

The Bondage Parlour Part 1



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

THE BONDAGE PARLOUR

PART 1

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Chapter One

As Stephanie worked her way down Telford Mews she began to feel despair returning once again. Heading away from the St Pancras area she had come across this quiet shopping mews in Islington and saw its eclectic mix of a pet shop, a couple of antiques shops, a second-hand antiquarian bookshop, a small bakers and an independent fashion retailer. It had seemed invitingly secluded and friendly, unlike so much of London. Perhaps this was somewhere she could hide...

But none of the shops were looking for casual assistants at the moment. Was this simply a stupid idea born out of desperation rather than reason, like the impulse that had brought her here in the first place? But what else could she do?

Finally Stephanie reached the premises at the very end of the mews. The lower half of its small display window held a simple ornate bowl of roses backed by a curved chest-high black velvet panel. Above the backing panel was an inner window of heavy frosted glass. In one corner of this minimal display stood a small plaque which read: *N & E Villiers: Bespoke Trammel Accessories*.

What was a “Trammel” Stephanie wondered? It didn’t matter. She’d try selling them if they gave her the chance.

Stephanie pushed at the door but it was locked. It bore a notice saying: “Callers by appointment only.” Still, what had she to lose? She rang the bell even as she realized that there was a small security camera looking down on her from an upper corner of the recessed door alcove.

After a minute the door was opened by a slim, distinguished looking man perhaps in his mid forties, greying slightly at the temples, who wore a dark waistcoat, a blue shirt and a red bowtie. He took Stephanie in at a measured glance, noting her creased clothes and the bag slung across her shoulders, her untidy hair and the hollow, desperate look in her normally

bright and clear eyes, which were not solely the result of her sleeping rough.

‘Good Morning, can I help you?’ he asked in cultured, assured tones.

‘I was wondering if you were looking for shop assistants at the moment?’ Stephanie asked, trying to make it sound as if it was a casual request.

The man raised a critical eyebrow. ‘And do you have any experience in handling our line of merchandise?’

Stephanie gulped and admitted less airily: ‘No... I mean I’ve no idea what you sell, but you see I really need to find some work. Today... I’ll do anything...’

The man looked her up and down again closely. ‘Anything?’

‘Yes.’

‘How old are you?’

‘Nineteen.’

‘We’ll if we were to employ you officially we’d need to see your P45 form. Have you got it with you?’

‘Umm... no. I was sort of hoping to work casually... cash in hand, you know.’

‘I see. Have you any other references?’

‘Er... no.’

‘You don’t live locally, do you?’

‘No, not exactly locally.’

‘And you’ve no family or friends in London to stay with?’

She had a couple of friends but she dare not go to them. 'No.'

'Run away from home, have you?'

There was no fooling him. She nodded. 'Yes... sort of...'

He appeared to consider for a moment and then he said: 'Perhaps we can find a position for you. I'm Nathan Villiers. I run this establishment with my wife. And you are...?'

'I'm Stephanie... Smith.'

Had he noticed her hesitation? He smiled and stood aside and beckoned. 'Then come into our parlour, Miss Smith...'

Within was a hallway lit by the fanlight above the front door. It was very clean and fresh smelling with another bowl of roses on a side table.

'You can put your bag down there,' Nathan indicated a recess beside a coat stand. 'It will be perfectly safe. We do not have another client booked to call this morning...'

That sounded very exclusive Stephanie thought as she un-slung her back pack and set it down, looking about her with interest and hope. There was a door at the far end of the hall and two recessed doorways along the left hand wall. The nearer one was oddly framed between two deep panels of square wooden latticework construction. Where the lattice battens crossed they seemed to be pinned together by metal studs with stubby spiked heads. None of this gave her any clue as to what their business actually was.

Nathan Villiers stepped aside and indicated this framed door. 'If you would just wait in here I'll fetch my wife and we'll have proper look at you...'

He was so polite that Stephanie suspected nothing. Within the recess, which was perhaps a metre deep and half as much again wide, was another solid door studded like the outer lattice panels. It bore a small plaque that read: "Reception Room". She stepped up to it and tried its handle but it

would not open.

‘I think its locked,’ she said, turning round to Villiers only to see him closing the lattice side panels, which only now did she realize were hinged like doors, across the recess, trapping her within it. Small lights set in the top and sides of the recess came on, illuminating her brightly.

‘Hey... what are you doing!’ she cried in alarm.

‘We like to screen uninvited visitors before they precede any further, Stephanie, especially those who give false names,’ he said as he pressed a button on a wall mounted switch panel which had been concealed by the lattice shutters.

Stephanie lunged forward to try to push the shutters open and gave a yelp of pain, snatching her hands away and flinching backward. The metal studs in the panel had given her a sharp electric shock. She turned and banged on the door behind her, only to yelp again as its studs and brass door handle sent more jolts through her hands.

‘There is no way out until we decide to free you,’ Villiers said.

Stephanie pulled out her mobile phone and held it up threateningly. ‘Let me go right now or I’ll call the police!’

‘No you won’t, Stephanie,’ Villiers said calmly. ‘You’re obviously hiding from something or someone and you wouldn’t be here if you could have gone to the police about your problems. But don’t despair. We may be able to help you...’

And he went off down the hall leaving Stephanie alone in her strange cage, feeling her stomach knotting up in fear. She felt all round the wood panelling which lined the recess but there was no escape or any apparent means of opening the double doors. She was trapped.

Villiers was back inside two minutes. As he reappeared in the hall a panel opened at head height in the solid door at her back between the metal studs. Stephanie twisted about to see a small barred aperture and beyond it

the face of a fortyish woman with pale skin and collar-length black hair with a square-cut fringe. Her nose was firm and straight, her lips pursed and her dark eyes very deep and intelligent.

‘My wife, Elvira,’ Villiers explained by way of introduction.

‘Good morning, Stephanie,’ Elvira said formally, as if everything was perfectly normal and she was not participating in her unlawful imprisonment.

‘Let me out of here!’ Stephanie shouted at her.

‘It will do you no good to get angry, Stephanie,’ Elvira admonished. ‘You are on our premises and in our power and you will obey our rules. Firstly, if we are to find a position for you we need to see if you are physically suitable. So you will now undress completely.’

Stephanie could hardly believe her ears. ‘You... what!’

‘You will remove all your clothes and display yourself to us totally naked.’ Nathan amplified. ‘If your body is suitable then we might find work for you...’

‘You’re crazy... both of you!’ Stephanie choked. ‘No way!’

‘We’re not in the habit of repeating our instructions,’ Elvira said sternly. ‘You will undress immediately or else you will be compelled to obey...’

Both husband and wife moved as if actuating controls hidden from her sight. There were slight clicks from both the panels and the door and Stephanie was horrified to see the stud heads sliding inwards towards her on the ends of extending metal shafts. There was no escape. The grids of studs pressed into her clothing, pinning her between them. She tried to push them away but as she touched their shafts they flickered with blue sparks. She shrieked and jerked wildly, touching more metal, fluttering between the walls of spikes like a pinned butterfly, shrieking and sobbing helplessly.

Then the spikes retracted and she sank to her knees, hugging her arms

about herself and shaking in shock and fear.

‘Now do as we told you and take your clothes off, Stephanie,’ Nathan said sternly.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Stephanie obeyed. She had no choice.

With trembling fingers she took off her coat and boots and then all the rest. As she did so she was acutely aware of the two faces beyond the bars staring in at her with what seemed to be disturbingly clinical interest. Who were this mad couple? And what did they do here that meant they had an electric trap set up to spring on innocent callers?

Finally Stephanie shed her underwear and stood naked before them. Instinctively her hands slipped across her breasts and pubes.

‘Don’t cover yourself up,’ Nathan said sharply. ‘Interlock your fingers behind your neck and stand straight with your feet spread so you display your body properly. Good... now turn slowly so we can both see you from all sides...’

Biting her lip, Stephanie obeyed.

She was of a slender build and had long dark brown hair and pale skin. Her eyes were grey-blue and she had a slightly retroused nose, a slim firm jaw, a softly cleft chin and a cupid bow upper lip. Her breasts were neat and were carried high on her chest and were capped by large pale brown nipples. She had a tight waist, slim hips, a dark thick pubic bush and pale smooth buttocks.

Under the Villiers’ intense scrutiny Stephanie realized to her acute shame that her nipples were standing up.

‘Yes, very good,’ Nathan said after a minute’s study. ‘I think we might make something of her, don’t you, dear?’

‘I think so,’ Elvira agreed. ‘Let’s bring her through and put her on the table and find out more about her.’

Their calm but sinister words angered and frightened Stephanie. 'Make what of me? What table? What are you talking about? Are you fucking-well insane... awwww.... eek!

Nathan and Elvira had both pushed their sets of spikes into the cell again, jabbing into her now totally bare and exposed body. It seemed like a hundred hot electric needles stabbed into her making her shriek and jerked convulsively. They pulled the spikes away after a few seconds and again she sank trembling and shaking to her knees, shocked and very afraid.

'We do not tolerate bad language on these premises, Stephanie,' Nathan said. 'Do not forget that. You will not be reminded again, you will simply be punished, do you understand?'

Stephanie found her tongue: 'Y... Yes...'

'Now stand up straight again and cross your wrists behind your back,' Elvira said from behind her.

Stephanie realized as Nathan had been talking Elvira had opened a second hatch set lower down in the door behind her. It was as if the entire doorway had been fitted out just for this purpose. Numbly she obeyed and she felt Elvira take hold of her hands through the hatch and clip something cold and hard about her wrists. Handcuffs! She strained against them but it was too late now. Oh God, what was going on?

The door behind her opened and Elvira, who she now saw was dressed in a white blouse and ankle length skirt from beneath which suede boots tips showed, took hold of her by her hair and led her firmly out of the recess into the room beyond. Naked and with her wrists cuffed, Stephanie could not resist.

She was in the room behind the shop's front window, lit with soft white diffused light from the frosted glass panels above the window display. Set in the wall opposite this was another door with a small sign on it saying: SHOWROOM. The rest of the wall space was taken up by several tall heavy dark wooden cupboard and drawer units and half a dozen chairs of different styles. Hanging from the centre of the ceiling was a large tiffany lantern.

Directly beneath this was a wooden oval pedestal table with a deep heavy top and four splayed sturdy feet mounted on large castors.

Nathan opened up the lattice panels on the hall side and stepped through the doorway and with assured hands husband and wife guided Stephanie, who was filled with a kind of numbing disbelief, over to the table and between them made her kneel upon it. The pedestal table top was deep and heavy and covered in an odd kind of green padded leather and it had little inlaid patterns running around its edge and across its centre. The Villiers pressed on these inlays and to Stephanie's amazement there were clicks from concealed catches and fittings began to pop up out of the table top.

Large hooks were snapped over her ankles, pulling them forward and out to the rim of the table, while a second pair extended from the front of the table and hooked about the backs of her bent knees and pulled them forward. A strut carrying a padded bar rose up from the table top and pressed into her sternum between her breasts, bracing her upper body. A second strut rose up at an angle from the centre of the table and pressed a padded bar against her hips. A third strut extended up from the end of the table beneath her head. It had a curved padded bar on its end which went underneath her chin, tilting her head back. Elastic cords dangling from the ends of this bar went over her head and hooked together, holding her in place. Also hung from ends of this bar was a thick rubber ring on elastic cords. A third pair of large hooks on tensioned wire cords were drawn out of slots in the table rim and hooked about her crooked elbows where her arms were still folded across her back. The tension on them pulled her firmly down against the bracing bars beneath her body. Inside a minute Stephanie was secured to the table kneeling forward with her head overhanging one end and her outthrust buttocks and frighteningly exposed groin, at the other.

Even as Stephanie strained feebly against her inflexible bonds in terror, Nathan pressed a warning finger to her lips. 'Not a word while we examine you,' he told her. 'Or else I will gag you...'

As if Stephanie was some dog on a show stand, he and Elvira ran their hands over her bare body, patting and squeezing and pinching to test the resilience of her flesh and tone of her muscles. Her breasts were fondled and kneaded, their weight and heat were assessed, and her inexplicably hard

nipples were pulled and twisted. No part of her went unexamined. They even pried her buttocks open to examine the tight sphincter of her anus and pushed her fingers into her vulva, pulling her soft labia apart and examining the mouth of her vagina and the nub of her clitoris, which to her horror under their assured touch was swelling and rising.

But as Stephanie had been commanded she did not speak, although a few whimpers of fear and disgust passed her lips as she thought: this must be a dream, please let me wake up! But it was all too real.

When the Villiers had done they looked at each other and nodded. 'Yes, I think she's of excellent physical quality,' Nathan said.

'But has she the right spirit?' Elvira wondered. She looked deep into Stephanie's confused and frightened eyes. 'My husband said you did not know what a "trammel" was. Perhaps it will help you to understand better if you know that it is a kind of shackle. "Trammel" also means to confine or hamper...'

As she spoke Nathan went round opening up the cupboards. Hung within them was a neat, gleaming, oiled array of buckles, straps, collars, whips, chains, cuffs, rods, straps and dildos of every size and shape, together with devices whose function Stephanie could not even begin to guess, but which she looked at in dread and disbelief.

'Our business is the design and manufacture custom-made restraints for the owners of slave girls, or those who simply have submissive and masochistic partners, of whom there are a larger number than you might imagine.' Elvira continued. 'This is a selection of our smaller items of harness and corrective and pleasure devices. Our larger pieces are on show in our main display room...' she indicated the showroom door. 'We have a rather exclusive clientele and they like to see how our devices function before buying them. Sometime they bring their own slaves but we also keep a selection of house girls for the purpose of demonstrating them on the premises, either as a slave or, with appropriate accessories, playing the part of a master or mistress.'

'For instance you are currently confined on our popular living room

restraining table,’ Nathan said, slipping smoothly into salesman mode. ‘As you can see it will hold a slave secured in many different postures for examination, sexual use... or punishment.’

As he was speaking, Elvira took a lash down from the selection on display and swung its spray of leather thongs in the air in front of Stephanie’s horrified eyes.

‘Now you are going to tell us all about yourself and why you are here. Be entirely truthful or else I will whip your bottom until you faint from pain...’ and she moved round to Stephanie’s rear and trailed the lash thongs across her haunches.

‘Let’s start with your real name, Stephanie,’ Nathan said. ‘I’m sure it isn’t “Smith.” What is it?’

Stephanie shivered, tongue-tied by confusion, shame and terror. She hesitated too long...

The lash swished through the air and Stephanie yelped as it cut into her soft flesh, it pliant thongs curling up about the swell of her buttocks and flicking the mound of her pudenda. A second backhand swipe followed the first, catching the other faces of her buttocks, and then a third swinging upwards so that it licked up between her thighs and full into her pussy mound, cutting into her cleft.

Stephanie screamed as she felt hot tears at the back of her eyes.

‘Those were light strokes,’ Elvira said, running her hand over Stephanie’s hot buttocks. ‘Would you like harder ones?’

Stephanie snivelled. ‘N... no... please...’

‘Then tell us everything about yourself, starting with your real name...’

‘M... my name is Stephanie... J... Jane Conway,’ Stephanie choked out.

‘And why did you leave home and come to London seeking employment?’ Nathan asked. ‘Was it a problem with your parents or the way they treated you?’

Despite her terror she was suddenly horrified at the thought of them getting the wrong idea about her family. Hastily she said: ‘Oh... no, my parents are great and I’ve a l... lovely home, even if my father can be a b... bit uptight and strict sometimes...’

‘Go on...’

‘He...he has this thing about behaving responsibly. He’s always been so sensible and diligent. Everybody trusts him. Th... that’s one reason why he got his job. He’s an analyst for Glazer, Trent and Schelling, the financial consultants. They advise firms on mergers and major investments and that kind of thing. Sometimes there are billions of pounds involved and my father’s advice might swing a deal one way or the other...’ Stephanie felt the deep misery welling up inside her once more. ‘That’s where it all started...’

‘Tell us about it,’ Elvira prompted.

Incredibly it was growing easier to talk, bizarre as it was in the circumstances. Stephanie had been bottling up her fear and guilt for days and now it was a relief to let it all pour out of her. Well she had no choice. No choice at all...

‘S... some months ago I met this man called Alex Hartman. He was a few years older than me but he was good looking and funny and nice and kind. My parents didn’t like him for some reason, but I thought he was amazing. In fact I was falling in love with him... I had sex with him for the first time and it was great. I thought he was the one, you know. And then, after we’d got used to each other in bed, he got me to pose for these pictures... with me naked, playing with myself with this vibrator, that kind of stuff... in the end it got a bit dirty...’ She felt an absurd rush of shame at her confession, even though it was ridiculous in the circumstances.

‘I did it mostly because Alex wanted me to, but, at the time I also got sort of kick out of it, maybe because I hadn’t done anything like that before

and it felt exciting and daring. I enjoyed playing at being a bit wild and rebellious in secret, you know, doing things my parents would never have understood or approved of.' She felt a cold hand clench her heart as the memories cut into her. 'But then, once he had the pictures, Alex changed. He began asking what my father would think if he saw them. What would his colleagues at work think if they were posted on the Internet? G, T & S are a very traditional kind of company and my father's reputation would be ruined, especially with some of the Middle Eastern clients they had. But Alex said he would make sure they stayed private if I did what he told me. Apparently there was this big deal coming up which G, T & S were handling and that my father was working on... where to build a new manufacturing plant or something... and Alex wanted me to put bugs in my father's home office and on his computer so he could find out more about it...' Stephanie blinked tears from her eyes which had nothing to do with her simmering buttocks. 'Then I realized Alex hadn't loved me at all! He'd just been using me so he could spy on my father and get some kind of inside knowledge ahead of time about the details of this business deal!'

'That was cruel of him,' Elvira agreed.

'And that's why you ran away?' Nathan prompted.

'Yes. I was angry and frightened for myself but even more worried about my father. I knew I had to do something to try to put things right. But if I told him the truth he would be so disappointed with me and Alex might release the pictures anyway. So I thought if I disappeared without any explanation then Alex couldn't threaten me. Also, if it seemed I was worried about something so much that I had to run away then maybe I'd buy some sympathy for my father. At the worst I thought it would confuse things and Alex might hold off until he knew what had happened to me. Maybe G, T & S would see my father was too worried about me to work and they'd give the job to somebody else and that would ruin Alex's blackmail scheme. That's why I've got to stay out of the way until this deal goes through.'

'And how long will that be?' Nathan asked.

'A couple of months, maybe three. After that it won't matter so much what Alex does and I can go back home and explain.'

‘But until then I imagine that your parents will be concerned about your disappearance,’ Elvira said.

Stephanie bit her lip. ‘I did say I was going to stay with a friend in Bristol for a few days so they won’t be worrying right away. And I’ve turned off my phone so it can’t be traced and I won’t use any bank cards. Once I’d found somewhere to stay I thought I could send them postcards every week just letting them know I was all right but not saying where I was or why I’d run away, so Alex couldn’t make any threats in return. London seemed like a good place to hide. And that’s why I’ve not gone to a hostel or contacted friends. I couldn’t risk being somewhere my parents might find me if they started looking or got the police involved. But I didn’t have enough cash with me and I can’t use my bank cards now to draw out more in case they were traced. So I slept rough a couple of nights and it was awful and that was why was calling at shops trying to find work...’

‘And so you came to our door,’ Nathan concluded, ‘which was very fortunate for you indeed. Now I have an important question to ask you and you will answer honestly: Are you ashamed of yourself for getting involved with this Alex, going against your parents’ wishes and putting your father’s reputation at risk?’

Stephanie thought for a moment, trying to collect her thoughts, trying to ignore her nakedness, bondage and burning bottom. But in fact the answer was quite simple: ‘Yes, I am ashamed...’

‘And so you should be. You’ve been very foolish. But at least you’ve tried to make up for your mistake and fortune has led you to us. We can keep you hidden better than you can yourself. You’d be safe and warm and well fed, although not clothed or free.’

‘You see a pretty girl like you will make an excellent demonstration slave,’ Elvira said. ‘If you serve us none of our clients will know who you are and obviously they would have no interest in identifying you. As you can imagine our business requires total discretion, so you would be quite anonymous, which is what you want, isn’t it?’

‘And your guilt would be satisfied by your suffering,’ Nathan added

as if it was a lucky bonus. ‘Or would you rather we let you go and sent you back out onto the streets to live rough again?’

Stephanie gaped at them in disbelief. She felt dizzy and would have fallen over except for the bracing bars and hooks holding her in position. It was as if she had entered some fantasy world. She could hardly believe such an offer being made in 21st century London. And yet they were so open about it and businesslike and, well, respectable. She believed they meant everything they said. Her nipples throbbed and stood up at the thought of it...

Elvira said to Stephanie: ‘While you think about that we’re going to test your responses to pain. Serious pain, I mean.’ She stroked Stephanie’s hair almost comfortingly. ‘Don’t try to be brave. We want to see how attractively you cry. Obviously our slaves do a lot of that. It’s one way our clients judge the effectiveness of the devices we sell them...’

As Stephanie’s mouth opened in horror Nathan pulled the rubber ring up into place, forcing it between her jaws and behind her front teeth. She bit down on the stalks on each side of the ring which jutted out of the corners of her mouth to which its cord was tied, but she could not spit it out. Her mouth was now held wide as if in a frozen “O” of surprise and helpless invitation.

From the open cupboard Nathan took down a spanking paddle with a large pliant rubber blade. Then he and Elvira took up positions on either side of Stephanie. Her eyes swivelled from side to side and she whimpered in horror as they raised their arms.

Swish, crack! The lash and paddle slapped against her defenceless body. They smacked into the sides of her dangling breasts, making them swinging like bells. Then they swung upwards against her masochistically hard nipples, driving them up into her breasts. The blade and thongs smacked across her thighs and outthrust haunches. Finally and terribly they swung up between her splayed thighs and cracked against the tender cleft of her pussy, which squashed flat and splattered its dribbling juices. Why was it so hot and wet?

Stephanie did not know and in her despair she could not think to work out an answer. Nor did she try to be brave. Under the onslaught she wailed

and sobbed and tears ran freely down her cheeks.

It seemed to go on forever, but possibly after only a minute Nathan and Elvira put their lash and paddle down on the table under Stephanie and examined her woebegone face and trembling body with approval. Her eyes were wet and her cheeks were flushed and streaked with tears, her breasts, buttocks and thighs were blotched red and simmered and stung. And yet despite her pain and confusion she felt a liquid heat in her loins which reminded her of the dangerous excitement having sex with Alex had kindled within her...

Elvira probed the burning cleft of Stephanie's pussy and brought her fingers away wet and slippery. She sniffed them and smiled. 'She has the right instincts, Nathan,' she said.

Nathan took hold of Stephanie by the hair and lifted her head up so she could look at him through her tear-filled eyes. 'Now would you like to stay here as one of our demonstration slaves, Stephanie? You'll live a cage, you'll be screwed, beaten, and humiliated in ways you cannot imagine, but you will be totally safe.'

She looked at him in sick despair. What a revolting, impossible choice to be asked to make. She could not think. How could they do this to her? Feebly she tried to shake her head.

Elvira said: 'Think of it this way: Stephanie couldn't choose this but perhaps "Jane" could. Stephanie has to hide from the world for a while and "Jane" can take her place. Plain Jane, who has no past and no last name, can stay with us and accept the sex and straps and chains and spanking and atone for what Stephanie has done. And then, when it's all over, Jane can hide away again and Stephanie can come out as a better person.'

'All you have to do is to say yes once and then we will give you no further choices,' Nathan said. 'Willingly or unwillingly you will serve us for three months or until we hear this transaction your father is working on has been successfully concluded.'

'Of course we're not offering you charity,' Elvira said. 'We'll be

using you for our own self interest and business purposes, but unlike this Alex of yours, we'll be doing so honestly. Well?'

Stephanie tried to think clearly. She had to hide away somewhere, to escape what she had done and try not to make things worse. And yet she couldn't stop the guilt and sorrow following her. Was this a way out? Did she have any better plan? But she would suffer! Yes, but it would not exactly be her. Of course it was frightening and perverted, but then perhaps that was what she deserved.

Stephanie nodded and tried to say: 'Yes...' through her open mouth.

And so it was done. She was committed. She felt a strange sense of relief.

Nathan reached under the table and its top lowered smoothly, telescoping down on the central supporting post until her head and groin were level with theirs.

Nathan pulled open the flies of his trousers and freed a swelling erection which Stephanie gazed at in horror. He moved in front of her and took hold of her hair and began to rub the tip of his cock over her face. She screwed up her eyes and squirmed in disgust, but the chin brace held her in place.

'There's no need to try to be brave, Jane,' he told her. 'Our customers expect you to be forced to obey them because of the efficiency of our restraints. So struggle all you like...'

While he spoke Elvira had gone to one of the cabinets and taken down a double-ended dildo with straps attached to its middle. Calmly she undid her skirt and hung it over the arm of a chair, revealing she was naked between the trailing hem of her blouse and the tops of her knee-high suede boots. Her legs were lean and her belly taut and her deep, pouting sex mouth was smooth-shaven. She spread her legs and slid one end of the dildo up inside her and then wrapped its supporting strap about her waist to hold it in place. Now the other end jutted aggressively out from between her thighs.

‘You must get used to taking things like this up inside you, Jane,’ she told her with a hungry smile.

She took up position behind Stephanie, taking hold of her hips and rubbing the end of the dildo through the wet hot gash of her sex to lubricate it.

Now Stephanie was sandwiched between husband and wife who were both caressing her; Elvira rubbing her buttocks and pussy and Nathan cupping and squeezing her dangling breasts. Stephanie moaned and shuddered, knowing what was coming next.

They thrust into her, Nathan sliding his stiff penis between her spread jaws and down her throat while Elvira rammed her rubber cock up into her dripping sex mouth, forcing her vagina open. Stephanie almost choked with shock, gasping around Nathan’s plunging cock while Elvira’s hips thudded against her sore buttocks. She was doubly skewered by flesh and rubber, being cruelly used for their pleasure.

Was this what it was going to be like every day for the next three months? In a way it didn’t matter because she had no choice now but to accept it. There was no escape. Perhaps she didn’t deserve any...

They skewered her between them relentlessly until Elvira began to gasp and moan and Nathan grunted as he jerked his shaft down Stephanie’s gullet. She felt his hot seed spurting into her throat and gulped it down desperately while Elvira ground her hips against her bottom with frantic shudders, so that Stephanie clenched her sheath tight about the jerking dildo to stop it bruising her.

And then Stephanie felt a sudden surge in her loins and briefly she was overwhelmed by a spasm of wild, unexplained delight: something she had not felt since the last time in bed with Alex before he had turned on her. She had actually cum bound to a table while screwed by two strangers!

Distantly it seemed she heard Nathan say: ‘Welcome to our bondage parlour, Jane.’

Chapter Two

Between them Nathan and Elvira, now decently clothed again, wheeled the restraining table with Stephanie is still firmly fastened to its top and her orgasmic juices still running down the insides of her thighs, through the door into the showroom.

It was a large, high, white-walled room lit by several frosted skylights. Potted palms dotted around its walls gave it an oddly dated and yet reassuringly homely feel. Between them were displayed weird and sinister mechanisms of wood, tubular steel and rubber, hung with glittering chains and sinuous leather straps. If there been any doubt as to their purpose, then the cages positioned between them would have settled it. They were diamond lattice-works of curving metal straps riveted together to form teardrop shapes which were suspended from their tapering tips by curved polished tubular metal arms mounted on horseshoe shaped bases set, like her table, on large castors. And each cage contained a naked woman.

They were sat in the lower curves of the cages with their knees bent and spread to expose their groins and their arms cuffed behind their backs. Heavy black collars were locked about their necks. Bridles of transparent plastic strapping had been buckled about their heads, holding in place pliant transparent ring gags which curled around their lips inside and out and held their mouths open in perfect circles, which showed the pink of their lips. Each of these plastic rimmed holes was plugged by a clear plastic plug connected by a light chain to their chin straps.

‘These are our demonstration slaves,’ Nathan said. ‘They were all lost in various ways and we took them in and trained them to serve our customers. After all, better us than others who would be less considerate. Now they serve a useful purpose, not only decorative but functional. Girls, this is Jane, who will be joining you in your work...’

The gagged girls looked at her through the bars of their cages with curious but unsurprised eyes as Jane was wheeled up to the first of them. The

table put Stephanie's head level with the curved base of the cage and the woman's naked groin which she could see clearly through its slender bars.

'This is Ruby,' Nathan said.

Ruby looked to be of Caribbean mixed race, with a pretty open face, a broad slightly up-tilted snub nose and high dark arched brows. Her eyes were deep and brown and her lips were full. Her head was crowned by dark brown wavy hair. She had pale brown skin, large breasts tipped with large darker brown nipples with distinct areolas. Her waist emphasised the heaviness of her breasts by being tight and slim while her hips swelled out to fully rounded buttocks. Between her thighs was a thick dark pubic bush which had been trimmed back from her pouting sex lips.

Nathan reached under the dangling cage and turned a latch and a small narrow panel in the base of the cage slid open.

'Present yourself,' Nathan commanded and obediently Ruby shifted her haunches forward so that the plump cleft pouch of her sex mouth was pressed through the narrow aperture.

Meanwhile Elvira had undone Stephanie's ring gag, freeing her mouth again. Then she pushed the table forward so that Stephanie's face pressed up against Ruby's pussy. It smelt warm and intimately musky...

'Our girls must be quite uninhibited and be able to work together intimately no matter what the circumstances,' Nathan explained. 'So you might as well start now by pleasuring her pussy with your tongue until she has an orgasm...'

Stephanie whimpered, gazing at the hot, scented cleft of flesh before her nose with wonder and queasy disbelief. 'I... I've never done this with another woman... wow!'

Elvira had picked up the spanking paddle and swiped it across Stephanie's exposed bottom. 'Then it's high time you began to practice, Jane,' she told her. 'Refusal is not an option for you anymore, unless you want another beating...'

Snivelling, Stephanie gingerly pressed her nose and lips up against Ruby's pussy and began to lick at her.

Swish, crack! The paddle smacked into her bottom again.

'You can do better than that!' Elvira warned her. 'It's not hard; Ruby is quite uninhibited, as you will soon learn to be...'

Blinking away her tears, Stephanie pushed her nose and lips in deep her began to suck and lap with desperate vigour.

She felt sick and dizzy and revolted and amazed all the same time. An hour ago she was desperately looking for work and now she was giving a naked woman in cage cunnilingus! She felt Ruby gently working her hips back and forth, grinding her pussy against her face. The scent of her filled her nostrils even as her gash became hotter, wet and stickier. Ruby's big nipples were swelling and standing out like the noses of artillery shells while her eyes rolled up in apparent delight.

Suddenly Ruby gasped about her plugged lips and Stephanie felt her face inundated by a heady, aromatic spurt of intimate expelled juices.

She had done it. She had brought her off! For a moment she felt a strange sense of elation and then she realized how disgustingly shameful it all was.

Nathan pulled her table away from Ruby's cage and rolled it along to the next one.

'This is Sally. You will pleasure her as you did Ruby...'

Sally was of slim build with long dark brown hair and slightly olive skin. Her face had a delicately elfin look with shy dark eyes, neat features and tight lips. Her high set neat rounded breasts were tipped by pointed large red-brown nipples. Her hips were slight and she had tight, deep-cleft buttocks and as soft dark pubic curls.

Nathan opened the narrow panel in the bottom of her cage and Sally's

puddendum was pushed out through it. Gulping and lightheaded, Stephanie opened her mouth as she was pressed tight up to it.

Sally squirmed in her cage as Stephanie pleased her and jiggled her hips to speed it along. She came remarkably quickly.

Nathan pulled Stephanie away from her with her face now shiny with two discharges of female juices, and rolled the table along to the next cage where another hot pussy was thrust through the bars for her to pleasure.

Keiko was a slender, pale skinned Japanese girl. She had a tumble of dark hair and delicately slanted eyes and pale, neat, doll-like features. Her small high breasts were in proportion to her tiny waist and slim hips. Her pubic bush was a thin wisp of dark hairs which did nothing to conceal a tight neat pussy mouth...

Laurel was a slender pale, skinned blonde with long straight hair, large blue eyes, fine arched eyebrows, a neat nose, wide red lips and a small pointed chin. She had high set small pale breasts and a slim waist. Her buttocks were smooth and rounded and her legs were strong. She had a delta of fine pubic hair framing a pouting cleft...

Finally there was Jasmine who must have been of Indian or Pakistani origin. She had brown skin, long straight black hair, soft brown eyes and a gentle face. Her large glossy breasts were capped by dark brown nipples. Her buttocks were fleshy and deep, her hips were wide and she had thick, tight, dark pubic hair trimmed back from her labia lips...

By the time Jasmine had sprayed her orgasmic juices into her face, Stephanie felt dizzy and dirty and her tongue and jaw ached. The intimate tastes of all five girls were strong in her mouth, mingling in a way she never imagined. How could she have done such a thing? No, "Jane" had done it. Stephanie had never been here...

'Good,' said Nathan, pushing Stephanie's gag ring back in place. 'But we've got some work to do on you before you're fit to be presented to our customers. I think we need another blonde for variety,' he said to his wife.

‘I agree...’

Elvira took charge of Stephanie’s table and rolled her through a side door into another room.

‘This is the girls’ rest and sleeping room, where we keep them when they are not serving our customers,’ Elvira explained.

The room was strangely fitted out with no furniture except for a couple of large built-in store cupboards filling one wall. The second wall was blank except for an empty teardrop cage and supporting frame identical to the ones in the other room. On the wall opposite it was mounted a large flat screen television. Along the fourth wall was a toilet, shower and wash basin with the usual towel rails and shelves around them. Curiously the toilet bowl and shower pan were both raised on plinths so their rims were just below waist height.

Elvira pushed Stephanie over to the basin so that her head overhung it. Then she went to one of the cupboards and came back with hair dressing scissors, razor, comb, shampoo and hair dye.

‘Now we going to see what Jane really looks like ...’ she told her.

Working briskly she shampooed Stephanie’s hair and then cut it while it was wet, reducing her long locks to something far closer cut. What was she doing to her, Stephanie wondered in dismay? How dare she do this without asking! And then the absurdity of worrying about what hair cut she was being given after everything else she had endured struck her. What did that matter!

Elvira applied the hair dye to Stephanie’s head and eyebrows. While it was working she turned Stephanie around so that her bottom overhung the basin and clipped, soaped and shaved her pussy curls until she was totally smooth and bare.

‘I thought you had a shapely vulva,’ Elvira said. ‘It does not need to be covered by pussy hair. We don’t have a smooth shaven girl at present so it will add to the variety and save some extra dying...’

When the dye had taken she rinsed Stephanie's hair out, combed and dried it and then jacked up the table so she could see herself in the mirror over the basin.

Stephanie gaped at herself in wonder. She now had a neat pale blonde pixie cut with matching eyebrows and looked quite different from the girl who had stepped through the front door two hours earlier. Almost like a new woman....

'Hallo, Jane,' Elvira said.

While Stephanie was still coming to terms with her transformation, Elvira opened up the larger front panel door of the empty cage. Pressing a foot peddle that unlocked its castors she rolled it over to the table and locked it in place again.

'You must get used to living in your cage. Apart from demonstrating devices and accessories in the show room and special trips out you'll spend most of your time inside one. Don't worry, you'll soon get used to it...'

That seemed hard to believe, Stephanie thought.

Elvira went to the cupboard and took out a rubber and metal collar like the ones the other girls been wearing. She freed Stephanie's upper body from its hooks and rubber cords and retracted the bracing bars, leaving only her handcuffs, so that she could sit back on haunches. Then she locked the collar about her neck. It was heavy with tethering "D" rings on its front back and sides, but the rubber lining ensured it did not cut into her skin.

Then Elvira edged Stephanie backwards so that she slid through the open door of the cage and sat down on the curving bars of its base. Elvira shut and locked the cage door and then reached through the bars to the chain dangling from the inside of the cage roof and locked its end to a ring on the back of Stephanie's new collar. Only then did she undo Stephanie's handcuffs. Then she slid open two panels in the sides of the cage base on either side of the long panel that matched the ones Stephanie had licked the girls' pussies through.

‘Slide your legs through them as far as they’ll go,’ Elvira commanded.

Stephanie squirmed about inside the cage and managed to slide her legs through the slots. She had to keep them spread but she found her toes just reached the floor. With her bare legs exposed it felt as if she was wearing the cage like a strange garment.

Elvira unlocked the cage castors. ‘Now move yourself over to the toilet bowl so that the frame goes about its base.’

By pushing against the floor Stephanie found she could roll the frame quite easily across the room to the raised toilet. The horseshoe supporting frame of the cage slotted neatly about the plinth supporting the bowl. She now saw there was a length of hose hung up beside the toilet.

‘Now turn about inside the cage and slide the middle panel open so that your bottom is over the toilet bowl,’ Elvira commanded. Stephanie obeyed, feeling strange as her buttocks squeezed against the bars while her anus and pussy cleft squeezed through it.

‘Now relieve yourself. I’m sure you’ll want to get Nathan’s sperm out of you. The toilet paper dispenser and flushing hose are within reach through the bars...’

Feeling a fresh blush of shame, Stephanie realized she did need to relieve herself. But what a way to do it! Actually it turned out that with her legs bent and feet pressed against the curving sides of the cage it was a little like using a squat toilet and her wastes poured out of her quite easily. Then she used the hose and paper to clean herself off. Her shaven pussy felt strange to touch. What made it hard were Elvira’s sharp eyes taking in everything she did as she cleaned herself with evident enjoyment. Did she enjoy seeing her humiliated and helpless like this?

‘Now wash your hands,’ Elvira said when she had done.

Stephanie rolled the cage across to the basin and pushed her arms through the slots in the bars and washed her hands almost normally.

‘Now take a shower,’ Elvira said.

It was not quite as messy or awkward as Stephanie had imagined. With the cage hung over the shower pan she could pull the showerhead on its hose inside the cage and hang it from the bars overhead. The wastewater of course ran immediately out the bottom of the cage down into the shower pan. Soap and scrubbing brushes were set out on convenient to reach shelves. After three days without any proper washing, Stephanie luxuriated in feeling clean again.

When Stephanie was done she found she could take a towel from the rail next shower pan, pull it through the bars of the cage and dry herself.

As she did so Elvira said: ‘I’ll put out a fresh toothbrush and comb for you on the shelf by the basin. We want our girls to be perfectly clean and fresh for our clients at all times.’

Once she was dry and had returned the towel to the rack Elvira had her move across the room to the blank wall facing the television. ‘You are allowed to watch television when you finish work,’ she explained. ‘But you’ll have to decide what to watch amongst yourselves...’

Then she locked the castors off so that Stephanie could no longer move the frame about.

Stephanie felt dizzy. It was so neatly arranged and well thought out. They were making bondage and confinement almost tolerable.

Elvira got something else from the cupboard. It was pad of postcards and a pen. She passed them through the bars of the cage to Stephanie.

‘You will address and write a brief card to your parents, assuring them that you are all right and that they are not to worry about you,’ she commanded. ‘We’ll make sure it’s posted well away from here.’

While Stephanie did that Elvira put out fresh toothbrush and comb and then she took out a duvet from the cupboard. She took the finished postcard from Stephanie and handed her the duvet.

‘Rest now. The other girls will come in here after they have finished serving for the day and then you can all eat together. Then we’ll give them the opportunity to return the attention you gave them earlier.’

She went out leaving Stephanie alone.

Stephanie looked about her at strange room and then felt the heavy collar locked about her neck. She stroked her newly cropped and dyed hair. She grasped the bars of her cage and tugged at them, as if to convince herself that it was all real and the last few hours had not been a perverted dream. And then a sudden surge of burning emotion welled up inside her and she burst into tears, setting her cage swaying as she rocked back and forth in despair, sobbing continuously for several minutes.

When her tears at last ran dry she wiped her eyes and took a deep steadying breath. She knew she had to face the reality of her situation, however perverse and bizarre it was. She was now a kind of sex slave who had already been forced to do shocking and intimate things and it seemed that there would be more of that to come. Perhaps, like Nathan had suggested, she deserved it for her past foolishness. Maybe it would be a kind of penance...

She sought the positives. She would have a roof over her head and she would be taken care of in the material sense. And she would certainly be hidden away where neither her parents nor Alex would ever imagine looking for. But would the Villiers keep their word and release her after three months? She realized he had no choice but to believe they would.

Stephanie pulled the duvet up around her and snuggled down into its soft warmth, curling herself up in the bowl of the cage like a dog. It was surprisingly comfortable. Who would have imagined it?

Five minutes later she was sound asleep.

Stephanie was woken by the sound of the other caged demonstration girls being wheeled into the room by Nathan and Elvira.

Still half asleep she blinked at them foolishly for a moment, hardly able to believe what she was seeing. And then recollection returned. She had better get used to such sights...

Stephanie watched as the Villiers undid their cuffs and ring gags and then, quite unselfconsciously, the women took turns using the toilet and shower. She noticed they moved stiffly and some of them had red eyes as if from crying and they had fresh strap and lash marks on their breasts and buttocks. There were pots and tubes of healing creams on the basin shelf and they applied them liberally. What horrors and humiliations had they been subjected to in the showroom while she slept? Could people really come to such a place and try out bondage and punishment devices on helpless women? Apparently they could...

When they were done Elvira brought a trolley of food in and handed out to them, pushing plates and bowls through slots in the front door bars. The plates and cutlery were all plastic and the food was basic but hot and nourishing. Like almost everything else, it seemed, they were expected to eat in their cages.

While they were eating Nathan brought a device in from the showroom. It looked like a low wooden coffee table on the wheels, but its top folded upward in the middle to form a vertical wedge-like panel of wood with a padded upper edge like a trestle and cuffs extending from its legs. Together with this he also brought a box of odd metal devices Stephanie could not properly make out.

When they were finished eating Nathan said: 'Now I'm sure you'd like to welcome Jane properly...'

Stephanie felt her stomach knotting once again, but said nothing. She had no choice about what was done to her anymore.

Nathan and Elvira took Stephanie out of her cage and bent her forward over the wedge table, cuffing her wrists and ankles to its feet so that her bottom was raised up in the air. Turning concealed knobs raised the folded panels until her body formed a taut inverted "V" of flesh. Stephanie trembled as she realized how totally exposed her bottom and groin was. What

were they going to do to her?

Meanwhile Elvira had taken the devices out of the box and fitted them to the undersides of the girls' cages. They resembled pram wheels with rubber prongs and hooks on their rims. They fastened vertically to the cages so that their upper rims poked up through the cage slots while their lower halves jutted out beneath it. Without being told the girls bent their legs up and splayed their thighs and squatted down on the pronged wheels, letting the rubber fingers slide up into their clefts.

One by one the cages were positioned over Stephanie's bent body so that the projecting wheels dug into her pussy slot and bottom cleft. Taking up a spanking paddle, the Nathan began to swipe it up against the underside of the cage and the bottom flesh of the girl within it which was bulging out between the bars. In response they yelped and began to jerk their hips back and forth, setting the cages swaying and grinding against Stephanie's raised bottom. She gasped as the pronged wheels turned within her, driven by the swaying of the cage and the jerking of the girls' hips within it.

Meanwhile, Elvira sat down by the table facing Stephanie and cupped and squeezed her hot, dangling breasts. Stephanie looked pleadingly into her face and saw her smile, even as she studied her face intently. Was this a test of her suitability?

And so the wheels were turned within Stephanie and the caged girl's vaginas in jerky movements, gouging their soft slots and making them dribble with helpless excitement. As they got more aroused the slave girls grasped the bars of their cages and swung them back and forth with greater ferocity, sending their wheels ripping through Stephanie's pussy lips.

It was humiliating, cruel and shameful... and yet Stephanie found she could not help but get aroused. Her nipples were throbbing in Elvira's palms and her pussy was dripping, hot and swollen. She was horrified and yet excited by the thought that the juices of the girl riding her in such a strange way were mingling with hers on the turning wheel as it ground into their groins. She could even feel some of her discharge falling on her buttocks and thighs. That was so dirty... and also so very exciting.

Of course she had no choice, but was it wrong to enjoy it so much? Was she enjoying her own penance? But was that wrong in itself or did it only add to her sense of disgrace? All this was so shocking and new she did not know the right answers.

Before she could resolve this conundrum Stephanie found herself caught up in a violent orgasm and spurted her juices over the floor. As she did so she heard the girl riding her sob with delight as she came as well, spraying her discharge over Stephanie's clenching buttocks.

When the girls had all had their turn with her, the pronged wheels were removed from the cages which were then rolled back against the blank wall and locked in place. Stephanie, her pussy stick swollen, aching and dripping, was taken off the ingeniously adaptable coffee table and her wrists were cuffed behind her back. Elvira took up her leash and led her out of the room.

'From tomorrow you'll be sleeping in here with the others,' she told Stephanie.

'But tonight you'll be entertaining Nathan and me in our bedroom...'

Chapter Three

The Villiers' bedroom was on the second floor above the front of the parlour.

It was comfortably fitted out and decorated with the usual array of furniture, including a solid pine bedstead with turned corner posts, grooved and pierced head and footboards and large storage drawers underneath. But like the living room model restraining table it held concealed secrets.

The top half of its footboard panel slid upward on rails set in the sides of the corner posts along a horizontal divide that ran through the middle of a row of decorative holes piercing it, with the central one being the larger and those on either side being smaller with the smallest being the inner pair, which now resembled a set of stocks.

They made Stephanie kneel at the foot of the bed with her back to the footboard and bent her upper body backwards so she was looking up at the ceiling until her head went through the middle hole and rested on the sheets. Then they un-cuffed and spread out her arms so that her wrists went through the holes on either side and then slid the top half of the board back down over her throat and wrists so that she was held securely in place with her back arched and her breasts thrust up and outward. Moving round to the sides of the bed, they pulled her knees wide and bound her ankles with elastic bungee cords which they pulled out of recesses behind the front feet of the bed. Now she was totally exposed and utterly helpless.

Like the other display girls, Stephanie now had a clear plastic bridle strapped about her head which held the lip ring in place, forcing her mouth into an inviting "O". Inside her mouth the inner rim of the ring curled about behind her teeth, holding her jaws firmly open. The pressure of the pliant but firm straps felt strange against the skin of her face, accentuating her state of bondage while limiting her range of expressions to rolling her eyes. The matching plastic plug had been pushed through the middle of the lip ring, stifling her whimpers of fear.

‘You simmer for a few minutes, Jane,’ Nathan told her, patting her head, ‘while we get ready...’

And they left her there while they went into the adjoining bathroom.

For a couple of minutes Stephanie felt relief that they were not already committing some terrible act upon her, although her stomach churned in anticipation of what was to come. Her back began to ache from her taut posture but, she told herself, it could have been worse. And then realisation dawned upon her that it was simply another means of asserting their domination over her. She was absolutely in their control even when they were not present. They could take their time while she could only wait. She was theirs to do with as they wished. She felt her nipples standing up hard and alert while her pussy, still aching from the gouging of the cage wheels, began to grow hot and slippery once again. So this was what Nathan meant by “simmering”.

When Nathan and Elvira returned twenty minutes later, although it felt far longer, they were both naked. But unlike Stephanie they were unselfconscious and totally confident about their own nudity, clearly used to playing with a naked slave girl for their mutual pleasure.

Both were lean, clear skinned and lightly tanned, looking as though they took regular exercise. Nathan’s penis was already swelling and standing out while Elvira’s pale high neat breasts with their scooped upper slopes were tipped by cherry red swollen nipples. Her pale buttocks rolled and dimpled as she moved.

By this time Stephanie was trembling in fear and strange excitement, desperately wanting to get this over with even as she feared what they would do to her.

Nathan opened up one of the under bed storage drawers to reveal an array of straps, whips, chains, spanking paddles, dildos and other sinister devices. From the selection he picked up a soft lash.

‘I think I’ll use the number one lash again so it doesn’t leave any lasting marks on her,’ he said, trailing the thongs across Stephanie’s

trembling breasts. 'I don't want her to look too shop-soiled for the customers tomorrow.'

'But don't be too easy on her,' his wife said. 'I think she's one of those girls who respond best to being handled firmly...'

As she spoke she clambered onto the bed, faced its top end and straddled Stephanie's head where it protruded through the inside of the footboard. Nathan pulled the plastic plug out of Stephanie's gag, freeing her tongue. Then Elvira settled her haunches down so that her soft shaven cleft ground over her Stephanie's nose and mouth. Elvira smiled masterfully down between her own breasts at Stephanie's wide eyes where they now showed over the bulge of her pussy cleft.

'You're going to pleasure Elvira until she is ready to come while I lash your breasts,' Nathan explained. 'The more she responds the gentler I'll be, do you understand?'

Stephanie nodded frantically from within the humid embrace of Elvira's smooth, soft thighs and pussy mouth. Putting any sense of shame or instinct to hesitate behind her she pushed her tongue as far as it would go through the pliant lip ring and began to tease the hot scented wet cleft before it while wriggling her head up and down to use her nose as further stimulus. She desperately wanted to do what she had to before... swish - crack... awww!

Nathan had swiped his lash across Stephanie's exposed breasts. She gave a muffled shriek as she felt them shiver and bounce and her nipples throbbed in perverse delight. Snivelling she dug her tongue into deeper into Elvira's clinging cleft.

The next half dozen swipes made her breasts leap and bounce and burn. And then Elvira began to moan and sigh in contentment and Stephanie began to feel smothered by the juices flowing from her and soaking into her face and even her hair. As she did so the lash swipes became softer. She was trading the humiliation of cunnilingus for pain. Was that a good bargain?

But her breasts were not entirely abandoned. She felt Nathan stooping

over her and then the head of his stiff penis rubbing across her burning orbs, teasing her throbbing hard nipples and smearing them with his pre-cum.

Elvira groaned and lifted her bottom off Stephanie's face and pushed her hips back so that her dripping vulva rested on the top of the footboard through which Stephanie's head and wrists were locked. 'It's coming... take me now... now...' she gasped.

Nathan dropped his lash, straddled Stephanie's bowed body completely, took hold of his wife's hips and rammed his straining cock deep into her sopping wet pussy. For perhaps ten seconds the footboard creaked with the force of his thrusts and then he and Elvira came together. As they coupled ecstatically above her their juices and sperm fell from her gaping, clinging gash onto Stephanie's shiny red face.

And for a fleeting moment, Stephanie wished she could join them.

When Elvira and Nathan had recovered from their mutual orgasm, they repositioned Stephanie so they could inflict a fresh humiliation upon her.

They freed her from the footboard and made her kneel on the bed with her head facing the top end and her haunches the foot. Bungee cords pulled out from beneath the sides of the bed were bound about her wrists, and then stretched between them and hooked together, thereby holding her arms wide and her hands flat against the bed. Her hot freshly lashed breasts dangled freely beneath her. They spread her knees wide and laid her ankles in the outer pairs of the scallops cut into the lower half of the footboard. Then they dropped the top half down across them so that her feet were trapped, this time protruding out from the end of the bed. They pulled more bungee cords out from the foot posts of the bed and bound and hooked them about her upper thighs, pulling her haunches backwards. Locked to the board like this and braced by her spread knees all she could do was wiggle her hips a little from side to side. Now it was her bottom, anal mouth and pouting pussy cleft that was on display.

Nathan pulled at something recessed into the top edge of the foot

board and a metal ring slid up into view. Stephanie twisted her head round to look over her shoulder. What was that for?

For a moment Elvira paused to admire the spectacle of carnal exposure she presented. 'Doesn't she look perfect, dear? I'm sure we're going to get a lot from this one...' She stroked Stephanie's outthrust bottom, running her fingers through her sticky cleft. 'She's well lubricated. I think she's a natural...'

'She's fine with us but I'd like to see how well she does with the customers tomorrow before I'd agree she was a natural,' Nathan said more cautiously.

A natural, Stephanie wondered? A natural submissive or masochistic, did they mean? No, no... that wasn't true at all! But of course with her mouth still plugged Stephanie could not protest and she was given little time to think about it further.

From the storage drawer Nathan took out a big black ribbed and bristled rubber dildo set on the end of the wooden pole and, alarmingly, a wooden mallet. The other end of the wooden pole, Stephanie noticed, was carved into a series of ribs and grooves. He handed the mallet and pole to Elvira while he got onto the bed and knelt in front of Stephanie. Her eyes almost crossed as they focused on the head of his cock which was swelling once again as it bobbed in front of her nose. He pulled the plug out of her mouth and slid the head of his penis between her plastic-sheathed lips.

Meanwhile Elvira had slid the dildo pole through the ring and pushed its fearsome rubber head for half its length up into Stephanie's trembling pussy. She felt the fat sculpted dildo give as was pushed up into her, as though it had some kind of spring buried within it. Now the pole jutted out from between her distended pussy lips and parted thighs through the ring and horizontally out from the end of the bed, trembling slightly in time with Stephanie's own shivers. She gasped as the strange shape stretched her vagina wide, teasing it with the threat of unnatural pleasure. Elvira took up position with her mallet resting against the protruding end of the pole.

'The sooner Nathan comes the sooner I stop doing this...' she told

Stephanie.

And she struck the end of the pole with the mallet, driving the dildo all the way up into Stephanie's vagina.

Stephanie howled in fear and shock about the slug of flesh in her mouth, almost choking before she recovered and desperately began to lick at it as it surged down her gullet. The sudden force of the dildo ramming into her had been terrifying. Even though it rubber ribs and prongs had given slightly it seemed to hammer into her as if it was trying to tear her open.

And then the concealed spring pushed the dildo shaft outwards again, sensually expanding to its full length within the hot grasping tunnel of her vagina and causing the pole to slide back through its supporting ring.

Elvira struck it again, driving the dildo back up into Stephanie even as it compressed once more. She tried to ride the blow, pulling away as it slid up into her, but the tension of the bungee cords bound about her thighs and spreading back to the bedposts fought against this. The jerk she did make only the drove Nathan's cock deeper down her throat again.

And so, coughing spluttering and moaning and dripping from her distorted sex mouth, Stephanie was impaled between rubber and flesh. Desperately she tried to pleasure Nathan's penis as it plunged into her, trying to love it and milk it for its semen.

His shaft pumped her throat while the expanding and contracting and hammering rubber phallus pumped her vagina. She was trapped and helpless. She could only give Nathan and Elvira what they wanted. It was the only way...

As Nathan began to tense and hold her head more firmly his orgasm approached, Stephanie felt dildo suddenly begin to twist and churn within her instead of hammer.

Elvira was straddled the end of pole jutting out of Stephanie's pussy and rubbing her naked sex cleft up and down its carved ribbing. She was joining her husband's humiliation of their new slave to the full.

Nathan spouted down Stephanie's throat even as Elvira gasped and wet the shaft of the pole with her discharge. And then Stephanie felt a sudden surge within her plugged and pummelled loins and to her shock and wonder she came as well.

For a moment it was wonderful, and she seemed to be floating in a pink haze beyond all cares. Then she fell back to reality and sobbed as she felt again the shameful cost of that pleasure.

They used another set of restraints the bed had concealed within it for Stephanie's final ordeal of the night.

'You've done well so far,' Nathan told her, 'don't let us down this last time...'

Stephanie whimpered and nodded, trying to promise through her plugged lips that she would do all she could to please them. The thought of doing anything else seemed to be receding further from her thoughts moment by moment...

They laid her on her back with a pillow under her shoulders to brace them and her head resting against the headboard. They pulled her arms out sideways and snapped cuffs recessed in the side posts about her wrists. Bungee cords from the sides of the bed went across her belly to hold her hips down. Then they spread her legs wide and doubled her over at the hips until her knees were almost level with her breasts. They straightened her legs and pulled her feet out wide and bound her ankles to the tops of the bedposts.

Now her pussy mound bulged out brazenly between her taut and stretched buttocks. The tension had stretched her cheeks so wide that her puckered anal mouth now stood out naked and exposed instead of hiding in its fleshy valley. The Villiers took advantage of this shamefully exposure by pulling a pair of thinner bungee cords with rubber round-tipped hooks on their ends across from the bedposts and digging them into Stephanie's anal sphincter, stretching it painfully and unnaturally wide, as if in a ghastly smile.

Stephanie whimpered and saliva dribbled out from the corners of her stretched mouth while her eyes pricked with tears.

From the equipment drawer Elvira took out a double-ended dildo and slid half it up inside itself. Then she clambered onto the bed and lay across Stephanie's doubled up and splayed body. She slipped the end of the dildo up into Stephanie's stretched anus and then into the passage of her rectum beyond, making her lower belly bulge and forcing her sheath to swell and straighten out as the rubber shaft filled her. Elvira pulled the plug out of Stephanie's gag and began to kiss and sucked on her tongue through it.

Even as Stephanie groaned in confused passion and revulsion, Nathan mounted the bed behind his wife. Taking hold of her hips he slid his shaft up into her rectum and began to push into her. Together the force of their thrusts drove deep up into Stephanie's backside.

It was if the two of them together were having her, combining their efforts. They were grinding her beneath their weight, savouring their total mastery of her even as they intimately celebrated their own union. It was cruel and terrible and...

And then Stephanie screamed and came shatteringly and then fainted clean away...

When all their passion was finally spent, and Stephanie had been reduced to a limp flesh doll wracked by exhaustion and shame, the Villiers at last freed from the bed. They gave her drink of water and then cuffed and re-gagged her and put her into the second under-bed storage drawer, which as she saw was lined with foam rubber. Then they closed it up and shut her away, to be taken out again only when they chose to do so; leaving her to sob quietly in her close, stuffy compartment beneath her new master and mistress as they slept soundly and content in their bed of unnatural carnal delight.

Somehow she had satisfied their perverse demands, and yet Stephanie knew that this had just been her introduction. Tomorrow she would start her life as the trammel shop's newest demonstration slave. And then her

suffering would truly begin...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Table of Contents

[PART 1](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)