffering for her own twisted pleasure. What good is that to the poor and starving?’

## Chapter Seven

The next day it was Katrina's turn to visit Margaret's tent. Sure enough, she had a new device in the camera alcove to try in her.

Katrina was bent over a stout post fitted to a wheeled base. The post had a rectangular padded block-board top which was pressed into her stomach between her hips and chest. Her wrists and ankles were chained to the base of the post and a strap was buckled about her knees and elbows, pulling them in tight, so that her bottom was raised and outthrust. The crinkled wellmouth of her greased anus was exposed and her pubic mound pouted from between her pinched thighs. To add to her torment there was also a small sprung rod fitted to the top of the board on which she rested. It angled backwards between her legs and bristled with rubber prongs that dug into her cleft. Any small movement would set it teasing her labia and clitoris.

How is this meant to teach us the error of our ways? Katrina thought angrily to herself even as she felt her cleft becoming hot and sticky under the stimulation of the teasing rubber rod. This is all for the sick pleasure of predatory lesbian playing cruel sex games! But the worst thing was it was horribly effective...

Her submissive posture invited punishment and violation, but her humiliation did not stop there. A vertical panel with eye bolts around its sides extended down from the front edge of the padded top over which her head and shoulders hung so that it pressed forwards against the undersides of her large breasts. These had attracted special attention from Margaret. Fine chains ran across then from side to side, cutting into their soft upper curves and squashing them against the board. Her nipples, which were by now standing out like thimbles, were pinched by spring clips on the ends of which hung lead weights. These stretched her nipples out into unnatural cones of throbbing brown flesh.

Through gritted teeth Katrina repeated today's newspaper headlines, which now included the announcement of their parent's surprising charity donation. Her personal message then followed. However she was not going to

give Margaret the satisfaction of seeing her break down and become foolishly sentimental. They were not an effusive family in any case. And so she fought down her sense of burning shame while she said:

‘I saw your public announcement about the ransom yesterday. Thank you, Father. I hope to see you soon. Ignore what follows. It is only our captor’s way of amusing herself. She is really as decadent as she makes us out to be... ‘

She expected Margaret to stop recording or punish her for that, but she made no comment, simply saying: ‘And now I shall punish your daughter for being part of a family business which has ruined thousands of hectares of land and coastlines through oil pollution. Your billion dollars has not erased that crime. Let it be on your conscience... if you have one.’

Margaret was carrying a spanking paddle. She walked about Katrina’s bound body stroking the rubber paddle head over her thighs and buttocks and back. Then she took hold of Katrina’s hair and tugged her head up so she could look her in the eye. She pulled Katrina’s gag bit back up into position between her teeth.

‘Are you ready to suffer for your Father’s sins now?’ she asked.

Katrina growled at her. She just wanted this to be over and done with.

Margaret beat her bottom first, swinging the paddle forcefully so that it smacked it into her fleshy cheeks with a crisp crack, making them shiver and tremble. After a dozen strokes her pale buttocks were scarlet and it felt as though each hemisphere was blazing with heat. But because of the teaser rod it was not just pain she had to endure. Each blow made her flinch and jerk as far as her chains and straps allowed, causing the prongs to dig even deeper and more intimately into her slot which was becoming ever hotter and stickier. It begged to be enjoyed even as the pain in her bottom demanded that she cry try to escape it. But that was impossible. She could only endure, trying to make sense of the two contrasting sensations coming so close together from such sensitive parts of her body. It was true torment.

‘Such fine cheeks like these can take a lot of punishment,’ Margret

said as she continued to rain blows down upon Katrina's behind.

Despite her resolve to be strong, tears began to drip from Katrina's eyes. Alone in the tent with her tormentor she realized how totally helpless she was. She did not even have the other girls with her to provide moral support. She had no one... except for Margaret herself. She hated her and yet at the same time she was totally reliant on her mercy. Please like me and be kind to me, she thought desperately.

After two dozen strokes Margaret felt Katrina's blazing backside, making Katrina shudder. Then her fingers slipped between her hot moist thighs and felt the sopping wet mouth of her vulva which was dribbling over its terrible rubber teaser.

'You are a very passionate woman, aren't you?' Margaret observed. She lifted her sticky wet fingers to her nose and sniffed. Katrina cringed in shame.

Margret moved round to stand in front of Katrina. She rested the paddle blade against the big pale chained and trembling mounds of her breasts as they hung down over the vertical board, stretched by the lead weights clipped to their nipples.

'I'm going to beat your tits now, and I'll only stop when you orgasm,' she told her.

And she did so, steadily and relentlessly. The paddle blade swished through the air in front of Katrina's tear-filled and horrified eyes and smacked down onto the upper slopes of her breasts, making them quake and shiver like pink jellies. Soon of course they were not pink but crimson and then deep scarlet, to match her blazing buttocks. Every blow made the lead weights clipped to their nipples bounce and jiggle about as though in a strange dance, their metal teeth tugging on her tender flesh and adding to her agony.

All the while this was happening, Katrina was desperately wriggling her hips and working them back and forth as far as her bonds allowed, grinding the teasing rubber prongs rod even deeper into her dripping sex

mouth. Somehow she must find pleasure amongst this shame and pain. It had happened to the others so it was possible. Somehow she must use her suffering to make her enjoyment more intense. But they were totally different things!

Or were they? Perhaps the rules were different here, in this little hidden secret valley of perversions in some corner of Britain she had hardly heard of. Was that what her vulva had become? A perverted valley of flesh where terrible and wonderful things could happen the same time...

Ahhhh...!

\* \* \*

Margaret switched off the camera and stroked Katrina's hair as she hung limp over her imprisoning post. She was aware of the juices she had sprayed out between her bound thighs now dripping onto the floor. She had done it, but was it a triumph or a tragedy? Had she degraded herself beyond measure or simply taken the pragmatic course to spare herself more pain?

Whatever the truth of it, even through her shame and confusion, Katrina knew what was coming next. Margaret had established her routine with the others and she had no reason to change it now.

'Do you want me to beat you again?' she asked.

Katrina shook her head desperately.

'It's either that or I sodomize you. Do you want me to do that?'

Katrina nodded. She had suffered pain long enough and surely she was beyond shame now. Perhaps she could find some way of enjoying it. As long as it pleased Margaret, of course. In the end that was all that mattered...

Margaret stripped off the bottom half of the coveralls and from her box of torments she took out a red double ended dildo. While one end was moulded in a conventional cock-like shape with a padded disk half way along with bristles designed to excite the female clitoris, the other was shaped quite



differently. It was like a tightly strung set of black rubber beads of different sizes, ranging from marbles to walnuts, mounted on a twenty centimetre flexible shaft.

Margret fitted the conventional end of the dildo into her naked deep-cleft sex mouth, holding it in place by a strap about her waist, and then took up position behind Katrina.

‘I’m going to ride your pretty behind like a stallion,’ Margaret promised her.

Katrina felt her grasp hold of her hips and then the tip of the strange beaded dildo pressed against her greased anus. Then Margaret thrust, forcing it up inside her and making her sphincter stretch and close again in quick succession over the bobbled shapes of the beads until the dildo plugged her rectum tightly. Margaret thrust her hips against Katrina’s stinging buttock cheeks, pulled out and then thrust again. Katrina’s anus almost seemed to buzz as it was made to bulge and contract about the beaded shaft so rapidly, even as her vagina was ground into its rubber-pronged teaser rod.

It felt like a man mounting her but it did not feel like one inside her. This was very different from the sodomising the masked presidents had given her. This was a tool designed to stimulate and directed by another woman. It had been chosen specially for her and Margaret was using it to dominate her personally and intimately, one-to-one. Katrina thought that with every thrust Margaret showed how certain and determined she was both in dominating her and everything she did. Her father had a similar aura of power and yet this was not a man but a woman. Katrina felt horribly confused.

She also felt desperately aroused. She was helpless and being used cruelly and relentlessly for another’s pleasure, and yet it was the most intense thing that had ever happened to her. She had enjoyed many lovers in the past but she had always felt in control not only physically but because of her position and wealth. Now all that had been turned against her and she was the inferior one... and it was so exciting! Was it a sign of weakness to surrender to a superior force? She was not sure but she was going to do it now...

Margret grunted and came, even as Katrina clamped the terrible and

wonderful dildo within her rectum and sprayed her juices once again from out of her tormented love mouth.

\* \* \*

Katrina was grateful for the understanding they had come to that each girl freshly released from Margaret's tent should be allowed to recover in her own time and only speak of it later. In any case the presidents had devised a new working regime for the quarry and soon she was too exhausted to think about what had happened to her.

Her friends had been yoked like animals, or perhaps like labourers in countries where they had no means except for human muscle power to carry loads about, not even the simplest carts. Wooden poles had been hooked onto the backs of their collars and their arms were strapped and cuffed to them so they were spread in a crucifixion pose. From the ends of the poles ropes were tied to the handles of cheap plastic buckets which served as containers for their loads of rocks. Carrying them back and forth from the quarry face to the rock pile of the other end of the little valley would have been hard enough as it was but the men had also made sadistic additions to the yokes.

Pairs of light chains looped across from the buckets to their bodies. The shorter one of the pair hung across the front of their thighs and had a spring clip on its end that fastened to the tender petal of their inner labia on that side just below where their dollar ornaments were clipped, while the longer one of the pair ran up to the nipple on the same side of their body where it was secured in a similar way. The chains only had a small amount of slack and so as they moved the laden buckets inevitably swung about, jerking painfully on their pussy lips and breasts.

Katrina winced as she was fitted with her yoke, bucket and chains and then joined the others. The men took some pleasure in loading the buckets for them this time, piling as many rocks in as possible. Then they were driven off down the valley, tottering along with a president walking along behind them flicking their rears with his cane to keep them moving. They tried not to allow their buckets to sway about and jerk their pussy lips and nipples, but of course that was totally impossible. And so they yelped and sobbed and whimpered as they staggered along up and down the valley with the clips

tugging on their nipples and tender inner labia. These added even more jiggling uncertain motion to the heavy dollar signs already clipped to them, making them appear to jerk and jump about almost as though they were animated, while redoubling the pain they were inflicting.

Soon Katrina was sobbing miserably along with the rest as she trudged back and forth, accompanied by the mocking laughter of their captors.

We've only got to endure this for another few days, Katrina told herself. We will survive. Perhaps in the end this will even make us stronger.

\* \* \*

In their cages that night, while they tried to rest in positions that did not further aggravate their sore and bruised nipples and pussy lips, Katrina told the story of her ordeal in Margaret's tent. When she was done the other girls expressed their sympathy.

'She really enjoys screwing us, doesn't she?' Jordan declared.

'Yes, I'd say she does,' Katrina agreed with a shudder. Although she had related all the physical facts, she had not admitted to the others quite how powerfully she had been affected emotionally by her ordeal. That was something she still wanted to think over.

'Anyway, that only leaves me to go,' Abby said resignedly.

'You'll make the full set,' Jordan agreed.

'And then do you think she'll stop?' Suki wondered. 'She'll have got what she wanted and she should know very soon that the payments have passed through the system. Will she keep her word and let us go... safely?'

She didn't say any more but they all knew what she was implying.

'Yes, I'm sure she will,' Abby said, trying to sound positive. 'I mean there's no reason not to. They've all been very careful not to let us see who they really are. Kidnapping is one thing but... well, murder is another. They

know they'd have a price on their heads for the rest their lives. Our fathers would see to that.'

'She will let us go,' Katrina found herself saying with unexpected certainty. 'Whatever else she is, I think she is a person who keeps her word.'

'But what's if there's any delay with the money?' Carlotta wondered.

'Then I suppose Margaret will simply start all over again,' Abby said. 'Because I think she's also the kind of person who gets what she wants...'

## Chapter Eight

That thought was still in Abby's mind the next day when she took her place before the camera in Margaret's tent. Focusing on the question helped mask her rising terror.

She hung upside-down from what she recognized from Jordan's description was the frame Margaret had used on her. Was Margaret running out of new torture devices or was she simply reusing them in a responsible ecologically sound fashion, Abby wondered a little crazily. Abby's cuffed ankles were spread and tied to the top corners of the frame. Her wrists were cuffed in the small of her back, held in place by a rope bound tightly about her middle. A pair of ropes connected to the uprights were tied to the sides of her collar, prevented her from swaying about within the frame. To add to her discomfort Margaret had placed a large iron hook into the mouth of her vagina on the end of which was a large lead weight which hung level with her navel, painfully stretching the mouth of her sex open. A pair of smaller weights with spring clips on their ends had been clipped to her nipples, stretching her inverted breasts into unnatural cones pointing down to her shoulders. All these things combined to make Abby felt sick and terrified of her formidable tormentor.

But what exactly did Margaret want from them, besides the money they could command for their safe return and the sexual gratification she got screwing them? A general sense of revenge on a class she clearly despised, perhaps? What else was there they could give her?

With difficulty Abby had read the newspaper headlines on the computer screen set to one side of the frame (turned upside down for the purpose) and then she had delivered her message to her parents.

'Hallo Mum and Dad,' she said, desperately trying to sound jocular. 'I bet you didn't expect to see me like this. Don't worry, it's not as bad as it looks...' she had to pause there trying not to choke on this palpable lie, then she went determinedly on: '... I hope this is the last time we have to do this. As soon as the money gets through I'm going to be released, along with all

the other girls. I want you to remember that. As long as nobody interferes or tries to do anything stupid, I'm fine, all right?'

Then Margaret came forward and fitted the gag bit into her mouth. It was almost a relief as she didn't know what else to say and was frightened she would lose her nerve and begin begging miserably.

'Are you watching this, Sir Terence?' Margaret asked to the camera. 'This is your daughter suffering not only for being a foolish spoilt young woman, but for the crimes your company has committed, investing money in the worst regimes and the most criminal industrial operations in the world!'

She unhooked her cane and began methodically to beat Abby. The cane hissed and swished and cracked down on the soft splayed insides of her inverted thighs and the neat hemispheres of her defenceless buttocks. Moving round she then attacked the pale exposed undersides of Abby's stretched breasts, making them bounce and shiver, setting the lead weights on their ends swaying like pendulums.

As livid red stripes appeared across her body, Abby sobbed and bucked and twisted within her ropes, making the frame creak. Her tears ran up through her brows into her tangled hair which almost brushed the floor. But she was too tightly bound to evade the stinging blows and she could only hang there and endure them. This was sheer agony. The other girls had been coaxed into orgasms, but how could she possibly find any pleasure in this?

And then Margaret began to swipe her cane down onto the big hook whose tip was lodged deep in her vagina and whose shaft hung in the cleft of her sex, pushing her labia wide. The blows ground it again and again into her clitoris and in turn it began to respond.

Half willing it and half appalled, Abby felt herself becoming aroused. What she was suffering was so awful perhaps there was no other way to go. Incredibly her stretched nipples were throbbing and hardening as the warm anticipation of sex flowed through her. Yet how could this possibly be arousing? Unless during these last few days she had been so conditioned to pain, bondage and crude stimulation that this was beginning to feel normal? What had Margaret done to her!

Her vulva was flowing with juices which were seeping under the shaft of the hook and running through her pubic hair. Her clitoris was pulsing and pushing hard against the iron hook, as though vainly trying to force its way through or round it. The swinging weight attached to the hook, driven by the agonized shudders and wriggles of her body under the onslaught of Margaret's cane, was making the shaft twist, grinding it in turn against her hard love button.

Was it possible to cum even when she was being violated and beaten? It almost seemed as though the pain and discomfort were driving her arousal along, making it blossom within as she felt the hot liquid lust gathering in her loins. Did it help that there were no other distractions? Had she ever done anything so intimate and terrible? There was just her and Margaret and the dark obscene thrill of knowing that the camera was recording every intimate and unwilling response of her body. This orgasm might be kept on record for years, even for ever. Was that some weird kind of achievement? If she was released would she want to watch herself suffering like this? Would it make her stronger or would it simply conjure up fresh nightmares of her time in captivity? Would she ever dare show it to somebody else? Perhaps to prove to them that there were worse things in life than bad weather washing out a day's racing or missing a holiday flight.

The wild thought flitted through her tormented mind that perhaps some people would even pay good money to see her suffer like this. Surely not friends but maybe strangers? That was such a sick idea and therefore very exciting. She could feel herself getting closer to coming. Was she really that dirty and perverted? Was this her only true talent? If they did pay it would be the first thing she had ever done on her own that was worth anything...

Perhaps you had to be strung upside down naked and beaten to see the world in its proper context. What was she now? She did not know.

And then she came.

\* \* \*

Once the camera was turned off Abby found herself counting the seconds until Margaret stripped the bottom half of her coveralls off, exposing

her pale smooth deep-cleft sex and sturdy thighs and hard buttocks as she had for the other girls before her. She would almost have felt affronted if she'd been left out. Now they would all have been mistreated equally and fairly. That was an odd word to use in this context, wasn't it? Surely there was nothing "fair" about all of this? Unless of course they really did deserve to suffer?

Margaret pulled Abby's gag bit out. Then she removed the terrible hook, now sticky with her juices, from her vagina and kissed the distended passage it had left in its wake. She hugged Abby to her inverted, her hands digging cruelly into Abby's cane- striped bottom.

'You really are a disgusting, decadent creature,' Margaret said, her face slightly muffled by the fleshy folds of Abby's pussy. 'Now you will demonstrate your contrition and serve me or else...'

Abby felt Margaret's teeth extend through the rubber lips of her mask and pinch about the swollen bud of her clitoris and bite on it until Abby whimpered in pain.

Abby's face hung down in front of Margaret's naked sex. She could see the glisten of excitement on it and smell the spicy scent of her arousal. She did not need to be told how she was expected to serve her...

\* \* \*

Much later, when Margaret led Abby out of her tent, instead of finding the other girls toiling away at the quarry face as per routine, they discovered they were in middle of an alfresco screwing session.

The presidents had arranged them in a ring about a post with their bottoms facing outward. They were doubled sharply over so that their heads were level with their knees and they were looking back between their spread legs. Their arms were pulled up behind them with their elbows strapped together and their wrists cuffed to the post. Their ankles were chained to the girl on each side, forming a ring of flesh.

The men had clearly been having some fun with them. The girls'



buttocks were all striped by cane and lash strokes and their anuses and vulvas were red-rimmed and dribbling sperm.

‘What have you been doing to them?’ Margaret demanded angrily, dragging Abby by her leash chain over to them.

‘Having some fun, of course,’ Ronnie said. ‘We want to complete our screwing lists before we let them go. If you’re finished with Abby now we can have our turn with her.’

‘What are you talking about?’ Margaret said.

‘We’re only human and they’re tasty and naked,’ Jimmy said. ‘Work it out for yourself.’

‘I mean when are we going to have the chance to screw so many high-class girls like this ever again?’ Bill put in.

‘You wanted them to suffer, right?’ George asked. ‘Well you can see they’re not enjoying themselves.’

Abby could see that the girls’ faces were flushed and their eyes were wet and red-rimmed and saliva bubbled about their rubber bit-stretched lips.

‘You screw each of them after you record their proof of life messages, so why shouldn’t we have them as well?’ Dickey demanded.

‘Sex and humiliation are just the tools we use in our cause at the proper time,’ Margaret insisted. ‘I educate them while I couple with them, forcing them to re-evaluate their corrupt beliefs. You were meant to be teaching them about the value of water. They were to be made to fetch water from the pool with their yoke buckets to refill the toilet reservoir. But the buckets have holes in them so the water would drain away as fast as they carried it. They would learn how precious it is and how many millions of people have no clean water to drink. Your next anal penetration was scheduled for tonight.’

‘We didn’t want to wait until tonight and the water business was no

fun,' Ronnie said dismissively. 'You want to get a message through to them? Then do it by screwing their brains out and beating their backsides until they can't sit down. That'll teach them to be better people!'

There was a murmur of assent from the other men. Margaret looked at them with fists balled up in anger and frustration. 'This is not how we planned it. We're not common criminals doing this purely for our own pleasure. We have principles! All their punishments were to be measured and proportionate, as required to achieve our goal!'

'Well we have achieved it now, haven't we?' Bill said. 'The money is on its way. Five billion dollars is what it was all about. It'll change the world for the better and strike a blow for the cause. These tarts are the icing on the cake and we're celebrating.'

'Now let's have Abby so we can tick her screws off our list,' George said, holding out his hand for Abby's leash. 'It may be our last chance. Meanwhile you can get her proof of life recording sent off to her parents as agreed.'

'So they can hear exactly what you think about them,' Bill said. 'That's getting your message across, isn't it?'

'These girls are just pawns in the bigger game, right?' Dickey pointed out. 'You called them pointless, overprivileged parasites feeding off the lifeblood of society often enough. Does it really matter what we do to them now as long as the money ends up where it should?'

Margaret's shoulders seemed to sag. Without another word she handed Abby's leash over and went back to her tent.

The men unchained the other exhausted girls from the post and put Abby in their place, doubling her over and pulling her cuffed wrists up so that her arms lay along the post and her head was forced downward until she looked out between her spread knees. They found a wooden rod and tied it across the front of her shins just below her knees, forcing her to spread her legs wide. And so she stood looking out at them while they had their fun with her.

They took turns making use of her gaping pussy mouth, alternating it with her greased anus as they each tipped the use of that particular orifice off on their screw list. They had extended and run the hose across from the squat toilet and used it to flush her clean between each screwing. While they were recovering their strength between spurting their seed inside her, they amused themselves with beating her with their canes and pushing the tips of their cattle prods into her dangling breasts or up into her wet folds of her sex and making her shriek in pain. The first time they did it she lost control and wet herself, some of her urine splashing into her own inverted face. This naturally made them laugh uproariously.

As she was repeatedly violated and beaten, Abby felt the lust mounting inside her again. Was she becoming addicted to this strange mixture of pain and pleasure? Whatever the reason she could not help it and by now she was beyond feeling a normal sense of shame. It reached a climax while Jimmy's cock was pounding away inside her bottom and she spurted her juices across his overalls.

This also greatly amused the presidents, but it did grant her a few moments of relief from care while she was wrapped in a blissful haze of post orgasmic delight.

In between the screws and beatings they had also invented a fresh amusement. Gathering up pebbles from the ground they made her inverted and upturned pussy a target, like some perverted fairground game. Using a bungee cord wrapped across her bent back and around the outside of her thighs they pulled open her inner and outer labia until they were stretched painfully wide, exposing the mouth of her vagina. This they opened up with a second pair of shorter bungee cords wrapped about her thighs on each side so that all four hooked ends could be slid into it, dragging it out into a wet, dark square flesh mouth. She whimpered and bit on her gag as it was stretched painfully wide.

Then they marked a line a few paces back from her bound, doubled-over and grotesquely exposed body and took turns tossing pebbles at the pit of her vagina. The sensation of those that actually found their target and dropped into the sheath of her vagina as though it was a pocket on a billiard table was almost indescribable. The stinging impact as they struck her moist

tender flesh was not as painful as a cane swipe, but it was the feeling of having been turned into a thing to be used for others pleasure. Her body had become nothing more than a sex toy. They despised her and everything she represented. She had been used for a purpose and now they were celebrating its success with her further defilement. She had no other value as a person. Was this the ultimate degradation?

But the most frightening thing about all of it was that she also found it disgustingly exciting.

\* \* \*

They didn't see much of Margaret for the rest of the day. When it came to their evening meal Margaret ate hers away from the men in her tent. The only upside was that the men had completely exhausted their sexual desire during their earlier outdoor screwfest and they so girls were put to bed in their cages without the customary sodomizing.

'Do you think this really will be our last day here?' Suki wondered when they were alone.

'I think it might be,' Katrina said. 'They wouldn't be rushing to tick all the boxes on their bloody screwing list if they didn't think it was all going to be over soon.'

'Let's hear how Abby got on today before we get too excited,' Jordan said.

And so Abby told them what Margaret had done to her during her one-to-one session. By now it seemed almost like another chapter in a perverted bedtime story. Telling how she had been hung upside down and forced to lick Margaret out while she had done the same to her only brought forth mild exclamations of sympathy from the others. They were becoming used to such things and had all endured far worse, and concluding by admitting that she had cum while doing so almost seemed the norm.

When she was done, Carlotta said: 'When Margaret came out with you, couldn't you almost taste the tension in the air when she confronted the

presidents? She was not happy with the way they were treating us.'

'They are not all true comrades,' Katrina said, her Russian accent coming to the fore to emphasise the irony. 'They are five men who'd really rather screw us than socially re-educate us, while she is a... what would you say... a class obsessed capitalist hating Marxist lesbian?'

'Yep,' Jordan said. 'I think that about sums her up.'

'I wonder how they ever got together?' Suki said. 'I suppose we'll never know.'

'This may sound strange,' Abby said, 'but I actually felt a little sorry for her.'

'You're right,' Jordan said, 'that does sound strange!'

'You know what I mean. She's been trying so hard...'

'Yes, to screw and beat us all for five billion dollars!' Carlotta said. She relented little and added: 'although she is very good at making us cum, I admit that. She made me do such awful things and yet I almost enjoyed them.'

'I think I know what Abby means,' Katrina said. 'Even if you hate her at least you could admire her honesty and sense of purpose. She takes responsibility for us. It matters what happens to us. Her companions don't care so deeply and she could not understand why.'

'If this really is nearly all over,' Suki said slowly, 'then I cannot say I will miss her. But she is a strong character. I can't pretend what she's done to me hasn't made me think about my life more deeply than before. I certainly will never forget her.'

And all the other girls murmured their agreement. That was one thing beyond dispute.

Conversation died away after that and they made themselves comfortable as they could and let exhaustion take its course.

Abby dared to hope that perhaps this would be the last time she would have to go sleep on a bed of straw inside an iron cage and wake looking up at those depressing pictures of suffering people hung on the tent posts. Although of course the people in them would never really go away. They had been indelibly imprinted on her mind now, thanks to Margaret.

## Chapter Nine

The seventh day of their captivity dawned fresh and bright, however they knew something was different from the start because there was a change of routine. They were roused from sleep by the usual rattle of canes on their cage bars, but this time they were not made to suck the men off.

The men, this morning all wearing rubber gloves, hauled them out of their cages and led outside where they were hastily fed on a collection of food scraps. Margaret, also gloved, appeared while they were eating and addressed them solemnly.

‘The ransom money has reached the selected accounts we were monitoring in the sums specified,’ she told them. ‘This means we no longer need you. We’re starting the process of covering our tracks and handing you back. The better you cooperate the sooner it will all be over, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Madam,’ they all said eagerly, feeling their hearts thudding with hope and joy.

‘You’ll now be thoroughly washed and flushed out so no biological traces remain that might help identify us. Then you’ll be secured while we do the same to rest of the camp. If you behave yourselves and give us no trouble, then by this evening you will be back with your families.’

Ronnie and Jimmy took charge of them and led them over to the toilet and made to perform as usual. But then their vaginas and rectums were flushed out with water and some harsh chemical soap that stung and burned as it bubbled out of them. Then they were led over to the pool and dunked in it and then scrubbed with more of the same cleanser. Even their cuffs and collars were scrubbed.

But even as they were spluttering and screwing up their stinging eyes they understood what was going on. They had been intimately associated with their captors for a week in every way possible. Apart from obvious

finger prints, genetic tracing could identify Margaret and the men from sperm, bodily juices and hair samples. Presumably the stuff they were using would destroy those traces, or at least render them unusable.

Meanwhile all around them the camp was being struck.

Bill, George, Dickey and Margaret were pulling down the tents and camouflage netting. These together with the remaining stores and all the torture devices they had used upon them were being carried up the valley and dumped in a big pile.

All they were leaving, apart from six backpacks stacked in a corner, was a single wooden post and a box of electronics resting on an old car battery by its base. The girls, still wet from their bath, were led over to it. The whole assembly looked clean and freshly scrubbed and smelt of disinfectant. Obviously it had also be carefully been cleared of any traces that could identify it users.

The post had five wooden arms radiating from it above head height which had ropes on their ends. These were tied to the rings on the backs of their collars, holding them upright. Then they were positioned in a tight circle about the post all facing in the same direction and their hobbled ankles were then chained to the post base. Connected to the electronic box were five double-ended dildos with one end of each studded by electric contact studs. These were plugged into them with the plain end sliding up into their vaginas and the studded end pushed up the rectum of the girl in front. The dildos were supported by elastic cords connected to their midsections that ran up to spring clips that fastened to their nipples. When they were all plugged together they formed a daisy chain round the post connected alternately vagina to anus by their dildos. Their leash chains were each then hooked to the back collar ring of the girl in front of with little slack, preventing them pulling their bodies apart. Any movement they now made was transmitted around the ring. They held very still, aware how intimately they were now connected.

The stack of camp gear was now complete. Bill doused it in petrol. Then he carefully placed a small object with an LED display on its front at the base of the pile.



Now the girls understood the reason for this activity. Their captors were going to burn all remaining traces of their presence.

Margaret came over to them. She was holding five strips of cloth which she began binding about their heads, blindfolding them.

‘Our masks and outer clothes will go on the pile now,’ she said. ‘You’ll never see us again. The timer we’ve set will ignite the fire six hours from now. By then the police will have been alerted to watch this general area for a smoke signal marking your position. This should be visible for miles. Then it will be up to them to find and free you. By then of course we’ll be long gone. But we wanted to leave you with this parting gift to make sure you won’t get bored...’

She reached down to the base of the post and activated the electronic box.

Abby felt a sudden jolt in her rear where Carlotta’s dildo was plugged deeply into it. In a helpless reflex she jerked forward, ramming her dildo deeper into Suki’s tight behind. Suki then felt a shock and thrust forward into Katrina’s bottom, who then rammed her dildo further up Jordan’s backside, who in turn had a shock that made her shove her dildo up Carlotta’s arsehole a little more deeply, who in turn rammed her dildo back into Abby’s rectum. The sequential impulse circled around and around them, causing each in turn to sodomize the girl in front of her. As they thrust into each other, the dildos flexed between them, tugging painfully on their nipples. They were being made to continuously bugger each other and there was nothing they could do to stop it.

As they gasped and moaned they heard the rustle of clothing being discarded.

Ronnie called out: ‘All right that’s the last of it. Let’s get going. We’ve got to lock the outer gate remember...’

‘I’ll be with you a moment,’ Margaret called out.

They heard sound of heavy footsteps going down the valley. Then

Margaret said: 'I wouldn't like them to know it but I really enjoyed playing with your rich, decadent bodies. Why did you have to be so attractive? I wanted to hate you but it wasn't easy. I think you've been foolish and trusting but you're not evil. You're not weak, either. You can be better than this... Goodbye...'

And then she was gone.

After a minute they heard the big iron gates at the end of the valley clang together with a rattle of chains. Now they were truly alone, locked in their grunting and groaning circle of mutual sodomy.

'We've got to wait six hours like this before there's any chance of being freed?' Jordan gasped.

'Better than never being freed at all,' Suki pointed out.

'We can survive that long,' Carlotta said. 'After what we've been through this is not so bad. At least they're not caning us...'

'That's true,' Katrina conceded. 'What do you to say... always look on the bright side?'

'The bright side! Do you realize the police are going to find us like this,' Abby said.

For a moment they were all silenced by the thought of that acute humiliation to come, except for the grunts and groans triggered by the ripple of electric shocks passing round them.

Then Katrina said to Jordan: 'I think if you can hold still I can lean forward and pull your blindfold down with my teeth,'

'Holding still with your fucking dildo shocking my arse isn't easy!' Jordan complained.

It took a couple of minutes of fumbling and many yelps from Katrina as her clipped nipples were ground against Jordan's back by their involuntary convulsions, but finally she managed to get hold of a free end in the knot in

the cloth at the back of Jordan's head and wriggle it up and off her eyes. Once Jordan could see she was more easily able to pull off Carlotta's blindfold who in turn freed Abby who freed Skui who could then see to Katrina. They were still just as securely bound to the post and each other and it had not alleviated their suffering, but it was a relief to be able to see.

'Doesn't the place look empty?' Carlotta said, looking about her at the bleak grey rock walls. Apart from the bonfire pile at the head of the valley it did look strangely abandoned. For a whole week this had been their home. Draped across the top of the pile were the blue overalls and rubber masks of their captors and abusers, waiting to burn with the rest of the rubbish.

'Well I'm not going to miss it,' Jordan said firmly.

'Me neither,' said Katrina.

There was a longer silence except for their helpless stifled grunts of pain as electric shocks went off deep inside their bottoms.

'I'm getting a bit aroused,' Abby admitted suddenly.

'God, I'm glad you said that,' Jordan said. 'I thought it was just me.'

'Me too,' Suki added.

'Why are we at all surprised?' Katrina said. 'That's how we've been conditioned over the last week. We know what pain and pleasure can do to us. And we have not had sex since yesterday afternoon.'

'This must have been their idea of a joke to remember them,' Carlotta said.

'Some joke!' Abby said bitterly.

The smell of their arousal began to permeate their little circle of bucking, sweating, conjoined bodies. Their juices began squelch about their dildo plugs and run down their thighs

'I don't think I can hold on much longer,' Jordan said through gritted

teeth.

‘Why are we fighting it?’ Katrina wondered suddenly.

‘Yes,’ Suki said, ‘if we feel like coming then we should come. At least this will be for ourselves and not the pleasure of our captors.’

‘Fuck, you’re quite right!’ Abby said. ‘Let’s do it...’

And so they let it happen, allowing their gasps and moans of pleasure to fill the little valley and not caring as they sprayed their juices over the bottoms of the girls in front of them. After all they were sisters in adversity now and far worse things had happened to them...

And then there was a flash and popping sound from up the valley.

They all twisted their heads around in time to see a flare of bright white flame at the base of the bonfire. Immediately the petrol-soaked pile of wood, card and cloth ignited with a huge whoooph! They felt a wave of heat wash over them.

As the flames crackled and licked about the pile, sending a cloud of black smoke into the air, Jordan exclaimed, speaking up above the gathering roar: ‘Isn’t that very early?’

‘Yes,’ said Suki, ‘Margaret said it would not go off for six hours.’

‘That was only half an hour ago at the most,’ Katrina said.

‘The timer must have gone wrong or been set wrongly,’ Abby suggested. ‘It doesn’t matter, I suppose. In fact it means we’ll be found earlier than planned...’

‘But what if it’s burned itself out before the police are alerted to look out for a smoke signal?’ Katrina suddenly said. ‘Then they might not find us!’

They looked at each other in sudden horror. Then they began to tug on their chains and ropes, trying to pull themselves free, all the time gasping

and groaning as the shocks kept them pumping away into each other's bottoms. But their efforts only succeeded in stimulating themselves even more and they were in danger of coming once again even as they were gripped with the terror of being forgotten and abandoned.

Then over the roar of the fire and their own desperate struggles they heard a steady thumping sound that seem to be getting closer. They looked wildly about them and then upwards as the sound suddenly rose to a crescendo and a police helicopter flew across the narrow cleft of sky above them.

'It's too narrow for them to land down here. Can they even see us? Oh, why can't we wave!' Jordan exclaimed.

'All can do is fucking well shake our tits at them!' Abby said.

So they did just that, jumping up and down frantically, not caring that they were ramming their dildos even deeper into their behinds.

The helicopter circled around above the valley, the wash from its rotors scattering column of smoke from the fire as it tilted its nose downward.

'They've seen us!' Jordan said in delight.

And with that, filled with elation and the most acute sense of shame, they came again, dribbling their joy into the ground.

\* \* \*

Fifteen minutes later they heard the sound of snapping chains as the gates at the foot of the valley were broken open. Armed police in body armour advance cautiously up the valley, swinging their guns around searching for potential targets. They stopped to gape incredulously at the ring of five naked, chained and doubly impaled women, grunting and bucking their hips in sequence as they continued helplessly to sodomize each other.

Abby managed to gather her composure enough to say: 'Would you mind terribly getting is free? As you can see we're a bit tied up... '

‘But could you unplug us first, please,’ Jordan added.

Then there came a swarm of police with bolt cutters and blankets, followed by female officers to comfort them and paramedics to check them over and even a forensic team to gather evidence, until the little valley seemed to be crowded.

And then their fathers appeared, flanked by their own security guards. And then the girls fell into their arms and cried and cried...

\* \* \*

Half an hour later the girls were being made comfortable in the back of the paramedics 4 by 4’s which were the only kind of ambulances that could traverse the weaving, bumping almost non-existent track that was the only connection between the quarry and the outside world. Shortly they would be taken to the nearest hospital for a full examination and to be reunited with their mothers.

Meanwhile their fathers were in urgent conversation with the police superintendent in charge of the rescue operation. The girls watched and listened from the car. Reaction was setting in and they were feeling very tired. After a week with only six people for company it all seemed like too much babble. They just wanted to sleep.

However, relieved that their daughters were now safe, their fathers were now turning their attention to retribution and tracking down the kidnappers, and they were in no mood for half measures, as they were making clear to the superintendant commanding the rescue squad.

‘You will scour this whole miserable country until you find them,’ Wesley Armstrong was demanding. ‘If you need more air support I can arrange it.’

‘You saw how they treated them!’ Sir Terence Coverley said. ‘That woman who led them must be insane. And the men even kept charts of our daughters’ violations for their amusement! What does that tell you about them?’

‘Savages,’ Nikolay Davlenko spat.

‘The lowest of the low,’ said Rodrigo Torres. ‘I shall put up a reward for their capture.’

‘I thought this was a civilized country,’ said Hideo Tokushima.

‘I assure you, gentlemen, that everything will be done to find them,’ the superintendent promised, by now looking harassed.

It was while they were still talking that a patrol car appeared to join the cluster already parked about the hillside. Inside it they could see two uniformed officers and a woman in dark clothing. One of the officers got out and reported to the superintendent. They could hear what he said:

‘...found her just a few miles away, Sir. She said her bike had broken down, but she was cutting across country in a hurry. Gives her name as Jane Debbs, which matches her license, but there’s something wrong about her...’

While they had been talking the posse of angry fathers had gone over to the patrol car, pulled open the back door and half dragged the woman out, who they now saw was dressed in black motor cycle leathers.

‘Gentlemen, this is not how we do things here...’ the superintendent said sharply.

‘To hell with that,’ said Armstrong.

‘I know your chief constable personally,’ Coverley snapped as they pulled the struggling woman over to the paramedic’s car. ‘Is this her, the one who abused you?’ he said to the girls inside.

‘Let go of me,’ Jane Debbs protested, her eyes shying away from the faces of the girls in the car. ‘Who are you? What’s happening here?’

The girls froze. They did not recognize the face, which was of a moderately attractive thirtyish woman with short dark hair, but the voice was unmistakable.

‘It’s her, I know it!’ Sir Terrance Coverley said. He glared into her face. ‘What have you done with our money?’

‘What money?’ Debbs said brazenly.

‘The money we donated to charity. Five billion dollars to the so-called the poor and needy! It’s been all over the media for the last few days.’

‘Well, good for you,’ she retorted.

‘Except that it didn’t get to the poor and needy, apart from a few trivial amounts!’ Coverley snarled. ‘The bulk of it was stolen! Intercepted somehow as it was being transferred between agencies and diverted into ghost accounts which were then cleared out as it was siphoned off to who knows where! What did you do with it, you sick perverted thief!’

And Margaret/Jane Debbs, went white as a sheet and then slowly sank to her knees.



## Chapter Ten

It was three months later.

Jane sat in a cell beneath London's Central Criminal Court waiting to be taken up for the commencement of her trial.

She wondered what it would be like to see the girls again face to face across the courtroom, after the fleeting glimpse she had of them through the car window; before they had been driven off and the policemen had wrested her from the angry clutches of their enraged fathers.

She had been taken into custody and refused bail while they were taken into therapy and counselling to get over their ordeal away from the prying cameras of the media. In a strange way she felt she had lost them again. How they must hate her!

No more that she did herself, of course, for being used like that. Her so called comrades had deceived them all. In her own way she had been as naive and trusting as the five women she had kidnapped and accused of so many shortcomings. For a while it had felt good to have the men's support and not to feel alone in her struggle for justice. And she had been so flattered when they had insisted that she should be the "voice" of their cause. In fact all the time they had been organizing a massive theft.

The ransom money had vanished as it had filtered down the distribution system, except for the particular accounts she had been monitoring. They had been criminals all along and they had left her to take the blame. The last thing she had seen of them was when they had driven off in their Land Rover from the place a little way from the quarry where they had hidden their vehicles, while her bike had hardly carried her half a mile before it had choked and died. Now she guessed that they had put something in its petrol tank. Then she had imagined it was just bad luck. But shortly afterwards the timer had started the fire in the quarry hours earlier than planned and somehow the police had already been alerted and she began to fear the worst. On foot she had soon been picked up while her "comrades"

had somehow evaded the police that day and no trace of them had been found since.

She had considered telling the police all she knew about them but that would mean admitting her own guilt. In any case if they had planned this from the start, anything she thought she knew about them was probably false. So she had fallen back on stubborn denial of any involvement in the affair. Anyway she was not going to cooperate with a corrupt legal system that favoured the rich and powerful. They would have to fight every step of the way. At least her laptop had been securely wiped and destroyed by the fire and the police had not been able to prove her connection with any of the ransom recordings. Her voice distortion must also have worked or else they would already have confronted her with the evidence to force a confession. That meant she would have her day in court. She might even get an opportunity to make some sort of gesture.

The guards came in and she was escorted up the courtroom.

As she took her place in the dock she saw the public gallery was packed. That was not surprising. After her arrest news had got out about the sensational kidnapping of the so-called “Princesses of Capitalism”, lurid tales of how they had been held captive, the huge ransom paid for them and its subsequent disappearance. Public and media interest in her trial was guaranteed.

She was not surprised at the absence of the business men she had unwittingly defrauded. They would be content to have their representatives attend in their place. But she had expected to see the girls at some point. Of course, they were witnesses against her and so would only appear when called. As their evidence would be highly embarrassing perhaps they would do it remotely. Was that allowed? She had not thought to ask.

She had not given Fisk, her token court-appointed defence barrister, much to work with on her behalf beyond flat denial. Not that he could have saved her. It was inevitable she would be convicted. She could not prove she was elsewhere during that week of the girls’ imprisonment and her activities before then were at least grounds for suspicion even if she had left no bio traces at the quarry. Of course she had counted on never being associated

with the quarry or kidnapping at all. If she had had the six hours start she had planed she would have been two hundred miles away by the time the girls were found. But once she had been caught the girls would say they recognized her voice. After all they had had plenty of opportunity to get to know it well. She might get away with ten years if she was lucky...

But Fisk was looking content and gave her a quick nod of reassurance, while the prosecution team were not looking happy for some reason.

The court was called to order and the judge took his seat. Then Langham, the prosecution lead, rose and begged leave to speak.

‘We are offering no evidence in case of the Crown against Ms Jane Debbs, My Lord,’ he stated simply.

There was a mutter of surprise in the courtroom while Jane suddenly felt dizzy.

‘What is the reason for this, Mr Langham?’ the judge asked curiously.

‘The chief witnesses against Ms Debbs, namely Ms Coverley, Ms Armstrong, Ms Torres, Ms Tokushima and Ms Davlenko, have all recently made statements retracting any previous assertions or suggestions that they may have given that Ms Debbs was the woman instrumental in their kidnapping and subsequent abuse, My Lord. They say they have heard her speak during police interviews and are now quite sure she was not the woman in question. Since our case against Ms Debbs was based principally on their identification of her and in view of the fact that it has been impossible to make any definite match between Ms Debb’s voice and that of the woman on the ransom demand recordings due to their deliberate distortion, and that there is no other substantial evidence to link her to location where the woman were held prisoner, except for her being found in the general area at the time of their release, or the limousine from which they were abducted a week earlier, except that Ms Debbs has no alibi for this time, we are therefore offering no evidence against her.

We’re sure she’s guilty, he was saying, but without the girls’

testimony we can't prove it.

'I see, very well.' The judge banged his gavel. 'Ms Debbs, since no evidence is being offered against you, you have no case to answer. You are therefore free to leave...'

\* \* \*

There was a media scrum outside the court and they bombarded Jane with questions as she left and followed her all the way to Paternoster Square, where she finally gave in and stopped long enough to hold an impromptu news conference, where she:

Thanked the five women for their statement clearing her name.

Confirmed it had all been a simple case of mistaken identity.

Said she did not blame the police and denied she was going to sue them for wrongful arrest.

Said she wanted to get back to her normal life now.

Refused to grant any media outlets exclusive interviews...

And she continued to answer their questions or stonewall until eventually they got tired and gradually drifted away. Finally she was alone and free. But what should she do now?

Then there was a touch on her elbow. She turned round expecting to see another camera. Instead she saw a woman with a hat pulled down over her eyes which were shielded by dark glasses. The woman lowered them for a moment and Jane found herself looking into Abby Coverley's face.

'We need to talk...' Abby said. 'Our car's round the corner...'

And Jane let her lead away to the big car which had been parked out of sight. She wondered for a moment if the girls had engineered her freedom simply so they could take their personal revenge on her. She consider running but she really was not sure where she would run to. She didn't have a normal

life to go back to any more, she realized. In any case, perhaps they deserved their revenge after what she had done to them.

The other four girls were in the chauffeured car with tinted windows. They all looked as smartly dressed and beautiful as ever. As soon as she and Abby got in the car pulled smoothly away into the London traffic.

Jane hardly dared meet their eyes, but to her surprise they were smiling at her.

‘Don’t worry,’ Abby said, taking her hand reassuringly. ‘I promise we don’t want to hurt you. If we wanted you to suffer we’d be testifying against you right now. It’s just that we’ve got something very important to tell you.’

‘Why did you tell the police it wasn’t me?’ Jane asked. ‘I know you recognized my voice.’

‘Because it wouldn’t have been right,’ Jordan said. ‘You see you’ve been as much a victim as we were. You were set up from the start.’

‘I know that,’ Jane said bitterly. ‘By my so-called comrades! I was a fool. I wanted to believe so badly that other people felt like I did. They took me in completely. I still think what I did would have been justified if it had worked out as planned. But I’m no thief. None of it was for me. You must believe that. I was just trying to do some good... ‘

‘We know you were genuine,’ Katrina assured her. ‘But we aren’t talking about those men. We mean the ones who put them up to it, who sponsored them, if you like.’

Jane felt lost and confused. ‘Who do you mean? Were they working for somebody else?’

‘They were,’ Abby said, ‘although we’ll never be able to prove it.’

‘Who are they?’ Jane asked.

She saw the faces of the girls darken as their lips pinched. Then Abby took a deep breath and said: ‘Our fathers and their companies!’

Jane gaped at them in disbelief. 'Your fathers? You can't mean that...'

'We do,' Carlotta said forcefully. 'You've no idea how hard is for me to say this, but my father, and all our fathers, helped organize out abduction.'

'They planned it all from the start using your comrades as their agents and setting you up to take the fall,' Jordan added.

'They've turned out to be just as bad as you said they were all along,' Katrina said miserably.

'We've spent these last months working out what they did and why,' Suki confirmed.

'We hate it but it's true,' Abby said.

'But even then... why would they do something like that to you... to their own daughters?' Jane choked out.

'Several reasons probably,' Abby said. 'For a start they didn't like our involvement with Embrace the World because it opened their business practices to criticisms from people we were supporting. They only backed it in the end when it looked like it was going to be a success and they could get some good PR out of it. But we were still a problem. We've all been a bit wild over the years and it didn't look like we were going to get respectable and take over their firms as only-children should. So this was a kind of spanking to teach us a lesson about who not to believe in and set us right by their standards. It guaranteed we wouldn't be so sympathetic to do-gooders, environmentalists and human rights defenders in future.'

'Oh... that's almost too incredible to believe,' Jane said slowly.

'You've got to think big like our fathers do,' Jordan explained. 'And of course be ruthless bastards. To be fair they made sure we wouldn't get seriously get hurt. They choose the men to screw and lightly abuse and frightened us but nothing worse, and you to run the thing because, although

you're a radical, you've got principles and you're not homicidal. They probably calculated that we wouldn't suffer anything worse than what we might do to ourselves in a crazy moment with some heavy handed boyfriend.'

Abby continued: 'Also business has been tight in recent years so they could do with the money. This was a way of apparently paying out a billion dollars each which of course they would get back again through money-laundering. They'd probably also get compensated through kidnap insurance or writing off the loss against tax. They know all the tricks. And they could play on public sympathy and get free publicity, etc, etc...'

Jane clasped her aching head in her hands, trying to take it all in. She was surprised to find how resistant she was to such a suggestion despite the things she had said about the ruthlessness of capitalist financiers and industrialists over the years. She had just never experienced it personally before through the girls' emotions which she sensed were barely controlled. She had been used and deceived twice over along with the girls. It was shocking but it did make a terrible kind of sense.

'How did you find out the truth about your parents' involvement?' she asked.

'There were several clues. We'll tell you in a minute,' Abby said. 'We're nearly there...'

Jane looked out of the window and saw they were now in a smart residential suburb. There were large respectable houses tastefully set back from a tree-lined road and largely hidden behind high walls and hedges. The homes of the rich and powerful, she thought resignedly. The car turned through a high wrought iron gate and parked on a swathe of gravel in front of a smart, white rendered, three story Georgian mansion.

The girls climbed out and took Jane with them up the steps of its portico. There was a fresh new brass nameplate by the doorpost that read: *Happy Valley*. Abby opened the big front door and they entered an echoing hallway with polished bare boards and no furniture.

'Where are we? Who lives here?' Jane asked, looking round

uncertainly.

‘We do,’ Abby said simply. ‘We just haven’t got around to furnishing it yet.’

‘And we might want to make some special alterations first,’ Jordan added.

They led Jane through into a large airy reception room with net curtains shielding the lower halves of its big sash windows. There was one item of furniture in the room, or rather a device. It was a five-sided open wooden frame standing over head height. Sets of cuffs dangled from its corners. Beside it was a chair with a box on it with the handles of what looked like canes and spanking paddles protruding from it.

Jane gaped at the things in utter confusion. ‘What’s this for?’

The girls laughed. ‘Don’t you know?’ Abby said. ‘We based in on that frame in your tent, except we thought we could all use it at the same time...’

And then they began to undress, peeling off their smart clothes and tossing them casually aside. In moments they were all totally naked.

Jane gulped and felt her stomach scooping as she looked on their lovely bare bodies, which were as perfect as she remembered them. No, they were as perfect as she had first seen them before she and her hated false comrades had marked them with their canes and lashes. She felt her nipples standing up and her pussy growing hot and wet.

The girls moved to the stand and took up positions one in each open panel which framed them like a door arch. They faced inward and spread their legs and reached up their hands to the dangling cuffs and then looked at her expectantly.

‘Well, go on then, you know what we want you to do,’ Abby said

‘W... what...?’ Jane stammered.



‘We’ve really missed this,’ Suki admitted.

‘Don’t tell us now that you’ve forgotten how to give a spoilt, decadent, capitalist princess a good spanking?’ Katrina said.

‘Or pretend that you didn’t enjoy doing it to us before,’ Jordan said.

‘We won’t tell you how we worked out the truth about our fathers’ unless you beat it from us,’ Carlotta taunted.

‘You see this is the real joke,’ Abby admitted. ‘You really broke us. Compared to what we went through during that week in the quarry, nothing else seems to matter. Nothing else is as intense or real. You made us feel ashamed about what we were and it only got worse when we found out that it was true. You made us look again at our pointless lives which only led us to be used as expensive pawns in a game between you and our fathers. But we’re thinking for ourselves now and right now we know we really deserve to suffer. We want to be punished and we want you to do it.’

The others all nodded eagerly.

Abby grinned. ‘But not just for our pleasure... we’ve got a scheme in mind and it involves you... but we won’t tell you what it is unless you beat it out of us as well.’

‘And make us call you “Madam” again...’ Suki added.

As though in a dream Jane walked around the ring of naked bodies with their perfect bare bottoms turned out inviting correction. She reached up and slid their wrists into cuffs straps and tightened them about slender ankles until the girls were all held firmly spread-eagled within their own sections of the frame. Then she selected a spanking paddle from the box and walked around the ring of girls again, dragging its rubber blade across their buttocks. She watched them clench as the girls moaned and shivered in anticipatory delight.

She moved round behind Abby, lined up the paddle against her perfect pink buttock cheeks and then swung it hard. There was a sweet crack

of rubber on flesh that echoed round the bare room. Abby jerked her whole bodily convulsively and gave a delighted yelp of pain. A rosy blush began to spread across her bottom cheeks.

‘Tell me how you discovered the truth,’ Jane commanded.

‘Yes, Madam. We were given some clues even as they were looking after us in the paramedics’ car outside the quarry just before you appeared. Our fathers were getting angry at the policeman. Mine said the men who had abused us even kept charts of our violations for their amusement. But how did he know that? You didn’t even know until the day before, did you, Madam? And the charts had been burnt with all the rest of the evidence. At the time we were all too tired to take it in and we assumed one of us must have mentioned it while they had been comforting us individually earlier. It was only later when we talked together that we realised we hadn’t. They could only have known about the chart if the men had told them, which seemed like nonsense at first.’

Jane moved round to Jordan and swiped the paddle across her buttocks, making her yelp in turn.

‘What else was there?’

‘They were all so sure it was you, Madam, when they pulled you from the police car and heard you speak. We didn’t recognise your face but we recognise your voice of course. But they had only heard the electronically distorted version in the recordings you sent them. The police were never able to unscramble them so how were they so sure it was you? Unless they already knew who you were, Madam...’

Jane moved round to Katrina and gave her fleshy bottom a couple of extra hard smacks, the paddle making her cheeks shiver delightfully. ‘What else?’

‘The original kidnapping was so smooth and well organized, Madam. You had to have had help from the inside, even if you didn’t know it. But who could corrupt all the security our fathers had laid on to protect us? Only they themselves, Madam...’

Jane moved round to Suki and smacked her tight little olive buttocks. 'Anything more?'

'Our fathers were worried too soon about their money, Madam. They were not really as shocked at seeing us as they should been, though we were in a terrible state when they found us. Even allowing for them being a bit distant from us because of our pasts, afterwards when we talked about it we realised that it had felt wrong. And they wanted to shift the police's attention to the missing money as soon as possible. When you turned up that gave them the excuse. They were not distracted by our condition or the sodomizer device because it was what they expected. It was what they had planned...'

Jane could not quite believe there was any more to tell, but to complete the set she moved on to Carlotta and beat her coffee-tinted bottom firmly. 'Was there anything else that gave them away?'

'All those torture props you used on us, Madam. We wondered while we were still in the quarry why you had so many of them. They seemed to be such an unnecessary extravagance. Did your male comrades provide them?'

'Yes, they did,' Jane said with a heavy heart. 'Were they deceiving me again?'

'We think so, Madam. 'We only worked out later that they were meant to make the people backing you seem more committed and to impress you. Also they gave you something more to play with when you were tormenting us. Plain simple whippings would have done the job but we might have got more seriously injured. And they looked dramatic and menacing on the recordings. But they really were a luxury that people genuinely scared of being caught wouldn't have risked building or transporting to the quarry unless they were confident they wouldn't be found.'

Jane groaned. 'Why couldn't I see this? They used me to punish you and commit a massive fraud!'

'You saw what you wanted to see, Madam,' Abby said. 'We all do. It took us a long time to accept that our fathers really had been behind this.'

‘But of course we can’t prove any of it, Madam,’ Jordan admitted. ‘They know we know but if we started to make wild accusations in public then it’ll be put down to post traumatic stress, and getting you off will be linked with Stockholm syndrome or something like that.’

‘At the moment we’ve come to an understanding just to maintain our distance,’ Suki said. ‘We must try to maintain relations with our mothers. We don’t think they knew anything about it. Our fathers are very dominating, you see...’

‘What about your boyfriends? Those people who were in the car when we kidnapped you?’

‘They were not much better than you said, Madam,’ Katrina admitted. ‘When we returned some of them treated us like we were dirty. Then we saw them for what they really were: more interested in our money and influence than as people.’

‘I’m sorry for that,’ Jane said. ‘I’m sorry for everything...’

‘Don’t be, Madam,’ Abby said. ‘You did do terrible things to us but you had an unselfish and noble reason for it and you were always honest. In fact you’re the most honest person we know.’

‘What do I do now?’

‘Now you screw us, Madam. There’s a dildo in the box you’d like. Then you can make us tell you about this scheme we have in mind...’

There was a wonderful dildo in the box; bright red, fat and thickly pronged. Jane took off her jeans and panties and strapped it on. The weight of it pressing against the mound of her vulva felt exciting. Then she walked around her captives feeling that sense of power returning that she had not known since the quarry. She swiped their bottoms again with her spanking paddle.

‘So what’s this scheme you have in mind?’

‘You’ll have to do better than that, Madam,’ Katrina said.

She swung the paddle up between their spread legs making the blade curl lovingly about their exposed sex mounds. The girls screamed and yelped in pain as it smacked into them, flattening their pouting pussy mouths. She worked her way round the circle of girls until they were all trembling and moist-eyed. Then she came back to Abby and slid her fingers into the cleft of her buttocks. She discovered her anus was well greased. Good girls, they had prepared themselves properly...

She embraced Abby from the rear even as she pushed the pronged head of the dildo into her buttock cleft and forced it up into her rectum. Abby went up on her tiptoes, squealing in pain as she was penetrated. Jane began to pump into her, glorying in the resistance she felt from her tight rectum.

‘Now you’ll tell me what this scheme it is,’ she commanded.

She kept one arm wrapped about Abby’s chest, squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples, while with the other in which she held the spanking paddle she reached into the circle of girls and began swiping it across their chests, making their breasts shiver and leap and filling the room with the happy crack of rubber on soft pliant flesh.

‘Uhhh... it’s like this, Madam,’ Abby groaned. ‘We don’t deserve all the privileges we’ve had in life. In fact we deserve to suffer but not pointlessly...’

‘Looking at those pictures on the walls of the cage tent for hours on end in the quarry brought home to us who really needs help in this world,’ Carlotta sobbed.

‘But we can’t go to our families for help with that because they’re so terrible,’ Suki groaned.

‘We want to continue supporting Embrace the World publicly, but we also want to do more privately,’ Katrina whimpered.

‘If our consciences are ever to be clean again we’ve got to do the best

we can with the most valuable things we've got to offer... which is ourselves,' Abby continued. 'And we'd like you to help us, please Madam?'

\* \* \*

It was six weeks later.

Jane checked her sleek, black figure-hugging dress in the hall mirror before she opened the door of *Happy Valley* and welcomed their guests for the night. She was getting quite fussy about her appearance, she realized. But after all now she had a certain image to maintain...

There were six of them, four men and two women. As agreed they were all masked. Jane understood the value of masks. It made people bolder and hid a multitude of sins.

She escorted them into the main reception room, offered them drinks and then tactfully brought to their attention the *Embrace the World* display on a table in one corner and the collecting boxes arrayed in front of it: six of them, to be precise.

'Of course you are not paying for any services you receive in this house tonight,' Jane said, 'but I know the donations will bring their own rewards. We accept all major credit cards, cheques and cash of course and you will be given full receipts afterwards. Do take a leaflet as well...'

Whether the guests thought they were making genuine donations or not didn't matter to Jane. The money was what counted and she knew they could afford it. At least there was no deception on her part. And they would get good value for their money.

'They really look just like them?' one of the men asked tentatively, nodding at a picture of Abby, Katrina, Suki, Carlotta, and Jordan as they posed in front of the *Embrace the World* logo.

'The absolute spitting images of them,' Jane assured them. 'In fact we challenge you to spot any differences. But that's what your here for after all, isn't it? They'll even respond to their names. It's what your donation buys.'

Feel free to imagine they are the genuine article...’

The guests laughed. The idea that five of the richest and most eligible young women in the world would do this was absurd of course.

‘Now if you’re all ready, the girls have been prepared as agreed. Remember you don’t have to be gentle. They are all happy to suffer...’

Jane led the way up the main staircase and along the big first floor landing with its bedroom doors marked with small name plaques. *Abby, Katrina, Carlotta...*

‘Now, which of you booked who... oh yes...’

She opened the door of Abby’s room and showed the female guest who had booked her inside.

Abby was lying on her back a large brass framed the bed. She was totally naked and chained by the wrists and ankles spread-eagled. Her mouth was stopped by a large red ball gag. The handle of a spanking paddle had been inserted into her vagina so that it jutted out from between her spread thighs. The guest’s face lit up behind her mask at the sight of it.

Jane said: ‘Enjoy...’ and closed the door.

Opening Katrina’s door revealed her naked and strapped kneeling at the foot of her bed facing outwards. Her arms were outstretched and bound to its brass frame. She was also gagged but with a ring gag, so her mouth was invitingly open in a wide “O”. Her big breasts were sandwiched between a pair of iron rods bound with bungee cords so that they bulged outward proudly. Her knees were spread and she was impaled on a fat dildo. A school cane was hooked over the bed end.

Carlotta was also naked and tightly strapped with her back to a section of plastic drainpipe which was slotted over an upright free-standing post. Between her legs a horizontal bar jutted out from the post through a vertical slot cut in the drainpipe. The bar had a saw-tooth upper edge which dug into the mouth of Carlotta’s dusky pussy. Her feet rested on a board

supported by a car jack which could be raised or lowered by the handle on the floor in front of her. In her teeth she held the handle of a cat-of-nine-tails.

A gibbet-like frame hung over Suki's bed, from the end of which hung a horizontal steel bar to which Suki was bound naked. Her arms and legs were pulled back behind her in a hogtie, which bowed her slender body. Her elbows were hooked about the bar to which her ankles were also strapped. Her wrists were pulled forward and strapped across her chest under her breasts. Weights were clipped to her brown nipples, stretching them painfully. A cane had been inserted into her anus and it stood out quivering from between her tight buttocks.

Jordan was stood with her wrists cuffed behind her on a long strip of board with head-high metal posts at each end. The outer faces of the posts were fitted with hooks from which hung canes, lashes and paddles. Strung between the posts was a knotted rope at waist height, over which Jordan was straddled, and a pair of bungee cords at neck height which were hooked to the front and back rings of Jordan's high metal and rubber collar. Where the rope cut up between Jordan's legs into her golden-fuzzed vulva it was stained dark and the room was heavy with the scent of her arousal. Dark splatters of her juices marked the boards under her feet.

Jane closed the door of Jordan's room behind her guest.

Now there was only one guest left, a stocky man with greying hair, and one door at the end of the hall. The name on it read: *Jane – House Madam*. Jane opened it and ushered him inside.

There was a special thrill to be had knowing you were mastering the woman who controlled such beautiful creatures. Jane knew she was no raving beauty but she had a strong, intelligent face and a good sturdy, resilient body, which looked like it would be a challenge to master.

A plastic sheet had been laid out on the floor at one end of which was a tubular frame like a minimalist armless chair, amply supplied with straps, with what looked like a tiny black rubber saddle for a seat. Rising up from this was a big black greased rubber dildo. On a small table beside the chair was the equipment her guest had requested.



He took hold of the straps of her dress, pulled them over her shoulders and then stripped it down to her feet, leaving her totally naked except for her high heels. Her breasts were full and rounded, capped by prominent red nipples, her waist was tight, and her pubic mound was still prominent and clean shaven.

Taking hold of her hair with one hand he slapped her firm pale bottom with the other hard enough to leave finger marks. As she yelped and struggled feebly he pulled her over to the chair, twisted her round and sat her down on its tiny saddle seat. She shrieked and her eyes bulged as it slid up her backside, impaling her. He of course ignored her yell of pain, pulling her arms down against the back legs of the chair and strapping them in place. He spread her squirming legs wide, crooking her knees and pulled her feet behind the front chair legs before strapping her ankles in place.

Now she was tilted back in the chair with her legs splayed and bent, with her pussy mound thrust out over her impaled anus.

He pulled her head back over the top of the chair back and pulled the looped bungee cords that had been hanging behind it up over her face. A pair went across her mouth, stretching her lips back and baring her teeth, another went over her neck and the last across her eyes.

Now she was immobilised, gagged and blindfolded.

He took up the plastic water bottle with the plastic tube top from the table, forced the tube into her mouth between the two bungee cords and pinched her nose so that she had to messily choke half a bottle down. He held his hand to her palpitating stomach so he could feel it filling.

Then he took up the spanking paddle that had also been provided and began to smack her breasts, stomach and the pale, exposed cleft-mound between her legs

Jane writhed and tugged at her straps, shrieking and sobbing and biting on the cords stretching her mouth wide, twisting her hips about and screwing the dildo ever deeper up her rectum even as she clenched her sphincter tight about it. Savouring her distress he continued to beat her,

making her breasts leap and jiggled as he slapped them from side to side and down and up, driving her hard nipples into them again and again.

And gradually the pressure in her belly grew as her bladder filled, accelerated by her plugged rear. Jane struggled to hold it in but she knew she was doomed to fail. That was the whole point...

Suddenly a fierce jet of hot pee spurted from her pussy and splattered across the plastic ground sheet and she moaned and dribbled about her gag almost in orgasmic delight and despair.

She heard her guest laugh at her shameful loss of control. Then he began to paddle her helpless body again.

As Jane whimpered and sobbed, she knew she had given him a fine display of female disgrace and humiliation. But he could not guess how deeply it thrilled her.

It was the final crowning irony. As she had corrupted the girls, so they had unwittingly corrupted her, all becoming mutual slaves to their dark needs. But then her conscience was hardly clear. She also deserved to suffer. And after all, it was in a good cause...

THE END

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